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THE NEW SUIT.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

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FIGHTING THE ENEMY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



UT I don't see *why*, Aunt Marcia."

"No matter about the *why*, Jonas," said Aunt Marcia, decidedly; "there wouldn't be any virtue in doing right, if we could always see *why*."

Aunt Marcia stood up very straight and stiff, with her arms wrapped in her gingham apron, and looked at Jonas a little anxiously. There was a troubled expression on his face, as he stood by the wood pile, idly knocking the chips about with the back of his axe, and Aunt Marcia could read it too well to like to have him so.

"Aunt Marcia," he said, suddenly, looking up at her with his clear, gray eyes, "seems to me there must always be a reason why anything is right or wrong—something that we can understand, and not just that anybody *says* so." He hesitated a little, and studied his aunt's face, doubtfully.

"If God says so, that's enough for me, without troubling myself any further;" and Aunt Marcia's face grew reverent as she said it.

"Of course; but then I should like to know where He says that it's wrong for us to help a poor fellow, because his father happens to be a drunkard and his mother a thief. Seems to me he needs help all the more."

"Jonas Kendall," said Aunt Marcia, solemnly, "have you forgotten the commandment, '*visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children* to the third and fourth generation of them that hate me?' That's God's rule, and His way is good enough for me."

"He don't say we shall visit the iniquities

of the fathers upon the children, though;" and Jonas grew bolder as he thought of it. "I think He means us to help one another all we can. Only think, Aunt Marcia, how should Billy Shaw know any better than to grow up like his father, and maybe worse. I'm a blundering fellow myself, in spite of all the pains you've taken with me; I don't know what I might have been, if old Sam Shaw had trained me."

Aunt Marcia was a little touched by the compliment, for in her secret heart she was proud of Jonas, the little orphan boy she had taken from her sister's death bed, and whom she had trained up in her own strict, stern way, with little outward show of tenderness, yet with a heart full of sincere devotion.

"Well, well," she said, turning toward the house, "you finish splitting the oven wood, or I shan't get my pies baked."

Jonas swung his axe vigorously, and the sharp steel went crashing through the dry splinters in a way that he loved to hear. Then he carried in the wood and piled it by the yawning mouth of the great brick oven; for Aunt Marcia disdained cooking stoves, and all such modern corruptions. Her savory meals were prepared over the fire that snapped and crackled in the open fireplace, and though it made one's back ache to see her do it, she indignantly declared she never had the back ache in her life; and certainly there was a rare flavor to her viands that you never tasted elsewhere.

Aunt Marcia was busy at the kitchen table, rolling the paste for her pies, and slicing in the juicy pippins that had spent the winter in a pit in the garden, and so brought out their plumpness and juiciness in perfect keeping. Jonas stood by the oven, feeding the

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Sewell & Miller, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of Illinois.

roaring fire that was beating the dull bricks to redness, and thinking, half unconsciously, of the Hebrew children Aunt Marcia used to tell him about, who dared to go into such a fiery furnace, rather than do wrong.

"They must have known for certain that it *was* wrong, and that doing it was something worse than going into the furnace. I should want to be mighty certain, myself!"

"Jonas," said Aunt Marcia, "there's that pail of butter to go over to Cap'n Taylor's, and you may as well take it along now."

Jonas brushed his clothes, and took the pail from the milk room, but just as he was going out the door, his aunt called him back.

"I've put a loaf of bread and some cold meat in here, for the Shaws—you can leave it as you go by. The old woman is in the county house, where she deserves to be, and it won't do to let the children starve; though it would rid the town of trouble if they was dead, the whole pack of 'em."

Jonas was glad to carry some relief to the half-starved children, but he did not quite like to meet Billy Shaw. He was still thinking what he should say to him, when he came to the little, shabby, brown house, and saw Billy sitting on the step, his elbows on his knees, and his sallow face half buried in his hands. He only fixed his eyes on Jonas with a stupid stare, but did not stir till Jonas said—

"Aunt Marcia sent something for the children; she thought perhaps there 'd be nobody to do much for them."

"Yes, I know," said Billy, savagely. "She knowed marm was locked up for stealin' a ham out o' Cap'n Taylor's smoke house. S'pose'n she did, was she a-goin' to see the young uns starve? They're cryin' for bread in there now." And Billy seized the basket and pushed open the door.

Jonas followed him, and looked sadly on while the hungry little creatures devoured the bread and meat which Billy dealt out to them.

"Why don't you take some for yourself?" he asked, as Billy locked the rest in the cupboard.

"They'll need it all; and if they shouldn't there's father; he always comes home some time in the day, fit to faint with the drink and the hunger."

"I shouldn't think you'd care to feed *him*," said Jonas, with a look of disgust and astonishment.

"Why not?" said Billy, fiercely; "he b'ongs to us, and he ain't no worse than them that set him on to drink. He never lifted his hand to touch one of us, drunk or

sober, and I can remember when he was smart as anybody."

Billy's voice grew hoarse, and he stopped for a minute.

"If I could get work, or if father could get work," he went on, "things wouldn't be so bad. But nobody want's to try father now; they say he's spoilt with drink. I s'pose he is; but I'm strong—I don't drink—I'd cut my throat first; and what do they all say to me—me and Nancy, poor girl? 'Don't want none of the Shaw tribe around; father a drunkard and mother a thief; *'what's bred in the bone stays long in the flesh.'*" That's the way they help us, all on 'em. Nobody'll touch us with a finger."

Billy sat sullenly down on the step again, and Jonas thought uncomfortably of the morning's discussion.

"I'm sorry, Billy," he said; "I wanted to help you. I really thought I could; but Aunt Marcia don't want—she thinks—"

"I know what she thinks," broke in Billy; "she's just like the rest of 'em. She told me once about folks bein' punished for what other folks did; if that's 'cordin' to the Bible, I don't wan't nothin' to do with it."

"It *isn't* according to the Bible," said Jonas, eagerly; "not as you mean it, anyhow. The Bible says, be pitiful, be kind; and Aunt Marcia is pitiful and kind, only I think she doesn't always see what is the best way—we don't any of us *always* see."

Billy made no answer.

"Maybe I can help you yet," said Jonas, as he turned away. "Aunt Marcia hasn't hired anyone else, yet, and I'll ask her again."

Jonas cast a pitying look at the slouched figure on the step, as he walked slowly along, thinking of the dirt and hunger and distress in the miserable home. But as he thought of the disgrace that followed the children everywhere, and of the thin, wasted frames, where cold and hunger had left sad traces, all at once he got a new light on the dreadful words Aunt Marcia had quoted to him in the morning.

"Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children," of course that's so. I don't see how it could be helped that the children should suffer for what their parents do. They're hungry and cold because their parents are *bad*, just as I am warm and comfortable and happy, because Aunt Marcia is good. I don't see as that's any credit to *me*, any more than old Shaw is a blame to them. I see just what it means now, and it's all the more reason why we should help them."

One of Aunt Marcia Hale's great virtues

was *silence*. She carried out most literally the injunction to "think twice before you speak once," Nobody ever got the benefit of any half-finished plans from her, for she turned them over and over in her mind, weighed all the arguments silently, and then astonished you with a decision upon something that you had supposed entirely forgotten. Jonas had learned in a measure the same habit. Among the Scripture lessons most firmly impressed upon his mind, was the one which declares that men shall give account for every idle word.

"We don't know just what *idle words* mean," said Aunt Marcia, "so the safest way is to hold our tongues, unless we're sure some good is to come of speaking."

Jonas felt very *sure* no good would come of saying anything more about Billy Shaw. He wanted his aunt to hire him to help on the farm, but he knew it was safest to wait and see if she might not be thinking of the very same thing herself; for Aunt Marcia never liked to be helped to her conclusions.

They sat down to dinner together, those two, at the little round table, spread with fine, white linen, and set with the old-fashioned "mulberry ware," which did not bear a crack or a chip to mark the many years that it had been in service. It was a plain, substantial meal, but as carefully cooked and as neatly served as if the king were expected at table.

Jonas bowed his head while Aunt Marcia invoked a blessing on the food, but all at once came a vision of those little, famished creatures that had seized the bread so eagerly in the morning.

"They were so glad of the things you sent them, at the Shaws," he said, presently. "I don't believe they had a mouthful of anything to eat."

"The way of transgressors is hard," quoted Aunt Marcia, carefully peeling a potato.

"Yes," said Jonas, with a little flush on his cheek, "hard for them, and hard for those that have to walk in the same road, even if they *ain't* transgressors."

Aunt Marcia looked at Jonas keenly, but Jonas was intent on peeling *his* potato now, and when he spoke again, it was only to say,

"Mrs. Taylor wants you to come up and take tea with them, this afternoon. She's got a sister staying with her, from the city somewhere."

"Must be Mis' Dr. Harland—she that was 'Manda Gray. I'd like to meet her right well. She had the making of a smart woman in her, if living in the city hasn't spoiled her."

"I saw her when I was there," said Jonas. "I never saw a woman dressed so pretty."

"Fine feathers don't always make fine birds; but 'Manda Gray was always pretty, if she only wore a common calico."

"Nobody could look nicer than you do, Aunt Marcia," said Jonas, approvingly. "I like you a great deal better than if you wore little, *fluffy* lace caps and blue morning dresses."

"I mean to dress according to my age and my station, though we were all girls together—'Manda and Susan Gray, and Becky Lovett and I. There never was a merrier set, I guess."

"Becky Lovett married old Sam Shaw, didn't she? I saw her name in the Bible Sam tried to sell up at the store."

"Not *old* Sam Shaw," said Aunt Marcia; "there wasn't a smarter young man or a better workman in all the village, than Sam Shaw was when he married Becky Lovett. And she was the prettiest and merriest girl of us all; and now to think what she's come to!"

Aunt Marcia stirred her tea thoughtfully, and sighed, as she went on—

"It was all for lack of *principle*. I've helped her through many a tight place, and so has mother; but when she took to dishonest ways, I just washed my hands of her forever. If folks can't go by the commandments, they ain't worth helping."

"It must be pretty hard, though," said Jonas, "to see a house full of little children starving around you."

"They'd better starve, and be buried, every soul of 'em, than have a thief for a mother," said Aunt Marcia, emphatically.

Jonas couldn't object. He knew he would rather die, than live to know such a dreadful thing of his mother; and so he finished his dinner in silence.

When everything in the great, cheery kitchen was as clean and orderly as Aunt Marcia's hands could make it, and Jonas's supper laid ready on the table, with a clean, white towel to cover it, Aunt Marcia put on her dove-colored alpaca, her black silk apron, and her cap with lavender ribbons, and taking her knitting in her pocket, started for her afternoon visit at Captain Taylor's.

An invitation to tea in Cedarville meant something more than dropping in for an hour at dusk, and Aunt Marcia meant to make a good long visit of it. Jonas was raking up the chips in the back yard, making things ready for spring, which was already swelling the dusky cones of the lilacs, and starting the grass along the fences.

"Your supper 's all ready, Jonas," she said, "and the pans are set in the milk room, ready for the milk. Be sure you don't let it stand in the pails, to gather cream."

"I'll do it all right," said Jonas, smiling to think that his aunt had never failed to give him that same direction whenever he strained the milk. "You needn't hurry back, for I know just how to manage this house and everything in it."

"I believe you do," said his Aunt. "I'd trust you sooner'n most girls; you never shirked anything yet, or left it half done."

"I don't believe dirt'll stick to your dress," said Jonas, watching the alpaca as it glistened in the bright sunshine. "You'll look just as nice as that city lady, I'll be bound."

Aunt Marcia smiled at Jonas, and walked contentedly out at the gate, while the boy went on with his work. These two had a comfortable fashion of saying pleasant things to each other—a fashion that might well be adopted in many a household. It costs no more trouble than the perpetual fault finding, which only serves to worry and weary and discourage, and by which the sunshine of so many homes is continually clouded. Jonas never could remember that his aunt had kissed him, or ever called him by any more endearing title than his own stiff, ugly name, which he especially disliked; but when she said, "It was your grandfather Hale's name, and you ought to feel proud to bear the name of as brave, true, honest a man as ever walked the earth," then Jonas felt a little pride in it, after all.

Aunt Marcia walked along the narrow, country road, that ran for some distance through her own farm. Deacon Hale's own hands had planted the row of splendid maples that bordered the road, and showed so bare and leafless against the April sky, with only here and there a last year's bird's nest in the branches. Her keen eye ran over the pastures and mowings, noting that a clump of blackberry briars had sprung up in a corner, and that a stone had been pushed from the top of one of the walls. She took great pride in her farm; it belonged to her, now, and some day it would belong to Jonas, for they two were all that were left of the old Hale stock. Nobody should point at her farm and sneer at a *woman's farming*. Hadn't she lived there forty years, and didn't she know just how many cows it would pay to keep, and what crops yielded the best? She had an eye for improvements, too, and she stopped by the orchard gate to look, with pleasure, at a fine lot of dwarf pears, which Jonas had carefully set out and trained, and

which should give their first fruit that year, according to agreement.

Down the little, rocky lane, across the brook by the stepping stones, and then through the fields to Captain Taylor's. It was the very same road she had traveled so many times when she was a girl—after wild grapes, and berries, and wintergreen; or up to the great, red house, to see the girls. Such a troop as there was of them then—all gone now but Reuben's wife. Reuben was the youngest boy, and kept the old farm. People used to have a way, in New England, of living right on, one generation after another, upon the ancestral farms. The poorer and more unprofitable the acres, the more tenaciously they clung to them, and the thought of selling called up visions of Esau and his mess of pottage. Aunt Marcia came up through the old orchard, with a bunch of pussy willows and dangling "alder tays" in her hand. The little Taylors, a half dozen of them, were playing keep house, on a flat rock under the great bell pear tree. They had a fine array of broken dishes and rag dolls, and Minnie pounced at once upon Aunt Marcia's "alder tays."

"O, did you bring 'em for us," she shouted; "they're just the very things for sausages."

"Yes, you can have them," said Aunt Marcia, stopping to watch the imaginary sausages as they were put to fry in an old pill box. "Is that one of your cousins?" she asked, seeing a stranger in the group, whose golden curls and innocent blue eyes peeped out prettily enough from the hood of a scarlet cloak.

"O, that's Ducky Shaw," said Minnie. "We borrowed her to play baby with, 'cause Aunt 'Manda was 'fraid we'd hurt Cely. She let us have Cely's cloak, though, and Ducky Shaw is 'most prettier'n anybody, ain't she."

"Yes," said Aunt Marcia, absently, feeling a strange twinge of pity, as she looked at the fair little creature, condemned to walk in the way which Jonas had so truly said was a hard one, not only for the transgressors, but for the innocent ones who must walk with them.

Mrs. Harland was but little changed since the days when she was light-hearted 'Manda Gray, and the three women spent a pleasant afternoon in talking over old times together.

"You haven't changed a bit, Marcia Hale," said Mrs. Harland, in her old, impetuous way; "there you sit with your horrible blue knitting—I remember you always pretended you liked to knit—and you're just weighing me in your balances, and making

up your mind how much I amount to. You have nipped many a brilliant speech of mine by just looking at me in that grave way, as if you really expected I was going to say something worth hearing."

"Aunt Marcia smiled a little, but made no answer; she was very busy just then counting the stitches for the heel of her stocking.

The children came rushing in, presently, and Mrs. Harland was enthusiastic in her admiration of little Ducky Shaw.

"Such a shame that she shouldn't have a chance to be somebody. I declare, Marcia, if I were you, I'd adopt her. She'll be a beauty in ten years or so."

"I don't think unmarried people have any business raising children," said Aunt Marcia, quietly. "When the Lord sends children, He sends wisdom to train 'em, but folks don't come to it naturally."

"But there's Jonas," said Mrs. Taylor; "I'm sure there never was a finer—"

"Jonas was put into my hands in a way that left no doubt about my duty," interrupted Aunt Marcia, "and so I've tried to do my duty by him. We can always do what the Lord calls us to; but calling ourselves to it is a different matter."

There was something in Aunt Marcia's quiet, decided manner that left no point open for discussion, and the subject was dropped entirely. But as she took her leave, after the early tea, she had a glimpse of Ducky Shaw, seated at supper with the rest of the children, and heard her merry voice exclaiming, joyfully, "O dee me! white biscuits and frosted cake."

[To be continued.]

A GHOST STORY.

BY MRS. ELIZA A. HARRIMAN.

About a century ago, in that region of country noted for the tragedy of the Salem witchcraft, ghosts, like witches, were common stock, not hidden in some indefinable nook under the leaves of a table, knocking out answers to impertinent questioners, but honest, unflinching, puritanic ghosts, who were not ashamed to let their real personality be known, gliding, it is true, noiselessly, but wearing ever the pure, emblematic robe of white, as if to signal their presence out upon the darkness.

"Once upon a time," old Mr. Smithers became weary of the world, and laid him down and died, and, as all supposed, had found quiet and rest in the grave, but ere long it

began to be whispered mysteriously around that the old man was astir, and every night might be seen in unsoiled shroud, lying at full length, outside his narrow bed of clay.

Common as these unearthly visitants were said to have been, the people of those crude times seldom wished to meet a real ghost, so the doors were shut a little earlier than usual, the Bible kept in plainer view upon the stand, and the morning and evening devotions lost none of their fervency.

The terrified, tearful children clung close to each other, snatching, it may be, a hasty glance at the haunted tomb, as they flew by, to and from the school, full of fear, yet scarcely expecting to see the ghost in broad daylight.

But no vague dread of peering, gibbering ghost could keep the young, enamored Amos long from his lady-love; so, filled with honied thoughts, and gentle, cooking dreams, when morning hours grew small, out all alone amid the darkness, he found himself plump up beside the graveyard, and there, in full view, on the haunted tomb, stretched at full length, beneath the glimmering stars, he plainly saw the silent, shrouded ghost. At once his gentle visions fled, his teeth chattered just a little, his heart beat a little faster, but he did not run, nor shriek, nor faint, but scaling, silently, the intervening fence, he walked in to reconnoiter.

Now and then a restless lodger, in the luxuriant drapery of the weeping willows, nestled uneasily in its perch, or half waked, dreamy, hidden things, cuddled closer down among the dew-bedecked grasses. Out from the shadowy recesses of the prim, sentinel-like fir tree, that stood beside the sorrow-draped gateway, a great goggle-eyed, ruffie-trimmed, impertinent owl, cried saucily after him, in the hoot language, "Who, who are you?"

The stark, gray gravestones, grim and specter-like, seemed, as he walked, nodding and wagging strange, dwarf-like, shapeless heads at him; but there, in its ghastly, deathish stillness, lay the ghost, making no sign to welcome, and offering no repulse, until he stood within a few feet of the headstone, then there was a perceptible rustling of garments, a hustling of many tiny feet, and a defiant "quit, quit, quit!" and the mystery was solved.

A venerable, old, white turkey, with a numerous brood of well-grown, white-robed nestlings, had taken nightly quarters on the fresh-turned sod of old Mr. Smithers' grave, and that was how my grandfather hunted a ghost.



Hc

THE LITTLE PET.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

I'm just a wee bit lassie, with a lassie's winsome ways,

And worth my weight in solid gold, my Uncle Johnny says.

My curly little noddle holds a thimbleful of sense;
Not quite as much as Solomon's—but his was so *im-mense!*

I know that sugar plums are sweet, that "no, my love," means yes;

That when I'm big I'll always wear my pretty Sunday dress.

And I can count—leven, six, nine, five—and say my A B C.

Now *have* you any taffy, dear, that you could give to me?

I'm Bridget's "Torment of her life, that makes her brain run wild,"

And mamma's "Darling little Elf," and gran-ma's "Blessed Child;"

And Uncle Johnny's "Touch me not," and papa's "'Ggyptian Queen;"

I make *them* stand about, you see; that must be what they mean.

For opening hard, old, stony hearts, I have two precious keys.

And one is, O, I thank you, sir, the other's, If you please;

And if these do not answer, I know another trick;

I squeeze two mighty tear drops out—that melts 'em pretty quick.

I'm sweet as any lily bed, and sweeter too, I s'pose;

But that's no reason why I shouldn't rumple up my clothes.

O, would I be an angel, if an angel never cries,
Nor soils its pretty pinafore, a makin' nice dirt pies!

I'm but a little lassie, with a thimbleful of sense;
And as to being very wise, I best make no pretense;

But when I am a woman grown, now don't you think I'll do

If only just about as good as dear mamma and you?

HOW RHODY FOUND HER GRAND-MOTHER.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

Rhody was all alone. The fire was out, and sometimes the chill wind came rushing down the rusty pipe and sent a sprinkling of ashes spitefully over the cold hearth of the little, old, gray stove. There was no more wood, and Rhody's Uncle Job was gone. Even the few chips out by the door were soaked in the drizzling, winter rain; so she wrapped her old apron over her shoulders and said, drearily, that she "couldn't help it if the fire did go out." It was a very bleak little room in which the little, pale, sad-faced girl was spending the whole, long day by herself. All over the walls were advertisements, and "notices" in sprawling letters; there was a table covered with cigars, in one corner, and a strong, settled odor of tobacco in the air. Her Uncle Job's old boots and his boot jack peered from under the stove, because he never liked to have them put away out of sight; and a dirty little cigar box was tacked against the wall, to hold the toll pennies they received; for Uncle Job

and Rhody were the gate keepers—especially Rhody.

Nobody seemed to be away from home that day, and Rhody was tired waiting and watching for people to pass. Jolly, kind, old, Father Keep did go by with his wagon, early in the morning, on his way to Stationville, but that seemed so long ago, Rhody began to think he never meant to come back. Even the big, brown goose, standing up against the sky, away across the fields, seemed to be huddling itself up as if it felt chilly and cross. To be sure, it was nothing but a tall, slender tree, with the bunch of branches upon the top grown into the shape of a goose; but Rhody had gazed at it so often through the dingy, little window, and thought about it so much, that it seemed to her she could see it breathe, and that it was watching her and thinking about her.

"I should think you *would* feel cross, Goose," she said, kneeling upon a chair by the window, with her elbows upon the sill, and her chin in her hands; "out in the rain night and day, night and day. Only I think it's harder to be shut up here, waiting for folks to go by. I'd like to go to school, down at the Corners, but Uncle Job won't let me. He says 'Readin' spoils girls.' And he wants me to take the toll, too, while he goes off to 'see how folks are getting on.' I know where he sees it. He sees it in that old whiskey shop, over at Griddleton. I hate to take toll, I am so ugly in the face, and the wind always blows my hair up so when I stand in the door. Seems to me my hair looks like old ropes all raveled up. Folks always have such a funny kind of a smile around the corners of the mouth when they see me. I hate to sell cigars, too, and I wish Uncle Job would let me hide his boots; seems to me they're grinning at me all the time. I'm cold. Poor old goose, don't the chills run over you awfully, out there? They go creep, creep, over *my* back the whole time, and I've got my apron on my shoulders, too. I know those old, wet, rotten chips won't burn, and if I should gather 'em *once*, Uncle Job would say, 'Well, keep up the fire that way, after this.' I wish I had a flower pot, with sweet pinks in it, or a red pin cushion, or a little dinner basket like the schoolma'am had, the day I went to hear them speak pieces. I wish I had a tart; a little, round, white, scalloped tart, with a lump of red jelly in the middle of it. I'm sick of corn bread. I wish I lived in a big, warm kitchen, like they had in that house I took a note to for a man, once. I never grow tired thinking about that. There was

an old lady there, baking sugar cakes. The sunshine came through the window and made a big, bright, yellow window down on the floor. And there was a little girl upon a chair by the fire, and she wore red stockings and new shoes, and I could smell her new calico apron, and her hair was so shining, and it stayed tucked behind her ears, and she had three round cakes lying in her lap, waiting for 'em to cool. She looked at me and smiled, and I looked at her and smiled, and by and by she said, 'Have you got a grandmother? That's *my* grandmother there, baking cakes.' And I was so ashamed because I hadn't any grandmother, and had to tell her so. Are you listening, goose? I s'pose I *have* got a grandmother, *somewhere* in the world; don't you? Everybody has a grandmother, of course. If I could just set out and go to find her, wouldn't that be splendid?"

Then it seemed as if the goose nodded and said, "Of course, everybody has a grandmother. You'd better start. Maybe she lives in Frostland. Do you know how to go there?"

"How should I?" said Rhody, trembling all over with eagerness, and forgetting all about the chills creeping over her back. "I never heard of that place before. How shall I go?"

"It's perfectly easy," answered the goose. "Only wish for it, and then you will be there."

So Rhody wished with all her might, clasping her hands tightly together, and wrinkling her forehead to make it seem more in earnest, and that minute she found herself far away from the little, dingy, tobacco-perfumed room in which she used to wait to take the toll.

It was very white and pure in Frostland. She felt so strong and glad when she breathed the clear air, and every time her feet touched the crisp, glittering ground, there was a sweet, cheery, little echo. Often huge, white ferns reached quite across the shining paths, but they always straightened up when Rhody wanted to pass. Sometimes the road led along the edges of steep rocks and up and down the sides of solemn, silent mountains. Now and then she came to little, light bridges, swung across deep gorges, and they trembled and twinkled when she walked upon them, but she always came safely over.

"It's very beautiful in Frostland," thought the little girl, "and I like the good air. But I hope my grandmother doesn't live here. It's too white and quiet, and apples couldn't grow here. The little girl's grandmother

that I saw had a basket of red apples in her kitchen, and one was roasting on the hearth. But I'll walk on and see what I shall come to."

Sometimes a faint, far-off sound of bugle music came chiming softly through the rocks, and then Rhody would hold her breath and listen, and once she caught a glimpse of a host of the little Frost People winding through the white mountain passes, with their starry banners uplifted, and their tiny spears flashing in the pure light.

At last she came to a great plain of ice, that looked as if it reached away out to the edge of the world, so you could walk up to it and touch the blue sky. The road led right through it, you could tell by the tall, crystal guide posts.

"I'm most afraid," said Rhody; "but I s'pose I'd better follow the guide posts."

So she walked sturdily over the ice in her rough, old shoes, with her apron still drawn closely over her chubby shoulders. It was a long, long way, but Rhody didn't feel tired, and never stopped till after a great while she came to a broad, arched gate, that had pictures of Frostland crusted all over it. By the gate stood a radiant little house that looked for all the world like a petrified morning glory upside down, with pink and golden smoke curling out of the very peak of it.

"I should think they'd open the gate," said Rhody, when she had waited a minute or two; "foot passengers never have to pay."

Just then the door of the queer little house opened, and a little, twinkling, old lady came out, and nodded, and said, "Good day." She had merry, blue eyes, and a red nose, and a wonderful cap, like moon-lit mist, and in her ears were long, jingling ice drops.

"Foot passengers must pay, too," she said, nodding again; "six courtesies and two kisses."

"I can't make nice courtesies," said Rhody; "my shoes are so big and stiff. See how queer I turn my toes out. I never kissed anybody, either, that I remember of."

But she made the courtesies as well as she could, and gave the kisses, and the little, old lady said,

"Those were very good kisses, very sweet and very warm. But the courtesies were quite queer. However, it will do. I am Jack Frost's own sister. That's the reason I hold such an important position as gate-keeper for the great road of Frostland. Where are you going? and what are you going for?"

"I am going to find my grandmother,"

answered Rhody. "I suppose I have a grandmother somewhere, and I want her. It isn't you, is it?"

"Dear, no!" said the little old lady, shaking and twinkling at a great rate with her laughter. "You know grandmothers always live in warm kitchens, and bake cakes and roast apples. Maybe she lives in the Bee Queen's Country. It is her country you will be in when you have passed through the gate."

"Let me go through the gate, then," said Rhody. So the little, twinkling, old lady opened the gate, and Rhody went through.

It was summer in the Bee Queen's Country. You could smell the clover in the fields, and the beds of violets in the woods. Sometimes the woods reached quite up to the road, but the sunshine twisted itself through the branches and lay in tangles upon the ground.

By and by Rhody took off her coarse, hard shoes and walked barefooted, so she could feel how warm and moist the ground was. Sometimes troops of little girls came sauntering along the road, barefooted, and they wore dainty, blue sun bonnets, and had smooth, fair, braided hair, and carried nice little dinner baskets, and new spelling books. But Rhody always hid from them, because her face felt so ugly. Till at last one little girl came along by herself, lazily poking the dirt up with her toes as she walked, and sang softly to herself while she braided and unbraided her beautiful hair.

"I'm trying to find my grandmother," said Rhody to her: "do you know whether she lives in the Bee Queen's Country? and if she wants me?"

"No, I don't," said the little girl, walking on without even looking up. "Go and ask the Bee Queen about it, yourself. She's sitting on a golden bushel basket, that's turned upside down in the middle of a grove of hollyhocks; great, red hollyhocks, big enough for you to sleep in."

Rhody was very tired and hungry, but she said to herself, "*Sometime* I shall find her, and grandmothers are so good, I know she will let me sit on a chair and rest, and eat sugar cakes, and watch her at work, and ask her questions; and she'll stop sometimes and stroke my hair kindly, and call me 'dearie,' and she'll let me warm my toes as long as I please by the fire, on winter nights."

So she walked on with her brave heart full of hope, and by and by she came to the Bee Queen, sitting on the golden bushel basket, that was turned upside down in the middle of the grove of red hollyhocks. She had such a thick swarm of little, golden bees all

about her, that it seemed as if she were looking through a bright, dotted veil, with her flossy curls, and sweet, dimpled face, and white robes.

"Can you tell me where my grandmother lives?" asked Rhody. "I am so tired and hungry, I hope I shall find her very soon."

The Bee Queen smiled very sweetly, but she only said, "I haven't anything for you to eat but honey, and I don't think honey is good for little girls. You might sleep in one of my hollyhocks, but your face is too ugly, and your hair is so frizzly, and your feet are all dusty. I don't know whether anybody's grandmother lives in my country or not. I don't trouble myself about anything but my golden bees. You'd better walk on; I can't help you any."

Poor Rhody felt hungrier and more sorrowful than ever before, but she started again and walked till she came to six little boys, who stood in the middle of the sunshiny road, stirring up the moist earth with long sticks. They were barefooted little boys, and had dirty faces, and dirty hands, and patches on their knees; and they didn't say a word, but just stood and stirred and stirred.

"What are you doing?" asked Rhody.

"We're pokin' up the dirt to find lucky stones," answered one of them, angrily. "Now you have made us speak, and the lucky stones have all moved themselves. One mustn't speak when one stirs for lucky stones. If you had one you could put it in your hat, and when you'd lost it some good luck would happen to you."

"O, do begin again!" begged Rhody; "and I'll get a stick and stir, too, and I won't speak a single word. I want a lucky stone, so I can lose it. Maybe I would find my grandmother then."

"It's no use," returned the boy. "You're a girl, and you *would* speak, anyhow. Besides, you haven't any hat to put your lucky stone in; and it's too late to begin again. I've got to hurry home or they'll eat up all the potpie. There's an old woman lives down the road, in an orchard. Maybe she's your grandmother. Go and ask her if she isn't."

Rhody went on until it was near night, and at last she came to a wide, old orchard, that reached out to the road, and had no fence or wall of any kind around it. The low, afternoon sunshine lay in long streaks and golden patches over the soft grass, and the broad, old trees looked soft and rich, with the mixed glows and shadows in their branches.

"This is the orchard the old woman lives in," thought Rhody. "I hope she is my

grandmother. I shall be very good; I don't think I shall ever get tired helping her, because she will love me. One's grandmother always loves one. I shall say, right away, 'Dear grandmother, I want to do something to help you.'"

Then she walked out of the road into the orchard, and the cool, soft grass felt so good to her bare feet, and it was so sweet to hear the robins chirping in the shadows.

"I don't think I shall ever need these old shoes any more," she said to herself, "because I'm most sure grandmother lives here."

So she dropped them down on the grass. Just then a sharp voice cried out,

"Don't drop your ugly shoes in my orchard. I won't allow such things to be left on the clean grass."

And there was a very tall old lady, walking right toward Rhody. She was so tall she had to bend her head, to keep her bright crown of peacock plumes from tangling in the tree branches. She had strings and strings of bright beads around her neck, and she wore a long, snow-white apron, that reached to the tips of her yellow slippers. In her hands she held a great, round, transparent dish, that was brim full of preserves, made out of peaches as big as pumpkins; clear, dripping, delicious peaches. Behind her came two giant pigeons, side by side, with lustrous, purple wings, spread out while they walked.

"Are you my grandmother?" asked Rhody, as soon as she could find breath to speak. Her voice was very faint, and her chin quivered, and she thought she couldn't choke the sobs down a minute longer, the old lady frowned at her so, and had such cross wrinkles around her mouth.

"No, indeed!" answered the tall old woman, and the peacock plumes angrily trembled when she spoke. "You are a beautiful specimen to be running through the country hunting up a grandmother. What do you want of a grandmother? or what would a grandmother want of you? You are only good to work, and not to play at all, nor rest any. As for somebody to love you, that is all nonsense. Look, what big wrists you have! They are exactly intended for stirring peach preserves all day long, and all night, too; and that is what you shall do. Come along after me."

Then she put down the great dish of peach preserves for her pet pigeons' supper, and after that Rhody followed her through the orchard till they came to two great, golden kettles, hung over a fire, with peaches cooking in them.

"Here you can stand and stir all night," said the tall old woman. "I don't want my peaches to burn, and I want them cooked very slowly, because these pigeons are very particular about it. Don't stand there crying, like a dunce. Take hold of the stick and stir. Don't sit down, and don't taste any."

"I am so hungry and so tired," sobbed Rhody.

"That makes no difference to *me*, you know," said the old woman; "I only want my peaches stirred. You are the very girl for me; you have such strong wrists."

All at once Rhody heard a great, hearty, good-natured voice call out, "Hallo, toll keepers!" Then she lifted her head, and there she was again, in the little, dingy room by the toll gate, and there were the same old chills creeping over her back, and it seemed as if she hadn't any feet, because they were "asleep." The cold winter rain was still falling, and good old Father Keep, in his wagon, out by the gate, was dripping from head to foot.

"They're wonderful quiet in there," he said to himself, "seeing I've been to Stationville and back, and haven't paid my toll yet. I wouldn't mind going in to warm a minute, either. Whoa, Dolly."

And he bustled out of his wagon and opened the door just as Rhody was getting her eyes open and rubbing the tears off her cheeks.

"Poor place to warm," said Father Keep, seeing the empty stove. "What's your apron twisted around your shoulders for?"

"I'm cold," sobbed Rhody; "and hungry, and lonesome."

"What did you let the fire go out for? No wood, eh? I shall have to see about you. I guess I can spare the seat board off my wagon, and that'll kindle up the fire till Job gets back."

He kindled the fire, and dropped his toll pennies into the box, and then hurried away through the rain, leaving Rhody kneeling by the window, watching him as long as he was in sight.

That night Father Keep and good, old Grandmother Keep had a talk. It began while she was setting the buckwheat sponge for breakfast.

"It's a pity for you to be doing every speck of your work, Nancy," said Father Keep, as he stood before the big, crackling fire, warming his hands. "Now, when dark comes, I've mostly got my work done, so I can sit down and rest, but a woman's work's never done, seems to me, for here you are,

pickin' around, till bed time. And I s'pose your shoulders begin to feel tired and lame, sometimes, as well as mine. If you had a little girl, now, to save you some steps—such a little girl as old Job Mudge's niece, for instance, not for a sort of a little slave, but to raise up to be a good, respectable, useful happy woman, that would be an honor to us and herself. Old Job 's a kind of vagabond, and he keeps the poor little thing shut up there like a prisoner; half starved and half frozen. Really, something must be done for her."

"I've been thinking about her, myself," said old Mrs. Keep. "Her father went the same way Job's going, and died a drunkard. Her mother was a nice, sweet-spoken, little woman, but quite sad, and died homesick, for you see her folks never lived 'round here. She came and did a day's work for me, once. It was eight years ago, and Rhody was a baby, then. Her mother brought her along. I remember I took a great fancy to the child, she was so good-natured, though not a bit pretty. I wish you would see Job about it. I dare say you can coax him to let us have her. And I shall begin making up that piece of new plaid into a meeting dress for her, right away."

The next morning Father Keep went down the road to the little, gray house by the toll gate. Old Job Mudge was at home, for a wonder, and it was soon settled that Rhody should go to live with Father Keep and his wife.

"People that have little girls must keep little girls in shoes," said Mr. Keep, as they rode home; and he stopped at the shoemaker's and brought out a pair of neat, glossy, little, calf-skin shoes, not so elegant as dainty, balmoral boots would have been, of course, but very lovely, in Rhody's eyes, as they lay there in her lap, while she wondered if they'd squeak when she walked, so people would know she had new shoes, and if the copper toes were pure gold.

After they had reached home and warmed awhile by the fire, Father Keep went out to "Tend to his chores," leaving Rhody and Grandmother Keep to get acquainted; and the good old lady showed Rhody the bright new flannel that was to be made into her "meeting dress," and gave her a ribbon to wear around her hair, and helped her tie up her new shoes, and talked to her about the chickens, and pigs, and cows, and all the little, every day, home affairs, just as if Rhody had always lived there, and might always expect to, and she looked so lovely, with her fair, kind old face, and her pure

white cap, and her busy hands, knitting Father Keep's socks, that Rhody could hardly sit still, she longed so to get up, and put her arms close around Grandmother Keep's neck, and have a good, long, joyful cry, with her head upon that ample shoulder.

"May I ask you something?" whispered Rhody, by and by.

"Ask? of course you can 'ask something.' What is it, child?" said Mrs. Keep.

"If you would only let me call you grandmother," pleaded Rhody. And the old lady told her very lovingly that she might and must, thinking as she said it, "All the children in the neighborhood call me 'grandmother,' and here's this poor, lonesome, motherless child begging it as a great boon. Bless her heart, she shall have love enough."

And presently Rhody told her about Frost-land, and the Bee Queen, and the old woman that lived in the orchard; and when she had told it all, she laughed triumphantly, and said, "But you see, grandmother, I have found you, after all."

GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

While the celebrated Mungo Park was traveling in Africa, he was often taken prisoner, and robbed, and, sometimes, narrowly escaped with his life.

On one occasion, he records, that he was driven almost to despair by the pitiable state to which he was reduced; alone in an unknown wilderness, without food, clothes, or shelter, and too ignorant of the locality even to attempt his escape, for fear of plunging into still greater perils. He was hundreds of miles from the nearest European settlement, and to crown all, it was in the very height of the rainy season, the heavens were overcast with blackness, and torrents of rain beat pitilessly about the poor traveler's unsheltered head.

But just as he was about to give up all hope, and, in despair, to stretch himself on the ground to perish, he spied, at a little distance, a *beautiful moss, in full bloom*. The whole plant was but three or four inches in height; but the work of an Almighty hand was plainly visible in the formation of its perfect roots and slender stems, from which shot forth tiny branches, decked with emerald leaves and bright crimson blossoms, whose slender petals were glistening with the pearly drops of the recent shower. As the despairing traveler gazed in admiring

wonder, a voice seemed to whisper, "God is here, even in this wilderness, and the tiniest flower, hidden away from the eye of man, is still His care. How much more the creatures He has formed in His 'own image and likeness,' and endowed with a spark of immortality that shall survive the wreck of all things material."

Thus admonished, Park roused himself from his apathy, and resolved to cast himself upon the care of the loving Father of all, and go forward with renewed courage. Unaided, save by the unseen hand he had invoked, and fed by the roots and berries the same Fatherly hand had planted in the wilderness, he traveled day after day through that trackless desert, hitherto untrodden by civilized man, until at length he reached a place of safety.

Did that little floweret bloom in vain in its wilderness home? or was not, rather, every tiny twig and leaf and blossom rife with a loving lesson of God's goodness to the creatures He has formed? Who would not trust in such a Father, such a Friend, who paints the lily, refreshes the drooping flower with the pearly dewdrop, feeds the young ravens when they cry, and gave His only, well-beloved Son to save us from the power of evil, and take us to bloom forever in the cloudless skies and eternal sunshine of Heaven.

BIRDIE'S DREAM.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Three little darlings, and all to be fed;
High time of night to be out of their bed!
Wearied and worried, I'm ready to drop;
Won't I be glad when my birdies can hop?

Some folks are taking their pleasure, I see;
Nothing but torment and trouble for me.
Lullaby, darlings, the shadows grow deep,
Tucked in so warmly, do please go to sleep.

Sing away, neighbor, and fly at your will,
Now you have waked them they'll never be still.
Nothing but work since the morning's red sun;
"Mother's work, mother's work never is done."

Nothing for me but a torn, empty nest!
Gone are my birdies the sweetest and best.
Where shall I wander? or what shall I do?
O, if my sorrow my little ones knew!

O, could they hear me my lullaby sing,
O, could I feel their wee heads 'neath my wing,
Sometimes a trouble, but still a delight—
No little birdies to care for to-night!

Tinted with dawn every leaf of the tree;
Birdie is happy as happy can be!
Under her wings all her darlings are curled;
"Mother love's mother love, over the world."

LITTLE BRIDGET.

BY MRS. L. K. K. BECKER.

The Mohawk is a very beautiful river, flowing among wooded hills with high, rocky banks, and amid fertile meadows with flowery borders, its scenery ever varied and charming. Instead of seeking the Hudson by one grand outlet, it divides into a half dozen, and smilingly pours its gifts one after another into the great river, each time as innocently as if that were all. Its whole course is wild, but it indulges in one freak that excels all the others—the silent, smoothly-flowing river suddenly leaps from a rocky precipice, extending across its entire channel, (nearly three hundred yards), down into an immense rocky basin, thirty feet below. Being somewhat broken up by the tumble, it gathers itself together as well and as speedily as possible, and goes on its way, noisily proclaiming its boldness and good fortune in doing so well. It is a most picturesque cataract viewed from any point, and is visited by thousands of persons every year. It bears the name (an Indian one) of Cohoes, or Great Falls. I have never been in the vicinity that I did not wander to the exact spot, on the shore above, where the pioneer's log cabin stood, that was made so desolate for many years to a father and mother by the cruel Indians.

I fancy I can see the children (a boy of five and a girl of three years) playing in their father's boat, and unconsciously drifting away down the stream; see them rescued by an Indian and borne swiftly and silently away to the dark, unanswering forest. I picture the distressed father searching with fearful earnestness below the cataract, and finding, almost gladly, only the shattered wreck of his boat—nothing more. I fancy the cruel Indian, intruding upon the agonized mother, to offer her some ragged pieces of her child's clothing, as Joseph's coat was shown to his father, to confirm belief in an error. How often have I taken pleasure in thinking what a strong, sweet soul the mother must have had, to so rise above her own grief as to make and keep a cheerful, happy home through those sorrowful years—a home so bright that it is remembered in story, while her name and place are forgotten.

For sixteen years, concealing the pain that had never left her since that pitiful day when her darlings went out and returned no more, she could not long survive the joy of their restoration, but faded day by day for a few weeks, and went as softly homeward as the

evening shadows fall, without a sigh or murmur.

I fancy I can see the son taking up the broken thread of his early life and seeking to join it to his later years, as one joins the portions of a half-forgotten dream; but the daughter, no longer detained by a mother's pleading love, impatient of forms and customs that to her seem like fetters, turns back to the wild forest life, remembering, desiring no other.

And there I stop. The rough voices of the boatmen on the canal that runs along the river, recall me to the present time; to the black smoke that rises from the factory chimneys in the town not far away; to the town of Cohoes itself, celebrated for its manufactures, of various kinds of cloth, cotton and woolen; of stockings; of edge tools; of pins; and of other articles. It is not a pleasant town, for its streets are low and dirty, its houses from the outside unattractive and dingy, and it is full of French and Irish operatives. That portion of the town in which they live, swarms with ragged, filthy children too young to work in the mills, and old women too feeble to do so.

At twelve o'clock noon and six at night, every day of the week but Sunday, crowds of children, eight years old and upward, pour out of the factories, with men and women of almost all ages. It is not a pleasant sight, to meet the weary look of the children, or to observe the hard, indifferent manner some of them soon acquire—very different from the fresh, innocent, interesting, merry children that are such blessings to us older folks. I never saw one of these factory children, that I did not think it actual robbery to allow them to work in a factory, or feel that there ought to be a law against it; true there is, but it is of the kind that some people think can be set aside, although the evil results are no less certain to follow.

A few years ago, there lived in this manufacturing town, and worked in one of the mills, a little girl ten years old, whose name was Bridget Sullivan. She was a quick, bright child, and ambitious. Her old mother took pride in the money her "baby," as she sometimes called Bridget, brought her. She had two other children who also worked in the mills, but neither of them so promising; and by means of an abundance of praise, Bridget performed uncommon tasks, and returned her three, and sometimes four dollars a week.

One warm, damp, cloudy, summer morning, the great bell had struck its warning note for seven. Far away, the sound of the

falls could be easily heard, and the snowy sheet thrown over the wide, dark rock could be distinctly seen by anyone on the side of the town next the river. The work people, however, hurrying to the mills, thought only of being in time to answer to their names, and escape being "docked" of a portion of their wages on account of tardiness.

Little Bridget, or "Little Biddy," as they called her, has sprung to her place, and her fingers almost fly about her work. She has seen the overseer passing through the room, and as he shouts aloud, "Look lively there, every task must be finished by a quarter to twelve!" she tosses her head, for she knows the words are not meant for her. Her task is always done at the time, and she is a favorite with the overseer no less than with everybody in the room. No wonder, either, she is so bright and fresh looking, for all her greasy, soiled dress and the dust that clings to the pretty, wavy, brown hair.

But how close and oppressive the air seemed that morning, and how the work dragged. It was plain there were many tasks that would not be completed at the appointed time. By and by a strange odor rose above that of coal and machinery oil, and the reeking air from those steaming operatives, and presently smoke appeared and filled the place. The engine did not stop, but every hand did, and a simultaneous suppressed cry could have been heard, and an instant after, there was a rush for the stairway. No tongue, no pen can describe the scene that followed. The combustible materials stored within, the heated air all seemed to invite conflagration.

And now the bells begin to ring outside, and that quick, hoarse cry everyone knows so well, is heard on the street, followed by hurrying feet and wilder voices, screaming as they run, "Fire! fire! fire!" Meantime the terrified crowd come struggling, hot and gasping, through the open doors that swing back from the only main entrance. Three stories high, a thousand lives depending upon one stairway for safety. The horrors of that day wrought a change in factory entrances. The clamor without, from firemen, from owners, from workmen, from friends, and the dreadful cries from those not yet escaped, the leaping flames, the intolerable heat, beggars all account.

Still they come—and the stairway totters, falls! "Are they all down?" Alas! that shriek from within, rising above the roar of the flames and the noise without, tells the dreadful story—four, five imprisoned creatures yet! The ladders are no longer of use

—there is no chance of escape but one; and can they, from the third story, leap beyond the flames and reach the ground alive?

Quick as thought, bales of cotton have been ripped open and spread, the crowd are hushed into utter silence, when a deep voice cries, "Jump!" There is a movement at that window, and one slight form is almost pushed into the air by those within. A child it is—"Little Biddy"—so light, she falls far inside the bed prepared for her, and as she touches the ground, stunned and helpless, a falling beam crushes her right arm. Another and another have made the leap from the burning building, escaping with little comparative injury; but the fourth one, either too timid to make the effort, or too frightened and confused, like some dumb animals, cannot be persuaded, and the gulf of fire soon receives her. The crowd shudder at the sight, but are powerless to avert the poor girl's doom.

Many weeks, and even months, elapsed before Bridget recovered from the dreadful shock and exhaustion of that summer morning; and when she did, only one feeble arm hung by her side. For a great many days she hid herself away and grieved bitterly over her misfortune, but she was a brave little girl, after all, and kept her complaints to herself, and at last began to look bright and cheery again.

Mrs. Sullivan had been so thankful for the life of her child, that she had thought of little else; but as the weeks and months wore along, she missed the roll of money Bridget had brought her every pay day, and began to complain. Finally, after much apparent trouble, to judge from what her mother said, Bridget was sent to an orphan asylum not far distant. There she remained for nearly three years, leading a quiet life, obtaining some knowledge of books and many other useful things, the most important of these being the use of her left and only remaining hand; writing, sewing, and almost everything that we do with our right hand, or with both, Bridget learned to do with one. She was a shy girl among her companions for a long time, and sensitive of observation always. When she came to her class in the schoolroom, she walked close behind another scholar, always avoided a front seat, and when she rose to recite, turned herself half way round, in order to conceal her defect. One day she appeared with a little addition to her dress—a pretty cape, over which the poor girl had spent many of her leisure hours for some time. The teacher noticed and admired it.

"How pretty it is! and where did you get it?"

Bridget blushed deeply, but did not reply, when one of the girls answered—

"She made it."

"Made it! first we know we shall have a dressmaker in our school!"

Simple as these words were, they sounded in Bridget's ears for many a day, and almost tremblingly she cherished the thought that she might still be able to do something after all; for in some way, and not strangely, either, she had obtained the idea that she was good for nothing.

Not long after the incident mentioned, she was sent for, in great haste, to attend the funeral of her brother, who had died suddenly. Her sister had married and removed, and she found her mother inconsolable for the loss of her "only good," as she called her boy, and she even expressed the thought that she "might have spared the other one." Cruel as this seems, it was not so in design, being only a manner that such persons as Mrs. Sullivan have of expressing excessive grief.

When the funeral was over, and Bridget was reminded that she must return to the asylum, and her mother began to speak of seeking a home with her daughter, Bridget replied that she could not return, but she would "stay and take care of her mother." This reply was so astonishing, that it required a great deal of explanation, and a fair hearing was not given her without a great deal of coaxing and some tears. Even then, her plan was received with such ridicule and incredulity as to be very disheartening. Perhaps it was no wonder her plan seemed foolish—that of becoming a dressmaker, and earning her own and her mother's living by her needle—so young, so inexperienced, and unfortunate. But a strong, clear purpose is a wonderful thing, and Bridget possessed this, and "Heaven helps those who help themselves." So, when her "notion," as her friends called it, could not be laughed down nor reasoned down, and all the objections were met by this determined little creature's "I am going to try," some one concluded to let her try; then another, and another; and when she had really put the first whole dress together, her opposers had all vanished, and her success among her neighbors was sure.

Everybody was kind and helpful; from one she received a new pattern; from another, some useful hint or encouraging word; from all, a great deal of praise and a fair amount of work. She became as much of a favorite

among her neighbors as she had been years before in the mill.

It would take too long to tell of her improvement from time to time, for it must not be supposed she became a good worker in her art at once. Several years passed before she attained that; but patiently and cheerfully she worked, faithful in everything, a comfort and blessing to her poor, old, murmuring mother to the last—never despairing, never complaining.

I have often thought, when I have seen her, what a golden lesson almost anyone might learn from the life of Bridget Sullivan, now Little Bridget no longer, and how truly to her might apply the words, "She hath done what she could."

ONE LITTLE POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

BY CLARA W. T. FRY.

Just one little pocket handkerchief—such a pretty one—white, with a border of red leaves, and tiny, red flowers all over the middle: all hemmed around the edge, too, so pretty! but O, it made so much trouble for poor Philopena!

Philopena was a little girl who had only one pocket handkerchief at home, and that was an old one, pretty dingy, with a hole near the middle.

I can't imagine how Philopena happened to do it. I really can't understand it, but it came about in this way: The hall was pretty cold that morning, and all the children who came to the sewing school had been standing by the registers to get warm. By and by they all went to their seats except two, and one was Philopena, and the other was Maggy Brown.

The little pocket handkerchief lay on the table beside the great work basket full of comfortable and pretty garments for the girls to make, and then to have for their own when they were done.

Think of it, girls; just one little pocket handkerchief lying right out all by itself. And the girls in the classes were busy unfolding their work, and the teachers were busy watching the girls. Nobody was near but Maggy Brown, and she had just turned to look out of the window at a man going down street with a hand organ on his back, and Maggy hoped there might be a monkey on the organ. And, as I said before, Philopena had only one pocket handkerchief at home, and that was so old, with a hole near the middle.

Think of it, girls! What would you have

done? But it is what Philopena did, that I have to tell; and all I can say is that just then she started and hurried to her class; she passed close by the table and the little pocket handkerchief, and after that the handkerchief was gone.

O, how *could* Philopena do it?

Just then the Lady Superintendent came along, and then up came Kitty Doolittle; and Kitty said, very politely,

"If you please, ma'am, I left my handkerchief in the class, last time. My teacher says it was put in the basket, and I could ask you for it."

"O yes," said the lady, "it is right here, I think. Was it a red and white one?"

"Yes, ma'am, red and white. I hemmed it myself, and my teacher said I could tell mother I had done it almost as well as she could."

"Why, where is that handkerchief?" said the lady. "I saw it here a moment ago, and now it is gone."

Then she saw Maggy Brown standing close by. But the lady never thought of such a thing as Maggy Brown taking the handkerchief; but Maggy heard what she said, and felt as if she *might* think so, and her honest little face clouded over, and the tears came into her eyes and rolled over her pink cheeks a great many times that morning.

Philopena heard all the lady had said, and saw poor Maggy Brown's tearful face, but she only sat still, and Kitty Doolittle, in the next seat, was crying over her lost handkerchief.

Philopena heard Kitty's teacher say that if there had been another handkerchief, she should have had it, but they were all gone, and she was very sorry.

Philopena sewed so very industriously that morning, that her teacher told the class she was a pattern to them all, and they must try to do as she did; and O how Philopena felt then! Her face burned and grew redder than the leaves on the handkerchief, but she sewed away faster than ever, and all the time there was the handkerchief hidden away under her little bib apron.

Now the Lady Superintendent knew very well that a handkerchief could not go off without hands, so she asked several teachers if they had seen it; but nobody knew anything about it—that is, nobody but Philopena knew anything about it, and every time she saw the superintendent and the teachers speaking together, she felt as if they must be talking about that handkerchief. And then she sewed away faster than ever, so that with her hurry and her hot little hands, she broke her needle. She went

to drop it down the register, and there she heard two ladies talking, and one said,

"Well, we shall find it. I am sure none of the girls would touch it."

Philopena went back to her sewing, and O how she wished nobody had touched it!

When the school was out that morning, Kitty Doolittle, her eyes red with crying, was wrapping herself up in her plaid shawl, and Maggy Brown, her pleasant smiles all gone, was pulling on her blue mittens, and close by was Philopena, putting on her hood, with her hands up high over her head. Something white dropped on the floor, and the next minute Kitty Doolittle shouted,

"Oh! oh! here's my pocket handkerchief! I wonder how it came here?"

Kitty's teacher came along, and she wondered how it came there; and she told the Lady Superintendent, and she wondered, too. Kitty Doolittle went home happy, because she had found her handkerchief, and she did not puzzle herself any more about where it could have been all the morning. Maggy Brown was glad because now nobody could think she had it. And Philopena—well, how do you suppose she felt? How should you have felt, if you had been in her place? She would have felt a great deal better than she did, if she had spoken out bravely and told the whole truth. She did not have courage to do that, but she was very thankful indeed to have the handkerchief safely back again in Kitty's pocket.

It was a terrible weight off Philopena's mind, for that handkerchief would have been very heavy for her to carry home. She never would have taken any pleasure in the border of red leaves and all the tiny red flowers in the middle.

The next week there were ever so many pocket handkerchiefs in the great work basket, and the teachers gave one to each little girl who had not already had one. Philopena's teacher said,

"You haven't been here but twice, Philopena, we haven't given you a handkerchief yet, have we?"

And Philopena, almost choked, said, "No, ma'am," speaking very low, indeed.

And then her teacher handed her one with just such a wreath of red leaves around it, and the same tiny red flowers in the middle.

Philopena almost screamed, when she saw it, and her poor, little face burned just as it did the week before.

That was another chance for Philopena to speak out; but her little heart was too sore to do it, for all through the week she had been thinking and thinking of the wrong

thing she had done. She was sure she felt just as sorry as if she had spoken.

She may live to be very old, and have many strange things happen to her—but so long as she lives, she will put aside temptation and do right, just by remembering how wicked and sorry and terribly unhappy she felt about—taking the pocket handkerchief.

THE CLOD.

BY M. H. K.

Within a garden once there lay
A clod, uncouth and brown.
Above it, through the fair, June day,
A rose looked proudly down.

She shook her petals, soft and red—
Queen of the garden born—
And bending o'er it, proudly said,
In tones of regal scorn :

"Here, in the joyous summer hours,
The tired bee lingering, dreams ;
Here smile a thousand radiant flowers,
Lit up with rainbow gleams.

"The lily swings her pearly bells.
The purple pansies nod,
And here the stately tulip dwells,
O, dull, unsightly clod.

"The honeysuckle's scarlet bloom
Trails down the trellis there,
The milk-white yucca's rich perfume
Fills all the slumb'ring air.

"The golden robin comes and sings,
The plashing fountains play ;
Here humming birds, their burnished wings
Like loitering sunbeams, stay.

"Here shining butterflies will rest,
When noon's fierce heats drop down,
And fold upon my velvet breast
Their pinions' painted down.

"And you, the clod that lowly lies,
Would seek to dwell with these !
Scorned of the birds and butterflies,
Unnoticed by the bees !"

She ceased ; the humble clod looked up,
But answered not a word,
While through the lily's waxen cup
A sigh of pity stirred.

But one by one the summer days,
Like flitting sunbeams, fled,
Till autumn spread its trembling haze
O'er blossoms wan and dead.

And as the gloomy days drew nigh,
The flickle robins flew,
The snow dropped from the ashen sky,
The bitter north winds blew.

But still the clod in patience lay
Beneath the deep'ning drifts,
Till through the clouds, so chill and gray,
The spring made silvery rifts.

Then from its shielding bosom warm,
A tender stalk was seen,
Sheltered through all the winter's storm,
With leaflets smooth and green.

It drank the April's balmy rain,
It drank the sweet May dew,
The rich clod fed each thread-like vein,
And strong and tall it grew.

Untill, beside the crimson rose,
Who jealously looked down,
The buds their hiding caps unclosed,
And showed her royal crown.

The butterflies and wooing bees
About her white face hung,
And every bird and every breeze
Her praise and beauty sung.

And taller grew her perfumed crest,
Beside the boasting rose ;
A lily, that the dull clod's breast
Held safe 'neath wintry snows.

And thus, within the lowliest mind,
Some germ of beauty lies,
Though trampled down, that yet may find
The light of paradise.

HOW THE GIANT WAS CAUGHT AND SET TO WORK.

BY JOHN R. CRAIGNHOLM.

More than twenty-five hundred years ago, an old Greek philosopher noticed that amber, when rubbed, had a strange power of attracting to itself light bodies, such as straws, hair, and small sticks. The philosopher wondered and speculated about this, and made mention of it in his writings ; but he died without having found out any good reason for it. At intervals of several hundred years, two or three other of the wise men of ancient times spoke of this peculiar power of amber and other substances. They made mention, too, of a queer fish, that gave shocks to any animal that came in contact with it. They also noticed—just what you must have seen many times—that when they took off their clothes on a cold night they heard a crackling noise, and saw sparks of light, and that their hair, on being combed, crackled and sparkled, and that a cat's back, when rubbed the wrong way, gave out sparks. For more than two thousand years, generation after generation of men and women lived, noticed these queer things, and, like the old Greek, died without having found out any reason for them.

But, about the year sixteen hundred, an Englishman, named Dr. Gilbert, set to work trying experiments ; and he found out that not only amber, but many other substances had, when rubbed, this power of attraction.

Slowly and patiently he worked. When people want to find out a scientific truth, they don't do it by a lucky guess, or a series of lucky guesses. Sometimes it takes a whole lifetime of experiment and observation to arrive at, and establish, one little fact in science. Many learned men became interested in the discoveries of Dr. Gilbert; there was some strange power of attraction hidden in these bodies which they could not account for or understand. They made machines to try experiments; they spent their time, and money, and brains, in finding out the truth; and they found out a great deal of truth about this wonderful electric influence.

Some of the wise men, too, had their suspicions that electricity was the same as lightning, the sparkle corresponding to the flash, the crackling noise to the thunder; but they had no way to prove their suspicions to be true; they had no way of going up to the clouds to examine the lightning, and they had no way to bring it down to earth.

But Benjamin Franklin, our famous American citizen, got a notion into his wise head that, if he could get on top of a high steeple during a thunder storm, he could get enough lightning to experiment with. There were no high steeples in Philadelphia, where he lived, at that time; however, there was a very tall one in the process of building, but the work went on so slowly that Dr. Franklin grew tired of waiting and he thought of another way. He made a kite, the most famous kite that ever went sailing up from this round world of ours. It was a small, cross-shaped kite, just like any boy's kite, only it was covered with thin silk instead of paper, for the rain would have spoiled paper; and it had some sharp, metallic points sticking out from the corners. It was a gallant, little messenger; it rode fearlessly on the wings of the wind, away up into the black sky; it entered bravely at the portals of a dark and threatening cloud.

"Good morning, thunder and lightning," called out the little messenger; "my master sent me to inquire if you are any relation to the snaps and sparkles he makes in his electrical machine. If you are, just send a shock down this tow string; my master has hold of the other end, and he will understand what you mean in a minute."

"Mind your own business," returned thunder and lightning, with a terrible flash and groan. "If your master wants to know about my family relations he must find out in some other way; that tow string will carry no messages of mine."

At this tow string began to bristle up and

look excited, and the rain water that had been keeping house in the next-door cloud, and was just starting earthward, flashed out angrily,

"Thunder and lightning! you are too proud to own your poor relations! Ever since the world was made you have been careering through the heavens, with your great flashings and groanings, pretending you did not have anything to do on the earth, except to frighten men to death, and tumble down their houses. But I'll tell of you; I'll soon let that wise man know that you are not a terrible and mysterious heavenly being, but a very common resident of earth, just as I am. I've been aching to tell about you for thousands of years, but I never found any one on earth wise enough to understand my talk."

Thunder and lightning roared and flashed in great fury, when they heard this, but rain water slid down the tow string with great glee, and with a series of jerks and shocks, soon informed the wise doctor all he wanted to know about the distinguished relations of electricity. That must have been a sad day for the old giant, that had ranged the heavens and terrified the earth since the creation; he must have felt humbled when he had to come down the string and get into a bottle, and perform experiments for the doctor.

Ah! but it was a great day for the world. The wise doctor laughed in glee, and all the wise men all over the world laughed and rejoiced at the news, when they heard it.

So the people lost their terror of this giant; and he did not dare to go zigzagging around through the air, knocking down people's houses, for the people put sharp-pointed rods of iron on their houses, and the great giant did not dare to touch a house thus protected, for the sharp sentinel was ever on the lookout.

"Don't touch my house! This way, my friend. I'll take you safe to a good place." And the first thing the old giant knew, he was whisked underground, tight in prison, where he could do no mischief.

But men were not content to keep the old fellow out of mischief; they longed to set him to work. The chemists found out how to make him useful in their laboratories. The doctors set him to healing their patients, and the silversmiths made him plate their wares. But still some wise men were sure that he was able to do many more useful things. They were certain that if they could only invent the right sort of a road, and the right sort of a harness, they could make the great

giant travel from place to place, carrying the news.

"Ah!" said the wise men, "he is just the one to carry the news; he is so strong, so tireless, so swift, so secret—just the one, if we can only make him do it."

So they worried their wise heads night and day for many a year; they devised plans and invented machines. But the old giant laughed their plans to scorn; he broke in pieces their machines, he shocked and stunned the wise heads themselves. He pranced away from them and danced in the air.

"Ha! ha!" he would shout. "Do you think you can harness me and set me to work? I am free; all the earth is my home and my hiding place. What are you, O man, that I should serve you? You cannot see me; you cannot hold me; you cannot measure me; you cannot direct and govern me. My Creator has set me bounds and laws. I obey Him and them."

Then the wise men made answer, with reverence and faith sublime,

"Sons and heirs of God, your Creator, are we. All the subtle forces and great powers of nature are made for us, and shall minister unto us. Our heritage waits till we, through wisdom, shall enter into it and possess it. You shall yet serve us, proud Force; according to your own laws, you shall work out our will."

You remember, in olden time, that a small pebble stone slew the great Goliath, of Gath. So it happened, a quarter of a century ago, that a small thought entered into a wise man's head, and dwelt there until it worked itself out into life and action, in the shape of Morse's American Telegraph.

And the old giant knew, as soon as he saw this machine, that he was caught and harnessed, and must go to work. He knew he was mastered, so he never winced or flinched the least bit; he settled himself in the traces, the harness fitted so well he could not keep from working in it, the road suited his tastes far better than the old, ragged, zigzag route he used to engineer out for himself.

All over the round world, to-day, the track of the giant is gleaming in crystal and steel; from north to south, from east to west, in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, he ceases not to toil for man. Silent, omnipresent, sleepless, and tireless, this grand ally of civilization, with his heart of fire and his sinews of steel, keeps the deep pulses of humanity throbbing with the same beat, rejoicing for the same joy, mourning for the same sorrow.

So the giant works joyfully in the service

of mankind; he works according to his own nature, he obeys the laws that were set for him from the creation of the world; when the mind of man conquered these laws, it conquered him.

The earth is a great storehouse of occult forces; the strong men and wise men of the future shall draw the bolts, and turn the rusted keys, and bring forth its hid treasure to enrich and exalt the whole human race. Boys and girls, knowledge and thought are the keys; grasp them surely, use them skillfully, enter upon the heritage secured to you from the beginning of time

LILACS.

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

Dame Margery has a lilac bush
That grows by her cottage door,
And there it has blossomed its purple flush
Full twenty-five years or more.
For she says, and a quiver goes over her lip,
"John planted it here, for me,
That morning, before he sailed in the ship
That never came home from sea."

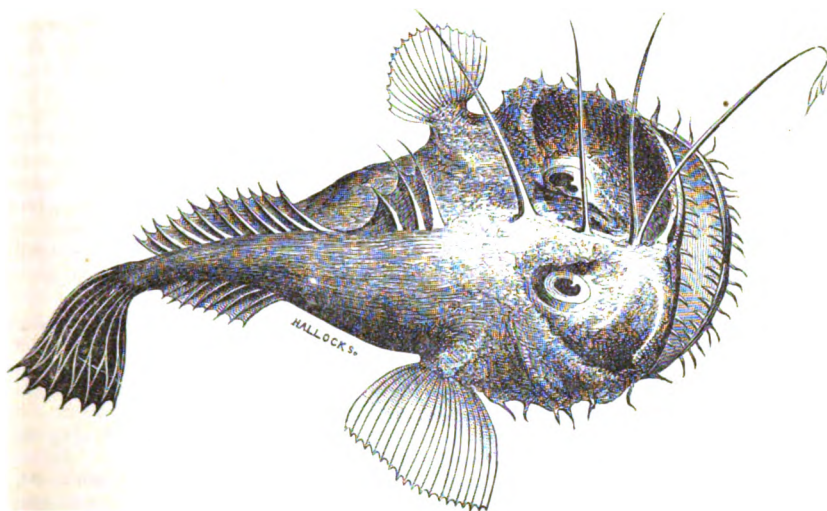
To every boy and girl that goes
To school by the kind dame's door,
She gives a bunch of the purple blows.
Till blossoming time is o'er.
She loves to have, and she loves to give,
And the good dame says, "You know
The way to keep, you'll see, if you live
Next spring, is to bestow."

Ma'am Allison lives across the street.
And her lilac tree grows high;
But away she drives the little feet
When they come her lilacs nigh.
"Dame Margery's blooms will soon be gone,
She's foolish, seems to me;
I'll not be breaking my lilacs down
For every child," says she.

Spring came. Dame Margery's bush was full
Of wonderful perfect bloom;
In royal purple beautiful,
And sweet with its fresh perfume.
Ma'am Allison's tree had of blooms not one!
The last years seeds were there;
But vain she watched till the May was gone.
For purple blossoms fair.

Dame Margery said, "Ah! don't you know
If last year's blossoms stay,
The next years buds will fail to grow."
Till these are broken away?
For this year's lilacs cannot live
With seeds of last year's spring."
Ma'am Allison learned that she must give,
If she would have, a thing.

* NOTE TO THE EDITOR.—"You know (do you?) that if you don't break off the lilac blossom bunches, if you leave them to perfect the seeds, there will be no blossoms next year."



AN ODD FISH.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. BEAL.

This funny-looking fish not unfrequently attains a length of four feet, and weighs seventy pounds.

There are several kinds of them, but the one here figured is found along the Atlantic coast, from Delaware northward. His body is quite flat, having an immense head, with a mouth extending nearly around to the side fins, enabling him to swallow fishes almost as large as his own body. His back and head are of a dull olive-green color, often half covered with mud. On the top of his head are several long spires, with flexible points, to some of which are attached fleshy slips, an inch or two long. These he has under perfect control, by means of numerous muscles to each spire. He keeps them dangling 'round over his head, and in front of his mouth, and in so doing, he is really fishing for a living. As the unwary minnows, or herring, or toad fish, or flounders, nibble at this bait, and the threads around his jaws, mistaking them for worms, they are gulped down into the yawning mouth below. The writer dissected two or three at Eastport, Maine, a few years ago, and in the stomach of one of them, he was quite surprised to find the body of a half digested duck. This he accounted for in the following way: The bird might have been killed by some passing hunter; or it might have died from other causes, and was then picked up by the ever

hungry angler. The fish is often left in the mud, scarcely covered with water at low tide. Such places are favorite resorts for water fowl, so it seems quite probable that one day a stray duck, in sifting the mud and rubbish for food, dipped into the wrong puddle—the jaws of our venerable monk fish.

The specimen here noticed was taken from just such a place, where tame ducks, as well as wild, were seen all about the neighborhood.

His jaws are well armed with great numbers of long, sharp teeth, which slope or point backwards, and are attached to the jaws by cartilage only, upon the back or inside edge. By this means, the teeth are easily pressed down, as anything crowds into the mouth; but they rise again, and hold any object which attempts to escape. Anyone will readily understand this, who has seen the sticks in a lobster crate, or the wires about a hole entering a trap for rats or mice.

Although he leads such a lonely life, he is known by as many titles as a nobleman; by such euphonious names as Goose Fish, Monk Fish, Angler, Fishing Frog, Bellows Fish, Sea Devil, *Lophius Americanus*, and many others.

Our singular fish can, at best, make but slow progress with his short tail and stumpy side paddles. Even with these sluggish

habits, the Creator has not placed him in the sea to starve, but has made these wonderful provisions for his enjoyment and preservation. With his dull colors, his fishing rods and line, and always baited, his immense mouth and curious, long teeth, he stands a very good chance to get a generous supply of all he needs to satisfy the demands of his appetite. Of course, people would not think of eating such disgusting-looking fishes. They are thrown out by fishermen on to the shore, and used for bait, or for enriching their gardens or fields. It often seems a little singular that such animals, so large and destructive to others which are useful to man, exist only in small numbers. The monk fish, sharks, and skates, produce but very few eggs in a life time, (the skate produces but two in a season,) while a perch is said to contain about 28,000; a herring 37,000; a salmon 20,000; a mackerel 546,000; a cod over 9,000,000. This is another of the many indications of marvellous design and wisdom in an all-controlling Power.

WHAT GUSSIE DID.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

It was a jolly good dinner; and was eaten, no small portion of it, with the highest relish, by that fortunate youth, Gustavus Adolphus Brown. And no wonder; he had just returned from a celebrated "Institoot," where hasty pudding and molasses were considered a means of grace and mental development. The home china and silver contrasted brightly with the cracked porcelain and rickety knives and forks of the "Institoot."

Table cloth and napkins were beautifully white. Invitingly odoriferous were turkey, and oysters, and *et ceteras*, which means a jumble of soup, vegetables, jellies, puddings, coffee, ices, and champagne.

Mr. Brown, from Gussie's point of observation, of course, was all a fond parent should be; Mrs. B. was motherly and indulgent; Molly B. was full of sisterly admiration and unselfish devotion.

Even Aunt Jane kept her spectacles in her dress pocket, and never once squinted over them her horror at seeing Gustavus Adolphus attempt to swallow his knife, or take down a whole oyster patty at one fearful gulp.

Then, the only guest at the table, Dr. Soandso, from Somewhere, was very entertaining, and told a great many funny stories.

The conversation must have run, somehow, upon eating and drinking, for the Doctor referred, once, to Alexander the Great, who

died at the early age of thirty-four, from drunkenness and gluttony. "A striking warning to Young America." And here Gussie thought the doctor looked at him; but he never minded, and went right on eating his sixth tart, or thereabouts, just as if nothing had happened.

But when the decanters were opened, Gustavus was really astonished; for the doctor, with great gravity and politeness, drank to his host in a glass of cold water. This caused some merriment at first; but was afterward followed by a very earnest discussion on the subject of *total abstinence*.

They all adjourned to the drawing room, and Gustavus, curled up in a "Sleepy Hollow," at the farther corner of the room, was soon deeply immersed in the "*Arabian Nights*."

But he could not shut out all external sounds; consequently *dipsomania*, *delirium tremens*, *psychology* and *physiology* mingled familiarly with enchanter's wands, and knights, and castles; and he saw, at one glance, you might say, the man whose breath flamed up when he lighted his pipe, and the wonderful, cloud-wrapt genii of the diamond cave.

In fact, between the wonders of science on one hand, and wonders of fiction on the other, Gussie was not at all surprised to observe the walls of the room gradually receding, the ceiling expanding into a lofty, vaulted roof; to find himself, in short, the only occupant of a wonderful cave, adorned with beautiful stalactites, and gushing fountains, and lighted with a soft, unearthly radiance, that seemed to emanate from myriads of diamonds.

"Ah!" he thought, with a sigh of supreme satisfaction, "it's true, after all, then; all that about genii and magicians! Now if I only had Aladin's wonderful lamp—but here is something." And stooping down he picked up—what? an empty champagne bottle. Was this, then, his talisman? At least, he could find no other; so, magician like, rubbing it thrice upon the ground, lo! a distant rumbling sound, mingled with shrieks and laughter, then a fierce crackling, as of flames, ending with a groan, then a vast volume of smoke, rolling in at the mouth of the cave, enveloping everything in its sombre folds.

Gradually this cleared away sufficiently to disclose two eyes of flame, a bloated, saffron-colored face, and hair that writhed like living serpents.

"What will you, young master? You have called, and I obey," said this strange being, in hollow tones.

"Horrid creature! who and whence are you?" cried the boy, with a great effort

overcoming his surprise and terror. "Speak the truth—I command you."

"I am the **DEMON OF ALCOHOL**," replied the spirit, in a pompous, swaggering manner. "A million faithful subjects own my sway; mountain loads of goodly grain and fruits are heaped upon my altars, and sixty thousand human victims perish yearly there. More in number than all your teachers and preachers, are those who serve or curse mankind through me. Famine and pestilence have scourged the human race, but *mine* is 'The worm that never dieth, and the fire that is not quenched.' Ha! ha! however I disguise myself, 'tis all the same. Whisky, brandy or gin, ale, beer, cider, or luscious wine, 'tis I, Alcohol, in each and all of these, that, mounting to the brain, steal away men's sense and judgment, and turn their keenest wit to maudlin foolishness."

"The heart, that restless, little engine, that beats, beats, beats, night and day, moment by moment, ah! I know how to clog its delicate wheels, and make it labor heavily, or *cease*, without an instant's warning. Hark! the bell tolls; that's another of my victims launched into eternity."

The boy was spell-bound, and the fiend went on,

"And to think how men deceive themselves! Your father takes a bottle of wine, with his dinner, to *aid digestion*, and does not know, poor fool, (you needn't double up your fists; you compelled me to speak the truth,) doesn't know, I say, that the more he drinks the less rapidly his food digests; for I am there to irritate, and stupefy, and finally destroy the digestive powers. The coachman takes a glass to keep the cold out, and never dreams, while he feels the warmth and glow, that I am stealthily filching away his life-force, and preparing him for the icy embrace of death. Hark! that bell again; *every ten minutes*, all the year round, I send a soul into eternity."

"I do not hear any bell," said Gustavus, listening intently.

"Of course not," replied the demon, "why should you? Neither do you see my army of tattered malions—drunkards you call them—blear-eyed, staggering, and insane, or idiotic; nor my fine brigade of moderate drinkers, who are coming on to fill the broken ranks of the former; nor my pretty company of wine-bibbling, cider-guzzling, cigar-smoking youths, who are waiting to be promoted; nor the wretched hangers-on of my army—wives and children, who cling, from love or necessity, to my followers."

"But, in the name of all that's true," cried

Gustavus, angry as a sultan, "tell me what you mean. Do you *never* accomplish any good?"

"Let me see," drawled the demon, with affected thoughtfulness; "I craze the brain, I destroy the will, I blight the affections, I impair the vital forces of the body, (chemical science has unmasked me, and I may as well own up,) in sickness I retard recovery, and I hasten death rather than avert it. Then, I am responsible for one half the *moral evil* in the world, and the suffering resulting from it."

"But what good have you done?" shouted Gustavus Adolphus, in his most commanding tone.

"O, well, now I think of it," answered the demon, with a provoking grin, "I have preserved a few serpents and other reptiles from putrefaction."

"Away with you, foul creature!" exclaimed Gustavus. "O, that I had power to annihilate you!"

"Nay; little master, let me but touch your lips and all will be right between us; embrace me, and I shall no longer seem disgusting in your eyes. In fact, you will not be able to live without me."

"Embrace you? Never, so help me God!" cried Gustavus; and, turning to fly, his foot slipped on the brink of a fountain, splash, he went, headlong, scattering a shower of cold water, which sent the Demon of Alcohol howling from the cave.

"Why, Gussie, Gussie," cried Molly, shaking him vigorously; "I really believe you have been asleep all through our interesting discussion; and here the doctor has got a pledge all ready for us:

"The flowing bowl,
That wrecks the soul,
And proves the mind's eclipse;
That ruins health,
And scatters wealth,
Shall never touch our lips.
The giant Alcohol,
We'll fight until he fall."

Will you sign it?"

"I rather think I will," said Gussie; and he did.

TOMMY'S DAY AT SCHOOL.

—
BY PRUDY.
—

Tommy's mamma was feeding her canary. In one hand she held a bunch of fresh, green chickweed, just gathered from the corner of the garden, and with the other hand she was pushing the little, tender sprigs through the bars of the cage. The canary sat in his ring,

turning his pretty, yellow head from side to side, and now and then picking daintily at the tiny buds and leaves. Tommy was standing by the door, dressed in a clean suit of buff linen, and he looked a good deal like a canary bird himself, with his bright, round eyes, and his yellow curls all smooth and glossy. Somebody came in at the gate. It was Callie Trumbull, on her way to school. Callie looked very nice, too, in her pink gingham frock and white apron, with fluted ruffles; and the very minute she saw Tommy she exclaimed,

"O Tommy Bancroft! you do look too lovely in that suit. I just wish I could take you to school."

Tommy's mamma looked around and smiled at Callie, and Callie at her so beseechingly, that when she said, "Do, please, let me take him," mamma hesitated a minute and then said,

"Well, I don't know as I care, if you will be very careful about the crossings, and lead him all the way home."

Callie promised very eagerly, and Tommy was too much delighted with the prospect of going to school to care much about the conditions. So his mamma got out his little, straw cap, with its band of green velvet, put a clean handkerchief and a scalloped cookie in his pocket, and then kissed him on both cheeks, for good bye.

"Be a good boy, Tommy," she said; "sit still in your seat, and don't talk out loud."

"O, I know," said Tommy; "we've played school lots of times, me and Billy; it's most like goin' to church, only the minister whips 'em if they don't say their Sunday School lesson."

"O, Mrs. Bancroft," laughed Callie, "isn't he too funny?"

Baby toddled to the door, and reached her fat, little hands after Tommy, and Tommy felt very grand, as he walked away just like a man, and left mamma and little Tot behind.

Callie and he got along very nicely until they reached the schoolhouse yard, when a whole troop of girls rushed out and swarmed around them like so many bees.

"O, what pretty curls! O, isn't he sweet? Is he going in your room, Callie? O, let me have him till recess, and I'll give you half a stick of gum." So they chattered, and exclaimed, and kissed poor Tommy, and pulled him about, till he wished in his heart he was safe home again.

"He's going with me," said Callie, decidedly; "I'm to take care of him every blessed minute, because I promised his mamma.

Come Tommy," and Callie led him bravely through the crowd toward the steps. Four boys were playing marbles close by the steps, and one of them looked up at Tommy and said,

"Hullo! here's a new girl come to school. How de do, sis?"

"What cunning little shoes; and what pretty curls she has got," said another boy teasingly.

Tommy's heart was full of indignation, and, for the first time, he felt ashamed of his buttoned gaiters, and wished he could change his glossy curls for the stubby black hair of the boy who laughed at him. Callie gave the boy a glance of contempt. She didn't care a bit what Doc Flynn said—a great, big fellow, ten years old, that read in the first reader, and couldn't spell "*biscuit*."

The bell rang just as they were going up, and Tommy was nearly crushed in the rush for the door; but Callie held him up, and jerked him along, and, though a boy twitched one of his curls, he shut his lips bravely, and didn't cry. In a minute more they were in the schoolroom, and Callie gave Tommy a seat beside her, where he began at once to look around and feel more comfortable.

He liked the looks of the schoolroom pretty well. There were bright-colored maps on the walls, and a long blackboard at one end, with some queer marks on it. The teacher was a very pleasant young lady, with a funny kind of spectacles fastened to a ribbon at her belt, which she perched occasionally upon her nose in a way that looked to Tommy decidedly uncomfortable. He could not see what made them stay on, and he began to get quite nervous about it, when, all at once, a little bell tinkled, and Callie's class was called up to read.

"You sit still," she whispered to Tommy; and Tommy said "Yes," right out loud, which made Callie blush as red as a rose.

When the class stood up they quite hid Tommy, and a boy right opposite him leaned across the passage way, and whispered, slyly, "Settin' with the girls!"

The taunt was quite thrown away, for it never had entered into Tommy's innocent little head that it was not nice to sit with the girls. So the boy tried another line. He began to make funny pictures on his slate, and show them to Tommy. There was a pig smoking a pipe, and a goose with a hat on; and when Tommy saw them he laughed out quite heartily. The boy looked very sober, and the teacher came and patted Tommy's head, and said,

"Keep still, little boy."

As soon as she was away, the boy took a handful of marbles from his pocket and showed them to Tommy, and Tommy got right up and walked over to his seat. The teacher put on her spectacles and looked at them a minute, and then went on hearing the class. When Callie went back to her seat she was greatly distressed, and tried her best to get Tommy back, but the young gentleman was very well contented, and the teacher bade her let him alone. The boy gave Tommy a piece of red crayon, and let him paint the pictures in his reader, and when his class was called he seized Tommy by the hand and marched him along. Now Tommy couldn't read the least bit, no more than his mother's canary, but Billy always told him that was because he had never been to school, so Tommy stood up in the class, and took hold of the corner of Bubby Steele's reader, fully expecting that now he was going to read. There was a picture of a boy riding on a pony, and Tommy looked at the pictures very hard while the boys read. When it came Bubby Steele's turn he spoke up very loud, and said,

"One fine day George got on his pony to ride a few miles into the country, to visit his Cousin Charles. His Cousin Charles lived in a large farm house—"

"Next!" said the teacher, and Tommy began to read as loud and as fast as he could, and this was what he said:

"It wasn't his Cousin Charles, it was his gramma, and she has sticks to her spectacles to stick over her ears, and she gave me two red apples and a doughnut, and the pony runned away 'cause a turkey gobbler gobbled at him, and the boy wasn't 'fraid 'tall; and that's the end of it."

You see Tommy thought the boys were just making up stories about the picture, as he sometimes did with his rhyme book. The boys all laughed, and so did the teacher, and she told Tommy that would do very well for the first time. Then they went on reading, and Tommy watched the teacher's spectacles until, all at once, he said, suddenly,

"I sh'd think they'd pinch your nose that way: try 'em on me, will you?"

Then they laughed again, and, after that, Tommy went back to the seat with Bubby Steele, and traded his cookey for half of a pair of broken scissors, and tried to chew rosin until his little white teeth were all gummed up; and insisted on going out to play with the boys, at recess, and came in with grass stains on both knees, and the ruffle torn half off from his collar. Poor Callie was as miserable as she could be, at the

thought of taking him home in such a plight, and actually planned to take him to the gate and then run away.

After recess he sat with another boy, who wanted Tommy's little handkerchief for the sail to a ship which he had smuggled away in his desk, and Tommy sold it to him for a little bottle of red ink, made out of pokeberry juice. He put the bottle in his breast pocket, and, as it was only corked with paper, of course, the ink leaked out, and made him look as if he had been shot through the heart.

Half an hour before school was out he shut up a great, clumsy jack-knife on one of his soft, little fingers, and frightened the teacher so that she dropped her spectacles, and poor Callie stood by crying louder than Tommy did, while the unlucky finger was bound up. Then the teacher said Callie had better take Tommy home; and a very forlorn little couple they were, when they presented themselves to Mrs. Bancroft.

"O, my poor child!" screamed mamma; "What has happened to him?"

At this both the children began crying louder than ever.

"O dear, dear!" said mamma, half distracted at the red stains, and the torn clothes, and the bandaged hand, "O, Tommy, what is it? are you killed?"

"Course I ain't killed," said Tommy, "or else I couldn't scream. I cutted my finger wid a boy's knife, and that ain't bleed on my jacket, only but red ink, and I've got a whole bottle full."

By this time Tommy was in pretty good spirits. Callie managed to tell her story, and mamma was so much relieved, she told her not to feel bad about it, but she guessed Tommy was too little to go to school.

When Tommy was sitting at dinner, all sweet and clean again, his papa asked him how he liked school.

Tommy looked very thoughtful as he said, "I didn't like it pretty much, 'cause my red ink didn't have any stopper, and it makes me too tired to study."

THE OWL'S CONCERT.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

At the close of a summer day, as the owl and his family sat at their evening meal, there came a tap, tap, at their door.

"Who's there?" said the owl.

"A letter," said the post bird.

"Who is it from?" asked the owl, who was not much used to letters.

"That you can find out by opening it," said the post bird, as he flew away.

"So I can," said the owl.

"Let's see it, let's see it!" said the little owls, as they crowded around their papa.

"Wait, wait!" said Mr. Owl; "one would think you had never seen a letter before in your lives."

"What can it be?" said Mrs. Owl.

"We shall see," said Mr. Owl, as he opened and read it:

"*Dear Neighbor*—I am engaged to sing at the end of the lane, to-night, to a select company; but I have taken cold, and am as hoarse as a bear. Can you sing for me? At early fire-fly time, precisely. You shall have my pay, two moths and a beetle, if that will satisfy you. Don't refuse.

"Yours, WHIPPOORWILL."

"Dear me! that is astonishing. The first time you were ever asked to sing, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Owl.

"How fast you talk, my dear! Let me see—*will* I do it, or *won't* I do it?" said Mr. Owl, who was very much pleased with the invitation, though he didn't wish to show it. "What are two moths and a beetle to me, pray? A fat mouse, now, would be worth having. However, I suppose I must consent—it is only neighborly. Here, Pinfeather, take that to friend Whippoorwill;" and he wrote "Yes" on a leaf with his bill. "And now for my preparations. I wish I hadn't eaten such a hearty supper, for it will spoil my voice; but never mind. First, the toilet, and then a little practicing."

So Mr. Owl shook his wings and ruffled up his feathers thoroughly, and then smoothed them down again, one by one, with his bill, as carefully as possible.

"How do I look, my dear?" said he to his mate. "Am I all right?"

"Yes, I believe so," said she, taking a bird's-eye view of him. "Stop a moment, there's one feather awry;" and she straightened it.

Then Mr. Owl flew up to the topmost bough of his tree, and sang over his evening song. It was rather a harsh one, but the best he knew.

"Seems to me you are a little hoarse, to-night," said Mrs. Owl.

"Not at all. Never was in better voice," said Mr. Owl; "and now I am ready."

Soon the moon rose on the bay. The light streamed across the water and over the cliffs, and silvered the old mansion on the shore. Two young men came out on the lawn.

"There—this is the right point," said Ernest. "Look, Philip; isn't it lovely? See

the moonlight on the water, and then the grand, old forest, so inky black, and the white cliffs on the other side. That is the picture I have seen from my childhood. One thing more, now—the whippoorwill. You say you never heard one. We'll go to the end of the lane; he sings there every night." So they walked together down the lane.

"There is the big rock where he always stands," said Ernest. "Let us sit on this log and wait for him."

Then the fire-flies began to hurry to and fro with their lanterns.

"It is time for me to begin," said Mr. Owl. "Ahem!" and he cleared his throat. "You and the children sit in that bush, my dear, and tell me afterward if it sounded well." Then he began.

"Tu-whit! tu-whoo! Tu-whit! tu-whoo!"

"Is that the whippoorwill?" asked Philip, laughing. "If it is, I have heard him before."

"O no," said Ernest, "far from it. That is an owl. But listen a moment; it is time for the whippoorwill."

"Tu-whit! tu-whoo! Tu-whit! tu-whoo!" sang the owl.

"That villainous bird!" said Ernest. "Shoo! shoo!" and he waved his cap to drive him away.

"How strange! They hardly seem to like it," said the owl; "but I'll try once more. There may be some mistake. What do you think, my dear?"

But Mrs. Owl and the little ones had all flown home at the first alarm.

"It is damp here," said Ernest. "Listen once more, and then if he doesn't come, we will give it up for to night."

"There's a bird on the rock," said Philip.

"There he is at last," said Ernest.

"Tu-whit! tu-whoo!" sang the owl.

"The wretch!" said Ernest. "I am sorry, but it can't be helped. Let us go."

"They are going away," said the owl.

"Very well, I'll go, too. I've sung my best. Friend Whippoorwill never did better; and surely I've sung long enough for the pay."

So he flew away to his nest, well content with his evening concert.

To form an independent character, one must be thrown upon his own resources. The oak, growing in the open field, where it is continually beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely upon his own strength, ability, and energy, forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained. Strike out for yourselves, boys, if you wish to succeed.

THE OLDEST GAME.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

My Dear Corporal: Of you and your Knapsack I have often thought, when on the banks of the Tiber and the Nile, I have watched a certain odd game called "MORRA," which I believe to be the oldest in existence, and of which, possibly, you have not given an account to your great army. In olden times, it was thought a game worthy of soldiers, for the hosts of grim old Pharaoh played it, as well as Julius Cesar's legions.

Its name means "flashing with the fin-
flers," and its fitness, a description of the game will show. Two men (for in these countries men amuse themselves as children do in ours) sit opposite each other with their right hands closed. Presently they throw them out before them, with some or all of the fingers open, and as they do so, each guesses how many fingers his antagonist displays. If both or neither should guess right, it all "goes for nothing," and they begin again; but if one only names the correct number, he gains "a point," of which he keeps account by holding up a finger of his left hand. Five points make a game.

The Europeans are a gesticulating people. They talk not with their tongues only, but from head to foot, and can say in a shrug what you and I could not express in a paragraph. At "morra," their head-jerkings, shoulder-liftings; scowls when they lose, and grins when they gain; thrusting out of one arm to its full length, and raising the other high in air; make up a pantomime equally amusing and curious. But "the beauty of it is," one cannot cheat in playing "morra." You throw out your fingers, and your antagonist sees them before, from your mind to your muscles, can come an order countermanding the first.

A French physiologist has estimated the length of time necessary thus to transmit a telegraphic dispatch along the nerve wires from the brain battery to the finger ends. He noted the interval by his watch; and you can do this for yourself in playing "morra." It differs, doubtless, in different persons, some being more wide awake than others, because the electric battery is more active in their case.

The Romans used to say of an upright man, taking an illustration from this game, "He is so honest that you might play morra with him in the dark."

It is curious to notice the passion for this play among the poorer classes, especially of

Rome. The coachmen, upon their perched-up boxes; the chestnut sellers at the street corners; even the very beggars on the church steps; stake their little gains at morra, and seem to have acquired a skill in guessing that puts the immemorial Yankee to the blush. The Egyptians play it more languidly, as they squat like monkeys under the palms, beside their benign river, stretching out their slender, chocolate-colored fingers in a game that afforded them diversion, doubtless, when the pyramids were building and the Israelites toiled in slavery on the banks of these same sweet waters.

CAIRO, Egypt, March, 1870.

A TRUE STORY OF A BUNNY.

BY A. S. F.

Did you ever see a bunny? Well I am going to tell you about one; a real, live bunny, not a speckled, grandpappy squirrel, but a sleek, gray one. I don't like to tell you how my Brother Will caught it, for fear you might think he is cruel; but he isn't. He is one of the kindest brothers that ever lived. He has a stock of the most delightful stories, with which he is always willing to entertain us, and then he is never too busy to take us sledding, or to have a good romp. But I wasn't going to tell you about brother, but about bunny; they both begin with B, and maybe that is the reason why I made the mistake.

Bunny was very playful, and always ready to have a frolic, but he never liked anyone so well as that brother I was telling you about. He seemed to know when he was coming home from school, for, every day, about the same time, he would go down to the gate, and wait till he saw Will; then he would start off up the lane; when he got near enough he would spring at his foot, run up the leg of his pantaloons, and get into his pocket.

What do you think he was so anxious to get into Will's pocket for? I will tell you: brother was a kind master, and never came home without bringing some nuts for bunny, and he, of course, was very anxious to find his treasures.

When they got home he would sit on his hind legs and eat the nuts, while Will got his dinner. After this important business was despatched they would both go up stairs, Will to recline on the bed while he studied, and bunny to have a game of hide and seek. This is the way they played: Will would take a nut, and bunny would come and get

it; then off he would scamper to hide it under a fold of the bed quilt, thinking it would be quite safe there till he felt hungry enough to eat it. While he was running back to get another, Will would quietly slip the same one out from its hiding place, and give it back to him. Off he would run again to conceal his prize; in this way they would often play the whole afternoon.

One day bunny had been out, and he came home very sick; he had been badly hurt, but no one could tell how. We nursed him very tenderly, but he got worse and worse; at last he died, and poor Will was nearly heart-broken over the death of his favorite. He made a wooden box for a coffin, and we buried the poor little fellow in the garden, under a cedar tree. His tomb stone was a wooden board, with these words printed on it:

HERE LIES BUNNY REED,
who died Oct. 10th, 18—.

THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.
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SEWELL & MILLER,
ALFRED L. SEWELL, JOHN E. MILLER,
Publishers and Proprietors.
OFFICE, No. 9 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, JULY, 1870.

THE POSTAGE on THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

We begin, this month, our eleventh volume. Our readers will notice the enlargement and change in shape of our magazine. We dislike ever to make any change in form, but, while for five years we have prospered and been very happy in the old shape, we have often felt that smaller pages would be much more convenient, and can but feel glad that the change is now made.

We are sure that our readers will like THE CORPORAL'S new dress, and we begin our sixth year and eleventh volume with a glad heart and a firm step, being determined to leave no stone unturned, or act undone, that is needed to secure the success we so much desire. We this month begin a new story by Mrs. Miller, which will be continued through

the volume. All our old contributors will continue to write for us, and we extend a cordial invitation to any new writers who would like to join our army. Altogether we expect a pleasant six months' campaign.

Let our friends now speak to their neighbors, and send us in a few thousand clubs of new names. If you can't send a hundred, send at least two or three, and select from our premium list some prize suited to your taste.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

In our common, every day life, we meet with many things, old and new, wise and otherwise, facts, truths, sparkles, and speculations, that are worth preserving. If not saved they are wasted. We know a little boy who often says, "God don't love us if we waste anything." We believe the little fellow is right, and so have made this Drawer. Of course, we can find room for no long dissertations, but only short paragraphs; and, by the way, if it is so wicked to be wasteful, what kind of an account will we render for our waste of words. This is becoming more and more a crying sin. The Chicago Tribune, in commending a short speech made by Queen Victoria, the other day, says:

"Perhaps she has read some of General Grant's speeches, which were better, by the way, than some of President Grant's messages, for, of late, by consenting to talk more, he has fallen into the habit of saying less. There is not only an excess of gab in Parliament, in Congress, and in our State Legislatures, courts, and Constitutional Conventions, but even our literature is becoming gabby. Novelists and poets furnish us with as large a proportion of words and as little pith as the intolerable deal of sack in Falstaff's tavern bill was, compared with his half-pennyworth of bread."

Let us all take the hint. Short speeches, few words, short stories, short sermons, much matter in little space. So will our words have greater value. The world will never again be drowned with water, but there is danger that it will be drowned with words. Stop the deluge; stop it. Write, speak, but *directly to the point*, and not all around it; even if you do imagine that your voice is musical, for you may be mistaken. Others can judge better than you.

—The above "reminds me of a little story," which Iraeneas Prime, the veteran editor of the N. Y. Observer, tells about himself. When he was a young man he wrote his first article for publication. He carried it to an editor, who read it and pronounced it very good. "But," said he, "don't you think you could condense it into half the space without leaving out any of the thoughts." Mr. P. took the manuscript, and next day returned it, condensed as desired. "That is better," said the editor, "but don't you think you could condense it yet more, so that it would only fill half the space it now occupies, and all without leaving out any important parts." The young writer took the article home again, and returned it next day as

requested, so that it was now only *one quarter* of its original length, and yet no thought or important point had been left out. In that shape it was published, and was copied everywhere, and laid the foundation of its author's world-wide reputation as a writer. If the good editor had been indulgent enough to accept the manuscript as at first written, probably few would have read it; it would never have been heard of afterward, and Mr. Prime might never have been encouraged to achieve the fame he has to-day.

The above two items are for our older folks, and *all* may accept them as appropriate hints, while many may consider them as explaining why their articles are not accepted.

Here are some true stories for the little folks:

—A very little girl, whom we personally know, had a habit of suddenly becoming "tired and sleepy," whenever her aunt, with whom she lived, desired her to do anything that was not to her taste. One day her aunt said, "Come, Annie, I want you now to come and have your face washed." "O," groaned Annie, "I am *so* tired and sleepy." And she dropped down in her little chair in a very limp condition, and could not easily be moved. "Well," said her aunt, "no matter, then." I intended to put on your pretty new dress and take you to visit your Cousin Alice, but you are too tired, you need not go, and I will go alone." "Oh! I didn't know that," cried Annie, "but I didn't say I was *so* *dreadfully* tired. I only said I was tired." Do you ever suddenly become tired when asked to help mamma?

—Johnny, who lived in New England, had a pet kitten that he cared for most tenderly. There was an old cat sometimes found prowling around the house, that the boy both feared and disliked. One day his mother sent him on an errand, down in the cellar, which was not very light. When he first went into the cellar, he thought he saw his enemy, the old cat, glaring upon him with its glassy eyes in the darkness, so he struck at it with the long stick which he had carried to ward off any goblins that might be in the way. Then he retreated at once to the kitchen, and, with many swelling words, related to his sister how terribly and unmercifully he had beaten the old cat in the cellar. His sister was expected to believe that at least one of the cat's nine lives was well nigh gone. On examining the cellar she found no old cat, but the favorite little kitten, and she not very badly hurt. When Johnny came in again, she said, "Johnny, did you know that it was your kitten, and not the old cat, that you pounded so badly in the cellar to-day?" Johnny remembered his boasts of the morning, but not wishing to have it appear that he had been very severe on his little favorite, replied, "Well now, look here, Hannah, it isn't no ways likely that I hurt that cat so terribly as I told about." A regular Falstaff, wasn't he?

—Benny and Freddie are two little boys, the sons of a minister in Illinois. One day they were playing in the yard, when Benny picked up a stone and said, "Freddie, I'm going to throw

a stone over the sun." "O, you can't, Benny," said the little brother. "Yes, I can," said the older one. Then Freddie believed him, but, putting up his hands beseechingly, said, "O, don't then, Benny. I wouldn't, *you might hit Daud.*"

—Many of our readers have learned, ere this, that our old friend, Rev. Edward Eggleston, who has so often, in times past, pleased THE CORPORAL's readers so much with his Chicken Little, and other stories, but whose labors in The National Sunday School Teacher, and in the Sunday School Conventions, have hindered him from writing much for us of late, has been called to and accepted a position as one of the editors of the New York *Independent*, and has gone to live in Brooklyn. In many respects Mr. Eggleston is a remarkable man. He is one of the freshest, most wide awake, active, and useful men who have ever taken part in the Sunday School work; a man who has read and thought much, and remembers it all; a man of wonderful resources, and happily able to use them all at a moment's notice, whether in speaking, writing, or doing. The *Independent* is fortunate in securing his services. He will still be connected with the *S. S. Teacher*. Many western friends are mourning over the fact that Mr. E. has gone from them, but Brooklyn is a part of our parish. He is as much ours there as anywhere. You have the Corporal's blessing, Mr. Eggleston. He expects an article from you occasionally.

—Our Mrs. Miller is spending the summer with her family, by the side of Lake Minnetonka, in Minnesota, rowing, fishing, writing, and resting. "Prudy" will keep her company there for the half year, until in the autumn they together float down the Mississippi River, and settle again in Evanston, where, in their cosy home, they will for another year listen to the roaring of the waves of Lake Michigan. All letters for either of them will come first to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and he will forward them to Minnesota. So now, write your prettiest to Prudy, and she will send you some nice tidbits from her summer home.

—John H. Vincent, the eminent Sunday School worker, the first editor of the *S. S. Teacher*, now editor of the *S. S. Journal*, of New York, a devoted friend of THE CORPORAL, and of all children on the green earth, is spending some of the summer months in the west. Mr. Vincent is known and honored by Christians in all the churches, as one of the first men in this country in his chosen field. He is young enough and vigorous enough yet for forty years of active work. In view of what he has done in the past ten, what a monument he ought to rear in those forty years. May he live, and work, and *grow* that long.

—A church organ has lately been sent from New York to Yokohama, Japan, for an Episcopal Mission. It will be the first church organ heard in that part of the world. It is only a short time since the first piano was sent to Japan.

—There is said to be a distinguished chief among the Sioux Indians named *Fried Grease*. He ought to be a smooth fellow.

THE NEW SUIT.

And how do you like it? And don't you think it is altogether natural for a boy who is five years old, and has just donned short coat and pants, to step off somewhat grandly? See how happy the boy on our front leaf looks, and what an admiring yet wishful look his little brother gives him. He seems to be longing for the day when he, too, will be five years old. The dog Fido hardly knows his young master, and the old turkey gobbler ruffs up his feathers and drops his wings, and comes strutting toward the front to see what new rival this is, who has appeared upon his review ground. Go away, old gobbler. You're not five years old, and before you are Thanksgiving day will come around, and we know what will happen then.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

When you send us manuscripts, be careful that you put on stamps enough to carry your package. Many packages of Mss. reach us with insufficient postage. If these articles were acceptable, we would not say a word; but the lack of postage generally occurs on packages that are rejected. It is barely possible that an article, the fate of which is very nearly balanced, may by this neglect be toppled over into the waste basket. If you wish your Mss. returned, in case they are declined, or if you wish an answer, *be sure* to enclose stamps for return postage. Our postage account amounts to thousands of dollars, and you should pay the part that belongs to you.

OUR NEW CHROMO.

Our *new* Chromo of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf is most beautiful. We are now sending a good many copies of it as premiums for clubs. It is sent, mounted on heavy chromo board, extra heavy, and nicely varnished, for a club of ten. The selling price is six dollars; it is sent to any address on receipt of price.

FREDDIE REED, of Chicago, will know by this item that we received his nicely written letter; but it came too late for us to comply with his request. Thank you, Freddie. The Corporal remembers you as one of his oldest and best friends among the western boys.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?—Will all persons who write to us please tell us how they like THE CORPORAL in his new dress?

BOOK NOTICES.

Any books noticed or advertised in THE LITTLE CORPORAL, will be sent by us, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

SYNCHRONOLOGY; or, The Principal Events of Sacred and Profane History, from the creation of man to the present time. 320 pages. Price \$2.50. Published by S. Hawes, Boston, Mass.

This book is designed to give a condensed history of the principal events which have occurred since the creation, carefully arrayed in chronological order. It is gotten up in good style, well arranged and nicely printed, and is, without doubt, a very useful book for reference. The colored historical chart, which is folded in the book, gives a bird's eye view of the whole history of the world, from the beginning of time. We can heartily commend the book. It is sold by canvassers.

DRIVEN TO SEA; or, the Adventures of Norrie Seaton. By MRS. GEORGE CUPPLES. Published by Horace B. Fuller, Boston. 332 pages. Price \$1.50.

This is an exciting book for boys, something in the Oliver Optic style.

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY No. 7.

(SEE PAGE 32, THIS NUMBER.)

WINNIE AND HIS CHICKENS.—Winnie had a famous old rooster, that came and waked him up every morning. As soon as it was day, he flew up on a pole by the window, close by where Winnie slept, and crowed away with all his might: "Hurrah boys! fine morning. Hurrah boys! fine morning." (That's what he seemed to say.) So Winnie would open the window, and hand him a bit of something to eat. Then, by and by, he would go out and feed all the chickens. They would fly into the dish where the crumbs were. Nothing was afraid of Winnie, because he had such a kind heart. But the old rooster was very greedy, and that made him saucy. One day Winnie's mother gave him a piece of brown bread and butter, and he sat down in the yard to eat it. Old rooster came up behind him, very slyly, reached over his shoulder, and snatched away the bread out of his hand. Rooster ran and Winnie ran after him. Old rooster ought to have been ashamed of such a mean trick. Who gives you your dinner every day, old rooster? And what would you do without Winnie? W. O. C.

ANSWES TO PUZZLE, ETC., JUNE NO.

No. 29.—*Buried Cities*.—1, Verona; 2, Saratoga; 3, Erie; 4, Tyre and Sidon; 5, Omaha; 6, Chelsea; 7, Damascus; 8, Alton; 9, Tripoli; 10, Buffalo; 11, Bremen; 12, Oswego; 13, Parma; 14, Bangor; 15, Lisbon; 16, London. No. 30.—*Floral Puzzle*.—Hellebore; Yarrow; Aster; Crocus; Ivy; Nasturtium; Tulip; Honeysuckle. (Hyacinth.)

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY NO. 31.

Two young roosters met in the barn yard. One of them said to the other, "You're a turkey." The other said, "You're a goose." So they flew at each other and fought until they were both bloody. The man said to his son, "John, get over the fence and part those foolish chickens." So John caught one of them and put him in a barrel. Before night, Frankie, the young rogue, came around by the barrel, riding on his famous pony. He stopped, and thought he heard something in the barrel. He dug a hole, but it looked all dark inside. Then he thought of his little four-legged stool, and he ran to the house and brought it. This helped him up nicely, and he lifted up the cover to look in. The poor rooster thought to himself, "Now's my chance; now or never." So out he sprang, with three hearty cheers for "Liberty." Frankie the thief saw a terrible creature, as big as a bear, coming right at him to eat him up. So he ran straight for his mother, who was not afraid of bears, and hid his face under her apron. I don't think anything hurt him. W. O. C.



Prudy's Pocket.

When the little folks open their July CORPORAL, and turn to Prudy's Pocket to see what has become of their letters, they may be pleased to know that on this third day of May, with the sun shining, the birds singing, and the south wind blowing softly, Prudy sat by the window of a little cottage in Minnesota, and read, shall she say a *bushel* of the children's letters—well, perhaps not quite that, but very nearly.

Delightful letters they are, and Prudy read every word of every one, from the pretty writing of some of the older ones, to dear little Nora's big print. Don't you wish you were Prudy, and could see them, too? for, of course, the Corporal cannot find room for half. Here is one of the printed letters, very nicely done, too:

Harpersfield, N. Y. "I am a little Wisconsin boy, only six years old. I am visiting my Uncle John, in the Empire State, as he calls it, and he calls me the 'Badger Boy.' Miss Prudy, what is a Badger Boy? I have no little cousins to write about, but I have a cunning kitty. His name is Tim. We say, 'Roll over, Tim, if you are hungry,' and he rolls right over. My grandpa makes maple sugar. I tell you it is sweet, and if you will come here, I will give you a big chunk!"

Cortland, N. Y. "I cannot write, so I will print my letter. I am seven years old. My sister Allie thinks the picture stories are so cunning; but I think she is just as cunning as can be, herself; and then I have a very little sister, who is the sweetest baby ever was."

Clifton, Wis. "I wish THE CORPORAL would come every week. My little sister Gertie is three years old. She likes to have me read Tommy's Week to her; we think Tommy was a funny boy. I wonder if you will put this in THE CORPORAL?"

Golconda, Ill. "I am a little girl seven years old. Kress Kringle gave me THE CORPORAL for a Christmas gift, and I like the Picture Stories best of all."

Very neatly printed, Mamie.

A little boy in *Owatonna, Minn.*, sends a long list of Bible questions that he found in his Sun-

day-school paper, and gives the answers himself. An excellent plan, only send the answers to the paper that gave the questions.

Our southern friends are responding finely to our request for letters of information. Here is a correspondent from *Matanzas River, Florida*, who announces himself as a "Baby Alligator," and sends a letter to his friend Robin!

"Good morning, Robin. Quat! quat! quat! My name is Baby Alligator, and I overheard pretty Dick mocking me, this morning, and boasting that he had a letter from a cherry eater, so I thought I would write to you, too. It is rainy to-day, and I had a jolly time digging in the mud after fiddlers. Did you ever see one? They are about as big as grasshoppers. They dig little holes in the beach; then, when the tide is low, they come out, stand on their hind legs, and fiddle with their front ones. So folks call them fiddlers. They are first rate to swallow whole, as you eat cherries. Say, Robin, my oldest brother, Chopsticks, was stolen away from us, yesterday. He was four inches long, with a splendid head, and a mouth that could chop like anything. A boy named Bertie Reynolds caught him, and he has made a pen for him, with a little pond in the middle for him to swim in. They feed him raw meat; but I am sorry for him, because he can't get any more bugs and fiddlers—they are so nice. Chopsticks is a plucky fellow, though, and I think he will get away; for, the other night, he dug a hole away under the barn, and came through the other side; but the boy caught him again. Yok! yok! yok! I am all out of breath telling you about him. We belong to a family that grow to be twelve feet long, and eat small boys, when we can get them. My mother had a piece of camel, the other day, that was crossing the river. We don't have to eat three meals a day; we think we are very lucky if we can get one a month. I don't remember whether I ever had any boys to eat, but I ate six minnies for breakfast, as fiddlers are very scarce since the war."

Much obliged, Mr. Alligator. The Robin desires Prudy to say that he will answer the letter as soon as he has attended to his cherry crop, and got his large family fairly off from his hands.

Dorchester, Ill. "Since Prudy has so bountifully opened her Pocket, I concluded to send a line to say that I have taken THE CORPORAL ever since it began, and mean to stick to it until it stops."

From *Ooromiah, Persia*, come kind words of commendation, and six dollars from "Bennie, Robbie, and Baby Bessie," children of L. W. Labarree, to send the "Little Tortal" to some poor children who haven't any.

From *Fuzton, Ill.*, a little friend writes his first letter to Prudy, to say he likes THE CORPORAL, and hopes he may live forever. Write again, Irvie.

In *Iowa*, little Nettie is making tatting at five cents a yard, to earn missionary money.

Chenoa, Ill. Hattie wants THE CORPORAL to put in some fairy stories. The Corporal does not think much of fairy stories, but if anyone will send him some as charming as Mopsa, he will be very glad to print them.

Hazel Dell, Ill. "My brother in Indiana, who

is a great big man, has sent me THE CORPORAL for two years. I like it all, but I like Tommy's Week and Prudy's Pocket best."

Here is another of those nice, big brothers, who remember the little ones:

— Penn. "We have no baby here, but I have a big brother, twenty-one years old, and he is a great deal nicer than a baby, because he can take me out riding and fishing."

Ocala, Iowa. "I have taken THE CORPORAL three years, and raised two clubs, and was delighted with the premiums. I have a sweet, little baby sister; she has no name, but I call her Pearl."

Thank you for the leaves, Ada. Do you know that Margaret means "a pearl?"

Darien, Wis. "My little brother wants me to tell you that he thinks Tommy's Week is splendid, and wants to know if there will be any more weeks, after this one?"

Perhaps so—about next Christmas.

Our little friend Julia, at South Boston, is informed that a steel pen should be wiped, or it will corrode; a gold pen should not be, as the ink cannot injure it, and there is always danger of spoiling your pen by breaking off the tips. A gold pen has its points tipped with a very hard metal called iridium; if those tiny points are removed, it is spoiled. Some people keep a bit of wet sponge by the inkstand, and wipe the pen on that.

At Battle Creek, Mich., Birdie "is taking THE CORPORAL for the fourth year, and has all her back numbers bound, and wishes to tell all the readers of the paper what a nice book it makes." In its new form, THE CORPORAL will be even better for blinding

Birmingham, Mich. "I mean to get up a club for THE CORPORAL, but it is too muddy now to go out. I am sorry Tommy is sick, and hope he will get well. I wonder if Prudy will put this letter in her 'Pocket'?"

Reelsville, Ind. "Well, Prudy, brother Charley and I have the whooping cough. I can tell you it isn't very nice, and we have to take squills, which is worse than the cough. Did you ever have the whooping cough? I want to tell you about our pet Guinea. We keep a red string around his neck to tell him from the rest. When he is hungry, he comes up to the step, and will not go away until we feed him. When we play, he follows us all around, chattering in his queer language. I wish some of the readers of Prudy's Pocket would tell about their pets."

Yes, Prudy had the whooping cough, but did not take "squills."

Here is another pet—a cat thirteen years old, that is so polite that when he is let into the room he always mews, to thank his friends for opening the door.

At least a dozen letters complain of Benny for leaving the letter J out of his alphabet; but the Corporal has already explained that matter.

A little girl in Pompey, N. Y., sends an invitation to Prudy to come and see her; and simi-

lar invitations are received from Montana and Vermont. Prudy would like to accept them all; maybe, when flying machines are invented, she will do so.

From Mulberry Grove, Kan., we have an account of the profusion of wild flowers to be found there—many flowers growing wild that are cultivated in eastern gardens. We have only room to mention the "Sensitive Rose." "If you hold your hand over it a moment, it will wither, and look as if it were going to die; but if you leave it, it will soon be as fresh as ever."

Vinton, Iowa. "My little brother Willy, five years old, learned two pieces from THE FESTIVAL, to speak the last day of school. They were 'The Boy on Time,' and little 'John Peters.' You would have laughed to see the face he made up."

Dora sends a very pleasant letter from Alma Center, telling Prudy, confidentially, how she thinks Mrs. Miller looks. Her picture is quite charming, and Prudy is sure Mrs. Miller would feel complimented.

Hattie and Addie, at Saratoga Springs, received their paper as a consolation for a great disappointment in losing a visit to grandpa's. Prudy read your verses, Hattie, but cannot find room for anything more.

East Rockport, O. "Please ask the author of 'John Burton's Pleasure Trip' to tell us more about it, and what they did when they got home. Has Prudy any subjects for composition?"

When Prudy writes "compositions," she takes some subject she knows all about and feels interested in, such as little boys, for example.

Butler Center, Iowa. "Do ask Mr. Sewell if he cannot print THE CORPORAL so it will come every week. I can't wait such a long time for it."

Ottawa, Ill. "I have a little Indian pony. His name is Romeo. I like to write letters, and if you want me to, I will write again."

Shanghai, China. "Dear LITTLE CORPORAL, who ever ordered you to halt? Ah! I see—your knapsack needs replenishing. Very well; take the enclosed dollar, supply all deficiencies, and 'March!' Take your way straight across the prairies, away across the Pacific, to the land of the 'Celestial,' where in a dear sweet home you are sure of a warm welcome."

Columbus, Ind. "My ma made me a present of THE CORPORAL this year, but says I must earn it myself, next year; and I am going to work in a brickyard for grandpa, and earn lots of money."

Somerset, Iowa. "My Dear Prudy: I am eight years old, and my brother is ten. We earned the money for our CORPORAL by selling hazelnuts at five cents a pint. I am the only baby there is at our house. My pa died in the army, and we live with grandma. She likes THE CORPORAL, too, and says the month seems long when we are waiting for it to come."

Batavia, N. Y. "I'll tell you how I earned my money for the magazine. I crocheted a beautiful thread tidy, took it to the fair, and got a premium of two dollars for it."

THE PATRIOT'S SONG.

WORDS BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

MUSIC BY JAMES R. MURRAY.

Spirited.

1. Dear na - tive land! sweet land of home! Tho' oth - er skies more bright may be, Yet freedom's

stars with changeless light, From the blue heavens look down on thee: From sea to sea, from shore to

shore, One glorious song thy children sing, "Good will to all our fel - low men, And loy - al

Chorus.

truth to God our King." "Good will to all our fel - low men, And loy - al truth to God our King."

Dear native land, beneath thy flag,
With heart and hand we pledge thee here;
Our hands to shield when foes assail,
Our hearts to hold thine honor dear.
From north to south, from east to west,
We join the song thy children sing—
"Good will to all our fellow men,
And loyal truth to God our King."

And never shall the chorus cease,
Though cold the lips that chant to-day:
A gallant army, brave and young,
The children learn the glorious lay.
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
In joyous tones their voices ring—
"Good will to all our fellow men,
And loyal truth to God our King!"

ASPIRATIONS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Look at the moon, like a great, red plum,
Just where the sky commences.
O dear, how jolly to jump on its top,
And sail over houses and fences?
Higher, and higher, and higher to sail,
Danger delightfully scorning,
Sure it would bring me at last, good moon,
Safe back to earth in the morning.

Fancy how nice to be near some star,
And find out what it was made of;
Except for the danger of tumbling off,
How little to feel afraid of,
Higher and higher float on, red moon,
Up in the dim sky far go!
Yours were a merrier trip, to-night,
With merry me for a cargo.

Private Queer's



ALPHABET SENTENCES.

We have printed a number of verses and sentences containing all the letters of the alphabet.

In addition we have received the following:

From Willie White—"O, just go from me, why quiz and vex a poor black man?"

From Omer Hudson—"John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite small size."

From Camden, N. J.—

"Never drink of the dazzling cup,

Never wine or liquor sup;

If you expect friends to be among,

Then go and join the temperance throng."

Who can send others? Let's have them, and make the list as long and curious as we can.

No. 1.—CHARADE.

My first and second mean laughter; she bore it,
Who laugh'd in her heart when three angels came.
My third and fourth are a garment; they wore it,
Who proudly wore with it the free Roman name.
My whole is a gay and a beautiful city,

Where soft, gushing waters, with musical call,
Bid aged and youthful, the sad and the witty,
Come, drink, and be merry and well, one and all!

M. B. C. S.

No. 2.—CHARADE.

My first is water where ships may ride.

Or land where coaches may speed;

My second, of each fair face is the pride.

And my third the farmers need.

My second and third, on every way,

Is washed by the rippling sea.

My whole is the smallest daughter, they say,

Of a numerous family.

M. B. C. S.

No. 7.—A PICTURE STORY.—WINNIE AND HIS CHICKENS.



The Reading given on page 27, (editorial page, this number).

W. J. C.

No. 3.—ENIGMA.

SEVEN FRENCH CITIES IN A FRENCH PROVERB.

It is composed of thirty-four letters—

1, 16, 10, 24, 33, is the gayest city in the world.

26, 11, 31, 13, 23, 8, 19, 34, is a southern cathedral city.

17, 18, 4, 32, 3, 9, 13, 13, 6, 20, is a large southern seaport.

16, 29, 2, 14, 25, 33, is a city just north from Paris.

5, 20, 8, 3, 15, was the ancient capital of Normandy.

21, 26, 7, 12, 21, 15, 26, 9, 15, is northeast of Paris.

27, 2, 28, 22, 1, 6, is a fine northern seaport.

My whole is a proverb, the French people say,
If you in one place but too little while stay.

M. B. C. S.

No. 4.—PUZZLE.

First take half a dozen,

Then a hundred add,

Then set up a cross,

If there's one to be had;

Then nothing at all

Add in just the same,

With the initial of the title

Which the answer will claim;

Then to make it all right,

The beginning and end

Of one of the States

Of this Union append.

If you make no mistake,

The answer will be

One who rules a great nation

On land and on sea.

Abbe.

No. 5.—METAMORPHOSED DEITIES.

Ceaser, rater, stave, nap.

A u roar, ru cry me, la slap,

Anul, U a nure, I sir? sop!

O nuf! be hey! O po man! lo! a lop!

Nurats, use cano, a a din, see churi!

O larf, Rose, at deities, all in a whirl. J. O. S.

No. 6.—SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Composed of seventeen letters.

At 1, 10, 15, 4, 6, 5, pillows became a pillar.

At 9, 14, 13, 16, 7, bitter was sweetened.

11, 2, 3, 8, 13, means a stone.

Sons of 12, 8, 3, 17, sold a patriarch his burial place.

My whole was little among the thousands of Judah.

M. B. C. S.

A CONUNDRUM.

Why are croquet players like Fenians?

Because they are "wearing of (f) the green."

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG ; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XI.—AUGUST, 1870.—NO. 2.

ORIENTAL GAMES AND PASTIMES.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

NO. 1.—THE DANCE.



Noticing the amusements of eastern nations, dancing claims the first place, not only for the frequency of its practice, but also in virtue of being the universal favorite among the *élite*. Orientals, however, gratify their taste for the dance, not by engaging in it themselves, but in the genuine tropical fashion of having it done for them by their slaves. Among the indolent and voluptuous nations of the East, no personage of rank or wealth is ever guilty of the gross absurdity, as they would esteem it, of dancing for himself.

Each nobleman keeps his band of dancers, male and female ; and when he feels inclined to be thus amused, they are summoned to his presence, and while he reclines at ease, upon luxurious cushions of velvet, sipping cool sherbet from cups of gold, and fanned by beauteous maidens, who crouch with their long-handled fans at his feet, presenting occasionally a fragrant flower or still more fragrant cigar, the dancers exhibit their grace and dexterity for the entertainment of their liege lord. More philosophical, certainly, at least within the tropics, with the thermometer standing at 102° in the shade, than for one, who was not obliged to do so, to go through the countless evolutions of *la danse orientale*.

During my stay at the Siamese capital, there chanced to be a ball given in honor of the Queen's birthday, by a party of British merchants ; and several prominent Siamese nobles were invited to be present on the festive occasion. These several times compli-

mented the host on his brilliant entertainment, and, until the dancing began, seemed highly delighted with the amusements of the evening. They knew the merchant, at whose house they were assembled, to be very wealthy, convivial, and fond of display ; and supposing that all the appointments of his house were suited to the *ménage* of a man of rank, they were momentarily expecting to be greeted by the *entrée* of a band of singing and dancing girls. Imagine then their surprise, when an old sailor, who had been summoned from his ship for the purpose, struck up on his Scotch bagpipes, and the various members of that distinguished company went whirling and whizzing past their Siamese guests, as waltz and polka, Scotch reel and jig followed each other in quick succession ! This was too much for our aristocratic nobles, with their fastidiously-nice ideas of *relâche* and exclusiveness, and their cordial contempt for anyone who would do for himself what might as readily be done for him by his servants. Dumb with astonishment, they looked on for a few moments, and then rushed *en masse* from the house, followed by their alarmed attendants, who, supposing that their lords had received some personal affront, muttered between their clenched teeth oaths of vengeance, and continued, till they reached the river's bank, to cast back looks of defiance toward the "presuming foreigners." This they afterward confessed, when the joke came to be explained.

The party having reached the wharf, the amazed nobles entered their boats, and ordered their oarsmen to "pull furiously for the mission house," which is situate some two miles lower down the river.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Sewell & Miller, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of Illinois.

It was by this time verging toward midnight, but some of the missionaries were still busy in their libraries, preferring for intellectual labor the quiet repose of the midnight hour to the intense heat and manifold interruptions of the day. The excited nobles entered a front room, knocking furiously, and calling aloud the names of several of the missionaries at once; and then, without waiting for a response, they hurried on to an inner apartment, exclaiming at the top of their voices, "Help! help for your countrymen! the foreigners at the British factory are all gone crazy! *they are actually dancing for themselves!*" Indubitable evidence of insanity in the eyes of an East Indian.

In the oriental dance, the two sexes are never associated, nor do they even appear in the presence of each other. The males perform not regular dances, but various feats of agility, consisting of boxing, wrestling, climbing, fencing, and leaping. Most of these feats are so remarkable, and so purely oriental in character, that they must be seen to be fully appreciated; and to one who has been an eyewitness of these strange pastimes, any description will appear tame, but to those debarred the pleasure of seeing for themselves, the portraiture of the tourist will not be devoid of interest.

In one of these games, a smooth, slender pole is planted perpendicularly in the ground, from which pole, at the height of full forty feet from its base, is suspended a purse containing gold or silver coin, more or less valuable, according to the wealth or liberality of the master of the establishment. About twelve paces from this pole are two others, to which is attached a swinging stage, sufficiently long to afford standing room to four performers at a time. This stage is about five feet nearer the ground than the hook on which hangs the purse of money; and by means of a rope pulled by some one below, it is kept constantly swinging to and fro, thus allowing the actor who is nearest the purse to make one trial at catching the money with his mouth, as the stage nears the desired point. If he succeeds, the bonus is his, and he may drop down leisurely, as he ascended, by means of a rope, or rope ladder. Then another purse of equal value is placed on the hook, and the next actor takes his turn, and so on till all who wish have made a trial of their skill. But if any one fails on the first trial, he must let go the swing stage just at the moment of his failure, and as it recedes from him, he must grasp the pole to which the purse is attached and slide down it to the ground. Should there be the

loss of only a few seconds of time, he would be too late, and must inevitably be dashed to pieces on the pavement below. But so perfectly are these actors trained, and so extremely prompt and dexterous in their movements, that an accident very rarely occurs. In the scores of times I saw this feat attempted, there was not a single failure, nor could I learn of but one accident from this cause during a term of twenty years.

Another feat is performed by erecting two poles, forty feet in height, at a distance of about five feet from each other. On the top of each is a small, circular platform about two feet in diameter. When the performance begins, one platform is occupied by a man standing on his head, and the other by one standing on his feet. At a given signal, each of the performers reverses his position, and changes places with his companion, simultaneously, so that the one standing on his feet on the eastern platform, comes over on his head to the western, at the same instant that his companion goes over to the eastern platform on his feet. This is repeated ten, fifteen, or twenty times, as long as the actors feel capable of continuing it with safety; and the cheers accorded are always in proportion to the length of time the exercise is continued. Of course the slightest indecision or irregularity on the part of either of the performers, would be the inevitable destruction of both; but as in the case before mentioned, an accident very rarely occurs.

Still another feat, requiring, perhaps, less agility, though more presence of mind and strength of muscle, is as follows: Four lances or spears are placed, points upward, at the four corners of a bench or table sixteen inches wide, and about four feet long. In the middle of this table are four shorter spears, or sometimes swords, immediately over which, with the points touching his bare back, reposes (?) a man supporting the weight of two, sometimes four others, who walk to and fro, jump, and even dance upon the body of their prostrate fellow. He maintains his position by means of his feet and hands, both bent backward, and resting the former on the heels, the latter on the palms, against this long, narrow table; and so perfectly is the center of gravity maintained, that not the slightest injury results from the sharp spears, whose points are resting directly against his back. When swords are used, they are placed horizontally, with the edges toward the body of the actor.

When called on, any of these dancers will *soubresaut*, fight, and jump about in every

attitude that can be imagined, many of their evolutions being ludicrous in the extreme to our western eyes.

Sometimes, while fighting, they lie prostrate on the floor, turning somersets one over the other, occasionally pinning each other to the floor till one or the other is nearly suffocated. Again, an actor will enter the arena armed simply with a long stick, with which he gallantly defends himself against a dozen assailants, now jumping over their heads, then passing between their knees, and again putting his feet on their shoulders and throwing a somerset backward.

Occasionally they have an iron frame with tow dipped in alcohol or spirits of turpentine wound around it and ignited, and a company of ten or fifteen will cast somersets over it. The tumbling is performed remarkably well, some walking on their hands, others on their elbows, and all, with surprising agility, seem able to put their limbs in whatever position they desire; reminding one more strikingly of the free, bounding movements of the wild monkey and squirrel, roaming at will and springing all unchecked from bough to bough in their native woods, than of anything human.

Another feat is performed by means of two enormous lanterns of oiled silk, one in the form of an alligator, and the other in that of a huge, horned serpent, both brilliantly lighted, and each moved about by a man concealed within. These glide noiselessly in intricate windings about the platform for a few moments, and then rush furiously upon each other, spouting fire rockets and hissing forth flames and smoke from their expanded nostrils and fiery jaws, while wild, unearthly groans seem to issue from some subterranean vault, and are answered by hideous yells of rage, as if from Tartarus itself. At length one of the combatants triumphs, and leaps furiously from the stage, driving with horrid imprecations his vanquished foe before him.

Sometimes two youthful warriors, well armed and mounted, appear upon the stage, and at a given signal, rush with drawn swords to a trial of their skill in single combat. They are generally very evenly matched, and sometimes an hour will elapse before any advantage seems to be gained on either side, and at last an accident may decide the victory—a false step of the horse, or the breaking of a weapon.

All these and many other similar feats of agility are regularly performed by the bands of trained *danseurs* belonging to the establishment of wealthy nobles, though never

engaged in elsewhere. They are regarded as a necessary part of the *ménage* of a nobleman, but as altogether unsuitable to be indulged in by the poor, or laboring class.

The dancers, although the slaves of their masters, are never pressed into this service contrary to their own wish. On the contrary, it is regarded as a post of honor, and they consider it a privilege to enter the lists, thus not only escaping all hard labor, but often receiving valuable presents, as tokens of their master's approbation, when they have exhibited unusual grace or dexterity. They are thus incited to new and untiring efforts to excel in their vocation, and learn ultimately to delight in the dangerous sports.

The province of the *danseuse* is altogether different, not so exciting, and attended with far less danger and fatigue. These girls are usually selected from the lower class, for their beauty, pliancy of form, and sprightly movements, and are trained from early childhood to their vocation. They make their *début* in the regular duties of their profession when about eight, and seldom continue its practice later than twenty-five. When summoned to the great man's presence, they are dressed in the most gorgeous style of oriental magnificence, decorated with glittering jewels, and crowned with flowers, though these adornments can scarcely add to the surpassing charms with which nature has so nobly endowed them. Their glorious eastern eyes, the rich olive of their complexions, their glossy, raven hair, and forms of graceful pliancy, need not the foreign aid of ornament, but are, "when unadorned, adorned the most." On making their *entrée*, they prostrate themselves at the great man's feet in three courteous salaams, and then slowly rising, with graceful evolutions they thread the mazy windings of the voluptuous, oriental dance, and throw their pliant forms into every graceful attitude that can be devised, charming every beholder, and eliciting, by the elaborate display of their surpassing charms, the admiration of even the most accustomed eye. The dance completed, they again prostrate themselves, and then glide, like the beauteous phantoms of a summer's dream, from the august presence.

NO. 2. — MUSIC. — THE DRAMA.

Next to dancing, music is the recreation most practiced and most delighted in by the higher classes. And like dancing, the performance is conducted not by, but for those who desire the entertainment, and always by each sex separately—the male practitioners confining themselves mainly to instru-

mental music, and the females to vocal. This, too, is to a great extent monopolized by the rich and nobly born, and seldom ventured on by the working classes, with the exception of the boatmen, who nearly always keep time to their oars by a song and tune peculiarly their own.

A full band of instrumental music consists of some ten or twelve instruments, of which the hautboy is always the leader. The tones produced by it somewhat resemble the bagpipes, but are softer, and much more melodious. Then there is the ráhrát, constructed somewhat on the piano principle, and capable, in the hands of a skillful performer, of producing equal sweetness and harmony. Then the laos organ, composed of ten perforated reeds, held together in a double row by a hollow wooden band, at one end of which is a mouthpiece, into which the performer blows, producing often the softest and sweetest strains that ever enchanted mortal ears, now the deep-toned bass of a powerful organ, and again the breathing melodies of the finest harp. The tokay is a stringed instrument, answering somewhat to our banjo. The kong-nong is composed of a series of cymbals of different sizes, which are struck with two light batons. The tambour, shaped like an hour glass, and struck with the fingers only, emits nearly the sound of the kettle drum. Triangles of various power and dimensions, fiddles, drums, gongs, and an instrument resembling our flageolet, complete the list. Such are the bands belonging to the establishment of almost every wealthy East Indian, the style and prominence of the different instruments and the skill of the performers varying, of course, in different nations and families.

Sometimes the music, as of the Chinese, for example, is deafening in noise and execrable in quality; but generally it is in correct time, varied and agreeable in sound, and soul stirring in effect.

The other division of the musical department consists entirely of females—sprightly young girls, from ten to twenty years of age, generally good looking, and always enthusiastic in their art. In this they are instructed and exercised from early childhood, until it becomes the very life of their existence, and they could almost as soon live without breathing as without singing. When summoned to the entertainment of their lord or his guests, they enter hand in hand, gracefully bow themselves before the chair of state, and then taking the places assigned them by the master of ceremonies, they warble forth such strains of

enchancing music as never siren or mermaid put forth to lure the sailor boy to destruction. Sometimes you are electrified by the rich, clear notes of a soprano solo, loud and spirited; these are succeeded by the softest, tenderest strains of some amorous song or plaintive love ditty; and then the whole choir burst forth in one joyous, deafening peal of song, or triumphal chorus, and vanish, amid overwhelming applause, like fairy nymphs from their midnight carousals.

Next to music comes the drama, long known and always popular among oriental nations, but in none of them reaching, by any means, the highest degree of excellence. Both tragedy and comedy are known, and have each their specific admirers, the higher class preferring tragedy, and the common people giving the preference to comedy. Some of their tragedies possess very considerable merit; but their comedies are execrable, made up of coarse jokes, love adventures in prose and song, and other equally entertaining nonsense. Every man of fortune has his private theater, of which the performers are entirely under his control; and besides these, there are, in every large city in the East, public theaters, designed for the working classes, and patronized exclusively by them. The scenes and adornments of all the theaters are very inferior, but the costumes of the actors exhibit the most costly style of oriental magnificence, blazing with diamonds and other jewels. In the private theaters of the nobles, no immorality is allowed; but in those of the other class, the broadest license is given, and the plays are of the most debasing character.

(Concluded in next number.)

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Always look on the bright side. Have your face clean, and keep it turned right side out. Suppose your uncle gives you a bright, new penny, and you lose it in the grass, don't cry and make a great fuss about it. Perhaps somebody will give you another before the week is out. Or, if they don't, you can go to work yourself and earn one. If you buy a new jack-knife, and break the blade out the first day, don't begin to make up a bad face, and rub your eyes. Perhaps, if it hadn't broke, you might have cut your finger off with it. Or, maybe you can do an errand for the blacksmith, and let him put in a new blade. If he does, tell him to make it thick enough so it won't break. Anyhow, always look on the bright side; keep up good courage, and mind your mother, and there'll be a better day coming, sometime. W. O. C.



WHEN I SAW THE WOLF.

BY MRS. MARY COLBY.

When I was a little girl, I once had a great fright, and as I think it made me a better child, I will tell you all about it.

My father and mother lived just in the edge of a small town, and my sister Susie and I went to school. We knew some nice little girls to play with, had our own bit of garden to dig in, and so were very happy children.

One evening, just after we had come home from school, and had gone out into our garden to play, we saw old Dr. Benton's buggy stop at our gate. The doctor poked his head

out and called mother, and they talked at the gate for some time. Then she went hurrying in, and he drove on. Presently she called us in, and we found her busy putting some things into a basket with a cover.

"Children," said she, "come put on your thick shoes and your bonnets, and take this basket for me over to old Mrs. Carter. I'm sure you know the way, and there is no one else to go. I am too busy, Maria is ironing, and Nathan has gone to mill. So hurry, for it is getting late."

We did hurry, for we thought it was fine

fun to go to old Mrs. Carter's by ourselves, and we jerked on our shoes, hardly waiting to tie them, and ran down to mother, putting on our bonnets as we went.

"Now, children, here is the basket; be careful, or you will break the jelly glass. Tell Mrs. Carter I am sorry little Ben is worse. I send her the salve she wants, and will be over to see her to-morrow. Now, Lucy, you are the oldest, you must carry the basket, and if you get tired, Susie can help you. *And be sure not to stop on the way, as it is too late for that this evening.*"

And as we skipped down the path, she called after us, and laughed, as she said,

"Remember Red Ridinghood and the wolf!"

Yes, we remembered the wolf very well, for we had two or three pictures of him in our Red Ridinghood book; but we didn't think of him more than a minute, as we jumped over the stile, ran through Mr. Brown's meadow, and crossed the fence into the lovely little path in the woods; for it was such a pretty way to Mrs. Carter's.

The path through the woods wound up the side of a long hill; it was steep in some places, with wild flowers and moss growing on the banks. The great trees stood so close together, that the bright, spring sunshine could hardly get through the new, fresh-looking leaves, and just little yellow spots of light went dancing about in the cool shade. But, best of all, far down on the other side of the hill, near the foot of it, some great big gray rocks stuck out of the steep hillside and hung over a little spring, that ran out across the path and over the stones, with a sweet, singing noise. Long vines grew over these rocks, and all about them was lovely moss, so green and fresh, and all sorts of little plants that we didn't know the names of, but so pretty! Mrs. Carter's was farther on, beyond a meadow, a tiny, brown house, with a garden and a brook at one side, and a great old oak tree in front.

Susie and I were always glad to go there. Sometimes we went with Maria, when she carried work to the old woman, sewing or spinning. It was fun to help with the bundles, or the great basket of wool piled up like snow. And the old woman was so nice-looking, with her striped woolen dress, and white cap, that had such wide ruffles, I used to wonder if they never fell over on her nose—but then they were starched so stiff that they stood right straight up. And there was a little cupboard in one corner, where she always opened a narrow door, and got

out nice, round cakes of maple sugar for us. And then we could run out with Benny, and get acorn cups under the big oak. Benny was her grandson, and lived with her. He had lately burnt his leg, and had to stay in bed. Mother would go to see him, and take him nice things to eat. It was best of all for Susie and me to go with mother, because she would walk slow and let us run out into the dark woods and make believe we were lost, or climb the banks for partridge berries, and stop at the spring for pebbles.

But you see, this evening that I began to tell you about, we could not do anything except to walk along the path and carry the basket carefully, as mother had told us to go straight there and come right back. So on we went, up the long hill and down thro' the woods on the other side, past the shady nook where the spring was, and then on through the grassy meadow to the little brown house.

At the door Mrs. Carter met us, and her eyes looked so red, I knew she had been crying. She seemed so glad when I told her that mother was coming in the morning. She spoke very low—

"Benny, poor dear, has been in such misery! but he's better now, and asleep. You must come in and rest, but walk easy."

So we went on our tip toes into the room, and it was so dark, with something up to the window, that we could hardly find the little bench we always sat on; but at last we did, and sat down easy on the edge. And I was glad, for I was tired. It was more than a mile from our house, and the basket was heavy. Susie wasn't so tired, for she had not carried it any.

So we sat there resting, and presently it did not seem so dark, and we could see the bed over in the corner, and something lying still in it that we knew was Benny. The old woman tipped around softly on her toes, and got us maple sugar, and kept whispering a long something, I don't know what, about Ben's leg, and the jelly, and the doctor, and mother, and what good, little girls we were. And that made me remember, and I told Susie we must go; and then we crept out, but Susie's shoes would squeak.

We were so glad to get out into the light, we felt like hopping. The old woman brought the basket and hurried us off.

"Put your sugar in there, little dears, and run home, for the sun's 'most down; run."

Off we went; but going through the meadow, we got to talking about poor Ben's leg, and how dark it was in that room, and then stopped to open the basket and each take a

bite of sugar. Then we started again, and soon came to our dear little spring.

"See me run and jump over," said Susie; and away went her little fat legs. But she stumbled and fell flat.

"O, Lucy, I am so wet! and my hands are so muddy!"

I ran and picked her up, told her to wash her hands in the stream, and I would get some moss for a towel. So, while she dabbled her pink fingers in the water, I ran to the cliff and stooped for a bit of moss. It was all so lovely, I could not choose which piece to take. It seemed a shame to have this one spoiled with Susy's muddy hands, and the next piece was covered with fairy cups. O, if I only had some of this at home, how beautiful it would look in my garden, down in the corner where I was making a rock house! If I could only gather some, and put it in that empty basket!

Just as I was thinking all this, Susie called, "Lucy, Lucy, just look here! such lovely pebbles! Big pink ones, and a white one I can't most see through. Let's take 'em home to our rock house."

"O yes!" and I sprang up. But just then I thought of what mother had said, and I was so sorry. I did so wish to stay one minute, just long enough to get one piece of that moss for my garden. And Susie was so happy getting her pebbles, and then everything was so still and beautiful. Surely mother would not care if I staid here *one* minute.

The tall trees were still; far away somewhere a bird sang one soft note, and then another; a little breeze came, and made the vines near me swing; and far upon the very tops of the trees were pale bits of sunshine. I stood there, with my hand on the old rock, thinking, "Shall I go? shall I stay? Mother said—O, mother won't care," until Susie came flying toward me with her apron full of pebbles.

"Lucy, where's the basket? quick!"

"O," I thought, "mother won't care, it won't take a minute."

And off I ran, snatched up the basket, and was soon on my knees gathering the moss; sent Susie back for more pebbles; and now my only trouble was to decide which of the many beautiful pieces of moss I should take home. The basket would not hold much, and when it was nearly full, I found such a lovely great bed of fairy cups, that I turned everything else out, and carefully put a fine sheet of it in. The basket was not full yet, and close by was some of that delicate moss made up of feathery vines. That I must

have, it would be so charming around my rock house. But it would not do to have it on top, it would mash up all the cups; so out I took the cup moss, and, there! the poor thing broke right through the middle. What a pity! I tried to patch it together, but couldn't make it stick, and had a great time getting it in again. At last the basket was full, and I was just rising up to go, when I saw across the stream a great tuft of fern, just the very thing to plant in my garden. So, over I jumped, scrambled up the bank, reached it, slipped down again, and soon had it packed in with the moss.

"There, it's all done! now I'll go!"

But as I raised myself up and lifted the basket, I grew scared and sick. It was almost dark, and all that long, lonesome way yet to go! I ran to Susie, telling her to come, quick, it was getting dark. But when she jumped up, and I saw her dripping apron and muddy hands, I thought I must stop one moment more to fix her, for mother would be so displeased. I wrung the water out of her apron, and tried to wash her hands, but I trembled so I couldn't do it right. After awhile, though, I got her pretty straight, took tight hold of her hand, and catching up the basket, we ran up the path into the woods.

At first it did not seem so dark, and I began to feel better, for I could see the little path quite plain, and Susie kept talking of our "pretties" in the basket. But the path got steep, Susie stumped her toe on an old root and fell down, and cried so that I had hard work to pull her up and get her to go on. She declare she could not walk, but I begged her to try, for, O, it was getting *so* dark! She quit crying and looked around for a minute, but only to break out into a dreadful scream.

"O, Lucy, we'll be lost in these dark, horrid woods! Why didn't we go right home, as mother told us? Lucy, I can't see which way to go. O, Lucy, why don't you talk? Say somethin' to me!"

But I was too miserable to say one word. I was too wretched even to cry. I just took her hand and helped her along, hurrying on as fast as I could. It was steep; I had to strain my eyes now to see the path, and sometimes for a minute I could not see it at all; but still I must keep on, so tired, so scared, such a miserable little girl! all the time thinking, knowing it was my fault; that if I had not stopped at the spring to look at that moss, and then wish for it; and then let myself listen to the voice in my heart that kept telling me mother wouldn't

care if I staid just one minute to gather it. O, if I only had been good, and gone home! As for the moss, I hated to think of it. Maybe I would be lost and die in these dark woods, and then I'd never see my rock house any more, nor my garden, nor dear father and mother. When I thought of them I just sat right down and cried as if my heart would break. Of course, hearing me cry, made Susie cry worse, and when I heard her sobbing and calling for mother, I cried the more, to think I had brought all this trouble on poor little sister.

But I knew we must go on, so I got up, took Susie's hand, and ran on. Presently there was a place where the woods were not so thick, and it wasn't quite so dark. I saw the path again, and found we were nearly at the top of the hill. I was so glad, I told Susie never to mind now, we were not lost, and we could soon run down the long hill and be almost home.

Just as we got to the top of the hill, there was a sound of rustling in the bushes by the path, and there, in the darkness, was a big, black something coming toward us.

In a minute I remembered what mother had said about the wolf and Red Ridinghood. This must be a wolf come to eat me up because I had been bad and disobeyed my mother; and, O, he would eat poor Susie, too! Scared almost out of my wits, I seized my sister's hand, and ran as fast as my feet could carry me, down that long hillside. On, on—faster and faster—Susie shrieking and stumbling, while all the time I could see over my shoulder that black thing running after us. We were nearly at the fence. If I could only get there and get Susie over! Now I fairly flew down the steep path. We were nearly through the trees, and it seemed lighter. I could see the fence, when my foot caught in a root, and down I fell, and rolled over, pulling Susie with me. Before I could get up, something dark came between me and the sky, I felt the black thing jump right on me, shaggy hair fell in my face, hot breath blew on my cheek, and I gave one big scream, shut my eyes, and remembered no more.

When I opened my eyes a little, everything was in a blaze of light. I heard a great ringing in my ears, and voices. Then I opened my eyes wide, and saw I was not dead, but in our kitchen at home, lying on the settle. My face was all as wet as could be, mother was close by me, and she had been crying. There was Maria washing Susie, and father was laughing at her, for she was torn and muddy all over, and so sleepy she was making great yawns with her muddy mouth.

Mr. Brown was standing talking to father, and Mr. Brown's great, big Newfoundland dog was standing by, looking at me and wagging his tail.

For a minute I thought it must be a dream; but when mother leaned over me and said, "Lucy," I remembered everything. And how ashamed I did feel; but I sat right up and told father and mother all I had done—how I had disobeyed her, how dark it got, and how we ran; and then how the wolf came after me, and I fell, and he jumped on me.

"But O, father," I said, "how did I get home, and where is the wolf?"

Mr. Brown began to laugh, but my father looked sorry, and sat down beside me and took my hand in his.

"Lucy, dear child, when people do wrong, everything frightens them. The wolf was only Mr. Brown's Tiger, that plays with you so often. When you got scared and ran, he ran, too, to have a nice play; and when you fell, and he jumped on you to lick your face, you were so frightened you fainted. I had just started to look for you, and met Mr. Brown coming through the meadow. We got to the fence just as you fell down and screamed. Lucy, my darling, let this be a lesson."

And it was a lesson. For years after that, whenever I was tempted to disobey my dear, kind mother, I would remember how I felt when I thought the wolf was after me, and I would shiver and turn away. Nothing then could tempt me to disobey.

GATHER WITH CARE.

BY H. E. B.

"Be circumspect," my mother said,
In accents soft and low;
I hear her plainly now as when
She spoke long years ago.
Full well she knew the world's deep arts,
Its evil and deceit;
And from its hidden snares she fain
Would save my eager feet.

And so in parable she spoke—
"All are not good as fair;
Gay flowers spring up on every side,
But pluck, my love, with care;
The rose conceals a cruel thorn,
The nightshade, poisonous breath,
The poppy flaunts its gaudy head
Above the seeds of death.

"Heed not the tallest or the gay;
But in its lowly bed,
Seek where the perfumed violet
Bends down its modest head.
The lily, and the heartease, too,
Are innocent as fair;
Ah! flowers abound on every side,
But gather, love, with care."

FIGHTING THE ENEMY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER II.

When the yard was raked clean of chips, and the brush and rubbish of the garden piled up ready for a bonfire, Jonas sat down on the back porch to rest a little before milking time. He fell to thinking, as he often did, of what he meant to do on the farm when he was a man.

"Aunt Marcia never would want the old house torn down," he thought, "but I could build a wing out towards the garden, with a long piazza for roses to climb around—red and white ones, like Cap'n Taylor's; and I'll cut down the great, high, parlor windows, so we can see out without standing up; and we might have some folding doors, only they'd have to open in the kitchen, and I don't know as that would be very nice."

So Jonas went on, planning what he meant to do, and what he meant to be; building just such castles in the air as all young hearts delight in. This building of air castles is not always such idle and useless work as many people think it. There never was anything grand and beautiful built upon the solid earth, that did not first take shape in some one's busy fancy. Dream out as many lofty castles as you please, only remember that they are of no use until real practical labor takes vigorous hold of them and fulfils your dreams for you. It is dreaming without working that ruins so many lives.

When the sun began to get low down over Walnut Hill, Jonas took his milk pails and went out to the shed, where the sleek, glossy cows were patiently waiting for him. Then he carried the brimming pails to the milk room, and carefully strained the milk into the bright pans. Out again to the pump, whose clumsy, wooden spout had been the fountain for a whole generation. Scores of sunburned faces had been washed and cooled there, before Jonas ever dipped his curly head in the deep tin basin that always stood in the trough. Even the iron handle was worn as smooth as glass by the touch of the many hands that had worked it.

"It's such a generous old pump," Jonas thought, as the broad stream went gushing into the basin; "it just spouts out the water as if it loved to;" and he pumped a few strokes for the pleasure of seeing it flow. Then he filled the little blue pitcher, and went in to his supper. He looked at the table with a good deal of satisfaction, as he took off the cloth. Aunt Marcia's meals

were always nice, but when she went away, she was sure to leave some special dainty for Jonas. To-night it took the shape of a great, white, flaky tart, with its delicate walls filled with such clear, sparkling jelly as only Aunt Marcia could make.

"She's real good, Aunt Marcia is," thought Jonas, beginning, boy fashion, with the tart. Twice, while he was eating, he fancied he heard a noise in the milk room, and finally he got up and went in there to see if it was possible that the cat could have forgotten her propriety so far as to jump in the window. No cat was there, but the door was wide open, although he was sure he had shut it. He went towards it wonderingly, thinking to himself that Aunt Marcia would not think him so very reliable, after all, if she knew. To his great astonishment, there sat Billy Shaw on the little bench by the door where they kept the milk pails. He looked up and nodded at Jonas with a half grin on his face, but Jonas could not speak a word for clear astonishment.

"You wasn't lookin' for visitors, I reckon," said Billy, whirling his torn hat in his hands.

"No," stammered Jonas, glancing around the milk room; "I heard a noise, and I thought maybe it was the cat."

He looked around the room again, and hesitated about closing the door.

"O, you needn't to examine," said Billy; "I haven't took nothin', not yet. I only was tryin' to peek through the crack to make sure the old un' wasn't to home."

"Do you mean Aunt Marcia? she's gone away, up to Cap'n Taylor's to tea," said Jonas.

"I know. I seen her go by with her gown a-shinin', but I was afeard maybe she'd come back."

"What did you want?" asked Jonas, doubtfully. Then suddenly thinking of his supper, he seized Billy by the hand and said, "O, Billy, come in to supper with me. I'm havin' it all alone by myself, and there's enough for three or four boys."

Billy got up willingly enough, and followed Jonas into the kitchen. His hungry eyes fairly sparkled, as he looked at the nice things. Jonas brought another plate and began to load it with food.

"There was a tart," he said, "but I ate that up first. I'm real sorry I began with that, but here's biscuit, and doughnuts, and custard pie."

Billy made no remarks, but ate as if he was half famished. When he had satisfied his appetite, he leaned back with a long breath, and asked,

"I say, Jonas, you don't get such stuff as that to eat every day, do you?"

"Not the same al'ways," said Jonas; "but we always have something good. Aunt Marcia likes to make goodies, and I like to eat 'em."

"Ducky'll get a good supper up to the Cap'n's," said Billy; "she's up there playin' with the gals, and most like Mis' Taylor'll give her a basket of things to bring home. They can give, all of 'em; but when it comes to helpin' us to make a decent livin' ourselves, they don't want us round—me nor Nancy."

"What did you come here to-night for?" asked Jonas, suddenly.

"To see you," said Billy, "'cause I know'd she was away. You don't think I came to steal?" he added, suddenly.

"No, indeed," said Jonas, "I'm sure you didn't;" and he felt ashamed of the suspicion that had crossed his mind for an instant.

"I never stole nothing yet, though I don't see as it's the wust thing a body can do to take bread, when you're starvin', from them as has plenty. But I never done it, and I don't calculate to, not if I can get a chance to work, fair and honest."

"O, I hope you will get a place," said Jonas; "you musn't get discouraged."

"I shall wait awhile—a week, maybe—and then, when marm comes out, if nothing don't turn up, I'm bound to go off. I can't stand it here, anyhow. I'd go off now, only it seems kind of sneakin' to leave all them poor young ones for Nancy to see after."

"I tell you what, Billy, the very best thing you can do is to come down here to-morrow, some time, and just ask Aunt Marcia, fair and square, to hire you. Ask her to try you for a week or two, at any rate."

"I'll do it," said Billy, picking up his old cap, "and then if she won't try me, I'm bound to go to sea."

"I don't believe I'd go to sea," said Jonas, thoughtfully; "not till I'd tried and tried, and found out for sure there wasn't any chance for me here. Seems to me it would be a great deal grander to stand right by and fight it out like one of those old heroes."

Jonas lifted his eyes to the little book shelf where stood the few volumes of history he owned. The one with the red mark fluttering out was little sketches called "Men who have Conquered," and Jonas liked that best of all. He almost forgot Billy, as he looked at it; but a sharp click of the garden gate made them both start, for Aunt Marcia had come home. Billy darted away in an

instant, leaving Jonas standing half confused on the kitchen floor.

"Well, Jonas," said Aunt Marcia, wondering at his startled face.

"Billy Shaw was here," said Jonas, simply, "and he ran away so quick, when he heard you coming, I believe he half frightened me."

"Billy Shaw!" exclaimed Aunt Marcia, in surprise; "that's strange company for you, Jonas."

"Yes," said Jonas. "I don't really know what made him come here, only he was in trouble, and he was hungry, I think. I gave him a part of my supper. You don't care, do you?"

"Of course not. I might have known you'd contrive to give somebody that tart, when I took so much pains to bake it."

"I didn't, though, auntie; I ate it all up myself, before he came—it was too splendid to keep."

"Well, there's so much gain, anyway," said Aunt Marcia, with a smile. "But what made Billy Shaw come to you, I wonder?"

"O, you know we went to school together till his father sent him to work at the brewery. It seems strange, too, for Billy was a smart scholar, till he went there, and he just picked up all of old Rooney's ignorant talk, until now he doesn't know how to speak decent English."

"What did he go among such folks for?"

"Because Rooney would hire him, and no one else would; and I think, Aunt Marcia, though he didn't say so, that he wanted to earn money most of all to keep his mother from stealing. Oh! isn't it dreadful?"

"Dreadful enough," said Aunt Marcia, carefully folding away her shawl, and laying it in the great mahogany bureau, which never was opened except on special occasions. There floated up to her a faint odor of rose leaves and lavender, which always recalled the pale, sweet face, with its saintly setting of silver hair, which she laid away a few years before, to dwell among holy memories. A mother's memory! Touching and sanctifying even the common household walks and ways—how would it be if any evil, any shadow of reproach could follow it? Aunt Marcia shuddered, as she shut the door, and went about her work. The spotless dress was changed for home attire, but, as she was busy here and there in her milk room and cellar, the innocent blue eyes of little Ducky Shaw followed and haunted her everywhere.

To Jonas's great disappointment, Billy did not make his appearance the next day,

nor the next. Then he heard that old Rooney the brewer had offered him five dollars to do some carting for him, and had agreed to pay him a day's work in advance if he would only undertake the job.

"Marm will be home in a few days," said Billy, "and I can't let her come back to an empty house. When there's bread for the young ones, I'll come and see about the farm."

"Mrs. Shaw has come home," said Jonas to his aunt, one evening. "I saw her go by, to-day, and she looked pale and sick."

Aunt Marcia started, and dropped a stitch from her knitting, but she only said "Poor creature!" in a compassionate tone.

The next morning she took her covered basket on her arm, put on her gingham sun-bonnet, and went down to the back gate where Jonas was chopping brush.

"I'm going away an hour or so," she said, stopping at the gate.

"Yes'm," said Jonas, pausing, with his hatchet half raised.

She went on a few steps, then, out of her clear, downright honesty, despising concealment as the next thing to deception, she turned back and said, deliberately,

"I am going up to Sam Shaw's. I want to see for myself just how matters are up there, and if they need any of my help, I'm not the one to hold back."

"I'm glad," said Jonas, heartily. "I believe that you can help everybody, Aunt Marcia."

Every step she took towards the old house increased the pitying thought in her heart, until she felt ready to forget everything, and only see her old schoolmate in the poor, disgraced woman before her.

A troop of little children played merrily in the sand by the roadside. They didn't know anything of disgrace from either father or mother. Mother was at home again, and they had plenty of food for the hour, and so they were satisfied to play in the spring sunshine.

Through the open door she could see mother and daughter at work. The mother, pale and gloomy, sat by the window mending a little torn dress, while Nancy, with marks of tears on her swollen face, was washing the dishes. She saw Aunt Marcia first, and turned hastily away; but her mother glanced up with a defiant look, and coldly bade her come in. Aunt Marcia walked straight in, as one might walk up to the stake, and held out her hand to Mrs. Shaw with a simple

"How do you do, Rebecca?"

Mrs. Shaw neither took her hand nor refused it. She looked in her face a moment with a hard, resolute stare, and then sat down, saying,

"I wonder what sent you here, Marcia Hale?"

Aunt Marcia sat down, too, and took off her bonnet. She tried to say a few commonplace words to the poor woman, but she heard her in silence a moment, and then burst out in the most bitter complaints of her lot, and of the hard fate that had taken all the pleasure out of her life.

In the back door sat Nancy, sobbing, too, in utter despair; and Aunt Marcia felt, all at once as if she had opened a door from her own pleasant, happy life, into one of suffering and horror.

"You think you're better'n I am, Marcia Hale," she said; "you think you'd lie down in your grave and die, before you'd steal a crumb. Maybe you would; but you don't know anything about it. It ain't just going hungry yourself, but seeing the children starve, and hearing such babies as this one here sobbing in their sleep for bread! and then to know it never would be any better; not to-morrow, or any other day. I tell you, Marcia Hale, if the Lord had forgotten all about you, and didn't do so much for you as He does for the wild beasts, you can't begin to tell what you'd do."

Aunt Marcia could only look at her in silent pity. The little children came around the door, and peeped in shyly at her. Little Ducky watched her a minute with her innocent eyes, and then came fearlessly up and laid her hand on her knee.

"I 'member you," she said. "You was up to Minnie Taylor's, when we played tea."

"Yes, I remember you," said Aunt Marcia. "Where's your red cloak?"

"O, that was Cely's. I don't have any pitty fings," said the child, regretfully; "wasn't it *beautifule*? but when Nancy's ship comes in, she'll buy me lots of nice fings, and a red cloak just like that, with a longer tassel. Nancy told us about it, evenings, when mother went away so long visiting."

"I brought you something in my basket to play tea with," said Aunt Marcia, taking out some cakes and turnovers, and distributing them among the children.

Away went the little troop, with shouts and laughter, to their playhouses under the great rock. Their mother half smiled, looking after them, and said,

"I remember so well, when your mother used to give us girls cakes to play tea with in just that way. Oh! Marcia Hale, what

has become of all the happiness of my life?"

"You've had a hard time, Becky," said Aunt Marcia, as gently as she could, "and a great deal to try and trouble you. I don't think the Lord means to be a hard master, and reckon unreasonably with us; and you know He says He'll never let us be tempted more'n we are able to bear. We ought to trust Him to make a way for us out of our troubles, and I think He will."

Mrs. Shaw shook her head sadly, and said, "He helps some, and lets others alone; it can't be any other way, for He *won't* help me."

"Because you got impatient, and tried to help yourself," said Aunt Marcia.

Mrs. Shaw looked up quickly, with an angry flush on her face, but it passed away.

"I want to do something for you," Aunt Marcia went on. "I've been thinking about it for several days, trying to find out what was the best thing for us both."

Nancy fairly held her breath with eagerness to hear what she was going to say, she felt so sure she was going to hire Billy to work on the farm.

"You've got a large family of children, and it costs a great deal to feed and clothe them. Now I've been thinking I should like to take one of your little girls; I should like to take Ducky, if you'd just give her to me out and out, and I'd do my best to bring her up smart and respectable."

"O my poor Billy!" thought Nancy, "won't nobody help you?"

Mrs. Shaw looked straight into Aunt Marcia's eyes, but did not speak a word.

"She shall go to school; I'll do just as well for her as I do for Jonas."

Mrs. Shaw finished her work, and rose up with the faded little garment in her hand. There was a world of unutterable scorn in the expression of her face, as she folded her thin hands tightly over her chest.

"Folks give away *dogs*, sometimes," she said, then paused as if she didn't know what further to say.

"But, Becky, you must see," said Aunt Marcia.

"Don't talk to me, Marcia Hale; you can't do anything to help me; I might have known you couldn't. Go your own ways, and leave me to mine. There's one road for me to walk in and another for you; but whichever way I go, I take all mine with me."

She almost hurried her away, as if afraid she might take one of her children by force. But as Aunt Marcia turned around, half bewildered, to shut the broken gate, she saw

Nancy with her apron over her head, and Mrs. Shaw rocking back and forth in her rickety chair. She carried home a heavy feeling at her heart, that not even the bright face that met her at the gate could quite relieve.

"Mr. Pettis has been here to see about the calves, and he said he'd stop on his way back."

"Well," said Aunt Marcia, "I might just as well have staid at home in the first place, for all the good I've done."

"Didn't you see Billy?" asked Jonas, in a tone of disappointment.

"Billy? No, I didn't expect to see him."

"O," said Jonas, "I thought—I didn't know—"

Aunt Marcia was already in the house, but presently she came to the door again and said, "Jonas, what is Billy Shaw doing now?"

"Drawing barrels for the brewery," said Jonas, reluctantly; for he knew that his aunt would count it very little short of a crime.

All the forenoon she was busy with her work. Just after dinner, Billy Shaw walked deliberately up the road, and stopped at the fence to talk with Jonas. She could not help seeing that he was as carefully dressed as could be with his shabby clothes, and his brown curls were almost as neat as those that clustered under her boy's cap.

"I wonder what he wants?" she thought to herself. But she had not long to wonder, for Billy opened the gate and walked straight up the path to the porch where she was picking over seed corn. He took off his cap and leaned back against the post, with a fearless look in his eyes.

"I heard you wanted a boy to help on the farm," he said, "and I want a place to work."

"Yes, I want some one," said Aunt Marcia, simply.

"I don't know as you want me," said Billy; "nobody wants me as I can find out; but I want to work. I'm strong—I can lift as much as a man. I ain't a beggar, but if you'll take me and try me, it'll be givin' me a chance to be a man. I never had none yet."

Aunt Marcia looked keenly but kindly at the boy. Her pity was touched, but it was a serious thing, in those simple, New England households, to take a new member in. Hired help were not a class that dwelt apart from the family, but master and mistress, servant and child, made one common social life. Could she take this ignorant boy, with

all the wrong training for fifteen years, for a companion to Jonas?

"Do you use tobacco?" she asked, presently.

"No ma'am. I tried oncet, but I give it up."

"Do you ever swear?"

Billy quailed a little at the clear eye that pointed this question, but he looked up again with a glowing face and said,

"I can't say I never did swear. I've said some bad words; but I'll stop. I'll never swear again; and I'm in dead earnest on that, ma'am."

Aunt Marcia looked a little doubtful, but she went on with her questioning.

"If you come here, Billy Shaw, you'll come into a Christian family, and I expect every one in my family to act like Christians. Will you agree to go to meeting every Sunday, and not be lounging round a-fishing?"

"Yes'm," said Billy, "I'll go to meetin'." But this was the hardest promise that he made.

"And another thing is, you've picked up a low way of talking from those ignorant creatures at the brewery, and I want you to drop it. Your mother never talked so, and it ain't decent and respectable. Jonas says you know better—you've been to school."

"Yes'm," said Billy, whirling his cap; "but they were always chaffin' me about tryin' to be smarter'n they was, and I didn't see, after all, as 'twas any use tryin' to be decent."

"It's always of use to try to be decent," said Aunt Marcia, finishing up her basket of corn, and brushing the dust from her apron. She looked at Billy a moment in silence, wishing in the bottom of her heart she had never seen or heard of him, but doubting whether she did not owe him a duty, after all.

"Well," she said, suddenly, "you may come here again to-morrow morning. I must have a chance to think about this over night."

Billy started to go, but she called him back before he had reached the gate.

"I don't know as I am likely to be any wiser to-morrow than I am now. I *have* thought about this a good deal, and pretty much made up my mind to speak to John Bowers about coming here, but I think it'll be no more than fair to give you a chance, for you need it, and John doesn't. If you're a mind to come two weeks just on trial, you may come, and after that we'll settle matters if you stay."

"I'll come," said Billy, eagerly; "I'll come, and work like the—"

"Billy Shaw!" said Aunt Marcia, sternly, "don't you forget yourself again, or that'll put an end to everything."

"I won't," said Billy, humbly; "but I never was so glad in my life, before, and I 'was just goin' to say somethin'. 'Twan't swearin', though—truly now."

"Let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these *cometh of evil*," quoted Aunt Marcia, solemnly.

"Yes'm," said Billy, meekly, not at all understanding what she meant.

And then he hurried away to tell Jonas, as he went home.

[To be continued.]

QUEER DICK.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

He will never be tall,
His legs are so small!
The jacket he wears almost touches the floor.
He slides down the stairs,
And pops unawares
His head thro' the window, in spite of the door.
He's busy all day
In some sort of way;
By turns he's a soldier, a doctor, a clown.
Ten boats are begun;
The kites that are done,
I'm sure would supply half the boys in the town.
He dabbles in paint;
His questions are quaint.
And answers to all of them can't be supplied;
He trots off to school,
And then, as a rule,
He sees home two misses, with evident pride.
He dressed up the cat
In wrapper and hat;
He drags all the beggars in, out of the street;
Poor dogs gone astray
Are quite in his way;
He traded his clothes from his head to his feet.
In spite of rebuffs,
For buttons and cuffs
He still entertains an unbounded delight—
And two or three pairs
Of braces he wears— [tight.
They'll lift him up some day, he pulls them so
He's on the lookout
For whiskers to sprout;
He stands on his head, on a trumpet he toots.
He sleeps with a boat;
He's anxious to vote:
And often he jumps into bed in his boots,
So, queer Dick, good bye!
A hat that is high
He thinks now would suit him beyond any doubt.
He's only just five,
And if he should thrive,
I wonder what kind of a man he'll turn out?

VORACITY OF THE SHARK.

BY AN OLD NAVIGATOR.

Many of my young readers have no doubt heard of this voracious salt-water fish, and they will hardly credit how very dangerous they are to the sailor who is so unfortunate as to fall overboard from the ship. From the young shark, two or three feet long, to the monster of fourteen to sixteen feet, they are more or less dangerous, with their two and three rows of teeth, formed like and as sharp as the smallest and finest saw. The capacious mouth is, as it were, under the throat, and quite different in that respect from any other species of fish I have yet seen in the sea; and when they are about to bite, they turn half round, so that the white of the belly is seen, before they can lay hold of anything with the mouth. But in the largest size, there are six or seven rows of these formidable teeth, denoting, as the sailors say, the age of the fish; and I have often, after the jaws have been cut out and cleaned, slipped them easily over my head, and well down on my shoulders.

Well-authenticated cases have occurred, in which, at the startling cry of "A man overboard!" the boat is hastily lowered from the ship to save his life, and if it be a fine day and a smooth sea, with a shark not far off, it would be a wonder indeed if the boat was in time to save the unfortunate man from the jaws of this rapacious monster, for he is also hastening to the spot, determined on taking off a leg or an arm, or a portion of the body, at one dreadful bite. Barely saved from drowning by his terror-stricken shipmates, who have seen the shark approaching, his bleeding and mangled body is hastily dragged into the boat, only to be again consigned to the deep in a few short hours. Who then of the ship's crew can help being grieved at such a fearful death of one of their number, and vowing deadly revenge on their common enemy, the shark?

But we shall now try to capture one of these monsters. On a fine, calm day at sea, the back fin of a large shark is seen above the water, slowly moving round the ship, as if watching for what he can get of the cook's slops, for he is evidently hungry. As he makes a dash at the refuse thrown from the ship, the cry resounds, "A shark! a shark!" and all is now excitement, from the captain to the cabin boy. Even the wheelsman, who is drowsily steering the ship on this fine day, is roused up to activity, and drops his wheel to join in the task of capturing the enemy.

"Bring along the shark hook!" calls the captain. "Get a bait, quickly, men! Look sharp!"

A bait is hastily cut, about a pound of salt pork, and securely fixed to the barbed hook; not a large hook, for a pike or sturgeon, but a perfect monster hook, with a chain about two feet long attached, which the shark can't bite through, and stout enough to hold the favorite dog of any of the readers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, let him be ever so big. A stout rope is then made fast to the chain, and the baited hook is thrown over the stern with a splash that attracts his attention, and soon the shark is seen swimming swiftly toward the bait. He stops for a moment, and but a moment, turning quickly half round, till the white of his belly is seen, and perfectly regardless of the whole crew, who are now collected watching his motions, he darts with the swiftness of lightning at the bait, and is soon securely hooked by one of his capacious jaws. Dashing furiously from side to side, the hook gets more securely fastened. The sailors, now laughing at his vain struggles, ease the rope a little, and then haul it tight again, to play with him a little. When he is exhausted, our jolly sailors, pulling all together on the rope, soon have him suspended between the ship and the sea, perfectly helpless. Then a slip noose is got round the tail, and with shouts of delight he is dragged on deck. Now take care of his powerful tail, as he lashes the deck in impotent fury from side to side, or he will surely break someone's legs. And what a monster! he is fully fourteen feet long, with a great, heavy body, stout and thick in proportion. But here comes the carpenter, with his sharp axe, and watching a chance, with one chop, off goes the offending tail. The blood fairly streams from the shark, and our clean, white quarter deck is besmeared with it in all directions. He is soon quiet, and very shortly his throat is cut, and with a few spasmodic jerks he expires.

As the shark is very rarely eaten by sailors, one now claims his back bone to make a walking stick for a friend on shore; another claims his jaws, to clean and carry home, or perhaps to present to the captain, if he is at all respected by the crew; while the tail is nailed up in a conspicuous place about the fore-castle, or place where the sailors live, as a trophy. Thus the process of dissection goes on, to the great delight of the crew, who are anxiously watching the opening of his capacious stomach, to see what he has picked up from other ships, as many strange things have been found there, that have fallen

overboard from vessels; but in this case we find nothing but some of the refuse that the cook had thrown overboard. The cut-up carcase is again ignominiously cast overboard to feed any of his brother sharks that may come along, and cleaning our blood-stained deck, the crew once more resume their various duties, and the ship is again quiet. This shark has six rows of teeth in his jaws, denoting that he is at least six years old; and I can easily slip the jaws over my head after they are cleaned.

I will relate one or two instances of the voracity of this dreaded enemy of sailors, which I think will be interesting.

We had sailed from a port on the coast of Peru, bound for England, with a fine breeze, but on the following day it fell dead calm. Some of our crew had been washing their clothes, as sailors on a long voyage have no one to do that for them. One of my shipmates had fastened a rope to a pair of trousers, and lowered them into the water, where they kept dipping with the motion of the ship, cleaning off the soapsuds that remained. He then went to breakfast, and on coming to take in his trousers, afterward, found they were gone, except a very small portion still on the rope. They had been cut away as clean as if with a knife, and we soon discovered the cause. A large shark was seen not far away, who must have snapped them off, and we knew from that he was very hungry. The shark hook was baited with a tempting piece of pork, and we very soon had him hooked and on deck. On cutting open the stomach, the pants were found but little the worse. My young friends can conceive what a laugh we had over the matter, as we recovered the missing pants.

The captain of a ship at a place called Bonny, on the coast of Africa, was going on board his ship, the worse for liquor, of which he was too fond. He missed his hold and fell into the water between the ship and the boat. His crew at once went to his assistance, but on trying to pull him into the boat, he cried, "For God's sake, men, let me go." Easing their hold a little, they could not understand what was wrong; but again pulling him up into the boat, they found that a shark had attacked him, and so dreadfully lacerated one of his legs, that it had to be amputated immediately. By very great care and good medical attendance, his life was saved.

With one more story, I will conclude this article. An old and very large shark in a port in the West Indies, was called by the sailors, "Man-o'-war Tom," a terror to the

crews of the ships of war stationed there. He effectually prevented the men from swimming to the shore and deserting from their ships. For this he was regularly fed, by orders from the commanding officers, and no one was allowed to molest him or to attempt his capture. Rather a strange order, you will say, and somewhat of a cruel one, too, if any poor sailor should fall overboard by accident.

ABOUT HARRY'S VISIT TO HIS GRANDMOTHER.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

I stayed a whole fortnight at Grandma Martin's. It was perfectly splendid. Grandma always has a jar in the pantry full of cookies, and you can help yourself; and apples, and nuts, and everything. O, I did wish Nelly was there.

Grandma is an old lady. I believe she is almost a hundred. Any way she's seventy. She's very fond of me, and she knits all my stockings and mittens, and she plays checkers with me. But I can beat her just as easy as anything. She hardly ever gets any kings, and then she forgets to put crowns on them unless I tell her. And once we were playing and we couldn't seem to jump each other, or do anything; and by and by I found that I had set my men on the black spots, and grandma had put hers on the white ones, so neither of us could have beaten if I hadn't found it out.

I like to go and see grandma. You go in the cars, and then the house is only a little way from the depot, about as far as from here to the corner. No one lives with grandma but Aunt Rachel and Penny—she's a black girl. Then there's Minerva, the cat.

I asked Aunt Rachel if it wasn't rather a long name for such a small cat, and she said Brother Dick named her so when he came down shooting, but I might call her Minny, if I wanted to.

Penny came from the south. She says her name is Penelope, but I believe she is only in fun. Any way, I never heard such a name.

One day I was looking at Penny. I was thinking about her hair, and I suppose I stared at her, and she asked me why did I look at her so, and I said, "Penny, what is your hair made of? Is it cotton, or wool, or what?"

And she said she reckoned 'twas wool. And I said why didn't she knit some stockings of it, then? And she sat right down on

the floor and laughed, and said she would knit me a pair of mittens for Christmas. I didn't say anything, but I hope she won't, for pity's sake.

O, but how grandma does lose her spectacles! And I find them for her. She says her father always used to lose his spectacles, and now *she* does. But the truth is, she always lays them right down anywhere. Once she put them in a chair, and I said, "Grandma, haven't you a pocket in that dress?"

And she looked as surprised as anything, and said, "Yes, I believe so. Why?"

And I said, "Hadn't you better put your spectacles in your pocket, grandma, and then you'll know where to find them?"

And she said I was a little Solomon, and she would take my advice, but very soon she laid them in her lap, and then got up for something, and they dropped on the floor, and she was just going to step on them, if I hadn't picked them up.

I used to take care of grandma's fire, sometimes. A wood fire is very nice to roast apples by, but it is a good deal of trouble.

One day, as I was making a boat, and grandma was knitting, and just as I was going to fasten in the mast, grandma asked me to put a stick of wood on the fire. So I put it on, and picked up the coals, and made a beautiful fire, and then went back to my work again. And just as I had cut out the sail, and put a little paste on the edge, and was going to stick it to the mast, grandma said, "Harry, put on some more wood for grandma."

So I had to leave my work again, and the sail dropped, and the pasted side stuck on my shoe; but I took it off and made up the fire. And then, just as I was painting the flag, grandma spoke to me again, and said her fire was almost out. I like to take care of her fire, of course, but I knew I never should get that boat done, so I said to myself, "This won't do. I must make a fire that will last awhile."

So I put on about eight sticks, I believe. Grandma didn't notice, because she had dropped a stitch, but it made a most tremendous blaze. I almost knew she wouldn't like it, and when she saw it she said it would set the chimney on fire, and she sent me to call Penny. And Penny came and took off all but two of the sticks, and dipped them into a bucket of water.

It put them out, but it made a big smoke in the room, I can tell you. I had to come home then, because it was time for school to begin, but grandma wants me to go down next Christmas. Well, good bye.

BABY BELLE.

BY ROSA PEARL.*

Far away from home and mother
Wandered Baby Belle—
Bees and birdies lured her onward,
Through the mossy dell;
Talking sweetest baby nonsense,
Prattling Baby Bell—
Listening to the birdie stories,
Such as larks and robins tell.
Trotting 'mong the sweet, wild roses,
Oft she stumbled, thrice she fell;
But the tears had hardly started,
Ere the hurt was sound and well.
Lower, lower sink the curtains
Over Baby's sleepy eyes;
Why don't mother seek her darling?
O how Baby Bella sighs!
In the deep, sweet, purple clover,
Sank tired Baby Belle,
Playing with the ferns and mosses,
Fast asleep she fell.
So the truant's mother found her
In the golden sunset beams,
While the robin's good-night warble
Mingled with her dreams.

* ROSA PEARL has been one of THE CORPORAL'S fast friends for five years; and how old do you suppose she was when he first knew her? O, you could never guess. Well, then, she was only *five*; and so now, of course, she is *ten* years old, and has written "Baby Belle." She used to *talk* poetry when only six years old. Don't you think she will be a poetess, some time?—EDITOR.

THE LIFE OF A BUTTERFLY.

My Dear Little Corporal: You admire butterflies, I am sure—who does not? And you have often watched their airy flight from flower to flower, and have, no doubt, frequently captured them, after an exciting chase over garden and lawn. Perhaps you sometimes succeeded in dextrously throwing your hat, or a butterfly net, over one, and, in that case, it would not be much injured; but it is far more likely that, in your eagerness to secure the prize, you hastily grasped it in your hands, and on opening them found, to your dismay, the graceful captive entirely ruined; its fragile wings crushed, and its brilliant plumes rubbed off, and staining your hands with variously-colored powder. Catching butterflies on the wing is very perilous to their beauty, and if one wishes to make a collection, the best plan is to rear them from their larvæ, wherever the latter is known.

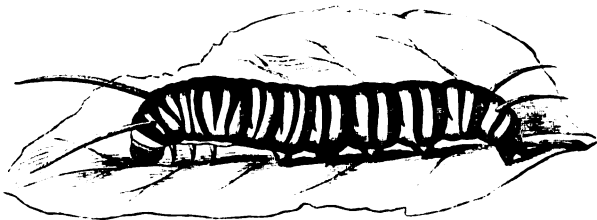
I presume there is not a member of THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S company but what knows that the first animate form of a butterfly is that of a caterpillar—not unfre-

quently a very ugly caterpillar—but few, probably, are familiar with the interesting processes by which it develops into its perfect, winged state. Its short life, its marvelous transformations, are an exceedingly interesting study, and will abundantly repay any boy or girl, or even “children of a larger growth,” for the little trouble of searching for and feeding the caterpillars. But where to look? do you ask. Well, do any of you know the gaily striped and dotted caterpillar, that is so destructive to parsley, caraway, carrot tops, and other plants of that family? This caterpillar finally becomes one of our most beautiful butterflies; so does a worm that feeds on the sassafras tree, and, in particular a splay one, which feeds on willow and poplar. All these may readily be found. There is also a large and handsome butterfly, some items of whose history I propose to give in this letter, the larvæ of which feed upon the family of milkweeds known as *Asclepiads*, one species of which, *Asclepias Tuberosa*, is called butterfly weed; whether because its leaves furnish food for butterfly larvæ, or because its gay blossoms resemble in color the wings of the perfect insect, I cannot tell; there is doubtless some connection.

If we examine the leaves of these plants about the middle of May, we may be fortunate enough to discover, on the under side of a leaf, two or three creamy-white eggs, about the size of a pin head, not round, but, under the microscope, cone shaped, and elegantly ridged, with the base firmly attached to the leaf. But these eggs are so inconspicuous, and so carefully hidden, that they are seldom found, even by professed entomologists, so we shall very likely overlook them. In a few days, however, the young caterpillars will be noticeable enough, and, having found a plant upon which two or three are busily feeding, we cut the stalk and carry it in the house, placing it in water in some small vessel. Then, as a substitute for a regular insect cage, we take a large, wide-topped, glass jar, and having sifted a little dry earth over the bottom, we place inside of this the little vase or bottle with the leaves, and having tied over the top a piece of thin muslin or gauze, we shall then have made all the provision necessary for rearing and observing the habits of our caterpillars, except that we shall have to supply them

occasionally with fresh leaves of the same species of plant.

They are at this time quite small, only from a quarter to half an inch in length, and less in diameter than an ordinary-sized knitting needle, gaily striped around with yellow, black, and white, and near the head are two little black knobs, or horns, and a similar, though smaller pair, near the tail. They eat voraciously, principally late in the afternoon, at night, and early in the morning, and their growth is very rapid. They molt, or change skin, three times before attaining their full size. This molting is a very curious process, and well worth an hour's observation, but it would occupy too much space here to describe the whole *modus operandi*. Some caterpillars change very much in color and general appearance with each change of skin, but this is not the case with the one we are considering; it remains the same in form and color, except that the two pairs of knobs near the



LARVA.—Colors, black, yellow and white.

head and tail lengthen out into slender, black, velvety horns, which appear to be very sensitive to touch. I have noticed that if two of these caterpillars happen to come in contact, in the course of their feeding, it seems to irritate them very much, if one may judge by the sudden, spiteful jerks they give, and by motions as if they would bite each other.

In about two weeks or twenty days from hatching, the larva, or caterpillar life of the insect, is complete. It is then almost two inches in length, by a quarter of an inch in diameter, its body, like the bodies of all caterpillars, is divided into twelve rings, or segments, besides the head: the latter is covered by a horny plate, and its most important features are its two strong jaws, which do not, like the jaws of animals, move up and down, but from side to side; it has an upper and lower lip; its antennæ and spinneret are very short and obscure. The first three segments are furnished each with a pair of black, horny, pointed legs; these are the thoracic, or true legs; the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and twelfth segments are also provided with broad, fleshy legs,

called prolegs. Each segment is marked with broad stripes of yellow, black, and white, and, as has been mentioned, the second and eleventh are each adorned with a pair of slender, black horns, turned forward.

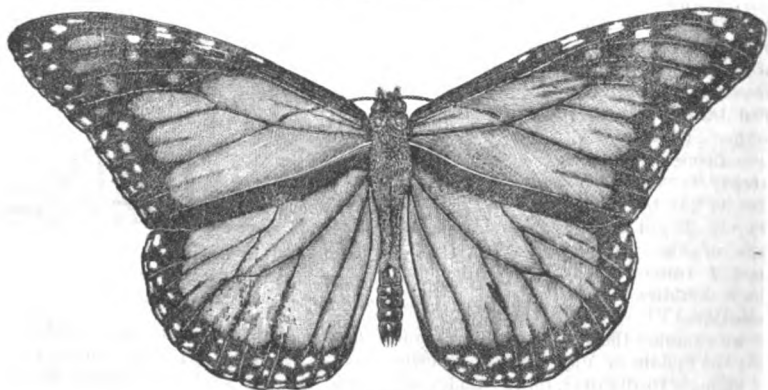
If we would overcome our unfounded aversion to anything in the shape of a "crawling worm," we should doubtless pronounce this caterpillar very pretty. At any rate, its next stage of existence cannot fail to excite the admiration of even the most prejudiced; for it is at this period that one of its most sing-



CHRYSALIS.—Colors, black, green, and gilt.

repeated efforts, succeeds in attaching itself by a little, shining point, or handle, to the knot of silk previously prepared for it. It is at this time very much lengthened out, and the upper portion is ringed, and has quite a worm-like appearance, but as soon as it is securely fastened, the segments begin to contract, and at the end of an hour or two there may be seen, hanging from the glass or stem, the most beautiful little casket imaginable, of a delicate green color, with a band of black and gold near the upper end, and studded here and there with dots of gold, that glitter like jewels. This dainty object is the *chrysalis*—the prettiest one with which we are familiar.

From this time for about two weeks there is no motion, or change in appearance. But



IMAGO.—Colors, orange, white, and black.

ular and interesting transformations takes place. The caterpillar now ceases to feed, and wanders restlessly over the sides of its cage, or up and down the stems of its food plant.

At length, when a suitable position is found, it commences spinning a sort of loose web, for an inch or more all around itself. In the center of this it makes a strong knot of the silk; when this is finished it suspends itself by the last pair of legs, just below it. Here the caterpillar hangs for from twelve to twenty-four hours, with its head down and partly curled under. At the proper time it begins to wriggle and jerk itself about, and presently the skin bursts open on the back, near the head, and a most singular-looking object, of a pale, transparent green color, is pushed out. It has neither head, nor feet, nor horns, nor any of the organs that belonged to the caterpillar, but it is capable of violent motion, and rapidly works off the caterpillar skin, and after

while, outwardly, all is lifeless and still, within the casket unseen agencies are actively at work, effecting transformations at which we may well marvel. Just before the perfect insect emerges, the chrysalis becomes quite dark colored, then the shell bursts open with a little snap, and the butterfly comes forth. At first he does not give much promise of the active, airy rover he afterwards becomes; his wings are small and crumpled, his legs are weak, and his body heavy with moisture. But he clings to his chrysalis shell, his body dries, his legs and antennæ straighten out, his velvet wings gradually inflate, and very soon he poises himself for flight, and, if not confined, unceremoniously deserts us for the open sunshine and the sweets of the garden. The wings of this butterfly often measure from three and a half to four inches from tip to tip. They are of a rich, orange-brown color, with border and veins of black; the border and upper portion of front wings being dotted with

white The body is black, dotted with white, and somewhat hairy. This is one of the class of butterflies which use only four legs, the first pair being small and kept closely folded up against the breast, or thorax. The name of this insect is *Danaus Archippus*; it is commonly called the Archippus Butterfly.

What a beautiful creature it is, though it does not boast as great variety of colors as some others. It seems almost cruel to take its life, yet, if we wish to preserve it in the freshness of its colors, we must kill it as soon as its wings are thoroughly expanded. The quickest and best way to do this is to touch it on the under side of its body with a little brush dipped in chloroform. When it is dead put a pin through the thorax, a quarter of an inch back of the head and fasten it firmly to a block, and extend the wings in any way you choose.

I think there are two broods of these butterflies every summer, and am sure that the caterpillar may be found in May, and again in July. The latest hatched butterflies winter over, sheltered in corners and crevices.

I kept two of these butterflies nearly three weeks, one fall, on a window, feeding them every day from a teaspoon a drop or two of sweetened water. They made very unique and interesting pets, and became quite tame. But one warm day some one inadvertently opened the window, and they both escaped, and eluded all attempts at capture.

MARIE ESTELLE.

DAISY'S EYES.

BY F. E. H.

Six years old is Daisy,
Flaxen is her hair,
And her eyes
Are blue as skies,
When the spring is fair.
Wondering eyes,
Wide with sweet surprise;
Timid, lonely,
Laughter-brimming eyes!
In them lies
Mischief, half hid only.
Loving eyes of Daisy!
Loved eyes,
Will the years
That may be thine,
Fill with tears
Those orbs that shine
With so happy light
Like twin stars on me?
May such blight
Ne'er be to thee given.
Unto heaven
Daisy, God keep thee.

THE MYSTERIOUS DOOR!

BY MRS. M. G. KENNEDY.

Now it was not mysterious because it was a secret door, like those we sometimes read about, so skillfully concealed that the wisest of men would never dream that a door was hiding away there, only waiting for a magical touch of some cunningly-contrived spring to fly open and reveal its existence.

O no! it was by no means a secret door. On the contrary, it occupied a very conspicuous position on the front of the house, being colored a bright red, (coral color, I should call it,) and opening in the middle, like folding doors, disclosed two long rows of ivory columns in the vestibule.

But dear me! if I haven't begun in the middle of my story; and now I shall have to go all the way back, and begin properly at the "Once upon a time," or else you will never know there is a story at all, will you?

Well, then, once upon a time, a little girl sat curled up in the broad window sill, trying to read in the fast-waning twilight. The outside of the book which she held was gorgeous with red and gold, and, as she turned the leaves, you could catch glimpses, here and there, of beautifully-colored pictures.

"Amy, Amy," called her mother.

But Amy did not stir, excepting to hold her book closer to the window, to catch the faint rays of light.

"Amy," said her mother, again, "you will ruin your eyes, my child."

"I can see just as well as can be," said Amy, in a petulant tone.

"That is impossible, my dear. Put away your book until the gas is lighted."

"O, mamma! I'm right in the middle of the most splendid fairy story, and I want to see what the queen of the fairies called the meeting about."

And Amy kept on trying to read. Presently her mamma came behind her, and laying her hand on the book drew it gently away.

"Let my book alone! What did you do that for?" asked Amy, very crossly.

"Remember whom you are speaking to, Amy. I would not have taken your book, if you had closed it some minutes ago, when I told you to do so."

"Then why can't the gas be lit right away?" said Amy, still more crossly.

"A little girl who speaks in that tone to her mamma, should sit in the dark awhile, until she feels how much it hurts her mamma

to hear it. I am afraid the fairies are doing you no good, Amy; you will make me sorry that Aunt Fanny gave you the book. You have been so absorbed in it, all the afternoon, that half the time you have not answered at all, when spoken to; and the other half, have been cross because you were interrupted. Now you may stay here alone until tea is ready, and see whether you have done your part toward fulfilling the text you learned last Sunday, and was going to take for a motto all the week. What was it?"

"I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue," said Amy, reluctantly. But, though the words were correct, the tone showed the discord within.

Her mother left the room; and Amy drew her little rocking chair close up to the grate, and commenced rocking violently backward and forward.

"I don't care," thought she, as she brought her feet down with a heavy thump each time. "I don't care, a single bit; it's always the way; I never can do anything I want to; and then, if I say the least word there's such a fuss about it. Well, I'm sure I don't care!"

But, notwithstanding these repeated assertions, she did care, as, even while she was rocking off her passion, something within her kept saying over and over, "*I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue*;" and the simple but earnest words with which both her mother and teacher had sought to impress it on her, would come into her mind.

Gradually the rocking became slower and slower, and at last ceased altogether; and, as Amy sat gazing at the glowing coals in the grate, the words of her text and the wonderful fairy tales which she had been reading mingled together in a strange, misty sort of way.

"O dear," she thought, "I wish there were fairies now-a-days. How I'd like to see one. Wish they'd make me a present; or, better still, I wish they would give me something to take care of, like Fairy Titania did the little girl in the book. I'd be more careful than she was, I know; my! but wouldn't I!"

"Amy, Amy!" called a soft voice, just as her mother had called her, some time before, but in a very musical tone.

This time Amy looked around, but her mother had long ago left the room, so she thought she was mistaken; but the voice called again, "Amy."

She heard it now, plain enough, sure. Topsy, the big, black cat, was sound asleep

on the rug; Beauty and Singer, the two canaries, were dozing safely on their perches, a solitary lily on a little table by the window was nodding its head drowsily; but she distinctly heard, again, "Amy! Amy!"

The voice seemed to come from the grate. Why! could it be? Was it possible the fairies had heard her?

"Dear me! how much that little coal on top looks like Titania, with a crown on, too, and a little scepter in her!"—

"Amy, we have held a meeting, and have determined to make you a present on account of your name"

"My name?" said Amy, wonderingly, looking right at the top coal, which glowed and snapped almost right in her face

"Yes. A man who wrote a great deal about us once said, 'What's in a name?' But we fairies believe in names, and, as yours happens to be Amy, which, I suppose you know, means 'Beloved,' we take it for granted that you must also be loving and lovely"

Here Amy winced as if something had stung her, but the fairy, or whatever it was, went on,

"And so we have concluded to confide a sacred trust to your keeping."

Here Amy straightened herself up, and looked very proud and self-confident.

"A great prince has given us a beautiful house for you—"

"A house! A whole house all for me?"

"Be quiet!" snapped the coal, with a force which sent the sparks flying in all directions. "Yes; a whole house! But it is still to belong to the prince, only it will be called yours. You will be responsible for it, and are to keep it in the very best order."

"O, I'll be 'sponsible; and I'll take the greatest care."

The coal glowed a still deeper and brighter red, and was silent.

"Go on; oh! go on," begged Amy, "I won't interrupt again; only tell me what I am to do."

"How can I tell you, if you talk all the time? You will have more to do than I can stop just now to tell you; but what will probably keep you more busy, and give you more trouble than anything else, is to attend to the front door."

"Dear me; that's easy enough," was almost on Amy's lips, but she remembered in time, and was silent.

He then described the appearance of the door, as I have already told it to you. Amy almost held her breath, for fear she would lose a word, as he went on to say,

"This door opens with a spring, from a room in the middle of the house, and if you keep the spring rubbed up bright, and well oiled, you will have no trouble, for the door can't be opened from the outside, at all."

"I'll be sure and keep the door shut tight all the time," said Amy.

"That's just exactly what you must not do," said the voice, this time not noticing the interruption. "There are times when it should be opened wide, and times when it should be shut tight. Now don't go to doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. And you must be very careful, too, what you allow to go out of the door; for, once out, ever such a little way, and a coach and six horses couldn't put anything back again."

"O dear! however shall I know what is right about it? I guess, Miss Fairy, you had better let some one else take care of the house."

"Thank you," said the fairy, coldly, "but you wanted to be trusted with something to take care of, and now you have it. It is too late to change matters; and the prince will require a strict account, too."

"O dear! O dear!" faltered Amy, "I'll never in the world know what to do!"

"Stupid!" snarled the coal, "did you suppose the prince would set you a task and not show you how to do it? He is always ready to help those who really want him to. When you get into trouble you can send him word, and get an answer quicker than you could send a telegram from Chicago to New York. Besides, he has sent you a book of directions, which you are to read carefully, and mind every word of; there's a rule in it for everything that can possibly turn up. You will find it on your table when you go up to bed. It has a handsome, maroon velvet cover, gilt edges, and your name on the clasp."

"Why, that's just like my Bible, and that's on my table."

"Another thing, the Prince has been kind enough to leave in an inner room a beautiful singing bird, and you will always know by its joyful or sorrowful tune, whether you have tended the door aright."

"Oh! How I would like to see it."

"That you can never do. A nice time you would have, truly, if you were to let it out! No; you can always hear it, if you'll take the trouble of listening, but you must never expect to see it. You will enter into possession immediately, so success to you, and good night."

And the red cheek of the coal grew paler and paler, until the bright flush had all died

out, and left only a dull, pale-looking cinder. Amy leaned back in her rocking chair and shut her eyes, to "have a good think," in this new and strange state of affairs. But, somehow, her thoughts went back to the last Sabbath, when, standing by her teacher's side, she had repeated her text so glibly, and with such a confident feeling that she was going to keep it. Every little thing that she had said or done since that seemed just as if it was alive, and was talking to her. She was just thinking of how she had told some of the girls how *she* was going to "take heed to her ways, that she sinned not with her mouth," when she was startled by a sweet but sorrowful voice, singing a sad song, of which the chorus was,

"Never boast, never, never boast."

She looked over at the cage, but Singer and Beauty were still asleep; so she settled herself again, and thought what pretty new hymns they had learned, and how much she liked "Because He loved me so," when the bird sang out, right joyfully this time,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below."

Somehow this made her remember how, during prayer, and even while she repeated the words out loud, she had wondered whether her mamma would buy her a white hat, with a blue feather like Annie Moore's; and how much prettier her green and blue plaid was, than Minnie Wells' scarlet and black, she was startled to hear the bird sing plainly,

"God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it, too."

Then her language to her mother, that very evening, seemed to hiss in her ears, like serpents' tongues, "Disobedient words, disrespectful words, unkind, undutiful, hasty words." Her heart seemed to sink down, down, like a lump of lead, as she heard herself say, as she often had, when excited, "Mercy on us! good gracious!" and one time, that she never forgot, "Good Lord!" Sad as a funeral march the mysterious bird wailed out,

"Hush, little Christian child,
Speak not that holy name!
Not in thy passion wild,
Not in thy sportive game;
For the great Lord of all
Heareth each word we say.
He will remember it,
At the great judgment day."

Amy did not like that at all, it made her flesh creep, as she sometimes said, so she tried to think of something pleasanter, and it happened to be the temperance meeting

she was at, the evening before, where they sang,

"No strong drink shall pass our lips,
He's in danger who but sips."

Then the birdie changed his tune and began to sing out right merrily, and merrier still when Amy hummed the words of the three-fold pledge she had signed,

"I promise not to buy drink, sell, or give
Intoxicating liquors while I live;
From all tobacco I'll abstain,
And never take God's name in vain."

But dear me! They say a drowning man thinks in a single minute of all that he has done in all the years of his life. It seemed just so to Amy, and I couldn't begin to tell of all the tunes the wonderful bird sang, changing from merry to sad, and back again, continually. How loudly it whistled "Kind words can never die," and "Never be afraid to speak for Jesus, think how much a word can do," and with what force, and how often, it chanted,

"Echo not an angry word,
Think how often you have erred."

And how it warbled over and over "Fittly spoken words," etc., and scores of others. But I must tell you of how a whole choir seemed to ring out the joyful chorus,

"To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise!
For He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so."

And all the bells in the city, in the country, in the world, seemed to join in, and ring out in glad rejoicing,

"Because He loves me so ;"

when some one shook Amy's chair, rather rudely, it must be confessed, and she opened her eyes to find—her little brother, with the tea bell in his hand, which he had been ringing in her ear!

"Ain't you never coming to supper, Amy? It's been ready a long time, and I've rung the bell most a dozen times."

Amy's head and ears almost bore witness to that, but, strange to relate, she didn't say a single cross word, but only,

"Oh! Johnny, isn't that a little 'zaggeration? The door ought to have been shut, that time."

"'Twas shut, was the reason you didn't hear the bell, I s'pect."

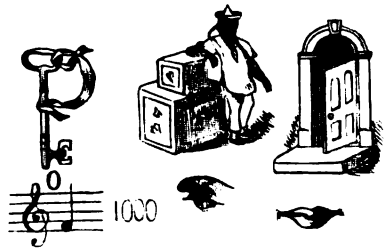
But Amy smiled, and said, "I did not mean the sitting room door."

All tea time "Chatterbox Amy," as her

papa called her, was very silent, for she was thinking, sorrowfully,

"Can I ever tend the house, and keep the door right?"

All at once it came to her, like a peal from the joy bells, what the fairy coal had said to her about the book of directions, and how she might send a message to the Prince; so she made up her mind quickly, then, what she would do. She found the book, just as she had been told, and she found, also, plenty of rules that just suited her. All she wanted now was help to keep them; and this is the message she sent the Prince that very night, before she went to bed:



How many of you can read it? And can you tell when the door is to be opened and when shut? Write to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and tell me what you think about it.

OUR BABY'S GRAVE.

BY DAVID D. HUDSON.

Round moon, round moon,
Sailing in the skies,
Shed down soft beams
Where our baby lies.

Night winds, night winds,
Piling leaves in heaps,
Breathe in low tones
Where our baby sleeps.

White cross, white cross,
Gleaming in the light,
Guard our child's grave,
Through the dreary night.

Cool dew, cool dew,
Dripping on the stone,
Shine like diamonds
O'er his slumber lone.

Spring flowers, spring flowers,
Bursting through the sod,
Lift your sweet cups
From his grave to God.

Sweet birds, sweet birds,
Gone to sleep at even,
Sing when day dawns,
For our babe's in heaven.

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN IN THE VELVET COAT.

BY C. E. HATHAWAY.

I will introduce you to a charming European gentleman, and trust you will find the acquaintance to your mutual advantage. I prophesy, however, it will be a very one-sided friendship, for, although the gentleman wears a velvet coat, and belongs to a good family, his habits are very remarkable, and he has but little intercourse with young people.

He differs vastly, in his tastes, from you and I, preferring even a rainy season, such as that of last summer, to a dry one. When the rain falls in heavy showers he rejoices. Now one would think he must love to see the treasures which the rain brings us; that he would delight in the diamonds which fall from the dripping leaves; that he would sail a boat in the stream, when it is calm, or skip stones on the lake; or water his house plants; or clean out his cistern; or do something that other people do. Not so. He loves the rain because he is—thirsty! He starts out in his velvet coat, which never lets the water or the wind touch his skin, and then he—drinks! Another reason why he cares so little for the pretty rain drops, and the light of the sunbeams on them, is, he cannot see very well; the little gentleman has such very small eyes that many think him blind. So I suppose he does not think it worth while to look about him much, though he is a great traveler, taking long journeys by water, always preferring to swim, rather than cross a bridge. He never drives. You should see his magnificent house. As eccentric in that as in everything else, he builds his house an entire basement. It contains a great, central *salon*, and numerous arches, supported by pillars, but all is under ground. He is a timid little man, and has many means of entrance and egress to and from his dwelling, so that in case of surprise from an enemy, he may easily effect a retreat. Though I should think he might always do that readily enough, for he is his own mason and carpenter, and in almost an incredibly short time he could build a new stronghold.

I suspect it is on account of his wife and children he is afraid, for he is of a very fierce disposition. Though he is very industrious, as you may see from his being his own architect and builder, he still has so much leisure that he sleeps half the time.

Perhaps you do that, too?

Yes, but you divide the time differently.

This little gentleman lies down in his velvet coat for three hours, and then labors for three again.

Should you like to do that? I am sorry to say, some boys of his own country make "game" of him. If they knew how much good his cellars and sub-cellar do sometimes, they would not be so thoughtless.

I have spoken of his "love of drink," but not yet of his food. He lives on a fellow worker, though he is not at all a cannibal, as his food is not related to him, except that their labors have the same relation to mankind. His food is *worms*, which he skins before eating. One can thus be dainty, yet subsist upon worms!

You begin to suspect that you are not entirely unacquainted with this gentleman in the velvet coat, do you not? Although you do not know himself, yet his "*American Cousin*," the *shrew mole*, is probably quite familiar to you all.

Moles and worms bring to the surface the earth which lies far beneath, thereby providing nourishment for the seed, when planted. They are untiring workers, and are so numerous that they effect what man could scarcely attempt.

When you reflect upon what I have told you of the European mole, you will find him possessed of many virtues, and I hope you will be willing to accept him for a friend, though he is but six inches in length.



FRIGHTENED BIRDS.

BY MRS. MARY B. C. SLADE.

"Hush! hush! said little brown thrush,
To her mate on the nest in the elder bush.
"Keep still! don't open your bill!
There's a boy coming bird-nesting over the hill.
Let go your wings out so,
That not an egg nor the nest shall show.
Chee! chee! it seems to me
I'm as frightened as ever a bird can be!"
Then, still, with a quivering bill,
They watched the boy out of sight o'er the hill.
Ah! then, in the branches again,
Their glad song rang over vale and glen.
Oh! oh! if that boy could know
How glad they were when they saw him go,
Say, say, do you think next day
He could possibly steal those eggs away?

BIDDY.

BY M. H. K.

Bess was out in the summer house, playing with her dolls, when her Brother Dick came running in, very red in the face, talking very fast. "Say, Bess, gramma's come, an' she's brought you *somcfin*'. Come an' see what."

Bess jumped up in such a hurry that she upset the dolls' tea table, and left the dolls themselves lying in a state of pitiable helplessness upon their faces, and scattered the tea things about in dire confusion.

"*I do hope* it's that croquet set," she said.

Now, Bess had all manner of playthings; books, dolls, dishes, and the like, all more or less soiled and broken, but she did not have what she thought she most desired—a croquet set.

It was her own fault, too, for her mother often said that the child should have it in a moment, only she knew very well how it would be. Bess was so careless that before the end of the first week she would get tired of it, and then the mallets would get broken and the balls lost; so she had to make the best of it. Besides, if Bess had saved out of her month's allowance of spending money, which she wasted on every occasion, she would have had enough to have bought two or three croquet sets.

Then Miss Bessie wrote to grandmother, and told her how much she wanted it, confidently expecting that the kind old lady would gratify her. But she was mistaken; grandmother had another plan.

She threw her arms around the dear old lady's neck and kissed her. After they had talked awhile she said,

"Bessie, my dear, I have brought you something. Go out on the porch, and lift the lid of my willow basket and see what it is. I know you will be pleased."

Bess knew very well that wicket and mallets could hardly be carried in a willow basket, and she went out rather laggingly. But she lifted up the lid of the basket, and there, in the coziest, cunningest of nests, was a plump, little, snow-white hen, about which cuddled twelve little, downy chickens. These were Bessie's present. She was really pleased, and they were so pretty that she forgot her disappointment. Pretty soon grandmother came out, and said to her,

"Bessie, that is Mrs. Biddy and her family I have brought them to you as a present, although I knew you would rather have had something else." Bess blushed and looked ashamed, but her grandmother, pretending

not to notice it, went on. "Listen to me, Bessie; Biddy has here twelve chickens, you will probably raise eight or ten of them. Against next year, then, these will have broods of their own, to say nothing of the eggs you will sell during the winter, when they bring such a high price. Then, when next summer comes, and you still think you want the croquet set, you will have enough of your own money to get it. I could and would have brought it to you, but I want you to learn to depend upon, and get things, for yourself. It will do you good. You will have to wait awhile, but you will enjoy your pleasure all the more when it does come."

Bess swallowed a big lump in her throat, and tried to squeeze back two stubborn tears that would drop, and then went off very cheerfully to get some bread crumbs for her new pets.

After a while Mrs. Biddy grew very tame; her brood thrived and grew very ugly; first, the disagreeable-looking pin feathers came out, then their necks grew long and their legs grew long in proportion, and they promenade the lawn, looking very *gaudy*, as Dick said, and very melancholy and hungry. Bess was delighted with them, and thought that they were the most beautiful things she ever saw; grasshoppers and crickets seemed to agree with them, for, wonderful to tell, not one of the twelve died. And, finally, when they grew up to be sedate hens and dignified roosters, her satisfaction was complete.

One Saturday Bess sent to the city a basket of eggs, and that afternoon she dropped into her savings bank the first dollar she ever earned. Nothing she had ever had gave her so much pleasure as that dollar, and that was only the first.

Early the next spring Mrs. Biddy came off with another brood, and six of the other hens did the same, these grew rapidly, and were readily sold.

One day grandmother came to visit them again, and Bess concluded that it was time to count her money. Dick got behind her chair, grandmother put on her spectacles to help, and her mother listened while Bess counted:

"One, two, three, five, seven, twelve dollars and fifty cents. Why, grandmother, the croquet set won't cost half of that—I'll have six dollars over, for seed, as papa always says. And I earned it all myself, too, I never was so pleased."

Grandmother smiled, and said, in a kind voice,

"You'll find, my dear child, if you live

very long, that few things you get will give you as much real pleasure as that which you get yourself. Learn to depend upon yourself and others will help you. You see, now, how it has been. I should have brought you the set at once, but your mother wrote and told me not to do so, as it would be money thrown away, you were getting so careless and wasteful. I thought it would be a good chance to teach you a lesson, and I see that you have learned it; you are more tidy, and more careful. Now kiss me, and we'll write a letter and order the croquet set."

They went into the library and wrote a very dignified letter, which Bess sealed, backed, and carried to the post office herself. Two days afterward came the box, marked in big, black letters,

MISS BESSIE GREY,
Cleverdale.

It was the happiest day of Bessie's life, and she kissed Biddy's smooth, white feathers with unaffected gratitude.

Papa put the wickets up, and that evening there was a tea party—a surprise for Bess. They played all the afternoon; when evening came they were ready with keen appetites to appreciate the dainty supper Mrs. Grey prepared.

I am certain that of all things she ever possessed, except Biddy, Bess never enjoyed anything as much as she did the croquet set—simply because it took an effort to get it, and she made the effort herself.

I must not forget to say that Biddy's children and grandchildren grew up and were sold, while the plump little hen grew plumper and tamer every day. She would follow Bess about like a dog, and would fly upon the back of her chair for her dinner. And as far as can be seen, she seems to promise to reach a dignified and happy old age.

TOMMY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

FOR THE WEB ONES.—BY PRUDY.

Billy knew all about it. Billy had three big brothers, and his father kept a lively stable; so of course he knew most things. It was Billy that told Tommy, for the blessed little heathen couldn't remember that he had ever heard of Fourth of July. To be sure there had only been four of them in Tommy's calendar, and the last two of those he had spent, with mamma, out at Grandma Bancroft's; and grandma hated torpedoes and fire crackers as heartily as she loved Tommy, so there were plenty of nuts, and candles,

and frosted cakes, but not a spark of gunpowder.

"Ho!" said Billy, "I've been to more'n fifty Fourth o' Julys, and they always have fire crackers and torpedoes; that's what it's for, and to drink lemonade and sody."

"I don't like sody," said Tommy, doubtfully; "once I ate some out of a little box, and it wasn't sugar." And Tommy made a wry face.

"Tain't that kind," said Billy; "they squirt it out of a machine, and it all goes up into a pile, like shavin' soap, and you wink your eyes shut and jest swaller, without stoppin' to taste. I tell you it's bully."

"Y-e-e-s," said Tommy, winking very fast and trying to imagine the operation.

"You get your Uncle Jim to buy you some fire crackers," counseled Billy, "and we'll fire 'em off, to-morrer."

Tommy was a little uncertain about the result, for he had a general impression that his mamma didn't approve of fire or gunpowder; but that evening, as they sat at tea, he opened the subject.

"Uncle Jim," said he, gravely, "did you know to-morrow was a Forf 'n July?"

"Is it?" said Uncle Jim, "are they going to have one this year?"

"An' Billy likes sody 'n water; you mix it up wid shavin's, and shut your eyes, and it's—it's—bully," said Tommy, innocently.

"Tommy Bancroft," said mamma, with a look of horror, "where do you learn such words?"

"Billy told me that," said Tommy, complacently. "Billy knows lots of funny words."

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," said Uncle Jim, sipping his tea.

"An' Billy says you'd ought to buy me some fire crackers," said Tommy; "will you, Uncle Jim?"

"Ask mamma," said Uncle Jim, with a funny twinkle in his eye.

"O, Tommy, I'm afraid," said mamma.

"Ho!" said Tommy, "I ain't 'fraid, 'tall. I darest to fire a gun."

"Well, we'll see about it when papa comes home," said mamma, and that was just as good to Tommy as a promise.

The fact was, that mamma, and papa, and Uncle Jim had discussed this question of fire works, and the two gentlemen had stoutly maintained that Tommy was old enough to be trusted with the delights of celebrating the Fourth in regular boy fashion, and, after a good deal of protesting, mamma had yielded the point. And the reason papa was not at tea that very moment, was that

he had stopped on his way home to lay in a bountiful supply of crackers, torpedoes, grasshoppers, and other delightful things, which all boys know the names of better than I do. When Tommy went to bed they were safely reposing in a big, square box, on the shelf of the hall closet, and behind the door was a queer, long bundle, that mamma herself did not know about, containing splendid rockets and roman candles.

"It is only once a year," said papa, "and I mean to make it a glorious day to him." But privately I don't mind telling you that papa liked torpedoes and sky rockets as well as a boy, and so did Uncle Jim.

The racket began right after midnight, with all sorts of banging, and cracking, and popping, and fizzing, but Tommy slept the sleep of the blessed, and only waked at sunrise, with a whole broadside of crackers from the alley, sent off as a salute by his friend Billy.

"Somebody's a shootin'," said Tommy, opening his eyes wide in an instant. "Oh! it's Forf 'n July!"

It was hard dressing a boy in such a tremor of excitement, and he wanted to set fire to his whole assortment, and send them off at a crash; but he was finally obliged to content himself, until after breakfast, with a package of torpedoes, with which he strewed the piazza and the front steps, and kept up a constant snapping and cracking.

"Now, Tommy," said papa, after breakfast, "I'll show you how to fire your crackers."

So papa showed Tommy, and then Uncle Jim showed him, and then papa showed him again, and then Uncle Jim did; and so they kept showing him, until mamma was half distracted, and the whole house smelled like a battle field.

All the time Billy had been squeezing his face through the alley gate, longing to come in, but not quite daring to venture, for the last time he had put in an appearance at the house, Bridget had promptly seized him by a convenient superfluity of his garments, and landed him in a puddle on his own side of the fence. But Uncle Jim's heart grew warm with patriotism, and presently he spied Billy, and straightway called him in, enriching him with two packages of crackers, and a splendid piece of punk.

Mamma frowned, but papa said, "Nonsense; we're all brothers to-day. Let the little wretch have a good time." And he let Tommy shoot crackers in the alley, under Billy's direction, until the young gentleman was brought up to a tremendous pitch of

enthusiasm, and you would have thought there were at least ten boys out there, instead of two very small ones.

Then Uncle Jim opened his heart still more, and volunteered to take both the boys down to the fruit stand at the corner and treat them; and that elegant gentleman actually walked out of the front gate, with the children following him, and paid at the fruit stand for two glasses of soda water, a pine apple, a bunch of bananas, and two immense oranges. Then he walked away, smiling and happy, and the children carried the fruit home, ate it on the sidewalk, and were cross and miserable all the rest of the day. They quarreled over the remnant of the torpedoes, and came to blows about the last bunch of crackers, because Billy accidentally dropped a match and exploded them all at once.

The end of it all was, that mamma sent Billy home, tearful and indignant, washed Tommy's grimy hands and face, and put him to bed, to sleep off his excitement and fatigue.

When he awoke, it was almost dark, and he heard a great deal of talking and laughing, and a jingle of glass and silver. And Ellen came in and dressed Tommy in his best Marseilles suit, and the baby had on her tucked muslin, with puffs and pink ribbons, and her hair curled in little, shining rings; and when mamma came and led Tommy into the parlor, there was a large company of people, eating ice cream, and raspberries, and cake. They made a great fuss about Tommy and the baby, as if they meant to eat them up; and they really did look sweet enough to eat. And then Tommy sat on his papa's knee, and ate raspberries and cream, too.

When it grew a little darker Uncle Jim disappeared, and all at once a splendid rocket shot up from the front yard, with a loud "whiz," and after that a roman candle, and then some more rockets. And Tommy stood by the bay window, and fairly held his breath with delight. They kept it up for an hour, and the fire works were a wonderful success; besides they could see, in every direction, how the rockets and roman candles shot up from other people's front yards, making a splendid show against the dark sky.

And afterward the gas was lighted in the parlor, and mamma played on the piano, and Uncle Jim sang some songs with a lovely lady in white tarleton; and by and by they all went away. But I don't think Tommy will ever, ever forget that "Forf 'n July," not for five years at least.

THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

SEWELL & MILLER,

ALFRED L. SEWELL, JOHN E. MILLER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE, No. 9 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1870.

WRITERS, PLEASE READ

Our offer on page 63 of *five hundred dollars* for the best story of twelve chapters, to be written for **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**.

This will be a large prize for so short a story. We shall hope to have it competed for by the best writers for boys and girls in this country.

Competitors for this prize may rest assured that there will be no favoritism in the award. Every story sent to us will stand *entirely on its own merits*, without any regard to who writes it, or whether we have any personal acquaintance with the writer or not.

Only be careful that the manuscript is plain and easy to read, written on one side of the paper only. Let the author's real name and P. O. address be put up in same package, in a separate envelope.

ONE PARAGRAPH.

The *Boise City Chronicle*, in noticing our July number, has the following:

"THE LITTLE CORPORAL possesses many new features the coming volume, and is now the leading juvenile magazine of the world. There is something noble and grand in its pages; there is something life-like and beautiful in its teachings, which children can comprehend, and which elevates them to be men and women of high degree."

There; that kind of appreciation makes our pulses leap warmer. Let the \$500 prize story be of such a character that it will call out more of such words as those. We have already had scores of such notices, and we only desire to *deserve them more and more*.

MEDDLESOME MATTIE sends us a story, with nothing to indicate her real name. Of course the manuscript goes into the waste basket without a reading. We can't publish a story unless we have the writer's name, and we cannot take time to read stories when we *know* beforehand that we are not to publish them. So please don't waste your time and paper on anonymous manuscripts.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKMAN,

Edited by Rev. Alfred Taylor, is by all odds the freshest, best, and most prosperous undenominational Sunday-school weekly ever published. No Sunday-school worker, who desires to be up with the times, can afford to be without it. It keeps one posted as to what is going on in the work, everything new, and the best current thoughts of the best minds. It is but a little over six months old, and has a circulation of 25,000. It should double that in a few months. See advertisement on another page, for price, etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Any books noticed or advertised in **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, will be sent by us, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

OVERCOMING. By ELIZABETH K. CHURCHILL. 304 pages. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

These publishers have within the past year issued a number of beautiful books for the Sunday-school library, and are establishing so good a reputation that we are almost tempted to commend this story without reading it, what we have not yet had time to do. So many trashy and hurtful books are being pushed into our Sunday-school libraries, that it is refreshing to find a publisher who can give us so large a proportion of *excellent* books as Messrs. Lothrop & Co.

AMERICAN WOMANHOOD; ITS PECULIARITIES AND NECESSITIES. By JAMES C. JACKSON, M.D. 160 pages. Published by Austin, Jackson & Co., Dansville, N. Y.; and by Oakley Mason & Co., New York.

LIFE AT HOME; OF THE FAMILY AND ITS MEMBERS. By WILLIAM ARKMAN, M.D. 250 pages. Published by S. R. Wells, New York.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. By CHARLES READE. Author's Edition, Illustrated. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY No. 12.

(SEE PAGE 62, THIS NUMBER.)

FRANKIE'S PICTURE.—Frankie's mother and his little sister, Minnie, went to the saloon to have their pictures taken. When they came back, they showed the picture to Frankie. There was his mother and little Minnie, just as natural as life, only they couldn't speak. He thought it was a capital idea, and he formed a plan in his head, at once. Why couldn't his kitty have her picture taken? He resolved that he would go and see the picture man right off. Frankie had a little, red cart, and, of course, kitty must ride in the cart. But the cart jolted over the stones, and kitty thought it rather rough riding, so she jumped out. But Frankie caught her, and carried her under his arm. So he went to the saloon, and the man took his picture, with kitty under his arm. Sure enough, there was kitty, with all her whiskers on, and just as natural as life. Frankie took the picture and ran off home. He forgot kitty, and the little, red cart; and he didn't hear the man call out after him. Frankie thought it a wonderful picture, and his mother thought it was so funny.

W. O. C.

ANSWERS TO CHARADE, ETC., JULY NO.

No. 1.—*Charade*.—Sara-toga. No. 2.—*Charade*.—Rhode Island. No. 3.—*Enigma*.—*Pierre qui roule n'amasse point de mousse*: a rolling stone gathers no moss. No. 4.—*Puzzle*.—V-I-C-T-O-R-I-A. No. 5.—*Metamorphoses*.—*Deities*.—Ceres; Terra; Vesta; Pan; Aurora; Mercury; Pallas; Luna; Uranus; Iris; Ops; Juno; Hebe; Pomona; Apollo; Saturn; Oceanus; Diana; Hercules; Flora; Eros. No. 6.—*Scripture*.—*Enigma*.—Bethel, Marah, Peth, Heth; Bethlehem Ephratah.



Prudy's Pocket.

— *Wis.* "I had a little cousin visiting me from Minnesota. His eyes are black, and his hair brown and curly, and he is real nice only when his mamma washes his face, and then he gets very red and acts naughty."

Two printed letters on one sheet, from Maplewood, —, give Prudy very loving accounts of a little baby sister, and Anna closes hers by asking, "Is Prudy a woman?" Yes, dear, I suppose she is. She does not seem to get any bigger, but a little boy consoled her lately by saying, "You see, mamma, you don't grow bigger, when you have birthdays, but you grow older."

From *Olelania Center, Wis.*, we have a letter so beautifully written that it looks like copper-plate; and because the penmanship is so perfect, we must call Sarah's attention to the fact that she has misspelled four words—amongst, flavour, stile, to (for too). Look sharply after your spelling, and your beautiful penmanship may be a fortune to you, some day.

Scrubgrass, Pa. "I read the story in *THE CORPORAL* of Mamie Husted's Playhouse, and we made one for my sister, four years younger than I, by papering and carpeting a dry-goods box, making ottomans out of black velvet and green ribbon; a toilet stand of pasteboard draped with old lace and trimmed with blue ribbon. We made our bedstead, (for we could not buy one), cut some pictures out of an old book and framed them with coffee berries; and when it was all done it was very pretty."

We put this in for a hint to other little girls who have younger sisters.

Bucyrus, O. "Dannie wishes me to tell Prudy that he is five years old. His father died in the army, and he saved his pennies to pay for *THE CORPORAL*."

A little friend in *Bourbon, Ind.*, sends us a sad little letter, to tell of the death of her baby sister, Lizzie, not quite a year old, the second little sister God has taken from her. There are many, many in the Corporal's army who know just how to sympathise with little Retta. Here is a

letter from a brother and sister in *Twinsburg*, who have lost a little sister Julia, two and a half years old. They also may be sure of the sympathy of all who have known sorrow.

Du Quoin, Ill. "I have been looking in Prudy's Pocket, and do not see any letters from Egypt. If you should come here, I could give you some of the finest peaches in the country. I suppose there are more shipped from here than from any other town in the world! We have also beautiful flowers, and a splendid school-house here, and I assure you the children can learn in Egypt as well as anywhere else. I am thirteen years old. I began taking music lessons the day I was six; and this winter, besides my studies in school, my pa has given me lessons in thorough bass and Latin."

Has Sallie learned enough Latin to read this motto, "*Festina lente*"? If she cannot translate it, she may ask her pa. It is Prudy's advice to her.

Prairie City, Ill. "My dear papa died two years ago, but I have a good, kind mother, who helps me to take *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, and some dear brothers. My little brother Clemmie wants to know if Prudy has got any apples in her pocket!"

Wish she had.

We are glad to see that the boys are waking up, and proving that they know how to write letters as well as the girls. Prudy believes in boys, and is specially glad to get letters from them. Here are two from California:

North San Juan, Cal. "I saw in the *MAY CORPORAL* the account of a little girl in Illinois who had not been absent or tardy at school for seven months. I am thirteen, and have not been absent or tardy for two years and seven months!"

Who can beat that? Prudy thinks the boys in California must enjoy better health than some she knows.

Prairie, Cal. Henry Burr writes to send a club of new subscribers, and say that the longer he takes *THE CORPORAL* the better he likes it. And from *Paradise Valley*, in the same State, little Dolly sends a letter enclosing some money sent as a present to her Brother Eddie and herself, which they wish to invest in *THE CORPORAL*.

Colfax, Iowa. "I found a silver half dollar under the corn crib, this spring, and with it I bought me a pig, which I fed corn and milk every day. I expect to sell it in time to renew my subscription next Christmas. We have a nice organ, and I have learned to play and sing the Boat Song, and think it is very nice."

Two merry girls sang the Boat Song for Prudy, on the Fourth of July, as we were watching the boats scudding across the water on Lake Minnetonka.

Marysville, Texas. "We have a little brother who is as funny as Tommy Bancroft. He was just as proud of his first pair of pants, and tried as hard to make them long."

Reedsburg, Wis. "All the older ones in our family like *THE CORPORAL* just as well as we little ones. I think I have the smartest baby sister in the world. She reads the picture stories with

the rest of us, and when she says anything funny she finishes by saying, 'I read that in *TOM-POPPAL*.'

Drummerstown, Vt. "I help mamma a good deal by tending baby, and doing other things. I do not go to school, but mamma has taught me to read, and I am nearly through my geography."

You print very nicely, Mary.

—, *Ind.* "My sister takes *THE CORPORAL*, and we all like it. Are you a big, fat woman? How old are you? I have had my arm broke. Did you ever have your arm broke?"

Sometime, Lottie, when you and I have a little, confidential chat, I'll answer all your questions.

"Of all the stories in *THE CORPORAL* I like Tommy's Week the best; don't you? Won't you send me your photograph? If you will I will send you one of mine."

Prudy would be delighted to receive photographs from her little friends, but Dwight must excuse her if she cannot promise to return the favor.

Mobile, Ala. "Has Prudy room in her pocket for a letter from a little boy who is trying to fight for the good, the true, and the beautiful. I am nine years old, and this is the fifth year I have taken *THE CORPORAL*. At first I could only read the picture stories, but the very first winter I learned so that I could read it all; and I like you better than any other magazine. I got up a club last year, and mean to get up a larger one this year."

Huntington, Mass. "We have a dog named Major, who drives the cows to pasture every morning. I save all my money, and papa puts it in the savings' bank. When I have my picture taken I will send it to you."

Do so, little Annie.

One little friend wishes to know if Nimble Dick ever tried to fly again. Will W. O. C. please to report?

Camden, Mich. Hattie wants a name sweet enough for "the sweetest baby in the world." Who can send her one?

Wilton, N. H. "This is the fourth year I have taken *THE CORPORAL*. I like it very much. I read Prudy's Pocket. I wish *THE CORPORAL* came every week. I get tired of waiting for it. We live on a farm. My father has a store. I can't help him much. I have just had the measles."

Prudy recommends that boy's style for point and brevity.

Harry uses his mamma's hand to write a letter to Prudy, in which he says:

"My grandma sends me *THE CORPORAL*; don't you think she is good? I do. I think Tommy Bancroft is the funniest boy I ever heard of, but papa says I am a good deal like him. I have lots of nice books and pictures, and a rabbit, and five cats, and the baby. Don't you think I ought to be a happy boy? I live where Mr. Sewell used to go to college. Lots of people here remember him."

"I am Johnny Barrett, seven years old. I live on a farm, and have plenty of pigs and chickens.

We think there is no paper on earth like *THE CORPORAL*, and we lend it till it is fairly worn out. My brother and I are raising chickens to pay for it. I am going to take it as long as I live."

Bravo! for you, Johnny.

Michigan, Ind. "I am learning a dialogue from *THE FESTIVAL* for our school exhibition. I wish you could come and help us eat our ice cream."

Thank you; Prudy is very reliable help at such work.

Spring Island, Minn. "I want you to tell me in your next pocket whether you are Mrs. Miller or not, for I don't know."

Yes. Prudy is Mrs. Miller or not.

The next letter comes from Oregon, where Laura thinks they have a very smart little neighbor named Grant. Prudy has a little neighbor up here in Minnesota, named Grant.

South Haven, Mich. "I live on the shore of Lake Michigan, and have fine times fishing and bathing. I have two turtles for pets, and two white mice, besides some chickens and flowers, and, best of all, a dear little brother sixteen months old."

Somersville, —. "My father and mother have young hearts, for they like to read *THE CORPORAL* as well as I do. I always read Prudy's Pocket first, because I like it. I wish I could see Prudy, and Mr. Sewell, and Mrs. Miller."

From *Sullivan, Ind.*, comes this neat little printed letter:

"Dear Prudy: I am a little boy six years old. Last year I could not read *THE CORPORAL*, but now I go to school and read in the Fourth Reader, and can read the stories myself. I like Prudy's Pocket best of all. Next to that, Thanksgiving in Cricket Country. I know how to make sunshine myself."

Marysville, Tenn. "My little brother, three years old, dislikes very much to have his hair curled. One day he said, 'Mamma, what's the use of curling it; it just comes out?' 'O,' said mamma, 'it does not come out right away.' 'Well, then,' said brother, 'it comes out *wrong* away.'"

Carbondale. "Mamma has read all about Tommy to my sister and me, till we almost know it. We laughed when Tommy fell in the dough. I like you, and hope you will write some more funny stories. I think the black pictures in *THE CORPORAL* are nice."

In *St. Louis* a little girl wants to know how to raise apple trees from seed. She has some little ones growing in a flower pot.

Reynoldsville, Pa. "My little sister likes to hear about Tommy; she laughs about the bears, and about his staying in the stage so long. I mean to get up a club and get Red Ridinghood. There was a girl here the other day who said she thought Prudy was Mr. Sewell's wife. Is she? Please put this in your Pocket."

What a wise little girl that must have been. I can tell you one thing, tho', "for true," Flora. Mr. Sewell's wife knows all about Tommy, for Prudy has seen him at her house, her very self.

Private Queer's



ALPHABET SENTENCES.

We have given a number of sentences containing all the letters in the alphabet. Here is one from Iowa, by Wallie Wonsler:

"Loved Friend Queer, big Jewsharps make Zany's excellent music."

And another from H. G.: "Zealous men without reason, may prove kind, but fail quite in executing justice."

We will send **THE CORPORAL** for one year to everyone who sends a good, *short* alphabet sentence that has never before been printed, and is worthy of being published; and for six months for one similarly good, though it may have been published before, if it has not appeared in **THE CORPORAL**. So sharpen your wits, all ye bright folks, and let 's see what you can do.

No. 8.—SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

It has eighteen letters.

18, 4, 5, 4, 14, 8, was the cruel wife of an envious man.

1, 17, 6, 14, 10, 7, was an encampment of the wandering Israelites.

12, 2, 9, 8, 11, was a dwelling of the captive Israelites.

16, 13, 13, 11, was a Phœnician divinity,

15, 2, 1, was the youngest son of an ancient patriarch.

The whole is the longest name in the Bible, and the name of a son of the greatest prophet.

M. B. C. S.

No. 9.—CHARADE.

My first is what your eye sought for,
When your last new chapeau came;
And it rests on the head of an emperor
Like a very familiar name;
And 'tis taken by drowsy Kitty, or
The comfort loving dame.

Rejected lovers and millers bear
My second; and oft you hear
Besieged cities, in time of war,
From soldiers my second fear;
Yet youths and maidens my second wear
When Jack Frost hastens near.

My whole is the marching soldier's prize,
And comforts many are in it;
My whole you see, and it will surprise
Me, if you do not win it.
For you yourself with curious eyes
Explore me this very minute. M. B. C. S.

No. 10.—CHARADE.

Men seek my second, when first or last are nigh.
My first is dark; my last is rude and high;
My whole oft through my first makes melody.
J. O. S.

No. 11.—LOST AUTHORS.

American.—Big red wort; Oh! sing nig; So wet; Her wit it; By tarn; I swill; Lo! mesh; Is Gazas; We loll; Follow Levi. *Foreign.*—So sat; Sick Ned; At den; Bring now; Tin mol; Ask her peas; Hay racket; Sly heel; Steak; To whit. M. B. C. S.

A CONUNDRUM.

When are soldiers and stonecutters like grape vines?

When they have ten drill(s).

PUZZLE.—Here is a puzzle which may have been published before, but I have not seen it in print. The puzzle is merely to ask any one of your friends to write down in common figures *eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven*. Try it, write it, and ask your friends to write it, and see if it is not a laughable puzzle.

A NOTE.—I saw a gentleman hand his sister an envelope, and she as well as I understood him to say, "Here is a note for you." She opened the envelope, expecting to enjoy the pleasure of reading a note from some one of her schoolmates. All smiled when she found only *only a grain of oats*. The gentleman had really said, "Here is an oat for you." We thought it a good joke.

No. 12.—A PICTURE STORY.—FRANKIE'S PICTURE.



The Reading given on page 59, (editorial page, this number).

W. O. C.

Publisher's Department.

✓ All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

HOW TO REMIT.

Checks on Chicago, Philadelphia, New York City, or Boston banks are best for large sums, made payable to the order of SEWELL & MILLER.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us *without any loss*.

Registered letters, under the new system, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money, where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. *Observe the registry fee as well as postage, must be paid in stamps, at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it. Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.*

Where you are sending one dollar or less, you may send a greenback at our risk; where more than one dollar is sent, either of the above ways will be safe.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

\$500.00 Prize Story!

The above prize is hereby offered for the best story to be written for and published in THE LITTLE CORPORAL MAGAZINE.

The story must describe real American life, and have little or nothing to do with fairies or goblins. It must have a high moral aim, containing nothing inconsistent with pure Christianity. It must be fresh, simple, and instructive; such a story as will not only fascinate and charm children, but will tend either to make them wiser and better, or stir them up to noble aims, or both, ever keeping in remembrance THE CORPORAL'S motto, '*Fighting against Wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful.*' It must be free from slang phrases.

It must be short It must contain twelve chapters, with only from four thousand to five thousand words in each chapter. The interest must be kept up in every chapter, and the story must not be allowed to degenerate into mere sensation.

Such a story as we want will interest boys and girls, and all older people who have young hearts.

Each manuscript must reach us complete in one package, *before the fifteenth of October,*

1870, and the prize will be awarded by the first week of December.

Of course, as there is but one prize offered, only one manuscript can be chosen. We shall therefore reserve the privilege of purchasing any of the unsuccessful ones at fair prices.

We trust this offer may call out at least one magnificent story.

SOMETHING VALUABLE

FOR

Churches and Sunday Schools.

A System of Schedules and Checks to carry out a simple and efficient plan, by which the revenue of any church or Sunday school may be largely increased without being burdensome to those interested. The books, checks, etc., necessary for working the plan cost \$10, and will be worth hundreds of dollars to those using them.

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We give below a few specimens of the matter contained in them:

Napoleon said of the Bible—"With this book for its guide, the soul can never go astray." *Read it daily.* John v. 39

Blackstone wrote—"A corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath."

"The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be im-

periled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

"Never read a book which you would not read in the presence of your mother." No matter how late at night or alone you are when sinning, God is looking right at you.

Indelicate, as well as obscene words and stories uttered by me, scar my soul, poison those that hear them, and may bring the blood of their souls on my own, at the judgment!

Profane swearing, being against the laws of good society and the State, as well as against the laws of God, am I either a gentleman or a good citizen, if I swear?

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16.

As it would be a sin against its parent for a child to delay to obey a positive command of that parent, so it is a sin for me to delay a moment to obey the command of my Father in heaven, "Give me thy heart."

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"DrunK—Stupefied, or, inflamed by the action of spirit on the stomach and brain."—*Webster's Dictionary.* "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God."—1 Corinthians vi. 10.

"Make and keep me pure within," is an appropriate prayer for me to offer, particularly when tempted to use wine, or, worse still, to lead others to use it—on holidays, for example.

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There are many others, but these will serve as samples.

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WRITE FOR THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.—We respectfully invite all our friends to send contributions for THE FESTIVAL; dialogues, recitations, exercises of all kinds for day or Sabbath-school entertainments. Everything must be wide awake, first class, and full of life. Please let everything for the fourth number reach us by the twentieth of August, at latest, and as much earlier as possible.

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FERRY HALL.—We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of Mr. E. P. Weston, Principal of "Ferry Hall," a Young Ladies' Seminary at Lake Forest, Ill. Having seen the Institution, we feel sure Mr. Weston represents one of the best Ladies' Colleges in the northwest, and we do not hesitate to recommend it. Also, the Academy for Boys, of which Mr. Ira W. Allen is Principal. We suggest that those desiring to secure such schools for their children, should send for catalogues without delay.

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THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG ; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XI.—SEPTEMBER, 1870.—NO. 3.

THE CRICKETS' GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.



ALL the children but Kitty had gone to school. Even the baby trotted along with Susy, holding fast to the dinner basket with one fat hand, as he went. Kitty was down on her knees, busily washing the hearth; her father had gone to Woodbury, and her mother was all ready for her walk over to Aunt Meg's, standing there in the long road of sunshine that came through the kitchen door, with her cheeks showing clear and rosy, and her brown eyes smiling under her clear white sunbonnet.

"You needn't look for me before sundown, Kitty."

That was all, and then she hurried down the path out into the road, and Kitty stood in the door a minute, and watched her bobbing briskly along, now in the cool, velvety shadows of the big walnut trees, now through the glows of yellow sunshine that stretched between them, till at last she passed the little schoolhouse, and went down the hill out of sight. Kitty turned to her work, thinking cheerily of the long, nice, quiet time she would have by herself, when it was done.

The door that led out to the cool, white, back porch, stood wide open, and you could hear the chirping of the little chickens around their old box, out by the damask rose bush, and it sounded so bright and cheery, all mixed up together, and it seemed to Kitty one might see the little voices, shining in the air like ever so many little white and golden "blossoms of sound."

The doves were softly cooing, out upon the barn roof, and she listened to them while she did her scouring, and scrubbing, and dust-

ing, and it made her feel hushed and reverent, as if it were the Sabbath. And presently she fell to thinking about one Sabbath when they all went to Quaker meeting, Kitty, and Susy, and the baby, and the boys, and their mother and father, and Uncle Tally, and Aunt Meg, all in one big wagon.

She had a pleasant picture in her memory of the big, white meeting house, standing up so clean and bright in the summer air, with long wings of sunshine stretching in through the broad, open doors, over the straight, high-backed seats; and she liked to think how all the reverent people waited and waited in the breathless silence, and the little babies on their mothers' laps nibbled their seed cakes and never murmured, and the happy bees hummed out in the sweet, warm air, and a bird sailed in and out again, with a gentle whirl of wings; and one could catch little whiffs of clover fragrance now and then, and all the while the doves were tranquilly cooing and shining on the great, red roof of Nathan Hatter's barn, just across the meadow; how, at last, somebody's grandmother, with her dear old face lily white under her pearl-gray bonnet, rose from her seat and softly chanted out, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." And after that sat down, and then came a little more silence, and then all the quiet people rose and fell to shaking hands, and the tired little babies chattered and cried a little, and meeting was over at last.

Presently Kitty's housework was all done. The floor was white as the pantry shelves, the clear, red hearth almost glittered, the mantel had its usual fresh pitcher of flowers, and her mother's little glasses of newly-made jelly were ranged carefully in the sun, upon the south window sill.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Sewall & Miller, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

It was very pleasant to sit and sew there, in her mother's easy chair, by the window, where the sunshine twinkled through the sweetbriar and lay in little drops and patches all over the narrow old sill; and she liked her work, too, for every bit of calico had a little story in it, for her to think about, while she sat joining them all together with cunning little stitches. Most precious of all were the little, pale blue, and dotted pink, and cloudy buff triangles; they were bits of her Aunt Lottie Hill's baby's dresses.

The quilt blocks were finished, by and by, and laid evenly in their clean, paper box, and Kitty leaned back in the comfortable old chair, and clasped her tired fingers loosely in her lap. It was such a perfect, royal day. The heat was not sickening, but only deep enough to make the shade delicious. And the butterflies went idly wavering out in the dreamy light, and the young corn stood up radiant and strong, with all its wavy leaves softly whispering together, and the far woods showed soft and rich through a tender haze, and the warm air was sweetened with wandering scents of ripening berries, and growing grain, and hay, and clover, through all the golden hours. Sometimes, when the earth seemed fair and summery enough outdoors, Kitty could hear little, dreary, wind sounds creeping about the eaves of the old house, while she sat in the silence, but none were moaning there that day. Only the voices of little chickens, and the doves cooing, and the crickets singing in the grass, with gushes of bird music now and then, sounded dreamily through the summer quiet. Sometimes the blackbirds in the trees just beyond the deadening sent up a sudden jangle of sharp sounds, but it was quite far off, and only sounded cheery and silvery, like the sharpening of tiny scythes for tiny mowers. The crickets kept up the sweetest chorus of all, Kitty thought, as she sat and listened, only it was growing fainter and fainter.

Presently there was a little, ticking sound, down upon the sill, and she looked and saw a funny bit of an old carriage, drawn by two plump, old horses, not much bigger than grasshoppers, and there was old Mr. Cricket himself, in the carriage. Kitty's own Mr. Cricket, who took her to his Thanksgiving dinner, such a long time ago, and he looked just as hearty and jolly as ever. He wore a little straw hat, that was very big for him, with the broad rim turned down all around, and he had on a linen coat that was so old it was perfectly white and threadbare, but it was starched very stiff; and he had a big, red and yellow handkerchief tied around his

neck, to keep it from being sunburnt, while another just like it was spread over his knees, and a big, palm-leaf fan rested by his side.

"Good day," he chirped, stopping his horses and nodding at Kitty. "I've come after you. It's the anniversary of our wedding day, mine and Mrs. Cricket's, you know, and she wanted to have something nice happen in honor of it, and so she just sent me up after you. She's baked a lofty cake, that's covered with icing, and stuck full of raisins, and there'll be roast turkey, and quince preserves, and strawberry shortcake. And you're to come down and spend the day with us. Mrs. Cricket has never forgotten you since the day you wanted to weave sunshine. 'She loves her mother dearly, too, Kitty does,' says Mrs. Cricket, 'and that's a thing one likes to see.'"

"But I haven't any nice gift to take," said Kitty. "I'm sure I haven't anything half lovely enough to give you and Mrs. Cricket. Is it your golden wedding? I heard Aunt Lottie tell about a golden wedding, once."

Mr. Cricket shook his head almost impatiently, and fanned himself with his big palm leaf, as if he were very warm, indeed.

"Don't know anything about your kind of golden weddings," he replied; "but if you mean that the two people have grown very old together, since they first began to love each other, and that their love has grown stronger and stronger every year, and at last, when the fiftieth day comes 'round,' they feel that life is all golden and good, as a field of tall, ripe wheat, why, if *that's* it, our anniversary is a golden wedding. But we don't want any gifts, except the gift of your presence with us, little Kitty Clover."

"O," said Kitty, all in a tremble with eager delight, "I shall be very glad to go, if that's the case. Are you going down the road through the hearth, like we did last Thanksgiving?"

"No," Mr. Cricket replied, "we'll go down to Cricket Country by the summer road, which leads through your mother's old garden, where the raspberry bushes grow, and the scarlet popples flame out over the ripe June grass. Come, we want to get there early, you know."

"Yes," said Kitty "I am in a hurry to be there myself."

And the minute she touched the carriage she was changed into a cunning, little, barefooted girl, ever so much smaller than Mr. Cricket. And it was such a dear, cosy, cushiony old carriage to ride in, not very fine and not very shabby, with plenty of fringes, and curtains, and lappets for little fingers to pull

and twist, and nothing about it too dainty to be touched; and Mr. Cricket said that he and Mrs. Cricket rode to Cricket meeting in it every Sunday.

I think the old carriage must have rocked and swayed so deliciously that Kitty dozed a little, for she never could remember much about the summer road, but when they reached Cricket Country she was wide enough awake, you may be sure. There the loveliest flowers bloomed all along the long, white road, and the sunshine seemed better than any other sunshine, softer, and yellower, and sweeter.

The wheat was ripe in the broad fields, and the Crickets were merrily reaping it everywhere, keeping time to the chime of their gleaming sickles with chirpings hearty and glad, while blended with the harvest music softly sounded the singing of the little crickets, weaving sunshine in their looms at home.

"Seems to me," said Kitty, softly, while they rode through the wonderful sunshine, "that I've heard all this music far off, when I've been alone in mother's kitchen, or out in the old raspberry garden. Do you suppose I ever have?"

Mr. Cricket said he didn't know; it might be, she was always listening so for the little, fine, sweet voices nobody else could hear.

At last they came to Mr. Cricket's own house. There it was, with the roses in blossom all over it, and the white clover filling the little yard like drifts of summer snow. And they heard the softest, tenderest song of all, floating through the quiet rooms.

"It's Mrs. Cricket," said Mr. Cricket, when he had stopped his horses. "Her voice isn't quite so strong as it used to be, but it's sweet and loving. She's singing at her loom, and she weaves the best sunshine in Cricket Country. You can tell the difference between her sunshine and anybody else's the minute you touch it. Some old Crickets can't weave, but it needn't be so. The older one grows the better one should weave. But there she is; let her speak for herself."

Sure enough, the song was ended, and there was old Mrs. Cricket coming down to the gate, all robed in a stately gown of silk, that had shifting colors of green, and red, and purple, and gold, as she walked, and she had a bright rose in her cap, and roses on the toes of her little, high-heeled slippers, and her dear old face itself was rosy with pleasure.

"You blessed little mother lover," she said, taking Kitty's face in both her hands, and kissing it. "You kissed your mother's

very bonnet strings this morning, did you? And so you've come to see how old Mr. Cricket and I stand our life together. It's a beautiful, contented day we've come to, and our love is earnest as ever, after all the many long years. But there! company in the house, and we must make haste. Come Kitty."

So they went in. The black profile portraits of all the old Crickets that were dead and gone had green sprigs stuck around them, and right over the middle of the mantel hung Mrs. Cricket's own portrait, just as she looked when she stood in her bridal robes by Mr. Cricket's side. There stood the radiant dinner table, too, with Mrs. Cricket's huge cake towering up grandly from the very middle of it, like a glistening snow mountain. In an arm chair by the open window sat an old blind Cricket, in a very clean, old, faded dress. She kept her head bowed, but she chirped "How do you do?" in the midst of Cricket voices, when old Mrs. Cricket said,

"Here is Kitty; the little girl I have talked so much about, you know, dear. Sit down near her, if you please, Kitty."

Kitty sat near her while Mrs. Cricket was putting dinner upon the table; and the blind cricket stroked her hair, and said,

"How beautiful it must be, it's so soft! Speak to me; I want to hear how you chirp."

And then Kitty told her bashfully that she couldn't chirp at all, and couldn't sing much, either. And the blind Cricket said her voice was delightful to hear, anyhow. And then they all sat down to dinner, and Kitty had a huge napkin pinned around her neck, so that she "could eat turkey, and take comfort, and not be afraid of the gravy."

After dinner was over, the poor, old, blind Cricket took a nice little nap upon the lounge, while Mr. Cricket read the Cricket Country Herald, and his wife and Kitty were clearing away the dishes, and she never woke up till they came and sat down in the cool, quiet room, to talk.

"Do you see the picture over the mantel, of an old Cricket with a black feather in his cap?" said Mrs. Cricket to Kitty. "That was one of Mr. Cricket's ancestors. He came over in the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims. Nobody knew it, but there he was, safely stowed away in an old carved chest. And he chirped every night, and through all the long days, while they sailed, and the little children heard him, and dreamed they were at home, in soft little beds, under the low, old roof, or playing in the sunny lanes,

between the hedges. He used to bitterly long for his old home, sometimes, and thought he would give his whole life for one hour in the little hearth where he used to sing in the cool evenings, while the children chatted, and laughed, and warmed their pink feet by the fire, and the tea kettle sang its own sociable tune, and the good father read the bible aloud, and gloried in its glad tidings, and talked, with flashing eyes, of a better time to come, when he and the ones he loved might worship God just as they pleased. 'And I do pray that time may come,' our Pilgrim Cricket used to say, in his heart, while they sailed and sailed through the weary days; but he always doubted, till at last the journey was ended, and a new home was built in the wilderness, and a new hearth was laid, where he came in the dusk and chirped, and the little children laughed, and said, 'Hark! the Crickets have come, too! Now *they* may worship God just as they please. Do you hear that one? It's the same we used to hear.' And then their mother reproved them for such shouts and laughter, and bade them sit around their own little table, and each one bow his head, and say a little grace over his own bowl of porridge, and not speak while they ate."

Kitty looked up eagerly into Mrs. Cricket's kind old face.

"Did the little children always eat by themselves, and each one say a little grace?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cricket; "they had a little low table, and little stools to sit on, and they sat and ate, stately and grave. They didn't flock around the grown-up table, like a brood of hungry little chickens."

"We don't, up at mother's, either," interrupted Kitty, quietly, "but mother lets us laugh and talk, if we won't be rude; and I think our way is a good deal the nicest."

And old Mr. Cricket stroked her hair, and said, "Of course it is, Kitty Clover."

Just then they heard a few twangs from an old violin, that only had one string to it, and they all looked out, and there was a poor, old, crazy Cricket, just inside the gate. He was barefooted and ragged, and his old straw hat was loaded with wheat stalks and wilted poppies. But he stood muttering to himself, and twanging his old violin as if it gave the most charming melody in the world.

"Poor creature!" said old Mrs. Cricket, softly, as she hurried down the path in her bright, rustling silk. "What do you want, Cricket? Will you come in? Do come in and rest; I know you've tramped many a mile, to-day."

So he followed her to the door, carrying his old violin in his arms like a baby, but he halted at the step and sat down there, muttering,

"The first that came down the hill was dressed in white,

The next was paler:

Next there came Lord Rollinby's wife;

Next the miller.

O, lackaday!"

Presently Mrs. Cricket came from the pantry with a bountiful dinner for him, upon a plate, and she said,

"Here, Cricket, you must taste my cake. This is our golden wedding you know. Don't you remember the day? You were there, the merriest Cricket of them all."

"Yes, I was there," said the Cricket, sadly, looking out at Mr. Cricket's broad fields, as if he saw far beyond them. "But I've been wandering ever since, and I'm tired and heart sick. But you're a beautiful bride!"

"His wife and his little children wouldn't weave any sunshine for him," said Mrs. Cricket, so softly that he could not hear her, "and so he went crazy, long ago. You wouldn't think my dear blind friend here could weave at all, would you, Kitty? But she does weave lovely sunshine, such as flowers always bloom brightest in."

Mr Cricket had been fumbling for several minutes for something, among some papers, in a little, dark, polished closet, near the mantel, with his cheeks and his ears growing redder and redder the longer his search continued. Presently he found what he wanted, and stepped just in front of his arm chair, with a written paper in his hand. Then he coughed a little, blushing redder still, and gave his forehead a vigorous rub with his gorgeous silk handkerchief. He had written a little ode, he said, "Addressed to his wife upon the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day, and he would now read it, if agreeable to the company."

Mrs. Cricket trembled, and the tears came to her eyes, and she smiled a little, and looked altogether lovable and kissable, in spite of the wrinkles in her dear old face, and all she could say was,

"Why, Cricket, my dear!"

And the blind Cricket held up her head, and chirped in a little, soft, eager voice,

"O, Mr. Cricket! what a beautiful thing for you to do."

And Kitty chimed into the little chorus, "O, yes, Mr. Cricket, please do hurry and read it."

But the crazy Cricket only turned around

for his plate, and nodded, and said, "Read, read, read."

So, after putting on his spectacles, Mr. Cricket began, holding the paper very stiffly, straight out before him ;

"Who is this riding through Kilmagore gates?

Two men in gowns,

Two with spears.

Dear heart!

"Who is this stealing through Kilmagore gates?

Sharpen your arrows.

And mend your bows;

Your lady is stolen away.

Dear heart!

"Look down, moon, over Kilmagore wall.

The lattice is shut,

The lute is still;

Lord Kilmagore's lady is gone.

Dear heart!"

That was all of the ode, and Mr. Cricket sat down, and they all waited in breathless silence for a minute.

"I think it would sound better if you could hear it sung," said Mr. Cricket, presently, doubtfully eyeing his little manuscript while he spoke.

"It's very beautiful," chirped the blind Cricket, by and by. "But I never *could* understand poetry, I am so stupid. I didn't hear anything about Mrs. Cricket in it, unless you meant her when you said 'Dear heart.'"

"That's just the part that *was* addressed to her," answered Mr. Cricket, in triumph. "The rest of it was poetry after the old style. It doesn't make any difference whether anybody understood it or not. It's poetry, anyhow."

Mrs. Cricket crossed the room to straighten his coat collar a little, and she bent her head very close to his cheek, and whispered, "Thank you, dear."

And Kitty came and stood by him, and said, "Won't you make an ode to mother, sometime? This was so quaint, and mysterious, and I liked that line that said, 'Look down, moon, over Kilmagore wall.' I'm sure that *was* poetry."

Of course Mr. Cricket promised to write an ode to her mother; and Mrs. Cricket took the paper from his hand, and said she would lay it among her treasures. But the crazy Cricket had gone, nobody knew how or when.

All at once a sudden, silver chorus rang around the house, and there stood a band of Cricket children, all dressed in radiant white, with wreaths upon their heads, and flowers in their hands, and the old crazy Cricket stood in front of them, eagerly twanging his weak, old violin, but that could hardly be heard through the clear, joyous song. Mr. Cricket looked at Kitty and his wife with the least little wink in the world, as much

as to say, "I was in the secret. I knew they were gathering around while I kept you listening to my ode."

As for Kitty, she forgot everything but the strange, delicious music, and felt a thrill of delight creeping over her while she listened. Softer and softer grew the song, while the little crickets came tripping lightly into the quaint little room, each one bringing Mrs. Cricket a lovely wreath. Softer and softer, till the melody was ended, and the Crickets were gone, and Mrs. Cricket sat there looking like a pyramid of blossoms, with a lace cap perched upon the top of it.

Then the crazy Cricket trudged sadly down the road; and Mr. Cricket got the carriage ready, because it was growing late, and his wife and the blind Cricket came down to the gate, to give Kitty a loving good bye, and then Kitty and Mr. Cricket rode away up through the summer road, till they came to the pleasant window in the dear old kitchen, and in a minute he was gone, and there sat Kitty, as large as life, in her mother's chair, and it seemed just as if she'd had a nice, long dream.

CAPTAIN NODDY.

BY A. S. F.

Did you ever hear of such a queer name for a captain? I have heard of captains by the name of Smith, and Brown, and Jones, but I never recollect hearing of anybody by the name of Noddy, do you?

This Captain Noddy, that I am going to tell you about, is a very old one, a great deal older than our dear General Washington, whom we all love to hear about; yes, and ever so much older than a certain man named Methuselah, whom we read of in the Bible. I suppose you think it is very strange for me to say that anybody could be older than he was, for everyone says "Methuselah was the very oldest man that ever lived;" but this captain has been about ever since Adam and Eve had children, and I do not believe we shall ever get rid of him as long as the world stands.

The little folks I don't think ever like him, for he generally manages to come along in the evening right after tea, just as they are going to have a real nice play, or hear a delightful story.

It seems to me he needn't make himself so disagreeable, and come at the very time when he is not wanted. The worst of it is, you never can see him coming, for his tread is so light; but whenever your eyes begin to sting, and feel as if they were full of sand

or cobwebs, and the upper lids will fall down, and you feel very cross, then you may know Captain Noddy is near.

We once had a bright-eyed little boy who would frolic around all day, but as soon as evening came, he would sit down and get very quiet.

"What is the matter, Harry?" his mamma would say. "I think Captain Noddy is coming."

The little fellow would jump up and look all around. "Where is he, mamma?" he would say.

He never could catch a glimpse of the old fellow; and his mamma would laugh, and say, "I suppose my little boy is too sleepy to see well."

One day a poor, old beggar man came in the garden, and little Harry rushed in to ask if that was Captain Noddy. His mamma took her son's hand, and said,

"There is no such real person as Captain Noddy; but when little boys and girls get very tired and sleepy, we say they are having a visit from him, because their heads nod and bob about."



ASLEEP.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Softly in the golden west
See the day is dying;
Homeward to the sheltered nest,
Come the swallows flying.
Through my chamber, cool and dim,
Dusky shades are creeping,
Where I sing my cradle hymn
By the baby sleeping.
Hush! in tender dreams he lies,
All the world forgetting;
Slumber vaileth from his eyes
Longing and regretting!
Idle hands above his breast
Reach no more for pleasures,

Light as drifted blooms thy rest
Emptied of their treasures.
Soft he sleeps! no longer mine,
Though I watch beside him;
In his slumbers, half divine,
Holy angels guide him.
Baby, while the shadows creep,
Slumber on thy pillow.
Like a lily rocked to sleep
On the swaying billow.
When the rosy morning gleams,
From thy visions breaking,
Leave the happy land of dreams,
Mine again, in waking.

ORIENTAL GAMES AND PASTIMES.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

No. 3.—GAMBLING. JUGGLERY. FIRE-
WORKS.

Gambling is practiced by all classes, from the king on his throne to the poor beggar who prowls at the gates of the wealthy to find a scanty support, not in "the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table," but in the veriest refuse that is cast from his gate. So passionately devoted to this despicable vice are most nations of the East, that when everything else has been bartered off to supply the means for its indulgence, they will *sell their wives or children into slavery*, or even *pawn their own bodies*, to get money to gamble with. Licensed gaming houses are found in every city, and most oriental monarchs derive large revenues from this source. Sometimes dice are used, and occasionally small *courtes* (shells); but cards are most general.

The common people, male and female, frequent the public saloons; but the higher classes do their gambling in their own homes, and often boast of the large sums lost or won among their friends. But though husbands and fathers thus employ their time, wives and daughters are strictly forbidden to engage in such immoral pastimes, lest the purses of the heads of families should suffer detriment by the contents leaking out thro' too many hands; and these lords of creation prefer gambling off their own pistoles, to having their wives and daughters do it for them.

During the reign of the usurper who sat upon the throne of Siam at the time of my visit to that country, it was one day reported to his majesty, that some scores of his *six hundred* wives had been indulging in the great sin of gambling. The fair culprits being summoned to the royal presence, made full confession of their guilt, but prayed forgiveness on the ground that they had lost only the trifling sum of twenty thousand teals (\$12,000), which, they argued, "was but as a drop in the ocean, compared with the boundless resources of his Serene Infalible Majesty!" The covetous old king, who loved money better than anything else in the world, the fair culprits themselves not excepted, had no sooner heard the sum of twenty thousand teals mentioned, than, losing all patience, he summoned to his presence several high officers of the harem, and ordered them to inflict "the fatherly

discipline of thirty stripes" on each of the offending ladies, that they might in future "be preserved from the degrading vice of gaming." Had their evil propensities cost his majesty less, their morals would have been deemed safe under a milder treatment. Whether the fair culprits considered their royal consort "infalible" on this occasion, we are left only to conjecture.

Jugglery is another amusement of which all oriental nations are exceedingly fond. Their feats in this line are numerous and varied, and their dexterity in everything requiring sleight of hand is famous the world over. But snake charming is that branch of jugglery in which they especially excel. They will so tame the deadly cobra-di-capello, the most venomous of all venomous reptiles, as to toy with it with impunity, hanging several of them around their necks at once, twisting them about their bare arms, placing them in their bosoms, and even taking the head of one of these deadly serpents in their mouths. Again, the juggler will place half a dozen snakes of as many different species in a deep basket having a long, narrow neck, and, without looking in, will thrust down his hand and draw up one or more, toy with it for awhile, and then throwing it back will take up another, and so on, as long as he can obtain willing, or rather, paying spectators.

I have frequently seen all these and many other feats performed by oriental jugglers, and always without the slightest injury accruing to the actors. These, when they have adopted juggling as a profession, always devote themselves strictly to its study and practice, and each strives to excel all others in dexterity and daring. They are generally highly esteemed in a community, and are believed to possess authority over diseases, to be able to kill or cure at will, and even to have power to summon or drive off evil spirits, ghosts, and genii. Absurd as are such claims, the reality of their power over venomous reptiles, admits of not the shadow of a doubt. How this power is at first acquired, or afterward maintained, is not so readily shown. It is to a very considerable extent due to the influence of music, which is always employed by the snake charmers to throw the reptiles into a sort of spell during their performances, aided also by a monotonous waving to and fro of the juggler's body—a motion that seems to lull the snakes into a dreamy, mesmeric trance, in which they may be kept for days together. In addition to this the snakes are very carefully tended, never suffered to become hungry, nor

yet fed to such repletion as to occasion either temporary torpor or a habit of gluttony. The jugglers also keep their own bodies smeared with some oily substance, the nature of which they will not divulge; but we may infer that it is something for which the snake has a natural antipathy, or else that it exerts over its nerves some narcotic influence. All these influences combined may be sufficient to produce the marvelous powers of the oriental snake charmer. Certain it is that the poisonous fangs are not extracted, as some have supposed, but the reptiles are brought wholly unmutated into the arena.

Fireworks, of great variety and brilliancy, furnish another amusement of which most eastern nations are fond, those of China and Siam especially. They are, however, indulged in but rarely, usually once a year, for three or four days consecutively, at a time appointed by the king.

In Siam, the king goes out on the river in his royal barge, attended by the princes of the blood, the nobles of the realm, and an immense retinue of officers, priests, and soldiers. The state barge of his majesty forms the center of a fleet of several hundred boats, all gaily decorated with flags and banners, and from the entire train of boats is sent forth a perfect bombardment of fireworks, in the form of sky rockets, fire wheels, flying fish, and alligators, sputtering and hissing through and athwart the water, and lighting up the very heavens with brilliancy.

The night following the king's exhibition, the nobles have one of the same sort, quite as grand as that of their royal master; and then the whole winds up with a night for the common people, in which every family, however poor, manages to take some humble part, and, as might be supposed, in this grand old city of five hundred thousand inhabitants, a brilliant time they have of it. The smooth bosom of the noble Insinam (Mother of Waters) seems perfectly covered with boats for miles above and below the city, and fairly to groan beneath the rich freight that floats in such wierd loveliness over her swelling waters. From sunset till almost daylight, these numberless boats send flying in every direction every possible style and variety of fireworks, according to the rank and wealth of the party. Every boat's crew are gaily hilarious, the houses on either bank of the river are illuminated, and the great city, with its teeming thousands, seems for the time given up to fun and frolic, not less general and exciting than that which is ushered in by the Carnival of Venice.

NO. 4.—KITE FLYING. SHUTTLECOCK, ETC.

Kite flying and shuttlecock are, in eastern lands, not games for children merely, as among us; but for adults as the principal actors, while the children are generally only spectators. Kites are in vogue but at one season of the year, and then the rage for them, and the number to be seen whizzing about your ears, or soaring gallantly among the clouds, would seem perfectly incredible to one who has never witnessed the novel spectacle of a thousand enormous kites floating in mid air over the turrets and spires of a great city. Sometimes even haughty nobles deign to indulge in this favorite sport; but whenever this is the case, the kite is sent up by a servant from the turret of a castle or palace, and it sufficiently excels in size and splendor those of the common people to prove that the owner does not forget, even in the matter of kite flying, the immense distance between a noble and his serfs.

Kites vary not only in size, but in form, and in the materials of which they are composed. Sometimes they are of mammoth size, formed of oiled silk instead of paper, and represent a castle, palace, or pagoda, lighted by small tapers placed within, which, of course, ultimately set fire to the light, combustible material, and this literal "castle of the air" is consumed. Again, they are sent forth on their aerial voyage in the form of an enormous bird, a flying serpent, or some other real or fabulous creature. Even the human species has its representative in the kite line, sometimes as a giant man armed for battle, and again as a beautiful damsel in flowing hair and glittering robes.

Archery is occasionally practiced as a pastime, but it requires too much muscular exertion to be a favorite recreation with the indolent and ease-loving East Indian.

Their game of shuttlecock is unique, and purely oriental in its manner of execution. The shuttlecock is very similar to that used by boys in our own country; but the battle-door is simply the sole of each man's foot! The actors, ten, twenty, or thirty, as it may be, stand up in a ring, when one begins the game by throwing the shuttlecock toward one of his comrades, who, seeing it approach, prepares himself for its reception by wheeling quickly on one leg, and throwing up the other in time to receive the shuttlecock just in the center of the sole, and send it bounding furiously back to his opponent, or some other one in the circle, who performs the same feat in the same way, and so on round and round the ring, keeping up the game

sometimes for half an hour without the shuttlecock being once allowed to touch the ground.

I have seen this game thus played by the Siamese, who greatly delight in it—at least in being spectators of the fun; and it would be a universal favorite with orientals, did it require the outlay of less energy and physical strength, two ingredients of which nature has been rather sparing in the composition of those eastern nations.

As a general rule, the middle and lower classes spend most of their leisure either in gambling or reading—pastimes better suited to their indolent habits than any more active sports, as well as strictly in consonance with a favorite oriental *bon mot*: “no man will run when he may walk, walk when he may stand, stand when he may sit, or sit when he may lie down.”

In reading, most East Indians take great delight, and greedily devour every new book of which they can by any means possess themselves. In the pleasant recreation thus afforded, is doubtless to be found one of the chief reasons for their indifference to more active sports, and the clue to their peculiar traits of effeminacy, indolence, and puerility, coupled with the redeeming characteristics of gentleness, patience under oppression, and hospitality to strangers. Could the benefits of the press be liberally dispensed throughout the east, and through its means a moral and religious literature be widely diffused in those sunny lands of the tropics, we might hope soon to see them “budding and blossoming as the rose,” and prepared liberally to dispense of their own rich gifts to those less nobly endowed.

One more game—a royal one—practiced by the monarchs of Siam from time immemorial, will conclude this sketch. I first saw it on the occasion of a grand levee given by his Siamese majesty to all the foreigners resident at his court, probably the wealthiest in the East.

At the upper end of the room in which the reception was to take place, was erected, on an elevated platform, a temporary throne, very richly ornamented, and covered with luxurious cushions of purple velvet. Over this hung a canopy of white satin, festooned with garlands of fragrant flowers, which filled the air with their luscious perfume. In the immediate vicinity of the throne were laid cushions for the foreigners, then others in their rear for the princes and nobles of the realm, and still farther off were accommodations for an immense concourse of government officers, petty lords, and private gen-

tlemen; while scattered here and there throughout the crowded hall were the yellow-robed Buddhist priests, holding before them the long-handled clerical fans of their order. The whole number assembled in the pavilion was probably fifteen thousand; yet such is the awe inspired by the presence of royalty, that perfect order was maintained throughout, although the levee lasted nearly eight hours, and no one was permitted to leave as long as “His Serene Majesty” thought proper to be amused.

All the company were seated before the King’s arrival, who entered at last, seated on a gold-covered palanquin, borne aloft upon the shoulders of eight of his nobles! They were preceded by an excellent band playing the national anthems, and followed by a dozen beautiful boys holding golden fans which were kept in motion the entire evening for the accommodation of his stout majesty. As the king entered, all except the foreigners prostrated themselves three times, each time touching the floor with their foreheads, and as they rose, lifting their joined hands high above their heads, and repeating in full chorus some of the king’s numerous titles. When this tiresome ceremony was completed, the European and American visitors were introduced, one by one, by the prime minister to his royal master, and received a most flattering welcome. The king expressed great pleasure at meeting his foreign friends, complimented them on their fluency in the language, and especially admired their dress. He however offered his condolence to the wearers for the “immense trouble it must occasion them to put on so many minute articles of dress,” and then inquired whether they went thro’ “this tiresome process every day, removing the day garments at night, or whether they kept on one suit all the time till it was worn out.”

After awhile refreshments were brought in, fragrant tea and sparkling sherbet and pomegranate juice in cups of purest gold, with fruits, cakes, and confectionery, in endless variety, and the foreigners urged to partake, his majesty pleasantly chatting meanwhile, and seeming very lively and social.

When the king’s hospitality had been duly honored, he called upon his foreign friends to participate in a royal game, which, he said, had been in vogue as far back as their historical records extended, and that no guest might refuse to share without giving personal offense to the sovereign. After this introduction, at a signal given by the

king, five huge baskets, filled with very small limes, were placed directly in front of the throne. Inviting the foreigners to scramble for them, and telling them that whoever succeeded in getting the largest number would enjoy his highest favor, the king threw as many as he could hold between his two hands, in such a way as to scatter them in every direction over the widest possible space. This was repeated some fifty or more times; and the guests, wishing to indulge the whim of their royal host, entered heartily into the sport, and scrambled about on their hands and knees in pursuit of the limes, sometimes receiving from the merry old king a hearty pelt over the head or knuckles, at which he would "beg pardon," and assure them "it was quite accidental."

After an hour thus spent, the foreigners begged leave to desist, in order to make way for the native nobles, who had not been permitted by the king to join in the game till the foreigners chose to leave off. The ladies and gentlemen were then requested to count their limes, and his majesty presented a fan and six more limes to the lady who had obtained the largest number. They now noticed for the first time, that each lime had a small gash cut in the side, and upon being opened, exposed a gold or silver coin to view. Each lime contained but a single coin, and they varied in value from fifteen cents to two dollars and a half. The lady who obtained the largest number, had, including the six presented by the king, about fifty dollars. The foreigners wished, when the game was ended, to return the coins to the king, stating that it was contrary to the etiquette of their country for ladies and gentlemen to accept presents of money; but he would by no means consent to receive them, saying that Siamese courtly usage required the king's guests always to retain whatever they obtained in this game, but merely as a testimonial of the royal favor.

Other games, similar to those already described, followed, and some hours after midnight, his majesty retired as he came, on his gold-covered palanquin, and the royal levee was at an end.

LITTLE FREDDY.

BY LYNDE.

One fair summer day, about twenty-three years ago, there came a sudden patter of little feet up the pathway, and into the kitchen where mamma was busy. And a tearful face looked up to mamma, and a pleading voice told her that papa had "been and killed a

chicken, and poor chicky could never run about any more."

And his sympathetic little heart could no longer stand it, so he cried and grieved all the afternoon. Now some braver, bright-eyed three-year-old may think he was a baby to cry about a chicken. But I am not sure about that; he certainly was sympathizing and gentle; and I loved him, and love him to this day—dear little Freddy.

He had great, dark-blue eyes, and when they looked up suddenly into your own, you would wonder what he had been thinking about, they were so bright, yet so full of shadows. His forehead was high and broad, and very fair; his cheeks were red, just a little; and altogether that pleasant, almost too thoughtful face wore a look very loving and trusting.

Night came, and his kind mamma put on his long night dress, and kissed his upturned face, and he knelt by her side to say the beautiful prayer she had thus early taught her Freddy to repeat. Very sweet he looked, kneeling there in the gathering twilight, with his folded hands and thoughtful brow.

"Now, darling, say 'Our Father.'"

"Our Father," murmured Freddy. And then remembering poor chicky, tears came into his eyes, and forgetting his prayer, he cried out, "Can he walk any more, my ma?"

"Hush! hush! Freddy, you must be thinking about heaven, when you are saying your prayers. Now begin again."

Very devoutly he said the words, "Our Father who art in heaven," and—"O, can he run any more, my ma?"

"Freddy, dear, mother's little boy must remember what he is saying; now try and say your prayer like a good boy."

For a few moments all was well. "Lead us not into temptation," the red lips said, softly; then a pause—"O, can you put his head on any more, my ma?" chimed the pleading, almost baby voice.

"Freddy, Freddy, did you forget again?" whispered mamma.

His prayer finished, he kissed his mamma good night, and looking up, with eyes brimming over with tears, he said, brokenly, "Can he walk any more?"

His mother told him that birds and chickens and animals had no souls, and could not think. But his heart was grieved, and he could not forget. I doubt not, if he should chance to read these lines, he will remember all about it, for this is a true incident.

A true and earnest life must necessarily be one of never-ending labor and love.

THE HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD ROSE.

BY MRS. MARY B. C. SLADE.

Many of you, I know, have seen,
On the Canedy farm, the spring ravine,
Where the sweet Riduland flows.
By the chestnut old, on the eastern ridge,
'Mong the blackberry vines by the old stone
Grows the hundred-year-old rose. [bridge,

A century gone, a home was there,
With terraced lawn, and a garden fair;
Now, the daisy blooms fill up,
With their milk-white foam, the sloping place,
Of the grand old mansion the only trace,
And we call it the fairies' cup.

This tale alone can the long years tell,
Of the vanished and silent, who used to dwell
Where the sweet Riduland flows;
When that chestnut old was a sapling green,
They planted the banks of the spring ravine
With the hundred-year-old rose.

What thing your hand is doing, or mine,
So long shall live and so bright shall shine?
The dear Lord only knows!
But shall we not try some work to do,
That shall sweetly bloom all the long years
Like the hundred-year-old rose. [through,

FIGHTING THE ENEMY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER III.

Billy Shaw bore his two weeks' trial so well that Aunt Marcia saw no possible reason for not being satisfied with him. He was faithful and industrious, and did not in the least transgress any rule of the house. Still she could not help owing to herself that she did not like Billy Shaw, and that it was not pleasant to her to have him in the family. It was equally plain that Jonas did like him, and that while his aunt had always held his love and confidence, his boyish heart went out warmly toward the first companion he ever had had of his own age. Hour after hour he read to him from his favorite books, so that they might talk the old heroes over, and though Jonas had a mind which was years in advance of Billy's, yet they managed to interest each other.

Little Ducky was Billy's favorite sister, and his pockets were always stored with little presents for the child. After a while she began to come to Aunt Marcia's house, "to see my Billy," as she always said; and this was another trial to Aunt Marcia. Not that she had any dislike to the child, for she was as lovely as a blossom, with her sweet face and quiet ways, but, as she often told Jonas, she "didn't want to have the Shaw tribe around."

One morning, when the boys were away at work in a distant field, Aunt Marcia went to the garret to make an attack upon the generations of old rubbish there. Scarcely had she commenced her work, when she heard little feet come pattering up the stairs, and Ducky's curly head showed itself above the stairway.

"What on earth did you come for?" said Aunt Marcia, thinking how the busy little fingers would explore everything, and the restless little tongue ask endless questions.

"Come to see my Billy," said the child, fearlessly laying off her sunbonnet.

"Billy's gone away—across the brook to plant corn. You can't see him to-day, because the bridge is down; and you'd better run right back home."

"Come to see you," said the child, seating herself on a pile of old carpets; "I like you."

Aunt Marcia groaned in her heart, but she went on with her work, answering as patiently as she could her constant questions. The child was at no loss for amusement. She built herself a playhouse out of some old honey boxes; she took a ride on a dusty old saddle; and finally dragged out the precious red cradle from under the eaves, to rock a bundle of old clothes she called her baby.

By and by Aunt Marcia, in despair, advised her to go down by the lane and watch for Billy to come home to dinner; and she glanced once or twice from her work to see the contented little creature swinging upon the barn gate, her rag dolly hugged in her arms. By and by she missed her, and concluded, with a feeling of relief, that she had grown tired of waiting, and gone home.

But Ducky came to see her Billy, and she had no mind to go home; so, when he did not come, the little feet went slowly strolling down the lane in search of him. There were cowslips in the meadow, and plenty of blue and white violets, and she filled her hand with them as she wandered along, talking busily to her doll, till all at once she came to the brook, with its fringe of willows, alders, and wild grapevines. The water was sometimes so low they could cross on the stones, by taking a long leap or two, but now it had been raining, and, besides, they were grinding at the mill up the stream, so the water ran deep and swift. Ducky sat down and watched it. Over on the other side, somewhere, was her Billy. How did he get there? If she could only find his bridge—or maybe he had a boat. She walked slowly along down stream, following all the bends of the brook. In a little pool by a rock some tiny

fishes were playing, and she sat a long time to watch them, till at some motion of her hand they darted away. She found a tiny waterfall, where a little brook from a meadow made its way into the larger, and she sat a long time playing with the clear drops, till by and by remembering Billy again, she wandered on. No bridge yet, and Ducky had quite lost her reckoning. Over on the other side she saw two men at work, but neither of them was her Billy. The brook ran through a bit of woodland, where Ducky could hardly follow over the rocks and through the thick underbrush, but she was sure she should come to Billy's bridge pretty soon, and she struggled along. She heard the bell up in the village ringing for noon. Now Billy would go home, and she would be sure to meet him if she only hurried. Just then she came to a bridge. Lying right across the brook was a great chestnut tree, blown up by the roots, and left where it had fallen. The men at the brewery used it for a foot bridge. They had trimmed away the roots and branches, and worn it quite smooth by their feet in crossing.

Poor little Ducky—the water looked black and deep below the tree, and she was almost afraid to try it, but over there somewhere was Billy, and she must go over to Billy. So she grasped her doll tighter in her arm, and set her bare feet carefully on the slippery trunk. It wasn't very hard, after all; but right in the middle her little calico sunbonnet slipped off and went fluttering down into the water. One little cry of dismay, and an involuntary grasp of the small hands after the bonnet, and then the child's feet slid from the log. There was a short struggle in the deep water; and all the afternoon the brook ran out of the thicket into the sunshiny meadow and on down to the mill, telling in its pleasant tones of a strange thing, sweeter and fairer than a lily, that lay among the long grass and the rushes just above the bend.

Billy Shaw came home to dinner, and Aunt Marcia did not even think to tell him that Ducky had come and gone, it was such a common thing for her to come. But in the course of the afternoon, when Nancy called to take her home, then they were suddenly alarmed to find that no one had seen her since she was swinging on the gate by the lane. Billy was called from his work, and Aunt Marcia put on her bonnet and joined nervously in the search. Up the lane, thro' the blossoming meadow, right and left, in every direction, surely they would come upon her soon, playing by the water or fast

asleep among the cowslips. Such a thing as a lost child had never been heard of in the village, and as Aunt Marcia hurried on with such rapid strides that Nancy could hardly keep pace with her, she was always fancying she saw the little frightened face looking out from its rings of yellow hair.

Billy had gone to the village, and hearing no news of her, was coming home across the fields. It was nearly sunset, and even in that peaceful settlement one would not like to have a timid child out in the night, so many things might frighten her. Going down the hill, toward the old chestnut, Billy's heart gave a great bound to see the men from the brewery gathered about the water, just crossing from their work. He had avoided them carefully since he had been at Aunt Marcia's, and he dreaded the meeting. But they only drew closer together as he came near, and one of them, a great, rough fellow, left the group and came up the hill to meet him. Perhaps they meant mischief; but Billy set his teeth together, and was ready for them. But the man took him by the arm, saying,

"Best not go down there, Billy, there's trouble."

"What is it? Is father there?" asked Billy, hurriedly.

The man shook his head, and actually drew his sleeve across his eyes.

Just at that moment the group separated a little, and Billy saw Jakey Neal stoop and lift something in his arms. That glimpse was enough, and Billy dashed down the hill right in among the men, and saw in a moment, with eyes full of horror, what it was that Jakey held in his arms.

"She's clean dead," said Jakey, compassionately; "must a' laid in the water a good spell. We seen her washed up agin the bushes when we come down, and they was sand and gravel onto her dress."

The men, rough and wicked as they were, seemed greatly touched by Billy's distress, and looked pityingly on the little, innocent face, with all the light and life washed out of it.

"She's best off so," said one, with an attempt at comfort.

"Don't you say that!" said Billy, fiercely. "I don't want to hear any such talk." Then, taking his sister in his own arms, he pushed through them all.

"Best let me carry her," said Jakey, "you look white and faint."

But Billy kept right on, not toward home, however, but up the lane to Aunt Marcia's, never once stopping until he laid her on his

own bed, and sat down by her, white and silent. Nancy filled the house with her wild screams, and Aunt Marcia hurried Jonas away for the doctor, while the neighbors began to gather in as the news spread throughout the village. When the doctor came, he made a brief examination of the body, and answered Aunt Marcia's questioning look with a decisive nod.

"She's been dead for some hours, ma'am; there's nothing at all to be done but to bury her. One of Sam Shaw's children, I believe you said—best thing could have happened to it."

"O, doctor!" said Aunt Marcia, with a pitiful glance at Billy.

The rough, old man looked, too, and saw that the boy beside him was not Jonas, as he had at first supposed. He was sorry for his hasty words, but it was too late to mend them; so he only took off his spectacles nervously and went out.

The little child was tenderly dressed in white before the poor mother saw her, and everything was done that kindness could prompt, to make the affliction less bitter; for it was as sore an affliction to them as if they had been able to surround the little lost one with every luxury; and Billy was almost inconsolable.

"Do you believe it's true, what the parson said, that she's better off up there?" he said to Jonas, as they sat in the door after the funeral.

"Why, of course," said Jonas, "it must be better in heaven, musn't it?"

"I don't know," said Billy. "I don't see who does know. Maybe it's good for angels, but seems to me Ducky must be lonesome. She don't know anybody there, and they're all so grand and shining."

"Ducky 's shining, too," said Jonas, reverently. "I think she looked just like an angel, always."

"She was a good little thing," said Billy, hoarsely. "Father never was cross to her, no matter how much he'd taken; and many a time, when I've been about ready to give up, she put me all right by saying, 'I like you, Billy.' It makes me feel angry now, to think I've lost her. I don't see as it was right or kind for God to take her away, as they say He did."

Billy looked around defiantly at Aunt Marcia, as he said this. It had been burning in his heart for a day, and he felt as if he must say it, though he knew she would think him dreadfully wicked.

She looked at him now with a shocked face, but saw so much of real misery in the

boy's eyes, that she hesitated a little, as she said,

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Billy did not make a word of answer, but sat looking away over the green hills toward the sunset. Somewhere away up there he supposed was the heaven to which little Ducky had gone, and, do what he would, he could not make her seem near to him, but so far away that all her loving thoughts were lost to him forever.

Jonas was thinking about it too, and at last he said, slowly, half to himself,

"There's so much about all those things that I can't understand. I don't think I ever shall understand *how* everything is right and kind, but I feel sure it must be in some way."

"I don't. I don't feel sure. Seems to me 'bout half the things in the world are all wrong. Everything happens just right for some folks, and the rest have to take all the hard times. I don't think that's fair, and I won't never say so."

"You oughtn't to talk that way, Billy," said Aunt Marcia; "it sounds presumptuous."

"Does it? Well, it ain't no worse to say it than 'tis to think it."

"About half our troubles we bring on ourselves," said Aunt Marcia. "It isn't your fault that your father drinks and your mother don't do right, but then it isn't the Lord's fault, either."

Billy only answered by an angry flush of the cheek. He did not like to hear any censure of his mother.

"And as long as they've brought trouble on you all, I don't know but it was kind in the Lord to take little Ducky away from it all. She was fit enough to go now, and there's no telling what might have come to her when she got older."

"It seems awful to be drowned, though," said Billy, with a shudder.

"It's only a minute or two of suffering, if folks do suffer when they drown—some say they don't—and if she'd been sick with fever or anything, she'd been pining away for weeks, and not much to make her comfortable, either."

"That's so," said Billy, with a sigh. "I ha'n't forgot how it was when I broke my leg, and had to lie in bed and see all the trouble there was in the house. I s'pose it's best so." And Billy gave a dreary sigh, and let his head drop upon his hand again.

After a while he started up, with his whole face glowing with energy, and said,

"I tell ye what, Miss Marcia, it's just the drink that makes pretty nigh all the trouble in this world—leastways pretty nigh all that ever I seen, and jest as long as I've got a breath left, I'm bound to fight it. If ever I get to be a man, I'll go for fighting it till it's drove clean out of the country."

"That's right," said Aunt Marcia, earnestly; "everybody ought to fight it, but nobody knows the curse of it so well as those that have felt it. You'll be a good man, Billy, if you only keep trying and don't get discouraged."

"It's mighty hard tugging, sometimes, though."

"Yes, but the trouble sometimes makes what we gain seem a great deal better. I've noticed you boys always like to climb the tallest trees after nuts, rather than pick 'em up on the ground, and you know how strong it makes your arms to climb."

From that time Aunt Marcia began to take a new interest in Billy, and dropped many an encouraging word to help him along, for matters were getting worse and worse at home, and she could often tell, by the troubled look of his face, that he had seen his father, or some of the family.

One night he came in with a look of perfect horror, and threw himself into a chair without taking off his hat.

"It's too bad!" he burst out, angrily; "it's too wicked and awful for anyone to do."

Aunt Marcia stopped setting the table and stood looking at him in astonishment.

"Just think, Aunt Marcia; they took my little brother Sammy—mother sent him to the brewery for father—those men took him and made him *drunk*, and then sent him staggering home. I found him by the roadside, where he'd fell down, and saw the men laughing at him; Jakey Neal and—and—*father*! Just think of that, Aunt Marcia; that *father* could laugh at him!"

The excited boy laid his head on the table and burst into angry sobs.

"It's a wicked shame!" said Aunt Marcia, indignantly; "and the Lord'll punish 'em for it. Did you take Sammy home?"

"Yes; and mother's half crazy over him. She cursed 'em both. You don't s'pose it'll make him hanker after drink, do you, getting the taste of it so?"

"No, it isn't likely. It's more likely to set him strong against it, for he'll be deathly sick over it after a while. Don't you know, Billy, that drunkards don't drink because they like the taste of the liquor? It's because they like the feeling it gives them, and they get to feel so wretchedly without it."

Billy wiped his eyes and looked a little comforted.

"If only father hadn't joined in with 'em," he said; "it makes me almost hate him."

"It shows how drink degrades a man," said Aunt Marcia, who couldn't feel like trying to make Billy think any more mercifully of his father.

That evening, at the supper table, Billy suddenly asked,

"Aunt Marcia, do you think Sammy's big enough to sign the pledge?"

"I don't know," said Aunt Marcia. "I don't really believe they'd take him—only seven years old."

"I don't mean Cap'n Taylor's pledge; but I'm going to get up a temperance society for boys. We can do it, me and Jonas, and I'll get every boy in this village to sign, and we'll keep it, too."

"I should like that," said Jonas. "Cap'n Taylor said he'd take me in as soon as I was eighteen; but I'd rather sign now."

"I can't wait till I'm eighteen," said Billy. "I feel as if I should die, if I didn't begin to fight 'em right away."

"Let's draw up the papers to-night," said Jonas, "and get Tom Howells and Walter Newman, and three or four of the other boys to go in with us to organize a society."

Billy was glad of anything that gave him a chance to work off his excitement, so the evening was spent in preparing the paper, carefully ruling it with red ink, and writing out a form of pledge which they all helped to compose.

"There," said Jonas, "now we are all ready to begin, but how shall we get the boys together?"

"We must see all we can, and get 'em to meet in Squire Howells' barn," said Billy.

"We might put up a notice on the school-house, as they do for town meeting," suggested Jonas.

"No, somebody'd be sure to stop us," said Billy. "Wait till we get a fair start, and then we'll give 'em a free fight."

Billy set his teeth together, and shook his head in a way that seemed to promise he would be ready for his part.

[To be continued.]

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty; on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for the sake of conscience, will prove a cordial for the heart, and a balm for low spirits, very far beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.

HAPPY LIFE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Life is happy; hear the birds—
Early as the morning breaks,
Every sweet-toned throat of silver
Into songs of gladness breaks.

Life is happy; see the kitten
Darting in and out the door,
Racing, rolling, mad with frolic,
On the sunny nursery floor.

Life is happy; on the flowers
See the gay, white butterflies;
In the sweet delight of motion
How they flutter, fall, and rise.

Life is happy; in the brooklets
See the minnows glance and dive.
Full of freedom and of gladness,
All old ocean's tenants live.

Life is happy; see the insects,
Free, and frolicsome, and fair.
Hovering cloud of blissful motion,
Filling all the summer air.

Thus for all God's humble creatures
Happiness was surely meant.
Let not, then, in sad repining
Any human life be spent.

"Falls not to the ground a sparrow,
Without notice of your Lord.
How much more are ye than sparrows?"
Was our Saviour's precious word.

Let us trust Him, then, for gladness;
And, for all His blessings lent,
Render thankful praise, and give Him
Hearts and lives of sweet content.

REAL FAIRIES.

BY MRS. M. LEONARD.

"I don't like to read fairy stories; it makes me wish so that there really were fairies."

"Wouldn't it be nice if there only were?"

"Yes, indeed! We could have everything we wanted, then—books, and dresses, and candy, and gold rings—"

"And beautiful doll, with elegant clothes, just like grown people's," added wee Amy, rapturously, who never tired of making new and tasty additions to her doll's wardrobe, though not favoring Miss Dolly with much of her society in other form than that of seamstress.

"But Cousin Addie says there are not any such things as fairies living in flowers, and up in the clouds, and talking to children, and giving them all sorts of nice things," said Della conclusively; "and Cousin Addie ought to know, for she went with her father

and mother to Europe, and so has seen a great deal of the world."

And our wise fourteen-year-old, Miss Della, who was getting to think herself a young lady, drew a very long sigh with the thought of how much more Cousin Addie had to make her happy than had she herself. She lived in a plain, wooden house, where it was "half country," as Addie had called it, while her cousin's father owned one of the most elegant stone houses on the most fashionable avenue in the city.

This was what Aunt Hattie heard, as the two girls came slowly toward where she was sitting, with her sewing, under the shade of a great, old-fashioned apple tree, one warm, quiet afternoon.

"What is it about fairies and Cousin Addie?" she asked, remembering the discontented face of the little girl who had visited Della, a few weeks before.

"Nothing, aunty—much—only she says there isn't any."

"Isn't any what?" asked Aunt Hattie.

"Addie says there are no fairies, really, but all these nice stories about them are just made up, to please little children who are silly enough to believe them. I don't believe them, I'm sure;" with a dignified air of superiority, sitting down beside her, while Amy doubled her little self up on the grass at their feet, and asked, wistfully,

"But why should there be such nice stories about them, if there isn't anything at all like them in the world?"

"Now you are coming to the question, little Amy," said Aunt Hattie. "What is your idea of a fairy?"

"O, they are very, very little—at least, the stories make us think so," said Della.

"Yes, and so good, and kind, and beautiful; and they love us, too, and like to make us happy," said Amy, slowly picking a flower, and gently playing with and petting the fragrant blossom as if it were human.

"But there are bad fairies, too, in the books—they are not all good," broke in Della.

"I don't remember about any bad ones," said Amy, smiling to herself over her flower, as if she were forgetting the talk.

"You do not say, either of you, how you imagine a fairy looks—what sort of forms they take."

"I always thought they were little atoms of creatures, just like humans, only so very small—no taller than my finger," said Della, who could almost always answer a question while Amy was thinking about it. "What do you think they are like, aunty?"

like to think that there are fairies in the world, and that they give us good and beautiful gifts—all of us; not only little girls and boys, but grown up people, too.”

“O, aunty!” exclaimed Della, “what do you mean?”

“Only that the gifts are proportioned to our wants, and little folks want toys and playthings, so the books make the fairies give those.”

“But they never do in reality!” cried Della, incredulously.

“Don’t they? It is only a bigger fairy than your imagination pictures, in the shape of papa or mamma, uncle or cousin. Isn’t the gift just as good? Then there are visible and invisible fairies—or rather intangible fairies—those that you can see, and those that you cannot describe, but that come into your heart, so quiet and still, and live there with you always; you may never know they are there, but other folks can see them shining out of your eyes, and playing in the corners of your mouth.”

“But, aunty, you are talking of something very different from the book fairies. They sit in the flowers, and drink dew drops; and when anybody picks the flower they tell them some secret, and then fly away,” said Della, eagerly.

“I should think Amy had found one, then, for she seems to get a great deal of happiness from the flower she has,” replied aunty, glancing at the little figure at her feet.

“O, that is because I love them so dearly, aunty,” said Amy, looking up quickly.

“That is just where we grown up folks get our fairy gifts, from all these beautiful things that God has given us. Just think how many things there are around us to make us happy, and whisper secrets into our ears, if we will only keep our eyes and ears open, and our hearts warm with love toward everything God has made. There is a little bird trying to tell us his idea about it, now.”

“Do you think everything that is beautiful, and teaches us to love God, is like a fairy to us, aunty?” said Amy, smiling brightly.

“That is what my fairies are. Every beautiful cloud, every bright-tinted leaf on the gay, autumn trees, all the sweet flowers, and even the common green grass—common here with us, but not with those who are obliged to live in the stone-walled, cramped-up city—because they all tell us a little different story of their own beauty and God’s love. I said a *different* story; I meant, the *same* story in their own different ways.”

“I never thought of it in that way, at all,” said Della, musingly.

“I am so glad, aunty, that you think there are fairies,” said Amy, joyfully, picking herself up, “or, at least, something that means the same. I shall love the little poses better than ever. I’m glad I live here with you, aunty.”

“Tis nice, isn’t it?” cried Della, jumping up suddenly and cheerily. “Come, Amy, lets play tag, I want a good run.” And away they sped among the trees, their happy shouts of laughter following Aunt Hattie, as she gathered up her work and went to the house to see that their usual supper of bread and milk should be ready for them.

NATCHIE’S DONATION PARTY.

BY MRS. JULIA F. SNOW.

Natchie was an uncommonly good little girl. She was one of a large and rather poor family, whose parents owned a farm, and not a very large or productive one, either, their only means of support. So all of the children had to work, and some of them to work pretty hard, too.

But poor little Natchie could not labor like the others. She was lame. When she was a creeping baby she got an unlucky fall down stairs, and could never do as other children did; and so her share of the farm business was the charge of the poultry. Never was any little maid more faithful to her cares, and nicer fowls were nowhere to be seen, in that neighborhood. People sent for them a great distance, for she had a great variety, from the tall Shanghai to the tiny Bantam, brown biddies and white biddies, Black Spaniards and dainty little Polish “Topknots,” Bolton Grays, and every other kind. Not to mention the troops of turkeys, ducks, and geese, which strutted and waddled about, and the flocks of doves which inhabited the air castles which big Brother Nathan had put up for them, on all the roofs, besides troops of pigeons, which filled the lofts of the barn, and made the summer air vocal with soft cooings.

Every morning Natchie would limp down, before sunrise, and open the doors of the poultry house, and set the motley crew at liberty. She would give a peculiar cry, which they all understood, and the myriads of little feathered creatures would come like a cloud to the feeding ground, under the great chestnut tree. It was so nice to see the motherly hens, with their little families, looking like babies in yellow flannel frocks; the great, handsome roosters, in brown, and black, and gold, piloting forth their families,

now and then scratching up a grub, or worm, with the most self-sufficient air in the world, and whatever else might have been said of him, at least *he* understood the art of providing for a family. There were gamey little bantams, surly old turkey gobblers, besides whole battalions of young families, and whole squadrons of water fowl, young and old, under the ganderly watch and care of old Grayquill. Least and dearest of all was "Davy," Natchie's pet white dove, who never failed to seat himself on her shoulder, the moment she appeared.

Breakfast over, Natchie expected her bidy-children to forage for themselves, and, as the meal progressed, small parties were continually setting off to fulfil their various engagements, of business or pleasure, for the day. The lordly gander and his family, and their jolly cousins, the ducks, made up a water party, and were soon engaged in a regatta upon the mill stream; while the land parties basked in the sun, instructed their children, or made feather dusters of themselves, in small hollows under the currant bushes.

It was a lovely afternoon in the last of May, or the first of June. The season was unusually forward, the air soft and mild, the sky clear, and the grass soft and dry. Best of all, it was a sort of holiday, to Natchie. Still, in that busy season, and with that great family, an idle holiday could hardly be spared, even to poor, little, lame Natchie. By way of compromise she asked leave to take her work to a favorite spot near the stream, where there was a nice, flat rock, for a seat, and a large tree, convenient for shade and to lean against, near at hand, and a most charming landscape, over which to glance, from time to time.

Permission given, Natchie was soon established there. Being debarred from rougher play, this quiet rest was a real blessing and comfort to her.

The poultry yard was Natchie's little world. They were her little subjects, and she their queen—her companions and playmates, and the sole dependence of her private exchequer, upon which depended her wardrobe, and what few books which from time to time she was able to buy. With a very natural sense of gratitude, she had taken the very best of care of them through the winter. They had laid faithfully, from Christmas to Easter, and were fine, plump fowls, in the bargain, and the little ones had done remarkably well, too; so that Natchie began seriously to take account of stock, and felt tolerably sure of a new winter cloak, and a

faint vision of a crimson merino dress began to loom up in the distance, also. As the pleasant day dream of future comforts passed before her mind's eye, the work dropped from her listless fingers, and her eyes wandered dreamily over the pleasant landscape. But out of this pleasant reverie she was soon startled by a remarkable apparition.

"I declare!" exclaimed Natchie, shading her eyes, to make sure she did not dream. "Here are all the allied forces, land and water just going to effect a landing, with Father Grayquill at their head, and old Mother Downlewing close at his heels."

Right up the bank, into the little chestnut copse, never taking the slightest notice of their little mistress. Here they were joined by a formidable detachment of barnyard fowls. It seemed to be a preconcerted movement, and now, to the unspeakable surprise of the little girl, they saluted each other, as they met, in most excellent English.

Nor did the wonder cease here, for each plump bird, putting its pinion up to its pretty neck, undid something, and their feather mantles all fell off, and the jolliest company of little ladies and gentlemen that ever were seen stepped out on the green sward. Grandmother Downlewing, in her clean cap and soft gray dress, was the veritable Mother Goose of the nursery. The dear brown bidies came out as plump little matrons, in brown silk dresses, with red ribbons in their caps.

Bold chanticleer appeared to great advantage as a brigadier general, assisting the ladies to uncloak, and otherwise rendering himself exceedingly useful, as well as ornamental.

A large, pet crow, of great intelligence, but of doubtful reputation for honesty, stood forth as a colored woman of the highest respectability, and took charge of the wraps, giving to each bird one of its own feathers, as a check for their safe return.

"Ah! Dinah," thought Natchie, "if they all knew you as well as I do, they'd never trust you with their only garments."

The ducks shook out their crinoline, and, adjusting their jaunty velvet caps on their pretty heads, rustled forward in lustrous satin, with rich velvet trimmings, under the escort of the drake, who was fully equal to the occasion, as a splendid beau, in shining bottle-green, and linen of marvelous texture and whiteness.

They all behaved much as real people do, under the circumstances. The little matrons in brown silk and red ribbons put on their white aprons, and resolved themselves into

a table committee, and speedily set forth upon the grass a collation which should satisfy all the requirements of what was, evidently, some very important occasion.

The young people pretended to help, and got together in corners, to whisper and flirt, and the young ones, in their yellow flannel frocks, ran around under everybody's feet, teasing for angle worms and tender bits of stewed slugs; even growing bold enough, in time, to snatch off a whole grasshopper at once, in defiance of boxed ears and the most spiteful of pecks, from the "Hen with one chicken."

But there were weak mothers, and indulgent aunts who kept the small people supplied, and they never once stopped eating till they could eat no more, and Mrs. Bantam's two youngest were actually in fits, and had to take the greatest lot of great, dirty gravel stones, and Dr. Broadfrill shook his head ominously enough, as it was.

Supper was at last announced, and such a supper! No end of grasshoppers, tender and young, roasted in the sun; the early worms, and quantities of tiny caterpillars; side dishes of small spiders, and frogs fricaseed, besides tadpoles, raw, for the gentlemen. The dish of honor, before Mother Goose herself, was a great cabbage leaf filled with minnows, chub, dace, and even small perch, the result of a whole day's fishing, and no small amount of hard work, and vast self-denial. There was no lack of grain, corn, and oats, and sundry slices of bread and morsels of biscuit bore witness to Dinah's talent for "raids." And, blest with excellent appetites, they all sat down to eat and gossip with the greatest relish in the world.

"My dear Mrs. Specklewing," remarked an old lady in black, with a necklace of gold beads, "how do you get along with your great family? Seems to me you have even more than usual, this season."

"Yes, rather more than last summer; but la! what difference does one or two more chicks make? I never have any trouble with my family, except now and then pip, or sometimes bad weather."

"As for pip," remarked Mrs. Duster, "I always give pepper tea. It settles things at once."

"I should think it would," coughed Mrs. Brownie, "and settle the chicks, too. Now all I ever do for pip, is to take six red gravel stones, steep 'em in sun-warm water, and give a billfull once an hour. It's sure relief, if you keep on long enough, and nothing happens."

"Sand pills are good, too," remarked Mrs.

Croplecrow. "There's nothing like sending of 'em to the 'sand cure.' Let 'em lie in it, and rub in it, and scratch in it, and take sand pills every hour. Nothing like it to regulate the system. Don't say a word of this to Dr. Broadfrill! He believes in *big* gravel stones. But sand pills agree better with the constitutions of my children; and I must say that I believe in progress, and what is the use in sticking to *big* gravel stones, when small sand pills do exactly as well?"

"After all," sighed a low-spirited lady, in half mourning, "what is the use of raising families through all the dangers of chickenhood, only to see them swept off in troops before our eyes, at thanksgiving time. I've raised many a brood, but not a chick have I left to scratch for in my old age." And she sadly dried her eyes on a handkerchief of the finest barn cobwebs.

"For my part," remarked General Chanticleer, a little nervously, "I should like to know how the human race is going to prosper, if Thanksgiving is not properly observed. Especially, how are we going to serve our dear little mistress, Natchie, if we do not try in every way to help her. When I think of her kindness and devotion to us, through this long and terrible winter, I feel as if I would cheerfully lay my head on the stump in the yard, and go to my grave!"

"Your gravy, you mean," snapped out Mrs. Duster. "What difference do you suppose your cheerfulness is going to make, I wonder? You've got to go, anyhow!"

Mrs. Duster would have said more, but was here interrupted by a choking squall from the throat of Mrs. Broadfoot, who, indiscreetly attempting her seventeenth tadpole, was now borne insensible from the table. Dr. Shanghae, the late homeopath, undertook her case, and, as it did not readily yield to treatment, proposed to watch the progress of symptoms, if it took all night. An arrangement which gave profound satisfaction to her husband, who forthwith returned to the table, to his favorite dishes, and the side of his pretty partner, Mrs. Bantam, who was looking her very prettiest in a white alpaca suit, with bloomers to match, seated himself with the air of a Drake who has done his duty by his family, and from whom nothing more can be expected.

Though the supper was so fine, there were not wanting those who regretted that the supply of grasshoppers was so scanty, owing to the early season, while there were twice as many angleworms as anybody wanted. Poor Mrs. Swizzlepen did so long for a tenth

cup of spring water, after it was all drank up, and whispered that if the pockets of old Stiffquill were searched, it would be seen why the supply of tadpoles fell so far short of the demand, and various other such remarks, common to a social gathering where the supper is the main feature of the entertainment.

As the feast drew near its conclusion, the clear voice of Mother Goose was heard, calling the company to order.

"We have met here," said she, "partly for social enjoyment, and partly for the purpose of giving to our little mother some substantial tokens of our gratitude for her care of us during this long winter, when we could neither scratch nor fish for ourselves. People often have donation parties, and though we often appear on those occasions, we don't attend in a condition to observe much. Dinah has seen them, however, and the pastor's wife's canary bird told her all about the last one. You all give what you can, or give what you promise. Now what can we give to dear little Natchie? Suppose we appoint Mr. Stiffquill as our secretary?"

This being done, and Stiffquill seated by a flat rock with a large linden leaf before him, with one of his own pens took down the subscriptions.

"I will give her," said the pretty, Polish dame, "a necklace of pearls, for the inside of her throat; and I beg that you will all contribute to it from your stores."

"We will! we will!" cried out all the hen ladies, who are not by any means such fools as they seem.

"And I," said Ducky Snowbreast, "will give my cloak to make her winter bed."

"I—hem—in fact," remarked Grandad Snowbreast, looking very foolish, "I would propose that the gentlemen among us make up the pillows, if the ladies don't object. I cannot forget how kindly she relieved me of care, when Sam Carter broke the limb of my beloved partner, at plucking time, throwing upon me the entire responsibility of the family."

Mother Goose smiled.

"I don't think Natchie will care which portion of her family gives either portion of the feathers and down which she will expect to receive. I shall give my vest to trim her winter hood, when I have done with it."

"I'll kill all the bugs I can get at, and all the caterpillars in her garden, too!" cried Mrs. Specklewing.

"I'll see that my family don't destroy her flowers," said General Longspur.

"I will volunteer," said Chanticleer, in a

very low voice, his very whiskers growing pale as he spoke, "I will volunteer to lead the forlorn hope. Who will volunteer for Thanksgiving?"

"I will follow you, Chanticleer," said Gobelere.

"And I, also," said Broadfoot, who had had too much pond water.

"And I, too," said many others.

"And I," said Davy. "I have only my love, for at my best I am but a poor little pigeon."

"And I," said Mother Goose, "will give her a talisman, by which she shall win friends, not even knowing that she possesses it, till she needs it. And now we have all done what we could. Stiffquill, take care of the minutes; and, Dinah, get us all our cloaks."

Alas for revelers! alas for cloaks! For Dinah, true to her thievish nature, had conveyed them all up into a dead tree, and was most industriously stuffing them into a hole.

What was to be done? They could not get them, and they could not go without them. Davy started for the tree top, but the expression of Dinah's face, caught in her mischief, was so irresistably comical that Natchie burst into a loud laugh.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

What was the matter? Natchie rubbed her eyes in wonderment. Nobody to be seen; the fog rising, a faint cackling in the distance, the sewing unfinished, and poor Natchie's limbs very stiff, from her uneasy couch. And Priscilla at the gate, shading her eyes with her hand, calling anxiously for Natchie.

Next day, every hen that could make the least excuse for doing it, laid an egg; and this good luck continued, till Natchie's basket was filled with the "goodly pearls," and her little purse with comfortable greenbacks.

And at picking time such a yield of feathers were never seen! With what Natchie's mother had on hand, the little bed was soon filled. And sure enough! the pair of Snowbreasts did give almost a pillowfull. And Natchie had her warm sack, just as she desired.

And, besides, Natchie had the good luck to please the sick appetite of an invalid lady from the city, with some dainty delicacy, of her own manufacture, which she had been kind enough to send in, as kind neighbors should do, sometimes. This was the beginning of a warm friendship between the pair; and the result was, that Natchie went home with her, and a great doctor did something for her which helped her lameness ever so much, and when she went home she took

with her some choice books, and pretty things, and the prettiest crimson merino ever seen in all Shady Lake.

And, after all, the only tallsmans she possessed, were patience, skill, and faithfulness, and a good, kind heart, with an earnest desire to do all her duties, both small and great, and, above all, the one duty that lies next us.

LILLIE AT THE WINDOW.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

A bluebird upon a bough is swinging,
Swinging, every day;
And now I hear her merrily singing;
Mamma, what does she say?

She says, little girl, "Tu-weet, tu-wee;
I've five pretty nestlings up in the tree.
Five little birdies without a feather,
In one tiny nest all huddled together;
They'll surely fall out if they don't agree.
Tu-weet, tu-wee, tu-weet, tu-wee."

And see! a squirrel is gaily whisking.

Whisking, along the way; [ing.

And now he is nodding, and winking, and frisk-
Mamma, what does he say?

He says, Lillie, "Whist! be still as a mouse,
And I'll tell you about a queer, little house,
Cradle, and castle, and arbor, all three,
By wind fairies rocked in the top of a tree,
Where madam and I have set up for ourselves,
As jolly and free as two little wood elves."

In a silver mist the rain is falling,

Upon the new-mown hay;

One little drop to another is calling.

Mamma, what does it say?

It says, "Hurry on, hurry on, hurry on;
I scarcely was up before I fell down;
Away in the sky, and then back again, so,
And that is the way that I make things grow.
Such a big, little drop, stand out of my way.
Hurry on, hurry on, hurry on, I say."

But now the wind is raising a pother,

The clouds are scudding away;

Like phantom ships they chase one another.

Mamma, what do they say?

They say, "For shame, for shame, let us go!
Poor little Lillie is moping so;
How she can run and play in the meadow?
How can she know that behind the shadow
The merry, old day god is shining still?
Away, away, away with a will."

May I go out, now? But, when play is over,

And with it the long, long day,

And night calls home each tired little rover,

Mamma, what will she say?

She will say, "My darlings, I hope you've been
good;

Now squirrel and birdie go back to the wood,
And Lillie, run home to your own little nest,
For you are the birdie that mamma loves best;
Sleep sweetly and soundly the darkness all
through,

For angels are watching o'er mamma and you.

BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS.

BY MRS. PARIZADE V. HATHAWAY.

When the last days of September lay their many-colored finger tips upon the trees, let us take a peep among the bright leaves.

Here are four or five tiny birds. We have seen none like them through all the summer days. The old birds have spent the summer and reared their young far away up in British America. Now they are returning, bringing their tender bird children with them. They will stay with us a short time, then fly away to the southern States or Mexico to winter. How brisk they are! See that one going from branch to branch, scanning the bark and twigs for worms and insect eggs. Now he flies out and catches a passing bug or fly; a moment after he is hovering over a leaf like a humming bird, to take an insect from its surface. His head, back, wings, and tail are dark olive, tinted with green, much more brightly on some parts than others. The under parts are grayish white, with a shade of brownish yellow. There is a white ring around the eye, and two white bands across each wing.

But what was that I saw on the top of his head as he alighted on a twig? A bright crimson spot! These red feathers are usually concealed, and can be seen only when he raises the olive ones that cover them; but I have seen a good many of these birds that showed this spot bright as a ruby all of the time. He does not have this crown until he is two years old. He is called the *Ruby-crowned Wren*.

The first one that I remember seeing, introduced himself to me in a grove where the branches drooped over a brook. He flew from tree to tree, turned from one side to the other when on a perch, viewing me from every point of observation, his sharp, black eyes all the time inquiring, "Who are you?"

I always see the ruby-crowned wren when he goes north in April. Among the blossoms of the poplar I hear his call, "Tee-e-e," and sometimes his fine, emphatic song, "Tee-e-e-e whe-at we-at we-at-we we-at-se-we-at-se-e-e."

The ruby-crowned wren is only four and a half inches from the point of his bill to the end of his tail; but he has a cousin smaller than himself, the golden-crested wren, whose entire length is not quite four inches—about half an inch longer than a ruby-throated humming bird. He goes north in the spring and returns in the autumn, about the same time that the ruby crown does.

One October he made me a very nice call, flying in at the door and fluttering upon a window. I caught him carefully, but he escaped from my hand, and struck the wall of the room so hard with his bill that he fell stunned. When I took him up, he was gasping for breath, and opening and shutting his black eyes as if in distress. Above, he was of a fine green with a tint of yellow like the early foliage of spring. Beneath, he was whitish. There were bands of yellowish white on the wings. Over each eye was a

white line; above these lines and encircling the front and both sides of the crown, a black stripe; within this, on the crown, a patch of golden yellow, with a brilliant orange spot in its center. The bill was black and very delicate, inside orange colored.

In a short time he began to revive, and showed his liveliness by stretching up his neck and opening his eyes widely at the sound of voices in conversation. Then he flew from my hand into the free air with a knowing little chirp, "Good bye."



A NEW GAME.

"Well, Master Queer," said the Corporal, throwing down his bat and ball, "if you can forget the Red Stockings and White Stockings long enough to hear me through, and our little friend Tommy Bancroft, here, will not disturb us by his racket, I will read you what I have written down about this new game of mine."

"Certainly, sir; certainly, Corporal," said the Private, with a respectful bow. "When you speak we are all well pleased to keep silent."

And so there was quiet on the playground; and, as they gathered around the table under the old shade tree, the Corporal read as follows:

"I call this game 'THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S VOWEL GAME,' and this is the way it is played: The company take the five regular vowels, a, e, i, o, u, and, beginning with the first letter, each player writes as long a sentence as he or she can, using no vowel except a in any word, but repeat-

ing that letter as often as desirable. Thus, for instance, the first person playing might write:

'Ah! madam; Nathan Ballard, a tall, rash, black man, at Fana, has a mad cat that can catch all bad rats, ants, and bats, at Frank Waldamar's barn.'

"You may give the players five minutes, or five days, or weeks, (any time you agree on beforehand,) to make up the sentence. When the time is up the sentences are read, and the one having the longest sentence, of good, plain, common-sense English, has gained the first point. You go through the same for each of the five vowels, and when all the sentences are read and compared, the person who has gained the most points wins the game. W and Y are sometimes consonants, and sometimes vowels, and as it may often be difficult to satisfy players on this point, I have laid down the rule that in this game the letters w and y may be used *only* when they *begin* words or syllables, for then only they are sure to be consonants. As this game is practiced, I may find it necessary to make other rules in regard to it, but at present the above is all."

And now for a game. I propose that the

whole of The Corporal's army shall unite in one grand game. As hinted above, several games might be played in one evening, but we may take as long a time for it as we choose, and as I wish now to play a game in which the young folks of America, north, south, east, and west, on the Pacific Coast, and even our subscribers across the sea may unite if they choose, we will begin the play now, and keep at it for several months before we finish it up. We will report monthly, in the pages of THE CORPORAL MAGAZINE, and let all the children everywhere take part in it.

Send on your sentences as soon as you please, taking either one of the vowels, whichever you think you can do best with, or you may send sentences for all of them, if you prefer.

To make the game more interesting, we hereby offer a prize of ten dollars in money for the longest good sentence for each vowel—fifty dollars in all. The competition will remain open until the 1st of February. We will make a report in our October number of the progress of the game, and will print a number of the best sentences received, with the names of the authors. A similar report will be given each month, and, taking all the sentences together, we expect to have a curious collection.

We look to you, boys and girls, and older friends with young hearts, to make this game an interesting one. So set your wits to work.

TOMMY'S MENAGERIE.

FOR THE WEE ONES.—BY PRUDY.

It was all Uncle Jim's fault, every bit of it, because, if he hadn't taken Tommy to the museum, to see the wild beasts, and snakes, and curious animals, Tommy never would have thought of such a thing as a menagerie. And Uncle Jim wasn't very much to blame, either, for Tommy's papa and mamma went away for a whole week, and took the baby, and left Tommy and Uncle Jim with only Bridget, and so, of course, they would get into some mischief. Well, as I said, Uncle Jim took Tommy to the museum, and I couldn't begin to tell you how many wonderful things he saw—a canary bird that could dance on a tight rope and fire a gun; and a rooster without any head, that walked about and *crowed*; a lot of monkeys in a cage; and, strangest of all, what they called "*The Happy Family*," which was a great cage, where a couple of cats, a dog, some white

mice, a long-tailed rat, a lot of birds, and several other animals all lived together. They didn't look very happy, but then they didn't eat each other up, and that is all you can say of some other "happy families."

Tommy talked a great deal about the museum, and thought about it a great deal more. He asked his Uncle Jim all manner of questions, as they sat at breakfast the next morning. Uncle Jim was sipping his coffee and reading his paper, and trying to make up his mind whether there would be a war in Europe or not, so he only listened occasionally to Tommy's questions, though he answered them just the same.

"Uncle Jim," said Tommy, "how you s'pose they caught that big snake?"

"Um, yes; I presume so," said Uncle Jim.

Tommy looked hard at Uncle Jim, and ate three mouthfuls of toast. Then he ventured again,

"Uncle Jim, what you s'pose they stuff up those birds wid? The ones in the big cage, wid their wings all fluttered out so."

"Yes; most likely," said Uncle Jim.

Tommy didn't see the point, so he thought about it a little while, until Uncle Jim laid down his paper to butter a muffin.

"Uncle Jim," he began, "why don't that cat eat up the birds and things?"

"O," said Uncle Jim, quite rationally, "they're used to living together. I dare say they didn't like it very well at first—have a muffin, Tommy?"

Tommy decided to have a muffin, and while he was eating it Uncle Jim went away, and Bridget came in and told him to finish his breakfast quick, for she was in a hurry. Tommy was never in a hurry, but he finished his breakfast, and went and sat on the back steps, to feed his pigeons and watch for Billy. There were two white pigeons, with great, spreading fan-tails, and one beautiful slate-colored pigeon, with glossy feathers that shaded into green, and purple, and red, in the sun. They ran about on the clean, gravel walk, with their pretty, red feet, cooing and chattering, as they picked up the corn Tommy threw them. The great, maltese cat came up to Tommy, rubbing her sleek fur against his feet, and trying her best to say "good morning" to him. The pigeons were not at all afraid of the cat, and all at once it occurred to Tommy that he might have a happy family, if he only had a cage to put it in.

Just at this unlucky moment Billy came sauntering up the alley, eating a thick slice of bread and molasses. Tommy halted him

directly, and the two boys went out and sat in the door of the woodhouse, while all the marvels of the museum were talked over.

It was a great triumph to Tommy to be able to tell Billy anything that he did not know, and his eyes grew bigger and bluer every moment with excitement.

"An' more'n a *million* birds, Billy, wid all their fadders, and wings fluttered out, only but they couldn't fly; an' lots of awful big snakes, all stuffed full of fings they swallowed, an' little bits of snakes, all pickled up in *perserve bottles*, an' monkeys in a cage, but they was alive, and they don't never feed 'em, 'cause it said you mustn't, on a card that Uncle Jim read. An' I like the monkeys best, 'cause they can just stand up in the air and hold on wid their tails."

"I've seen a monkey, myself," said Billy; "two on 'em."

"O my, Billy, you'd *ought* to see the happy family," exclaimed Tommy, frisking off from the step in his excitement, and then coming back again.

"You see, they don't like it, at first, Uncle Jim s'poses, but they get used to it, and they all live together in a big cage—there's a cat wid a rat on her back, and some white mice running over a little dog, and some birds, and a monkey, and lots of fings."

"Tommy," interrupted Billy, "you go and ask Bridget for a cookey, and get one for me."

"Well," said Tommy, and away he went. Bridget was just tying on her hat. She told Tommy she was going to market, and if he would be a good boy she would bring him two balls of pop corn. Tommy consented reluctantly, for he liked to go to market with Bridget; and then she gave him two cookies, and called him a "nice little gentileman."

While he was sharing his cookies with Billy, he ventured to tell him of his plan for getting up a happy family.

"Tell ye what," said Billy, "we can do it. Bob 's got a big squirrel cage in the barn, and we'll put in my puppy and S'lina's white mice."

"An' I'll catch Muff and one of my pigeons," said Tommy, in an ecstasy of delight.

There was nothing at all to hinder, so the cage was brought over, the fat little puppy waddling after as fast as his short legs would allow. I am afraid the white mice were smuggled away, for S'lina was very choice of her pets, but they were brought, in some fashion; and then Muff was bribed into Billy's arms by a bit of cooky, and held fast; while Tommy expended all his skill in catch-

ing the blue pigeon, which seemed from the first to suspect something. There was no trouble in getting the mice into the cage—it was only to open their box and tip them in, and they hid themselves in a wink under the straw on the bottom. The blue pigeon went in easily, too, when it was once caught, but old Muff was a tight squeeze, and was only crowded through the door by vigorous pushing, yowling dismally, and leaving some bunches of fur by the way. As for the puppy, it was clearly of no use to try; so that part of the family was left outside.

But Muff smelt mice, instantly, and pounced upon them, seizing one little unfortunate, while the other made his escape through the bars of the cage, and took refuge in the woodpile. It was all over in a flash, while Tommy and Billy were consulting as to the possibility of taking off the bottom of the cage and putting Fido in that way. And in the meantime Fido waddled off, and had to be brought back, so neither of them knew anything of the fate of the mice, and puss sat wiping her whiskers and never gave a hint.

Yes, the bottom of the cage would come off; it was only fastened on with hooks; and after infinite trouble, Fido and Muff were squeezed in together, and fastened there. Neither of them liked the situation. They had been perfectly amiable to each other in the back yard and alley, but being shut up together in a cage was a different affair. So Muff began to spit and scold, and Fido to bark angrily, greatly to Tommy's surprize and Billy's delight.

"They'll get used to it, I guess," said Tommy, doubtfully; while Billy rolled on the floor and laughed at every fresh show of hostilities; and the blue pigeon perched in the top of the cage and looked anxious and uncomfortable. In the midst of it all, Bridget came to the back door, calling Tommy, and holding out two balls of pink pop-corn. Tommy ran instantly, Billy followed at a safe distance, and poor Fido gave a yelp and a plunge of despair, as he saw his master disappear. The bottom of the cage rolled one way, and the top another. Muff made one bound and disappeared under the woodhouse, Fido came tumbling frantically after Billy, and the blue pigeon sailed up to the roof to dress his rumpled feathers. Nobody ever heard from the white mice, but the Happy Family was considered a failure.

That night Tommy ate his supper very soberly, and scarcely spoke at all. Only once he asked, gravely, "Uncle Jim, how long you s'pose it takes 'em to get used to it?" And Uncle Jim didn't know.

"MY-MOTHER-WANTS-ME." *

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

The dandelions were going to seed.
Their soft globes shining all over the mead;
Cloud like and feathery, downy and white,
The My-mother-wants-meas, so airy and light.

"I'll try one," said Katy, "one, two, three,
And see if my mother is wanting me."
Off at her breathing each winged seed flew,
And she gaily came running, to ask was it true?

Next Lillie her one, two, three times puffed;
But she blew off but half of the snowy tuft.
So she laughingly said, "I can play all day,
For the My-mother-wants-me says I may."

But little Nell, sorrowful, turning aside,
No sign of the My-mother-wants-me tried,
For her mother dwells in the far land, where
They make no sign when they want us there.

Then I said, "Little Nelly, take one and blow,
And hasten to me, if the seeds all go."
And I hope the dear mother in heaven smiled,
When she saw that I wanted her orphan child.

* All the children know what the "My-mother-wants-meas" are. They blow the dandelion seed globes three times, and if all the seeds go off, then their mother wants 'em.

THE FIREFLY.

Dear Little Corporal: Have you observed what a carnival season these glowing, golden, summer days seem to be for the insect world? All day long the butterflies flit from flower to flower, and bugs and beetles, in glittering coats of mail, wander on their little errands, up and down the garden paths, while the hum of innumerable flies and bees kept up a soft accompaniment to the bird solos and choruses, that ring out from the trees and hedges. Verily, turn which way we will, we find that

"There's never a leaf nor blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace."

But if the sunshine lures out the most gaily dressed of these tiny beings, the purple twilight has, also, its no less interesting devotees; and even during the star-lit midnight hours, a sombre-colored throng pursue their pleasures, and perform the work allotted to them.

Among those insects that emerge from their hiding places only after the sun has set, there is one which attracts general attention and admiration. I mean the "firefly." With what pleasure we follow its soft, intermittent sparkle, over the lawn and through the shrubbery. The dusky scene becomes fairly brilliant, on warm evenings in July and August, with these innumerable little lights, ever vanishing and reappearing, sometimes a

single gleam, and then again a great number of flashes at once, as if they were agreed on forming a miniature constellation.

The firefly is not really a "fly" at all, but a soft-shelled beetle; and therefore belongs to the great order of insects called the COLEOPTERA. Its scientific name is *Photinus pyralis*. Almost everyone is familiar with the appearance of the perfect insect, but in its two preceding stages—the larva and pupa—it is less widely known.

The larva lives in the soil, subsisting on earth worms and soft-bodied insects. It has not yet been ascertained how long it exists in a larva state, but probably several months, as most burrowing coleopterous larvæ grow slowly.

When it has reached its full size, it is a smooth, distinctly-jointed worm, about one and one-eighth inches in length, divided into thirteen rings, or segments, besides the head. On the top of each segment is a polished, horny, brown plate, marked with three white lines. The sides are pink, or reddish, and the under surface cream colored, with brown markings. Each of the first three segments is furnished with a pair of jointed legs, but, unlike the butterfly larva, of which I told you in my former letter, it has no prolegs, with the exception of one, of very singular form, at the tail. This proleg, or appendage, is retractile—that is, capable of being drawn in or thrust out at will—and serves not only to aid the worm in moving about, but also to brush off impurities from the head and other parts of the body, after feeding. The editor of *The American Entomologist*, who has carefully observed it, says:

"It is quite amusing to watch one, as it deftly curls its body and stretches this 'houppie,' fan-like, over its head, and literally washes itself."

The abdominal segments are luminous, and it may be discovered by this characteristic, if the soil which it inhabits be stirred after dark. It is represented at a.

When it has completed its growth it forms a compact wall all around itself, and, in this



a LARVA.—Colors, brown rose, and white.

little, earthen house, it changes to pupa. The pupa is not so very unlike the larva in appearance, except that the upper portion is thickened, and wing cases are plainly visible; it, also, glows with a faint light. It remains in this state only about ten days, when it slips off the pupal covering, gnaws

or breaks its way out of its tight little chamber, and comes to the surface of the ground a perfect beetle.

Seen by daylight, there is nothing especially attractive about this insect. Its upper wings, or wing cases, are a grayish black, bordered with a narrow line of pale yellow. The head, with its large eyes, is not visible, but is drawn completely under the shield-like top of the thorax, the antennæ alone being left un-



B. BEETLE.—Colors, dingy black, yellow and rose color. covered. The thorax is dingy yellow, with a black spot in the center, and a rose-colored one on each side. Its legs are grayish, rather feeble, not being formed for very much use. The abdomen is dark brown, except the last two segments, which are of a bright, sulphur yellow, and from these the strange, brilliant light is given out. This light is phosphorescent, and the flash seems to be produced by a sudden movement of one ring upon the other, as when you draw a match quickly across some surface not quite rough enough to cause it to ignite.

Under the wing cases, which I have described, are folded the much larger, transparent wings, by which it flies, though it is true that there is a slight motion, also, of the upper wings, which are held straight out from the body. The flight is very graceful, a sort of slow swimming through the air, the motion of the wings being so rapid that we cannot distinguish any flutter.

Fireflies have none but agreeable associations in our minds. How many delightful social, out-of-door gatherings, and moonlight walks, have they thrown the light of their tiny lanterns upon! They are the delight of children, who entertain all sorts of queer, poetical ideas in regard to them. I have a little, fairy-like, three-year-old friend, who has a great fancy for catching numbers of these little creatures, and entangling them in her long, golden curls, and no one could wish to see a prettier picture than this white-robed child, with the fireflies forming a halo around her own little, sparkling face.

MARIE ESTELLE.

LIZZIE'S FAITH.—A mother knelt with her little girl in prayer. As they rose from their knees, the child threw her arms about her mother's neck and whispered,

"Did God say 'yes' to you, mamma, when you prayed to-night?"

The mother evaded an answer by asking,

"Did He say so to you, my darling?"

"Why, yes, mamma," she said, earnestly. "He always says yes, when I pray to Him!"

Why may not all who pray have the perfect faith of this little child? *Alla Grant.*

THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

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SEWELL & MILLER,

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Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE, No. 9 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER, 1870.

THE NEW YEAR, 1871.

FURTHER ENLARGEMENTS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

As announced in our July number, we have other improvements in prospect for the new year. Our magazine is to be enlarged, by adding more pages, so that it will give about the same amount of matter that is given in "Our Young Folks." We shall also have more illustrations, that will be original and first class in every respect, inferior to those of no other magazine, and the price will be changed to *one dollar and a half*. It will then be the cheapest juvenile magazine in the world, considering its quality. In our next number we will give all particulars in regard to this change. Please read carefully the first article in the Publishers' Department, on page 95 of this number.

"THE WEST."

THE CORPORAL has had so many complimentary notices from the Press, so many words of praise, since he came out in his new dress, as well as before, that he might be accused of vanity if he reprinted them all. But one came a few days ago, that was so laughable that, if we had a funny column, we would certainly put this at the head of the page. We love New England, and all the East, and have seen a good deal of it; but we had supposed that the people there who once thought the West a poor, benighted land, only fit to send missionaries to, were all dead, or enlightened and reformed. But the following choice extract from a very nice weekly journal, called "*The New-England Homestead*," and published at Springfield, Mass., shows that we are mistaken; and it is too funny for us to keep. After complimenting THE LITTLE CORPORAL MAGAZINE, it says:

"In the Western country, where books and papers are scarcer than with us, it must have a large circulation."

When we first read these lines, we smiled. When we thought of them afterward, we tried to maintain our dignity, but were obliged to smile again, and to keep on smiling, of course in an exceedingly dignified way, because of the great respect we have for our good friends of the *New-England Homestead*.

We have had the misfortune to be born and raised in this western country "where books and papers are so scarce," and after reading this funny sentence, we had a curiosity to know just what the facts were. We turned to Rowell's American Newspaper Directory, and found that the State of Massachusetts, where our friend of the *Homestead* is located, has 208 newspapers, while all New England together has 439. Turning to Illinois, we find that that one State alone has 425 newspapers—more than twice as many as Massachusetts, and nearly as many as the whole of New England combined. Then turning to Rowell's Directory again, we find the circulation claimed by the *New-England Homestead*, and examining our own subscription list, we discover that in New England alone THE LITTLE CORPORAL has a larger circulation than is claimed by the *Homestead* as its entire list for the whole United States. We might mention several single States, east as well as west, in which our circulation is more than double the entire list of the *Homestead*, while our whole list is at least twenty times as large as theirs; and then we remember that of all the juvenile magazines published in the east, only one has a circulation *half* as large as ours.

Then, for the matter of books, as we have not the figures for comparison, we will only say that there were *three millions of dollars* worth of books sold in Chicago alone, last year, and that city is only one of the great western centers. So books seem to be plentiful in the West, as well as newspapers.

Now we do not mention these facts for the sake of drawing invidious distinctions between the East and West. By no means. New England is as much a part of our parish as Illinois. So are New York and Pennsylvania, and our own native Ohio. So are Virginia and the Carolinas, and all the Central and Gulf States. So are all those magnificent garden lands that stretch along the Pacific Ocean and between us and the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and we know not how soon we may be able to exclaim, "the whole boundless continent is ours."

We love with *one love* the whole united land over which float the glorious stars and stripes. But we want to have our dear, good friends of the *New-England Homestead* and all others like them learn that there is *something* in the West besides bears; and we promise the editor of that paper, if he will come out here, that we will show him more things than are "dreamed of in his philosophy." His visit may result in his desiring to live permanently in this "western country, where books and papers are so scarce." We won't promise that it shall not, so be prepared. Come out and see us, anyhow.

\$500 PRIZE STORY.

We are receiving many letters asking for sample copies of our August number, in which we offered five hundred dollars for a Prize Story.

One asks, "Will you return rejected manuscripts?" We answer, Yes, if stamps are enclosed with the Ms. to prepay postage.

Another asks, "Will it be reason for rejecting a story if it contains more than twelve chapters, or if any of the chapters are longer than you name in your August number." We answer, Yes. The requirements named *must* be met.

Another asks, "Will Mrs. Miller compete for the prize?" We answer, No. Others ask questions that are answered in our offer in the August number. We refer to that article for answers. We wish here to repeat one warning, however. All manuscripts *must* be written in a plain, distinct hand, so as to be easily read. If this warning is neglected, that neglect may be fatal to your Ms.

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY No. 17.

(SEE PAGE 91, THIS NUMBER.)

Every boy has a chance to show himself a gentleman, if it is in him. James Kline was a small boy, but much of a gentleman. One morning, he was running along to school, as merry as a lark, when something happened. There came a gust of air, like a little whirlwind, and whisked off a man's hat, and away it sailed up in the air. Without stopping to be asked, he started off in pursuit, and at last caught the runaway hat, lodged in the top of a tree. "Caught at last," said James, as he hurried down and ran to give the man his hat. He then ran on as if they pulled out a new coat and hat, just right for James. He afterward found out who sent it, and why it was sent; and then his mother was pleased, I assure you. W. O. C.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMA, ETC., AUGUST No.

No. 8.—*Scripture Enigma*—Zeresh, Massah, Haleb, Baal, Ham; Mahershalalhashbaz. No. 9.—*Chimney*—Knap-sack. No. 10.—*Charade*—Night-in-gale. No. 11.—*Lost Authors*—American—Trowbridge, Higginson, Stowe, Whittier, Bryant, Willis, Holmes, Agassiz, Lowell, Longfellow. *Foreign*—Tasso, Dickens, Dante, Browning, Milton, Shakspeare, Thackeray, Shelley, Keats, Howitt.



Prudy's Pocket.

In the center of the table where I am writing, stands a great, round bowl, that, half an hour ago, was filled with glossy green lily buds, resting their varnished sides upon feathery ferns. All at once the tapering points grew round, then opened a little, showing a glimpse of white at the sides, and of pale gold down deep at the heart; then, so rapidly that the eye could note the change, the buds expanded into broad, white disks, set around with the most delicate green, and filled with a golden crowd of arrowy stamens. Ah! how lovely they are, in their wonderful fairness of shape and color. And then the odor—people say the water lilies of Minnesota have none; that is because they have only gathered them lazily, as they floated, full blown, upon the water. When the buds first open they fill the air with a strange, delicious fragrance, a fruit-like odor, that is like the breath of no other flower. A month ago, in the middle of June, we gathered the first lilies, and day after day, as we come home from rowing, and fishing, and bathing, we load the boat with the lovely things, whose beauty never grows old. We shall find them in abundance for at least a month longer, for when they are gone from the shallower water, they will just begin to push their way to the surface in deeper bays, and wherever they blossom we shall be sure to find them. I turn from my fresh young lilies to open the children's letters, and from the very first one a shower of rose leaves falls in my lap, roses that budded and blossomed away in a garden of that garden state, Missouri. Here is the letter:

"Dear Prudy: How long is your pocket? Will it reach out to Missouri? I thought I would write and tell you that Missouri is not peopled by Indians, as perhaps some of your boys and girls think, but with nice little boys and girls, who go to church, and Sunday School, and day school, and are just as full of fun and frolic, and as attractive in a photograph, as your Chicago boys and girls. And if you wish to see the photographs of our family, just look on the cover of your last year's CORPORA!. And imagine *one more*. Perhaps you had been to our house, when we were only seven, and drew that picture."

This letter was accompanied by another, from

a boy in the same family, promising Prudy a collection of pressed flowers, "From our dooryard of an acre and a half, containing a hundred varieties of roses, and other plants," and advising her to get a new pocket, or borrow some of Mr. Sewell's big ones. Prudy meant to put that letter in, but it has slipped away somewhere in the basket full, so she does not feel quite sure about the acres or the roses. She would give a good deal to see that family of eight, if these two are fair specimens.

West Jefferson, O. "I never went to school, for I am only six years old, but I can read *THE CORPORAL* as well as anybody. I have got a little pet chicken, and its name is 'Yip.' How do you like the name? He follows me around everywhere; and I have got a red bird, too, its name is Bobby. He sings sweet songs every morning, before I am up. Here is a five-leaf clover and a rose leaf for you. I must stop writing, for I hear my chicken crying, and I must go and feed it."

Prudy likes these nice printed letters best of all, and this one was very neatly done. If that pet chicken is like one that Prudy once owned, she thinks "Yip" is an excellent name for him. Prudy's chicken, though a great comfort to her, was voted a nuisance by the older members of the family, until it was finally cured of its habit of "yipping," by a dose of salt, administered at the advice of a visitor, as "a good thing for delicate chickens."

Auburn, Me. "I am going to tell you about our two little kittens. Their mother died when they were only three days old, and I taught them to drink milk out of the nose of a little coffee pot. Their names are Frisky and Bess. They are large kittens, now, and will eat meat. Who ever heard of such a thing before?"

Prudy knows of a girl who did that very thing, and raised a family of orphan kittens to be an ornament to their race. Only, as cats were not scarce, her brother suggested that it was a waste of talent.

Miner's Branch, Cal. "We want to tell you how much we love *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, from the oldest to the youngest. Father could not go to bed, when he knew *THE CORPORAL* had come, without reading the last chapter of Working and Winning, and we are all anxious to know what Tommy can find to do next. It is getting very dry here; the burnt grass hardly covers the red earth, and the beautiful flowers are gone. The stock has been driven up the mountains, and many families have gone with them, to stay until the rainy season commences. We have had only two or three little showers for three months, and I have no flowers to send you, only some very pretty grasses. Our ranch is dotted here and there with great oaks, and looks like a New England orchard."

Wrentham, Mass. Maggie writes to tell Aunt Prudy of some plays for the children, good, though not new, and we may give them elsewhere. She also sends a funny saying of her little Niece Nellie's. "Nellie is just eight years old, and the prettiest little thing. The children were talking one day about what they were going to do when they were men and women. Little Nellie listened till they were through, and

then, giving her thread and needle a twitch, said she didn't know whether she should be an old maid like Aunt Sarah, or get married, but she thought she would rather be 'a widow with an only son!' Which reminds Prudy of one of her little friends in *Randolph, Ohio*, who declared, when only four years old, that "she should never get married; she was going to live with her grandchildren!" A boy in *Brighton, Ill.*, sends a very neatly written letter, and says his little sister, five years old, can read almost everything in *THE CORPORAL*. Who can beat that, for a five year old? A friend in *Annappolis, Md.*, sends some of the most curiously spotted maple leaves Prudy has ever seen. Thank you, Master George.

Frankfort, Kan. "I have two little brothers, and ma thinks they get into as much mischief as Tommy Bancroft did. I want to know if you have got any little girls."

One little girl, Ellie, but she went five years ago to "Our Father's house in the skies."

Chicago, Ill. "We have had a visit from you every month for three years, Mr. Corporal, and now it seems as if we could not do without you. I guess we have got pretty near as smart a baby as you can find anywhere. This is the first letter I have ever written to you, but it is a shame I did not write before, to tell you how much I like the picture of Red Ridinghood, which you sent me for a club which I got up all myself in Lockport."

Greentown, O. "I like *THE CORPORAL* better than ever, in his new dress. I wish it came every week, it seems so long to wait for it. I live with my grandma, and I milk the cow for her, and do a good many chores. I have fourteen guinea chickens, and two of the cunningest little maltese kittens, and a little dog named Pink. The dog helps me drive the cows, and he knows a great deal."

Oakland, Cal. "I read my *CORPORAL* over ever so many times, so I need not say I like it. Best of all is Prudy's Pocket, and I want to write for it as well as other little girls, though perhaps you will not call ten years very young. Most of the girls tell you about their sweetest babies, but if I should tell you *half* about our little Gracie it would fill up your Pocket so you would have to make a new one."

"*Dear Prudy*: I am a little girl only six years old. I like *THE CORPORAL*. Don't you think I can write nice for a little girl? My papa thinks so, but mamma makes all the big letters for me. When you come through here you must stop and see me. We live at No. 410."

Thank you, Bessie: Prudy will remember the number, but is it in London or New York?

Lawrenceburgh, Ind. "I have a little Indian pony. His name is Pompeo. We have a darling little boy at our house. His name is Harry. He is sixteen months old, and can walk, for you know boys most always walk before they talk. My pa is a doctor. I wonder if Prudy will put this letter in her Pocket."

Olean. "THE *LITTLE CORPORAL* was a Christmas present to me, and I like it very much. We have a horse named Frank, a cow named Daisy, a black cat, a pig, and ten chickens. I like *THE CORPORAL*'s new suit. I read the stories to my

little brother. Ma says this letter is long enough for the first time."

Amhurst. "We have no sweet baby, but I have a little doggie named Dandy. He will sit up, roll over, walk on his hind legs, and *make up a face*. I have got a wax doll as big as a real baby. Her name is Eva. I want to know if Prudy or the Corporal have ever been to Amhurst?"

Never, but we mean to go there.

Rochelle, Ill. "I have read Prudy's Pocket many a time. I think it is *awful good*, and I want one of my letters put in with the others, though I am afraid I cannot write a very nice one. I am going through Chicago, and mean to stop and see you. I know you must be handsome because you write such good stories."

Prudy read, once, about a girl that wasn't handsome because she never had time to be. That is a good deal like Tealie's reason.

Louisville, Ky. "Hattie wants fairy stories in *THE CORPORAL*, but for my part I like true stories best. I am going to take *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* as long as it is published, and I hope that will be *always*."

Dear Prudy: "I have taken *THE CORPORAL* ever since it commenced. I do not go to school this summer, for I stay at home to help mother. I made some flower beds this spring, but the chickens tore them all up. I am going to press some leaves to send you."

Prudy made some flower beds, too, and they were doing prosperously until Dixie made them a visit. Dixie is a little pony, who goes jingling about with a bell on his neck, because he is so little he gets lost in the sumach bushes. He wasn't at all to blame for liking to lunch on the juicy grass in the yard, but when Prudy ran at him, with a broom in one hand, and a dust pan in the other, he walked deliberately across the flower beds with his clumsy little hoofs, and finding no other way of escape, turned about and marched back again. Those flowers were completely discouraged, and have not yet decided which end up to grow.

Sugar Grove, Pa. "I had the measles about two weeks ago, and I thought about Tommy. I think he is a funny boy, and I like to hear about him. I never wrote anything for a paper before, and I hope this will be put in."

"*Dear Prudy*: Last month somebody asked by a letter in your Pocket, whether Nimble Dick had tried to fly any more? No. He felt so *foolish* after he tried to fly and couldn't, that he has kept pretty still ever since. You may be sure he will never try to fly again. W. O. C."

Marshalltown, Iowa. "Mamma says she has a very correct picture of you, taken when you and she sat at the same table, and recited your lessons in the same class. I cannot see it, but she says it is painted on memory's page. We have a cow and a white calf, and I am saving my pennies to buy a pony, and pay for *THE CORPORAL* next year."

Westfield, Ill. "I think *THE CORPORAL* is splendid. I have been sitting under an apple tree to-day, watching the bees, and reading my last number over again."

Private Queer's



ALPHABET SENTENCES.

Our offer in the August number in regard to Alphabet Sentences, has called out a great many replies. The majority of the sentences sent have gone to the waste basket, because of indifferent merit, or because they were too long. We do not mean to say that all we shall print possess first-class merit, but we deem them better than those declined. The offer will remain open until September 1st. We print this month all accepted up to the close of the pages for this number. In the next or future numbers, we will print the remainder of accepted sentences. Please remember they must be very good and very short, or have some other good point to recommend them.

The queer uniforms of the jolly zouaves looked very bright while practicing their exercises.
BESSIE NELSON AND HER SISTER.

Can a bright boy, with an excellent joke, defy Private Queer's attempts to puzzle him?
E. KIMBALL.

Pure, firm justice, with quiet zeal, like good mortar, should be evenly mixed.
JAS. R. TOWNSEND.

Jacob Fraughwines very quickly extemporized.
S. S. MORSE.

Here is one in which the letters come in alphabetical order:

A bold card, defying his joking, lump-nosed, piguant, rash, Teutonic, vixen wife, Xantippe, was published by Izard.
T. W. C.

Here are the letters reversed:

Izard boldly published Xantippe his wife as vile, unfidy, and sour-tempered, quite prone to malice, unkind, jealous, as if she strangely feared he could be false.
T. W. C.

If we enjoy excellent reading, unquestionably THE CORPORAL is the very magazine we should take.
MYRA GADD.

The skill and judgment will improve amazingly by frequent exercise. VERONA SUMMERS.

Some excellent but very queer folks allow zeal to outstrip their judgment.

ELLEN C. THOMPSON.

A queen named Jezebel gave proof that she was exceedingly wicked. JULIA A. RANDOLPH.

Julia said, "Quick, Eva, bring my work box from the piazza." JACOB WASHBURN.

James Peltzer had two large bouquets of philox, violets, lychins, and pinks. ANNIE.

Queer Zack Gilbert has just forty-six red cows, which five poor men milk. M. A. S.

Zebras are exceedingly queer animals, having alternate stripes of jet black and white.

HARRY E. GILLETTE.

Finding sentences quickly, to receive prizes, will tax the brain and judgment. M. K. S.

Ezra, in jumping over a stick, cut his foot quite badly with his ax. FREDDIE WILKINSON.

Zendavesta is a sacred book of the Parsees, which history adjudges to Zoroaster; its requirements are exclusive. A. J. M.

Zaccheus quickly came down believing, for he expected Jesus. TAMZA.

Give much, expect slowly, but quiz and joke freely. TAMZA.

Jabez quickly drove away an ox from the spring. TAMZA.

Deceitful, quizzing boys just make wishing parents vexed. J. W. RICHARDS.

Jesus very quickly commended Zaccheus, because of his upright and exact dealings with his fellows. J. M. A.

Oh! France, what 'vails thy envious zeal?
Thy queen's inexorable pride.
The shock of kingdoms may reveal—
Let justice for the right decide. F. L. R.

Brave Corporal, zealous, just, and good, quickly extend your favor to my own home. K. V. R.

I judge Zaccheus must have been quite weak; perhaps not exactly a dwarf. K. V. R.

My name is Julia Lizzie Fox,
And I was born in Keene,
But Quincy is my dwelling place,
Where every day I'm seen.
ABBIE A. ALLEN.

I expect THE CORPORAL just for one year,
How amazingly kind! 'twill be very queer.
MELISSA C. KEEVE.

1. Puck quizzed, just viewing Abraham Lincoln fixedly.

2. Quoth deaf weazened Yychua, "Prove, malignant jackbird."

3. My jackbird quiet explains, whizzing favorably.

4. Buxom Dr. Fowler quickly journalizes philoprogenitiveness.

5. Pharmaceutically! fudge, just quiz Eva's knowledge box.

6. Quit, will you old Zuixidamus, or fight brave Captain Jackson.

7. How easy my quibbling fox love practices her dazdling jokes.

8. Quirking, lockjawed Zaccheus vexed my fancy bean, Peter.
TIPTON WILLIE.

Know unquestionably that zeal for the right may justly be expected of every good man.

WILBERT FERGUSON.

Paul quickly flew by the door, jamming the vine in his extra zeal.
JULIA BULLOCK.

Jenny gave me a nice bouquet of azalias, pink phlox, and wall flowers. BLANCHE CHASE.

James B. Zink, not quite three years old, weighs exactly forty-five pounds. JIMMIE BROWN.

Jack and Peter like to quiz the funny old man who gave them such a pretty box. W. E. O.

Jabez expects to find many good, witty alphabet sentences in Private Queer's Knapsack. D. D. H.

1. John Quincy Adams, at the age of sixteen, worked for a valuable prize.

2. I have just two dozen of queer-looking pictures in my box.

3. A black boy gave me a lump of quartz that weighed just six ounces. R. W. MCKEE.

A queer, crazy housekeeper mixed and drank five bowls of gin with jelly. ADA M. SIMPSON.

Elizabeth Jane, for exercise, one day, Walked five long miles, and queerly called it play. MARY A. SIMPSON.

If lazy Jasper will be quick and yoke up the ox we will be moving. FRANK WHITEHEAD.

The *Chicago Post* gives the following:

"An ingenious mouser among the A B Cs has discovered that the following sentence of only thirty four letters, contains all the letters in the alphabet—'John quickly extemporized five tow bags.' We have a still shorter one, which answers the same purpose. It is, 'Get out, Ab-cd-fh-jklmnpq-rstuv-wxyz!'" (For pronunciation of this sentence apply to the Russian vocalists, now traveling in Wisconsin.)"

Private Queer says, "Go in, Abcdefghjklmpqrstuvwxyz," contains only twenty-six letters, while the *Post's* Russian has twenty-seven. He guesses that if this is pure Russian, it must mean "Go in lemons." Anyhow, he thinks no one will "go in" ahead of it.

No. 13.—BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.

My 1, 21, 19, 6, was an ancient man.

My 3, 18, 13, 5, was an ancient dwelling.

My 11, 7, 2, 20, was an ancient woman.

My 15, 4, 12, 14, was an ancient metal.

My 17, 10, 24, 11, was a musical instrument.

My 22, 16, 2, 8, was an ancient animal.

My 25, 23, 9, 8, was an ancient bird.

My whole is a Bible command.

Isola.

No. 14.—BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty letters.

My 2, 12, 16, 23, 30, was an ancient king.

My 6, 14, 29, 20, 10, was an ancient plant.

My 8, 22, 15, 1, 4, was an ancient seaport.

My 13, 26, 9, 8, 25, was an ancient animal.

My 15, 21, 6, 18, 5, is a precious stone.

My 17, 9, 11, 23, 16, was an ancient town.

My 19, 6, 28, 15, 24, was an ancient woman.

My 24, 15, 7, 12, 9, is an ancient bird.

My 27, 16, 26, 21, 10, was an ancient plague.

My whole is a part of a verse in the Bible.

Isola.

No. 15.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

I am not heard when the skies are clear;
Sometimes I fill the soul with fear.

With varied hues my form is bright,
You always hail my beauteous light.

CROSS WORDS.

To burdened hearts I give relief,
The outward sign of pain and grief.

Where merry jokes and tales go round,
You will not fail to hear my sound.

A Scripture name of letters three,
In Exodus the word you'll see.

Your grammar now consult with care,
A part of speech, you'll find me there.

What every Quaker likes to wear,
As well as many a lady fair.

With roses sweet and myrtle crowned,
Among the muses I am found.

What you would like where lilies grow,
And where the balmy breezes blow. C.A.M.

No. 16.—HIDDEN COUNTIES OF ILLINOIS.

1. Is your brother-in-law a bashful man?
2. A Hottentot ate a Catholic raw for dinner.
3. A prize is offered for the best cultivated garden.
4. Is he deaf or dumb?
5. Alas! all ends in ruin.
6. Can you cook an egg in a minute?
7. Deliver us from a contentious person.
8. When exposed to the dew it turns white.

R. A. BRISTOL.

No. 17.—A PICTURE STORY.—THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE OUTDONE BY A BOY.



The Reading given on page 90, (Editorial page, this number).

W. O. C.

Publishers' Department.

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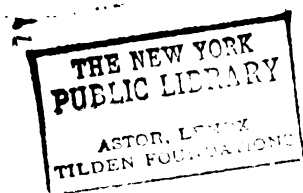
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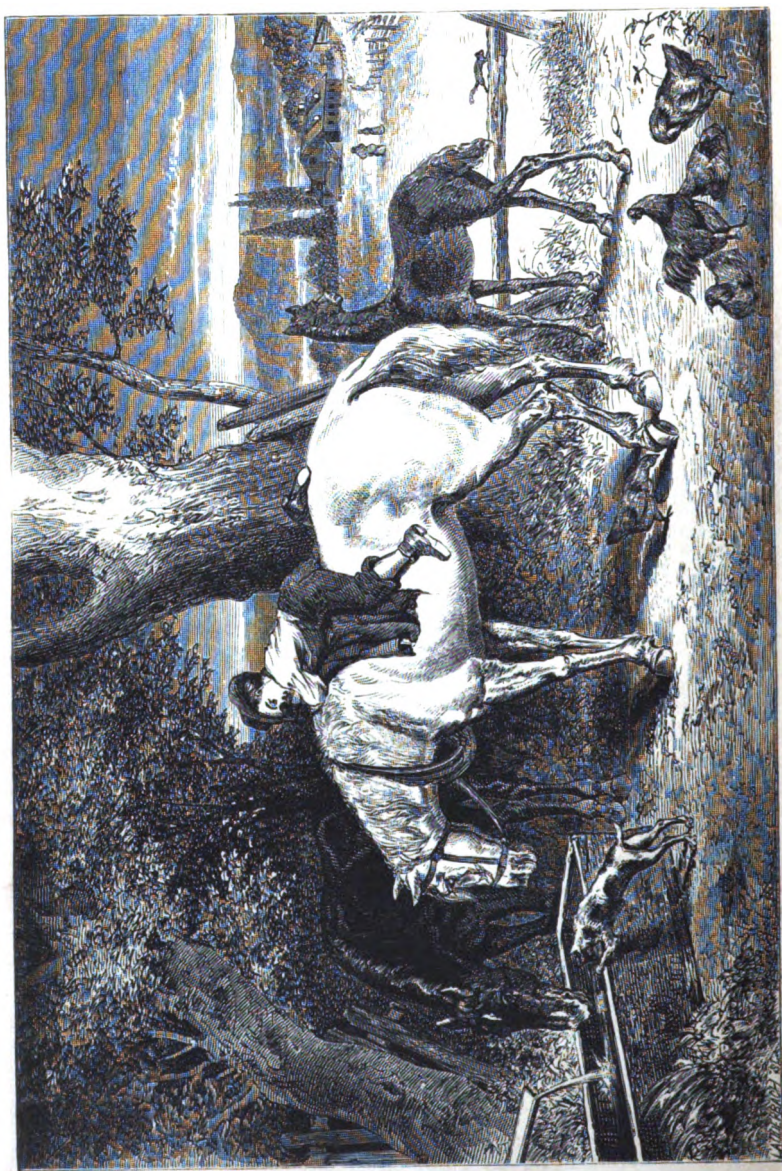
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THE WATERING TROUGH.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL,

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG ; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XI.—OCTOBER, 1870.—NO. 4.

HOW THE SHIP CAME IN.

BY RALPH G. LEONARD.



ESTHER tell Rob about it."

"O fie! He'll say that it is only girls' nonsense, and make fun of it."

"No, he won't—he can't—here it is right before his eyes. Nine potatoes put into that cupboard last night, and only six there this morning. He can't make fun of that, 'specially when he has to eat a scant dinner on account of it; and it has happened—let me see—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday"—(she counted on her fingers)—"three nights, Esther, since we began to watch."

"Yes, and long before we began to count the things, before I said anything to you about it, the victuals did not seem to last as long as they ought to. The meals would not come out as I had planned the day before."

"Don't let us tell grandmother anything about it; it would frighten her to death, because she sleeps down here alone, you know."

"Keep still then; here she comes. Go and pick up some chips, and you can talk to Rob about it while you are doing it."

As Esther said this, the bedroom door opened, and an old woman came into the room, shivering, and huddled over the fire.

"I am cold—so cold," she muttered.

The young girl brought a shawl and wrapped it round her form, and she settled the old lady snugly in a rocking chair, and straightened her cap, tying the strings in a tidy little bow. Then Esther went on setting the table.

A snug, tidy, little body she was, with a prompt, decided way of stepping about and

keeping things in order. She pulled the tablecloth true at the corners, and laid the plates and knives and forks straight, and though it was only six o'clock in the morning, her johnnycake was baking in the oven, and the potatoes were sizzling and frying in the skillet. She was only fifteen, but I don't believe that in all New England there was a more cozy, prudent, forehanded, little woman than Esther Whitaker. She had known how to keep house since she was almost a baby, and she had kept her knowledge in practice most of the time since.

Margie was younger, and perhaps you would have liked her better than Esther. She was pretty and lively, and fond of chattering, and laughing, and reading stories; but she hated housework and dishwashing, and when she was set to do it, she asked what she should do next, and what she should do it with, and where she should begin, and how she should go on, in such a helpless, exasperating way, that Esther had rather do anything twice than to see Margie undertake to do it once. So it came about quite naturally that Margie went to school, and Esther kept the house, while Rob worked in a factory, and the grandmother rocked and dozed all day.

The Whitaker children had neither father nor mother. They lived with Grandmother Akers, in a little, tumbledown, brown house, a mile or so from town. It was an open question, whether Grandmother Akers took care of the children, or they took care of her. The old lady herself inclined strongly to the first view of the case; but the Whitaker children did not see it in this light. It was a clear case to them that Rob and Esther earned the money and did the work of the little house.

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Margie had gone out for chips. She sat down on the doorstep, shivering a little with the cold, and began a little talk with her brother.

"Deary me, Rob, what a great pile you have chopped already. There wasn't a single piece left over, last night."

"I know that," said Rob, banging away at a knotty chunk. "The wood goes off like—like blazes. I thought I had cut enough to last two days. It seems to me Esther burns a good deal of wood."

"It isn't Esther at all. She is very saving—O, very saving, indeed. She makes me pick up chips every day, till there isn't a chip as big as my thumb within half a mile of this house—there isn't, indeed. She has sent me for some now; but I needn't hurry. She said I might talk to you some, if I wanted to. And I tell you, Rob, it's grandma who burns the wood so fast. She just crowds it into the stove all day long, till the house is like an oven. She is old and cold, you know, and can't get warm. I don't suppose she could if there were forty fires. But Esther would keep warm stepping about so fast; and I am in school all day, except mornings and nights. O dear! when I get older, I am going to teach a school myself, and earn money, and wear a red merino dress and a white collar."

Rob went on with his chopping, and made no answer to his sister. She began again, presently.

"Rob!"

"Well?"

"Now please listen to me. You are just banging away at that hard wood, and you are not thinking at all about what I say."

"O yes I am."

"Well, then, I want you to tell me something that I am going to ask you. Solemn and true—will you?"

"Yes, *ma'am*!" Rob brought down a good blow, as he said that word. "True as preaching and as solemn as the church steeple. Fire away! What is it?"

"Rob!" and here Margie's tone and manner became very impressive; "Rob, do you ever get up in the night and eat cold potatoes—lots of them, and johnnycake, and half a loaf of bread, and cookies—all at once, in one night?"

"No; what foolery! of course I don't!" roared Rob, in great surprise; and he stopped his chopping and stared at his sister. "Of course I don't. Who does?"

Margie's voice went down to a mysterious undertone, and she shook her head solemnly.

"That's it, Rob. We don't know who does. *Somebody* does!"

"Well, let them, if they want to. Who cares. It is none of our business."

"Yes it is; you don't understand. They come to our cupboard—right here in our house—and eat our things. *Somebody* does, every night."

"Nonsense!"

"No, it isn't nonsense, it is the truth, the dreadful truth. Esther has been suspecting it for a long, long time, because she would plan about the victuals, (you know she is always planning), and they would not come out the way she had calculated. Then she told me about it, and we began counting just how much bread and meat and potatoes we put away at night, and it is scarcely ever that there is as much in the morning as we put away the night before!"

Rob was leaning on his axe and paying very close attention to this strange story. He made no answer for a moment after Margie had stopped, then he said,

"Sure you counted straight?"

"Indeed, we *are* sure," answered Esther, decidedly, who had come to look after her chips, and heard the last of the talk.

"Isn't it rats?"

"Rats! no, indeed. Why, last night there were three potatoes, nice, large ones, and half a loaf of bread taken. Could a rat do that, and not leave a track or a nibble to tell of them? Besides, old Tab cleared out the last of the rats before she went away."

"Why didn't you tell me of it before?" asked Rob.

"Because I wasn't certain about it myself. I could hardly believe my own eyes. But I know something is wrong."

"Well, don't trouble about it," he said, cheerily; "I'll watch to-night, and we'll ferret it out."

So the matter rested till night. Rob went to his work at the Carbury sash and blind factory, where, as he had to attend to two buzz saws, he was not exactly fancy free to speculate on mysterious visitants. Margie went to school, learned her lessons, and then lost herself in a story book till four o'clock in the afternoon, and Esther took up her burden of household duties just as she did every other day of her life.

But when the shadows of night fell dark about the little house, the dread and mystery came, too. The grandmother was tucked away as usual, with an extra blanket and a hot brick. Little Margie was full of fear.

"Dear me, I would not sleep alone for all the world! would you, Esther?" she said.

"Why no, I would not like to; though I don't know what good we could do each other, if there was really any danger," said Esther.

"Poh! I am not in the least afraid," said Rob, valiantly.

"Well, I'm going to say my prayers over two or three times, and put the nail over our door latch," said Margie. And with this double armor of faith and works, she laid her head on her pillow and went to sleep.

Esther was wakeful in the night, but she heard nothing.

As for Rob, he resolved to carry on his investigations with true masculine vigilance and secrecy. So, without telling his sisters of it, he sprinkled both doorsteps with sawdust, so that he could tell at a glance if the thief was an outsider. Then he lumbered down from the attic a clumsy old gun that had been disabled in the war of 1812. Rob had no powder nor shot, and he could not have loaded that gun, if he had had a ton; but it looked like business to see it at the foot of his bed, and Rob sat bolt upright in a warlike attitude on the side of his bed for more than an hour after all the house was silent. Nothing happened, however, and it grew dull, sitting there in the cold, so at last he laid down his arms, with the rest of his mortal body, pulled the bedquilt over him, and went to sleep.

The next morning, Esther had built the fire, and tracked in and out over his sawdusted steps a dozen times, before Rob made his appearance. So the mystery was not solved that night, though half a loaf of bread and some tea had disappeared. This was Saturday—a busy day to Esther, with her baking and cleaning for Sunday, and a tedious day to Margie, who could not go to school, but had to pick beans and sew carpet rags. It was just like any other day to Rob, with his two saws to mind at the factory.

But they were all quiet at home again, at nightfall. They made short evenings at the little house. It was a way they had of saving candles and wood. Rob had been very resolute about sitting up all night, but he compromised a little, and made up his mind that lying awake with his clothes on, would be equivalent to the same thing. And as his eyelids had a habit of dropping over his eyes as soon as his head touched the pillow, he was fast asleep in less than half an hour.

He was awakened, a few hours later, by Esther, standing at his bedside. She had no candle, but the moonlight lay in a great,

white sheet on the floor. Esther stood like a ghost in her nightgown.

"Hush!" she said, under her breath. "There is some one down stairs. I hear them. Come on!"

She crept noiselessly to the head of the stairs. There was some one moving about, below. She could hear the footsteps. Then Rob made such a creaking noise as he got out of bed, and knocked over his boots, that she could hear nothing. He was at her side in a moment, and they listened together, but all was silent. They stood there listening, shivering with cold and excitement, for five, ten, fifteen minutes; then they heard the footsteps again, stealthily moving about. They heard the latch of the cupboard door click softly.

The stairs were almost as steep and narrow as a ladder, and so rickety and noisy that Rob dared not step on them. He put his hands on each side of the stairway and swung himself down to the ground floor, as noiseless as a cat. Esther came after him, and they went through the narrow entry, and peeped through a crack in the door.

Rob had expected, when this critical moment should arrive, to rush boldly in with a kind of charge-bayonet movement upon the intruder. But his gun was up stairs, and he was peeping ignobly through a crack of the door. They could see a figure in a long, black cloak standing by the cupboard, the hood of the cloak was pulled over the head so that the face was not visible. Was it a man or woman, a ghost or an ogre?

Rob's heart beat like a sledge hammer, and Esther was pale with fear.

The figure looked up and down the cupboard, and thrust its hooded head into the corners. It took down the china cup where they kept the money, and it gave a chuckling sound, as of delight, at the chink of the silver. Then it took a plate of corn bread down from the shelf, and shook its head, and muttered over it; then it turned slowly round and came to the table. The face was toward them then, the candle light flared upon it; they knew it. It was the old, wrinkled face of Grandmother Akers.

They watched her break off a piece of the bread, and mumble and count over a dish of potatoes. "Too many; O, yes, too many," she muttered. "They'll never miss two of them. I'll lay them away for a rainy day. O, yes, there'll be a rainy day come sometime, and then the chil'en be very glad I saved them."

They watched her go to her bedroom and unlock a chest that stood at the foot of her

bed. She put her plunder into it, then, locking it, she crept into bed again.

So the mystery was solved at last. The old grandmother was possessed with an insane mania for hoarding and hiding, and had been filching from their scanty store for months past.

"I wish we knew what to do about it; it would be no good to talk to her, for she never would understand. She has never had her sense just right since she was so sick, in the fall," said Rob, next morning, when they had told Margie about it, and the three were in solemn conclave on the subject.

"Couldn't you ask Dr. Smith?" said Margie. "You know he took care of grandmother when she was sick, and he is on our school committee, and examined me in geography."

"O, of course he must know about everything, then," said Rob.

"Of course you are making fun of me. But he does know a great deal; he always praises me, and he is kind, and could give you good advice."

So Rob Whitaker went to Crampton that morning, to get the doctor's good advice. The wise man made up his wise mind very quickly when he heard the story.

"Well," said he, in a dictatorial, pompous way, "there is one thing to be done, and only one, and that ought to be done right away. Grandmother Akers must go to the poor house."

Rob's face flushed up. "None of our relations ever went there, sir, and I shouldn't like to do it."

"But she is not any relation of yours, that is, not any blood relation," the doctor went on, in a large tone. "She was your mother's stepmother—no real relation to you, if I understand the connection, and I ought to, for I have practiced in your family for three generations. The old lady has not a relation in the world. Her son, Hiram Akers, was the last, and he was shipwrecked in the Indian Ocean a dozen years ago. The old lady never would believe he was dead, and that was the beginning of her insanity. Her case is entirely hopeless. She is just as well off in one place as another, and these old creatures are really very well off at the town house; they've got a very decent man in charge there."

"I am sure she would not be willing to go," said Rob.

"I can manage that for you. I'll drive round with my sleigh to-day or to-morrow, and I will take the old lady out riding, and get her off as quiet as a kitten."

This was the doctor's good advice; but, somehow, it lay heavy on Rob's heart. He went home very sober, and, as he entered the room, the old grandmother looked up at him and nodded and smiled. It was a weak, faded, old smile, but it brought the quick tears into the boy's eyes, and there was a bad choking in his throat, when he told the girls of the doctor's plan.

Nobody ate much at dinner that day. The trembling old voice asked the blessing as usual, little thinking that it was for the last time; and Rob, and Esther, and Margie felt like three traitors; every morsel choked them. After it was done, Margie made a great bustle over washing the dishes; Rob whittled and whistled, like a true Yankee, to keep his courage up; and Esther was busy making up a bundle of grandmother's things.

About two o'clock the doctor came dashing up to the house in a great sleigh, with two horses. He was a large man, with an important air, and when he had hustled into the small room there did not seem to be room for anyone else. He talked a little with Grandmother Akers—was glad to see she was bringing up the children so well; he patted Margie on the head, and told her she was pretty, and praised Esther's housekeeping, and talked factory with Rob. And in less than ten minutes the grandmother was bundled up snugly, and helped into the sleigh, under the delusion that she was to be taken to church. Then the doctor insisted that all three should go along. The doctor had given the reins to Rob, when they first started; after they had gone about a mile, he said to him,

"I don't see that there is any use in my going all the way. I'll get out at 'Squire Walgrove's, on the hill, and you drive on alone. You won't find any trouble, the superintendent will manage it for you; he is accustomed to these things."

So the doctor got out, and Grandmother Akers and the children drove on alone. It was two miles farther on, the gloomy, desolate house they sought. Rob stopped the horses, and the girls got out.

"Come, grandmother, come on," said Esther. It is a nice place here, and the people are kind, and we are going to get warm."

"It isn't the church—there isn't any steeple—I'm going on to church, and I won't get out of the sleigh."

"I'll help you, granny. Come into the house with us."

"No, no. I don't like the house. I don't know the people. I won't get out, Robert, short of the meeting house."

Rob looked inquiringly at a man who now came out to meet them.

"O," said the man, "they often acts so when they's brought here. It's very curus; they know they'll be taken good care of whilst they live, and be buried decent when they die; but some folks fights hard agin coming here—Yankees 'specially."

"She don't want to get out," said Rob.

"I see," returned he. "We'll just have to h'ist her right out by main strength. Come on, granny."

As he said this he took her by the shoulders and fairly dragged her, struggling, over the side of the sleigh.

She did not stir towards the house; her shabby cloak fluttered in the wintry wind; her white locks had fallen from under her cap and straggled over her face; her black eyes flashed with their old spirit.

"Come in, I tell you; don't keep us waiting in the cold," said the man, sharply. "I have had a good many of these cases; they have got to submit to authority the first thing."

So saying, he took her firmly by the arm, and forced her up the walk and into the house. They entered a large, desolate room, but it was well warmed by a great fire crackling in the fireplace. In this room, huddled together in groups, were a score or so of miserable creatures; some were very old, some idiotic, one or two crazy. Grandmother Akers stood a moment, looking about the place; a flash of intelligence came over her face, as the truth dawned on her mind.

"It is the poor house," she said, slowly, pronouncing each word separate. "It is the poor house," she repeated, in a louder tone. Then once again she almost screamed the words, "*It is the poor house!*" She clasped her withered hands together and moaned, "Oh! Robbie. Oh! Esther. What have you done?" Her weak, old limbs trembled under her, she dropped on her knees; with tears streaming from her eyes, she rocked piteously back and forth. "Oh! my God. Oh! my Father, have pity upon me."

"Don't, grandmother, don't. They will be good to you here," said Rob, trying to lift her up. But she clung to his knees, and moaned, and prayed,

"Take me home, take me home. I'll die soon. I'll not trouble long, Robbie, boy; only take me home."

Margie was sobbing and crying now, with both arms around the old woman's neck. "Don't leave her here! She may have all my things, and I'll take care of her. Don't leave her here," she said.

"Esther," cried Rob, with tears streaming, "I can't do it. I won't do it. We'll keep together if we die—we'll keep together. Come, come on, grandmother, we are going home now."

But she did not move; her strength seemed spent. They lifted her up tenderly and supported her over the threshold and into the sleigh.

"You are taking me home; are you sure?" she asked, as the sleigh glided over the road again.

"Yes, grandmother; we're going home as straight as a string," said Rob.

"And you'll never take me away again, children; never?"

"No, never" they promised.

And they kept the promise, too, though Dr. Smith, much to Margie's dismay, called them a "pair of simpletons." The winter held out long and long. Rob's wages were cut down, and they suffered a good many twinges of cold and hunger, in the little brown cottage; but through it all Grandmother Akers had always the warmest and the best.

The spring came at last, warm and sunny, and one day, as the old grandmother was sitting in her easy chair, under the shade of the apple blossoms, the little garden gate swung open, and a tall, sunburnt man, with iron-gray hair, came into the garden, and walked straight to the apple tree where Grandmother Akers sat.

"Mother, do you know me?"

"Hiram! my boy. O, my little boy."

And so the ship came in. For the grandmother's little boy was the rich Hiram Akers from East India. And he took it into his head that he couldn't do better than to spend his money on the Whitaker children. He got them a beautiful home, and Esther kept house like a queen, and Margie had a red merino dress and a piano, and Rob learned his business thoroughly; and he owns his own factory to-day, and is one of the best and most prominent men in his county.

That is the way the ship came in, for the Whitaker children.

For your idea of man as he ought to be, always look upward; but to judge man as he is, never affect to stoop. Learn all you possibly can; and when you have learned that all, I repeat it, you will never converse with any man of sound common sense and of upright moral character, who does not know something worth knowing, better, perhaps, than you yourself know it.

THE WATERING TROUGH.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

BY MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

What sweet abandonment of rest,
What an untroubled joy,
As fades the sunlight in the west.
Is thine, O, farmer boy.

There by the cool old waterspout,
Beneath the sheltering trees,
The shadows falling in and out,
As shifted by the breeze,

The stillness of the sunset time
Hath wrought its dreamy spell,
And thou art listening to the chime
Of fancy's fairy bell.

Thy face and posture seem to say,
"Drink, to your heart's delight,
And rest you from the heated day.
Here in the cool twilight."

All sights and sounds have blended there
In dreamy, restful joy:
There falls no shadow of a care
Upon the farmer boy.

Thy little tasks are pleasures meet.
Dog, horses, are thy friends;
All day thy busy, roving feet
In pleasant ways have been.

And nature's own exceeding peace
Falls softly on thy brow,
And lapses into its sweet release,
What art thou dreaming now?

O, boy, in after years of life,
Thy world-worn thoughts will come,
With weary longings, from the strife
Back to thy childhood's home.

The watering trough, the farmhouse brown,
Dim wood and shaded lane,
And all the simple, rural joys
Thou canst not taste again.

DO YOUR BEST.

If you are running along in a hurry, and stumble over a brickbat, and spill your dinner pail, all right. Kick the brickbat out of the way, pick up your dinner pail, save your bread and butter if you can; if not, whistle "Hail Columbia," and run on to school. It won't do to be put down by a brickbat. Take hold of your book as a squirrel takes hold of a hickory nut. Be bound to get the meat out, if there is any in it.

Because Tom Lazychops wants to be a fool, is no reason why you should be one. Do your best, every time; and then, when the teacher calls out the classes, you can walk up like a man, and tell him you go ahead.

W. O. C.

TALE OF A SMALL BUT SHREWD PUSS.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

My name is Minny Mouser. I am gray, with white paws and a white face. I wear a red morocco collar, with a silver button. My mistress says she knows about cats, and that I am a dear little pussy wussy. Her name is Rose Morris. She is what they call a "perfect love of a girl." Soft, dark eyes, dark hair, red lips. I won't attempt to describe her.

She likes to kiss me on the top of my head, because she says it is so soft and mousey, but Fred says the only place to kiss a cat is on that little cushion under her paw, and that is never clean.

Fred is at home from college. I heard them say he is suspended, whatever that may be.

Don't be surprised at anything I may tell you. This is the sixth of my nine lives. I have seen and heard a great deal, and though my recollections of my past lives are somewhat indistinct, yet I remember more than one would suppose, and am quite a scholar.

In my first life I was a Wildcat. My father was King of the Woods. That was a strange, exciting life. The less said about it here the better.

My present life began only a few months ago, in the country. I was taken away from my mother at a tender age, and brought to this house in a basket. They expected me, and had a saucer of milk all ready, and a snug corner for me to sleep in. Then I have a secure and retired den under a big bookcase in the snuggery, where I can go if I am frightened, or wish to be alone. And though I am fond of Tip, I am glad he can't get in there, for I like to have my den to myself. I find if I stand in the farthest corner, on my tiptoes, Fred can't reach me with the umbrella.

I was horrified when I found there was a dog in the family, but I soon learned to like him. We play together, and he is very fond of me. But he doesn't like Tabby, the next door cat. He begins to bark as soon as she looks over the fence. He says he must draw the line somewhere. He always wears the same collar, with his name on it—Tip-Top-Terrier.

He can't read. The other day we thought we'd take a walk, and when we came to the park, Tip was going right in; but, luckily, I happened to raise my eyes, and saw on a board, "No dogs allowed here." I told

him, and he was very much disappointed; but he waited for me at the gate while I went in to look at the gold fish a minute, and then we went home.

I don't believe that notice is of much use. Half the dogs can't read it.

I stay in the snuggery most of the time, it is so pleasant there. In the evening, Grandma Morris sits by the fire, in a big armchair, and knits and knits, and Papa Morris reads and reads, and Mamma Morris sews, and Rose and Fred and Jenny talk and play games. Tip always takes a nap on the rug. He says he is growing old.

I always play tricks in the evening. That's the time to be lively. Sleep in the daytime. The other night, when Papa Morris was sitting reading, I ran up on his shoulder and to the top of his head, and jumped off into the middle of the table. He didn't like it, and I know it was not proper, but it was real fun. I've been wanting to do it this long time. It makes me nervous to see him sitting so still. Tip says I take liberties that he should never think of taking, though he has lived with the family so many years. That's nothing. "A cat may look at a king." There's nothing said about dogs.

I don't know how long I can stay here, if Fred doesn't go back to college soon. He likes to start me at the top of a long flight of stairs, with a big ball rolling at my heels. I have to almost fly to keep away from it. Tip thinks it is too bad. Fred says I waste my time and strength running round after my tail, and that when he goes back to college, he means to invent a treadmill, or some such thing, so that I can grind all the coffee. Just think of saving a cat's time! He'll be a miser, I know he will.

But I try my tricks upon them in return. Aha! they've lost their shuttlecock, and can't play. Even Tip doesn't know where it is; but I know, perfectly well. It is in my den. I took it there, and I shan't bring it out till the proper time. Some rainy Sunday afternoon, when they are all dull, and don't know what to do with themselves, (I always try to be as cheerful and frisky as I can on Sunday), I shall bring it out, and they'll say,

"Why, here's the shuttlecock, now let's have a game!"

I like the game. It reminds me of my first life. Though a shuttlecock is mighty poor eating, I've been gnawing at that these two days. It's all feathers.

Tip says, in former times it was his practice to go to church with his master every Sunday morning. He always went to sleep

during the sermon, as he saw others do so. But one Sunday he had the most exciting dream he ever had in his life! It was of thieves. And he woke up barking furiously, and the sexton had to put him out; and he was so ashamed of it that he never went to church again. (I don't believe he ever had another invitation).

Grandma Morris won't let me play with the pegs of her solitaire board. She says I lose them. But I loosen the earth round her plants for her, and I climb up on the bureau and take the pins from her pin cushion, one by one, by the heads with my teeth, and drop them down upon the carpet. And when she loses her ball of yarn, I fly like lightning and catch it, and roll it all around the chairs and tables before she can stop me. The last time I did it, I heard her say to herself, "That cat's a witch!" I can unwind her ball in half a minute, but it takes her a long time to wind it up again. But it won't hurt her. She says she needs exercise, and while she is doing it, I sit in her soft chair. It's almost the only chance I have. She doesn't like to have Tip in her room. She says, "Poor fellow," and shuts the door.

Jenny took me to a cat's party, the other day. She washed my face, and put on a fresh, red collar, and some cologne on my head. That's the usual preparation for any unusual event. I dislike cologne. Tip was not invited. He said he shouldn't have gone if he had been; but when he saw how nice I looked, I think he wanted to go. There were as many as twenty cats there. We had plenty of playthings, though the thing I most wanted I could not have, and that was a beautiful bird that stood on the mantelpiece. Jenny saw me looking at it, and told me it was not alive; but I think I know a bird when I see it. It didn't move, to be sure, but it had bright eyes, and when I looked at it steadily awhile, it winked at me. However, I couldn't have it, so I amused myself with the other things. We had a nice supper—sardines, and saucers of cream, and by every cat's plate a bouquet of catnip. A most delightful perfume filled the room. After supper we all went home, and that was the end of it.

Jenny says I shall have a party. If I do, Tip shall come to it, whether the cats like it or not.

Tip told me a secret. I think I shall tell it. He can't read—he'll never know it. He says Fred took him to call on a young lady, the other day. Her name is Mary Nelson. She used to come to see Jenny very often, before Fred came home, but she doesn't come

as often now. I think she's afraid of Fred. You'll not be surprised to hear it, when I tell you Tip's story. He says they were sitting quietly, talking, when Fred caught up a big pair of scissors that were lying on the table, and snipped off the end of one of Mary's curls in a second, and then sat down quietly and put it in his pocket. She looked as though she wanted to cry, but Fred told her he was a wild fellow, (so I should think), and he wanted it for a talisman to keep him in the path of duty. Tip says he doesn't like the looks of it.

O, what a delightful time we had last Christmas! and what a Christmas dinner we had! Everything that belongs to a Christmas dinner, and besides, and best of all, was an enormous pie—a splendid pie—made of twelve squirrels. Mamma Morris made it, and Fred made a squirrel of dough, and painted it the right color, and put a nut in its paws and set it on the top of the pie. Everyone laughed and said, "how natural." I could hardly keep my paws off it, though I saw him make it and knew it was dough.

In the evening the Nelsons came, and some other neighbors, and they had a dance. Fred wanted to put a mistletoe bough on one of the chandeliers, for his own purposes, he said; but Mamma Morris said she knew what his purposes were, and she thought he had better not. Tip and I enjoyed ourselves, and were treated with a great deal of attention. We had a nice dinner. O, that squirrel pie! I never ate them cooked before.

Hugh has come. His other name is Captain Hamilton. One afternoon, just at dusk, Mamma Morris, Rose, and I, were sitting by the fire, when the door opened and a dark figure stood on the threshold. I thought of course it was a burglar. Tip had gone out for the paper; I wished he was at home. But the man spoke and said,

"Is the soldier welcome?"

I heard and saw no more for some time, for Rose sprang up and dropped me from her lap, and knocked my poor little pink nose against the corner of the table. It made the tears come into my eyes, and I ran into my den. After a while, when I had dried my eyes, I stole out and heard Hugh saying,

"It is more than two years since I was here, and the thought of this visit has carried me through a great deal of" (something, I forget the word); for Rose pounced upon me at that moment and put me on his great, broad shoulder, and said, "Love me, love my cat." And he cuddled me up to his yellow whiskers, and they tickled my nose and made me sneeze dreadfully. I hate whiskers

on anything but a cat. I scratched him a little easy, and I'm glad I did, to teach him to do so no more. Why, it took me as much as a quarter of an hour to wash the cigar smoke off my face. Grandma Morris, Papa Morris, and Jenny and all were glad to see him. Rose is glad, I know, though she doesn't say much about it. Tip was glad, too. He jumped up and kissed Hugh's hand, and Hugh said, "Why, Tip, is that you? and you haven't forgotten me? A dog's welcome is worth having. Shake hands, old fellow." When I saw him so kind to Tip, I was almost sorry I scratched him; and Tip walked away and sat by the fire with his back to the rest, and I saw him wipe his eyes. He told me, afterward, that it was one of the proudest moments of his life.

Fred says he doesn't know but he shall take Tip with him when he goes back to college. Tip says he'd like it well enough, just to say he's been; but he doesn't care much. Home's the best place for a dog like him. (So I think.)

O dear! the first time I heard Hugh play the guitar! O, it was terrible! It nearly killed me! It seemed as though every chord in my body thrilled, and something seemed to be pulling at my heartstrings. It was in some way connected with one of my past lives, I suppose. I rushed into my den to recover myself a little, and then came and stood before him, and put up my back and hissed in the most frightful manner; but no one seemed to mind it, so I gave it up.

As to music. Don't be surprised if I seem to know something about it. In one of my lives I belonged to a musician, or something of the sort, who had a great many cats. It was rather a dark, mysterious sort of life. We sometimes missed one of our number, and there were strange stories about it; but it was not an unpleasant life on the whole. We were studying harmony, and I had just learned to make a discord, and was about to learn how to resolve it, when my life was suddenly cut short. I have always regretted it.

Yesterday, Hugh went away. Mamma Morris says he has taken all the sunshine with him. Well, he's gone, and I hope Rose will have a little more time for me. Tip has been very busy, too. He always feels obliged to go and walk with them. I never do. And then Mondays he sits all the morning watching the clothes drying in the yard. He says nobody ever asked him to, but he thinks he ought to; somebody might steal them. He is a slave to his conscience.

Now *this* is a secret. I am invited by

Tabby, the next door cat, to go out with her at about dusk to-morrow afternoon. She knows a place where the canary birds are set out in the yard in the morning, and then they forget to take them in at night. And she thinks that if there are two of us, we might get them. She spoke of a "lark," but I believe that is what she calls a "figure of speech."

To tell the truth, I have led such a peaceful and quiet life here, that I feel I should relish something a little "the other way, the other way," as the old song says, I believe. Tip wouldn't like it, so I sha'n't tell him, of course. I never ask his advice, unless I am sure he will agree with me. But I'll let you know if anything comes of it.

Good bye.

THE LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.

BY A. E. HATHAWAY.

On the eastern coast of England, (which is almost an island, and has, therefore, a great extent of coast,) there stretches out into the beautiful North Sea a narrow strip of land, rich in vegetation, and covered in summer with the delicate and gorgeous bloom of a great variety of wild flowers, and the tangled masses of trailing vines. The tall reeds out in the water bend lovingly over it, reflecting their graceful forms in this pure mirror, for the sea is clear and blue, though many of the rivers of England are turbid and yellow. The grass here grows rank, tall, and green; and when a soft wind fans it gently, it looks like a wonderful emerald sea, with tiny ripples breaking over it. But beware how you confide in its alluring beauty, for if you hope to walk upon it, out to the reeds beyond, you are more than likely to sink into the porous earth, and may not get back to the substantial meadow in the background without great trouble!

The prettiest, greenest moss is to be found here; the trees are covered with it, and the gay-colored vines cling to the branches, making them look, in an autumn sunset, like noble old castles crowded together, with bright lights in the windows, and ivy growing thickly over all.

But the waves come up through the swaying reeds; up over the waving, treacherous grass; up over the flowering mosses and tangled vines; laving the feet of the nearest trees, and keeping everything moist, but luxurious, half the long year.

Over all this autumn beauty, in the autumn stillness, and floating like a fairy in the soft,

humid air, while caroling a happy, tuneful lay, comes a busy, little seamstress to her day's work. Her attire is of modest, demure brown; but she bustles about in a quick, energetic way, with her head on one side, while her restless, inquisitive eye notes all the changes which have taken place since she was here in the early spring. She observes keenly that the old oak, over there in the glade, wears a new headdress; and she laughs to see how the young mistletoe has been making love to him! But being an industrious little body, she soon sets herself to work. Going to a great cluster of brown leaves, under the shadow of a willow tree, she brings out in her mouth a slender thread.

"What will she do now?"

Ah! she will sew together some bright, green leaves which hang from the low branch of an alder bush. When, after a time, her thread is out, where do you suppose she goes for another supply? She skips about among the tall flags, in and out through the sedge by the shore, and in a few moments is back again, with a spider's web in her mouth. You will say this must be, indeed, a dainty seamstress, who can sew with a spider web! Ah! so she is; and while she thus merrily stitches and sings, day after day, from sunrise to sunset, a week glides by. When at last the final stitch is taken, and all is finished, what do you think has been made? A dress? No. A coat? No. A suit of clothes? No. Towels? No. Table linen? No. Any article of dress? No. Ah! you must give it up, for it is a house! Yes, a complete dwelling; and to see the little seamstress now, as she goes about to seek furniture for her new abode, would scarcely remind you of the pretty, brown-suited ladies who go shopping on Lake street. But that she pleases herself quite as readily as they, it is not hazardous to hope—selecting the very heart of an ugly, thorny plant, as the sole embellishment for the complete comfort of her new dwelling. And I may assure you her abode is now luxurious, for what could be softer than this—tle down?

From the very beginning, the happy husband of the little seamstress (he is a tailor) has been near her, laboring contentedly beside her, though his forte does not seem to be so much in the architectural line as hers; and he sometimes steals away to sing and bathe, while she is at work. But we will not condemn him for this, as he has many noble qualities. He is an excellent commissary, and soon has an opportunity of proving this fact. They are, too, a very contented,

happy couple, though occupying a humble station. Happiness does not belong alone to the rich or the great, and of this truth the little tailor and seamstress are fit illustrations. As usual, the wife assumes her husband's name, and thus both are known as the "Tailor Birds."

After a time, several tiny seamstresses and tailors come out of the eggs that have so long rested on the soft thistle down, and begin to gaze upon the great, wide world, and wonderful, blue sea. Then how the little husband and father flies about! Not a worm or insect in their neighborhood escapes

his eye. Of course, with such care, the little family soon grows large enough to explore the surrounding country, and in a few weeks go out into the world on their own account.

When the autumn air becomes cold, and the little brown dresses and jackets are not warm enough, the whole family fly across the sea to the sunny climate of France, where they spend the winter. But in April they come back to build their nest in some reedy marsh, warbling some sweet love stories to the sedges on the bank, and fanned by the fragrant air of their own dear native England.



WISHING GAMES.

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

Two long stems of grasses, fresh, dewy, and green,
Pressed two merry girls' thumb and finger between.
They long enough hold them three wishes to make;
Then touch the two grass ends, the moisture to take.

Did you get the drop, Anne? Ah! then yours
shall be
Every one of the wishes, one, two, three.

A hundred white horses did you ever count,
Day after day, till you reached the amount?
How long it did seem ere the last one was said!
All the horses appeared to be black, roan, or red.
Did you count them, my Anne? Then, O, dear
me,
What shall the first boy that you speak to, be?

Did your good father give you the wish bone, say,
When he carved the turkey, thanksgiving day?
How silent you wished, as you stretched it wide,
While somebody pulled on the other side.
Did you get the wish, Anne? Ah! who was the one
Came in the door first, 'neath the broken wish bone?

Did you happen with someone the same word to say?
How you linked little fingers in such a queer way.
Then you wished your three wishes, and I hope, don't
you?

That whatever you wished, it may surely prove true.
Did you wish them first, Anne? Yes, didn't I hear
You say, as you unlinked your fingers, "Shakespeare?"

O'er your left shoulder saw you the silver new
moon?

Ere you speak you must wish, (it will have to be soon).
Did you say, as you saw the sweet even' star's light,
"Star light, star bright, first star seen to-night?"
Did you wish a wish, Anne? I hope, I am sure,
All your wishes may be, like the stars, bright and pure.

Wish away, happy children; may be, by and by,
You will put all these nice, pretty wishing games by.
New moon, wish bones, and grasses, "star bright,"
and the rest.

While you willingly wait for whatever is best,
Don't you think so, my Anne? Then let your wish be,
That I'll always love you, and you'll always love me.

LIB'S TROUBLE.

BY LUCIA CHANE BELL.

Lib stood all alone in the big, bleak yard, in front of the schoolhouse. Old Mrs. Hecket smiled a curious, questioning smile at her, as she stood shaking and folding her breakfast cloth out by her dingy back door, among the hollyhocks, and somebody's little dog across the way glared through the fence, and barked at Lib as if she were the most horrible hobgoblin he ever beheld. He was a perfect little hobgoblin himself, with those wicked-looking yellow spots over his eyes, and his ribs grinning through his skin; but Lib didn't care for him at all, nor for old Mrs. Hecket either, though she stood by her pantry window, after she had shaken her cloth, and peered through the old calico curtain till her eyes must have ached.

Far down the one long street of Burrbridge sounded the jubilant notes of the marching song Lib loved so dearly; and she knew just how all the store keepers stood in the doors, under the long, red, flannel flags, to watch the blossoming little procession pattering down the old, board sidewalk; how the doors and windows in all the shady, little, white houses were filled with people, lovingly watching and smiling; and how, in the little, rusty, pinched-looking house, away at the end of the street, somebody would stand in the kitchen door, with great, fat Baby Telly in her arms, watching to see Lib tripping by with the rest, behind the lovely, glittering banner. Lib's eyes ached with the hot tears when she thought of that, and remembered how her mother had toiled and planned for a whole week to save up enough nice things to make her a picnic cake; and what pains she took, with her poor head aching all the while, to daintily starch and iron Lib's old pink calico, and how she sold every pound of her nice, sewed carpet rags to little Mrs. Maybird, for money enough to buy Lib a pair of new morocco shoes.

And they were so happy and proud that morning, while Lib was getting ready for the picnic, and the old pink calico, airing before the kitchen stove, looked dainty and bright as a peach blossom, with its shining folds opened out over the chair, and her new shoes looked so smooth and glossy; and they thought that cake was the most beautiful cake that ever was baked, showing such a delicate, golden brown through the snow-white napkin in the little, tin dinner pail.

"So I can't go home," whispered Lib to herself, as she stood there, with the hot sun

glaring upon her, and the heated planks almost burning her feet through the soles of her new shoes. "I can't tell mother about the cake. Because she thought it was so beautiful; and the girls made fun of it, and called it gingerbread. I know she'd cry; and she'd ask me why I didn't go along to the picnic anyhow, and I'd have to tell her how they made fun of my dress, because the pink streak shows, around the skirt, where the tuck used to be, and it isn't faded, like the rest of it; and how they were all going to walk two and two, and nobody wanted to walk with me, and I cried, and the teacher said I ought to be ashamed, to be making a fuss when everybody wanted to have a nice time; and then they all rushed out into the yard, and the teacher formed the procession, and in a minute they were all going down the planks to the street, singing the marching song—I do love to sing that, too, it makes one feel so brave and glad, like a strong soldier after a victory—and then I'd have to tell her that I stood here and clinched my hands hard, and stamped, and called out, as loud as I could, 'I hate you; all of you. I hate the teacher, too. You ought to like me, if the streak *does* show in my dress.' And mother would say, after I'd told it all, 'O, Lib, that was so wicked!' And then she'd look so white and sad, and keep still a while, thinking what to do with me. I can't stay here, either; I feel so wicked here. I mean to walk away down the road, till I come to that old cabin that stands in the orchard, where nobody lives, and its so still and sweet, and seems like Sunday."

Presently Lib hurried down the uneven, old, plank walk, with her little tin pail swinging in one brown hand, and was soon trudging along the white, quiet, country road. Her bright, new shoes were gray with dust, now, but she didn't care. Every step she took seemed to bring her farther away from that angry, miserable, wicked time. It was quite early, yet, and the trees threw long shadows across the fields, like dark, giant fingers, clutching after the precious sunshine. The woods looked soft and rich in the morning light, with great, cool hollows in their billowy tops, that made Lib wish she were a giant, and could lie in them forever, and rest, and dream sweet dreams, and look down serenely upon the whole wide, wide world.

"I'm sure I don't feel so angry out here," thought Lib. "I wish I hadn't stood there and screamed, 'I hate you.' I'm sure I'd be glad, way down in my heart now, if I hadn't. I wish I could go home and tell mother all

about it. But it seems as though I can't make myself go back."

The tears kept rolling down her cheeks, but she trudged on quite sturdily, and she soon came to the little, old, empty cabin, standing away back in the shadows of a wide old orchard. It was very sweet to rest there, upon the old door sill, with her bonnet off, and the cool wind lovingly touching her face; and Lib didn't think the hushed little house seemed ghostly at all. It only seemed to be peacefully resting in its old age. Everywhere under the apple trees stood the June grass, tall and ripe, and whenever the yellow light touched it the slender stalks gleamed like fairy wisps of gold, and the little white butterflies flecked all the flaunting weeds and vines like transparent, living blossoms.

"I'd like to stay here always," said Lib, out loud, just as if the butterflies and the grass would be glad to listen; "one could keep good out here. But then there wouldn't be much glory in it, would there? Seems as though it would be grander to be good in spite of everything. Oh! I wish mother knew all about it. I wish I could be brave enough to tell her."

And her wistful voice quivered along the words as she spoke. Presently Lib made up her mind to go home that very minute, and tell her mother all about it, and she felt ever so much happier after that, and the very woods, and the shining grass, and even the crumbling old cabin seemed to have suddenly put on a new loveliness.

"I shall tell mother I'm sorry I was so angry," she said to herself, "and I'll work all day, and let her rest and 'visit' with Telly, and we'll have a beautiful time of our own together."

So she put on her bonnet, and took up the little tin pail again, and waded through the June grass out to the road. A wagon was coming toward Burrbridge, and Lib looked at the fat, sleek horses, comfortably jogging along, with a quick, joyful throb in her heart.

"I know they're Grandmother Haymaker's horses," she said, right out loud, with an eager little laugh, "because they always have those ugly hoods over their eyes. And that's Uncle Jerry in the wagon, I know by the thick, curly hair under his straw hat."

Nearer and nearer came the wagon, while Lib stood waiting in the sun, by the dusty road, and sure enough it was Uncle Jerry, sitting up straight and handsome, with his brown hands resting upon his knees, and the lines held loosely in his fingers.

"Why, hello!" he said, stopping his

horses with a jerk, as he caught a glimpse of the little, eager, upturned face. "I wondered whose little runaway that was, knee deep down there in the Mayweed."

And in a minute he was out of the wagon, lifting her into it with his strong arms, and then he sat beside her upon the seat, and kept one arm around her, and drove faster, so they might soon reach home, and be out of the fierce sunshine.

When they did reach home they found Lib's mother almost crying with anxiety, because her little girl wasn't in the procession, but she laughed for joy when she saw her looking so bright and glad; and while Uncle Jerry was out unhitching his horses, Lib told her all about her trouble, and at the end of the story she said,

"I'm so sorry I let myself get angry, mother; and I'm sure we'll have a delightful day, after all."

Then her mother kissed her forehead, and smiled, and said, softly, with her lips quivering just a little,

"It was hard to bear, dear. But we know you may be a true, noble, little girl, and grow to be a true, noble woman, if you only try, if you do wear old, faded dresses."

It must be the little birds used to tell dear Grandmother Haymaker what sad, pinched, starved times they had in the little gray house, sometimes, for whenever Uncle Jerry came to town that wagon was a sight to see, with whole families of nice, fat chickens tied together, fluttering and clucking uneasily down in the straw; with big pails full of butter, such as nobody but Grandmother Haymaker ever could make; with an ample, home-cured ham, or a huge piece of delicious dried beef; with a bag or two of fine, sweet, golden meal; with jugs of cream, or a basket of harvest apples, scenting the whole wagon with their fragrance, or a little, plump, glossy jar, filled with cherry preserves, or raspberry jam, or something else equally delicious, "for a relish to the children's bread and butter;" not to mention hosts of other things nobody but Grandmother Haymaker ever would think of putting in.

It took fully an hour, on this particular day, to unload the wagon, and the fun of helping, and looking to see "what would come next," was better than any picnic ever could be. Last of all, a mysterious, square, flat paper box peeped out of the straw under the seat, and Uncle Jerry jumped out of the wagon, and said Lib must climb in after that herself, for it belonged to her, with all that might be in it.

Lib soon climbed in, you may be sure, and

she just sat right down in the straw and opened the box, and there, folded carefully in fine tissue paper, lay a delicate, white dress, with a cunning, little, tucked skirt, and there were ever so many knots and coils of bright, blue ribbon, shining out of the snowy folds, and in one corner of the box two of the dearest, little, buttoned gaiters peeped out of their nice, clean wrapping paper. And Lib held them up, one by one, and cried and laughed all at once, and scrambled out of the wagon like a little crazy girl with her treasure.

And by and by they had a grand dinner, with the snow-drop table cloth on the table; and there was chicken pie, and biscuits made out of the good, rich cream Grandmother Haymaker had sent—the very perfume of those white, delicate-crusteds biscuits was enough to make anybody hungry—and they ate Lib's cake, and Uncle Jerry said it was beautiful to look upon, and tasted "good enough for a wedding cake."

Best of all, when dinner was over, Uncle Jerry took Lib in his arms and gave her a great swing, till her head almost thumped the ceiling, and called out, in his cheery way, "Her grandmother wants her! She needs her to scare the chickens away from the tomatoes, and she needs a little girl to go with her to meeting, and she wants somebody to tell stories to—that story about the 'Yellow-bird year,' for instance. Do you think I could persuade you to go home with me, Miss Elizabeth?"

Oh! couldn't he? And Uncle Jerry said she must get ready in two minutes, for he wanted to hurry home immediately, because "mother" was very busy, making jam, and she needed some sugar from the store that very afternoon.

Presently he and Lib rode away in that blessed, bountiful, old wagon, and Lib had the most beautiful visit with dear, loving Grandmother Haymaker, and heard her favorite story over and over again, about the "Yellow-bird year," when the trees in the orchard were so covered with yellow birds that one might fancy the green leaves were all turned to gold, and when, if you woke from your sleep, you might hear them singing and chirping as if they had got some sudden, glad news, deep in the night.

And the summer days glided along, so full of beauty and sweetness, that when the time came for Lib to go home she had almost forgotten that miserable morning of the picnic, when she stood so lonely and angry, there in the dreary yard, listening to the distant, ringing, marching song.

LIFTED UP.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

I was glad the day was over,
For my heart was sick and sore,
With the troubles and the trials
And the burdens that it bore.

When I left the world behind me,
Not my pleasant household nest,
Nor the prattle of our children,
Seemed to give me any rest.

Then my wife, in watchful kindness,
Saw the cloud upon my brow,
And she chid our merry darlings,
Saying, "Papa's weary now."

So the children lingered round me,
In their quiet, sad surprise!
O the yearning love and piny
That were mingled in their eyes!

In the silence came the baby,
And the group he toddled through,
Saying, both his arms outreaching,
"Baby's tired; lift, papa, do!"

O the trust! the sweet reproving!
O the warm, the dear caress!
Then I prayed my heavenly Father
Lift me up in my distress!

HOW WILLIE TOOK CARE OF NETTIE.

BY ANNIE BELL.

"Take good care of Nettie, my son," said Mrs. Rowland, as she fastened her glove and stooped down to kiss Willie.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, not speaking very heartily, but returning the kiss. "I'll try, though I do wish I could go."

Willie's mother stroked his hair, gave Nettie one more hug, and walked out to the carriage.

Nettie and Willie stood by the window to watch her.

"We can't go, can we Willie?" said Nettie, as her mother rode swiftly out of sight.

"I could, if it wasn't for you," answered Willie, with a frown.

"Yes," said Nettie, gravely; "but now you have to stay and tend to me. I s'pose you don't like it pretty well."

It was foolish for Willie to care because his four-year-old sister said this, but he felt just like losing his temper, and so he made a naughty speech.

"I want you to shut up, Nettie. It's bad enough to stay here all day, without having you twit me of it. I wish you'd run off and let me alone."

Nettie smoothed down a little wrinkle in

her white dress, and replied, "Well, I will. I sha'n't stay where folks don't want me. I'm going right away."

You would have laughed, if you could have seen her turn about, when she got to the door, and add, with a queer, little assumption of dignity,

"If anything happens to me, Willie Rowland, and I go killed, I shall just tell mother you're to blame, because you let me."

She was such a funny little girl, with such funny ways, that Willie almost felt good natured to see her; but he had so much bad in his heart, that all the right feelings were choked back, and he let her pass out of the room without saying one word more.

Presently he heard her laughing and chatting with Norah, in the kitchen, and then he lay down on the sofa and began to think how abused he was. Talking to himself, this is what he said:

"All the boys in the village are ready to go by this time. I've been counting on a good time for three weeks; and just because mother took a freak, I must stay home and tend to Nettie. It's right mean, *there!*"

And Willie tossed about fretfully, and then grew quiet, and listened to the drowsy hum of insects in any but a pleasant mood.

You see Mrs. Rowland's only sister had been west two years, and was now coming back for her health, so Mrs. Rowland drove to the city, six miles away, to meet her; and Willie had to give up an expected pleasure, and "stay home with Nettie."

The boys of his acquaintance had been intending to go to the woods on this day, and have a "time." They had made benches, they had put up a swing, they had made many graceful decorations. Their indulgent mothers had provided rations, and were to be invited to a supper of the boys' own getting. Stump speeches, flags, drums, and so forth, were a part of the programme. There was a "splendid day" in anticipation. Now Willie was usually a good-tempered boy, loving his sister dearly, but he thought this disappointment was more than he could bear. Perhaps if his life had been less easy, he would have been more patient; but he had his dead father's hair and eyes, and his mother may be pardoned for having been a little over-indulgent. To-day she had been as firm as she could be when she thought it best, and the result was as cross a boy as you can imagine.

He had thought it over and over, till half an hour slipped by, and he heard quick feet outside. He knew they were coming for him, and went out to meet them.

"Hurry, Will," said Fred Baker, "It's pretty late."

"I can't go," answered Willie, sulkily.

"Can't go!" exclaimed four voices; "why not?"

"Mother said I should stay and take care of Nettie."

"If that ain't mean!" came from one of the four.

"I'll tell you what," said Fred, "It's not fair that we should carry all these traps, and you're in honor bound to go and help us, whether you stay or not."

Willie hesitated, declared he couldn't, listened to their arguments, and finally consented "just to help, and make haste back again."

On their way he made the explanation called for by their questions.

"Where's your mother?" asked one.

"Gone to the city," was the reply.

"Why couldn't she go some other day?"

"Aunt Mary's coming on the noon train."

"Well, for pity's sake, couldn't she ride in the stage?"

"She's sick, and mother thought she could ride easier in the carriage."

The matter made clear, they pursued their way, talking of this and that, and laughing merrily. All the while something kept telling Willie that he ought to have staid, and he determined to hurry home as soon as his bundles were disposed of.

Arrived at the woods, however, the boys renewed their coaxing, urging him to stay to help them, here with a rope and there with a seat, until nearly two hours were gone. All this time he kept declaring he would go directly; that Nettie would think he was lost; and finally, at about eleven, he started.

In the meantime, where was Nettie? She went about singing and happy for a long time, and by and by ran down to the gate and peeped through the pickets. She stood there only a little while, for a butterfly (what a beautiful creature he was) lit on the fence close beside her. Instantly her chubby hand reached out to get him, but he was not to be caught so easily. He fluttered above her in a tantalizing way, till, when she knew she 'most had him, he flew over the fence, and, never caring for his fine dress, settled down in the very middle of the street.

Nettie swung the gate open and stepped softly out, her bright hair pushed back, her face flushed and eager. On she went, close to the prize, and just as she was most absorbed, a terrible thing happened. Round the corner dashed a runaway horse, with a

broken buggy dangling at his heels. Nobody could tell just what did it, but when they picked her up, Nettie's white dress had an ugly stain of blood upon it from a wound in the temple. They carried her into the house, and following the frightened and weeping Norah, placed her on her own little bed. There was a great deal of confusion at first, in the midst of which some one sent for the doctor, who, when he came, said very tenderly, (for everyone loved her),

"I will do what I can, but I fear Nettie will die."

So kind hands bathed the wounded head and brushed back the tangled hair. They put on her snowy night dress, opened the clasped hand and tearfully removed the crushed butterfly, darkened the room, and waited for Mrs. Rowland.

Before Willie had time to return, the terrified mother had come, and began her sorrowful watching. Just as the clock struck twelve, the unconscious brother walked discontentedly into the yard. He had loitered along, and now went straight up stairs, intending to go to his room. When he came to the door of his mother's chamber, he found it open, for air, though the shutters admitted no light. He paused a moment, and in that moment Mrs. Rowland came forward.

Dear, tender mother! With all her anxiety for her darling girl, she did not forget her darling boy. She folded him lovingly in her arms and kissed him. What was coming would be punishment enough. Willie looked up bewildered and wondering.

"What's the matter, mother? Where is Nettie?" he questioned.

For all answer she led him forward to the bed where Nettie lay, and he saw the pale face and bandaged head. What a wild cry he gave. He had a crazy wish to run off somewhere and never come back. He would have given his life, he thought, if he could see Nettie as she stood at the door that morning. The childish words that she had spoken rang in his ears: "If anything happens to me, Willie Rowland, and I go killed, I'll just tell mother you're to blame, because you let me."

"O, mother!" he cried, "Is she dead? Have I killed her? Please scold me, or whip me, for I can't stand it."

Very gently Mrs. Rowland's hand lay on his head while she answered.

"No, Willie, she is not dead, but she is hurt very, very badly, and you must help me nurse her well."

I might write a great deal more, and tell

you how, after many days of hope and fear, Nettie began to grow better; how Willie watched and tended her till he grew pale himself from the confinement, and yet refused to leave her; how thankful he was when she could talk and smile faintly.

That was a good many years ago, when he was twelve years old, and he is a man grown now, while Nettie is a young lady. But the experience of those weeks taught him a lesson he has never forgotten, and I have written the story for you.

BESS.

BY M. H. K.

Dear little Bess!

Winsome, wee spirit of mischief and fun,
Merriest mortal sprite under the sun.
Put down your playthings, come sit on my knee,
And tell me the wonderful things that you see;
Tell the strange stories the butterflies tell—
Where do the fairies, your playfellows, dwell?
Your busy eyes saw the summer flowers grow,
All the small gossip the birds tell, you know.

Runaway Bess!

Down where the brook lingers, fallen asleep
In the still shadows, so tranquil and deep;
Where the damp mosses and trailing vines grow,
There your swift feet, in the afternoons, go.
Over the hills like a sunbeam you stray,
Up on the haymow you tumble and play;
Hid in the boughs of the old orchard trees
You sing with the robins and talk to the bees.

Sweet little Bess!

Out in the garden you bloom like a rose,
The petulant catbird your cheery voice knows,
Even the sunshine its mellowest gold
Drops down, your fairy-like form to enfold.
Up in the attic, through parlor and hall,
You skim like a swallow, you chatter and call;
And to our ears is there music more sweet
Than the quick tread of those dear naughty feet?

Wise little Bess!

Watching the clouds in the calm, summer skies,
Pearly and pure, with your grave, earnest eyes,
You dream they are palaces, royal and fair,
And you are a queen dwelling regally there.
Or when the west in the sunset's rich glow
Blushes with glory, or pales like the snow,
You think that the angels look out from afar,
And the gates of the city are standing ajar.

Mother's Own Bess!

Over your eyes the long lashes so brown,
Heavy with slumber, drop peacefully down,
And the tired hands folded silently lie,
And God's still night gathers over the sky.
May your young heart long its innocence keep,
Pure as the dreams that shall come in your sleep,
May, in the future, each deed that you do
Unto the Father seem holy and true.

THE DISCONTENTED ROSE.

BY MILDRED BENTLEY.

There was once a little wild rose that was taken away from her country home to live with her city cousins. The Sweet Briar family, you must know, were the highest aristocracy of all the country side. For more than a hundred generations, they had been lords of the soil, holding their real estate with their own armed retainers. So, though quiet and unpretending, they were a proud and unapproachable old family.

When the city gardener came one day to take away the little, wild rose, Madam Sweet Briar received him with dignity, nodded and waved to him in a polite manner, sighed a sweet, little sigh, and smiled a rosy smile, and hoped he would treat her daughter tenderly. And as she said it, she slyly gave him an ugly scratch, as a warning of what he might expect from the family, unless its members were treated with consideration. So the gardener took up the wild rose with the greatest tenderness and care, and bore her away. The tall ferns waved a gracious adieu, the clover blossoms bobbed homely, little courtesies to her, the hummingbird kissed her, the bumblebee buzzed about her and said he should come to see her in her new home very soon, and her mother, Madam Sweet Briar, wept and sighed and blessed her.

Away and away, over miles of dusty road, the little, lonely rose was carried. She began to faint and droop long before the journey was done, but the gardener placed her gently in the shade, and bathed her in cold water. So after awhile she grew strong and brave, and held up her head and took heart.

It was a fine place where she lived now, fine, but lonely. She missed the green, waving ferns, the clover blossoms, and the old rail fence she used to rest on. She had a pretty, painted lattice, now, but she did not take to it kindly for many days. But there were some brave, little roots working away at her feet; their active little mouths drew from old mother earth nourishing, strengthening food, and the falling rain soothed her, and the sun warmed her, and so she got over her homesickness, and grew well and strong and happy; and when the time for blossoms came, a beautiful, little, pink flower came timidly forth and crowned the rose.

A proud and happy rose was she that day. The gardener noticed her and praised her, and all the world looked beautiful. But there were other roses in the garden, whose cultivation had made them proud and vain.

"I wonder if she calls *that* a rose? the little, countrified thing!" said Madam Hundredleaf, drawing herself up in pride, and bustling with spiteful thorns, as she said it.

"It looks like a dwarf apple blossom," returned Madam Velvet Rose. "Only five petals—and such a faint color! I wonder she has the impudence to hold her head up in our presence."

"I am sure I think she is pretty," said Mrs. White Rose, who was a bride, and a very sweet, young creature. "Indeed, I have heard that our grandmothers were all like her, and it is only because we have been treated so kindly that we are any different."

"For my part," returned Mrs. Hundredleaf, "I never have believed that story about the low origin of the Rose family. Some spiteful gossip invented the whole story, I have no doubt."

"That has always been my opinion," said Mrs. Velvet, proudly. "But it's a shame and a disgrace to have that little, plain, countrified thing claim relation to us. It will only start the old story again."

"That is true enough," broke in Mrs. Damask Rose, getting quite red in the face. "I am vexed at the little upstart. I could scratch her well if she was within reach."

"Please don't talk so loud," pleaded the gentle, White Rose. "Please don't; the poor, little thing will hear you, and she is lonesome and timid already."

The caution had come too late. The poor, little wild rose had heard all the unkind words, and the world was beautiful no more. She looked down upon the little blossom that had seemed so lovely, but it appeared poor and small and pale; the wind passed over it, and the little pink petals fluttered to the earth; the merry, little buds wrapped their green coats tight about them, and hope and joy died in their hearts.

So they all hid their pretty faces in their green jackets and cried bitterly.

"We don't ever want to be little, homely roses; make us larger, fuller, sweeter, and brighter. O dear! O dear!"

The poor, little wild rose was wilder than ever. When she heard the cry of the buds, she had not the least idea how to change the little plain flowers. Should she flounce them or crimp them, or ruffle and scallop them? Should she put two or three together and make one large one? What could she do? She asked the sun, the rain, the earth, the wind. But no one could help her. The sun could not paint them.

"Nothing but the regular tints, ma'am," he said. "That is all I can possibly do for

you. I've a vast deal of work, and can't undertake any extras!" And away he glanced and danced.

"Dear me, don't ask me," said the wind. "I am so fidgety and nervous, I should die if I stood long in one place. I can't be of any service to you, unless you need change of air." And away he flew.

The rain could not help her, either.

"Sorry for you, if you are in trouble," he cried; "but I can't tell you anything about your ruffling and fussing. Just keep cool, keep cool—that's always my advice—keep cool, I say, and soak your feet well." And away he splashed and dashed.

"O dear! O dear!" moaned the little wild rose, wringing her hands till they bled from the scratches. "No one will help me! what shall I do?"

Then old mother earth made answer.

"Be your own sweet, simple self. Be true and natural, and you will be beautiful."

But all in vain the wise mother spoke, all in vain the thirsty mouths sent the rich juices coursing through her veins. Her heart was dizzy and sick, and one by one the discontented buds dropped their heads and died. The wild rose watched them in sorrow. She longed unspeakably for her wildwood home, the waving of the ferns, the nodding of the clovers, the music of the brook, and the song of the birds.

The city garden blossomed in glory and pride. Lilies and roses and pansies and geraniums all flaunted their bright colors on the air. The greenery of June darkened into the deeper hue of midsummer, and flushed and flamed with the fevers of autumn. But the little wild rose was dead—its freshness, sweetness, beauty, life, were gone forever from earth.

Ah! little wild rose, you are not the only one who has come to dismay and death, by trying to be what you were not made to be.

A RIDE.

BY MRS. M. L. HOLDEN.

Say, little folks, did you ever take a ride? O, of course you have, in prim buggies or proper carriages, down the avenues. But let me tell you of a glorious ride of mine, the other night, away yonder in the Sierra mountains. Now, Johnny, don't tell me you don't know where the Sierra mountains are. I know if you just take that battered old atlas of yours, and look away off toward the western boundary of our great country, you will point them to me, quick as a flash.

Let me see. It was a week last Wednesday, I think, that I was in Virginia City, a little mining village at the summit of the mountains. Standing in the door of my hotel, I looked away off one hundred and fifty miles, over what seemed to be a mighty sea, with its waves all stiffened into earth. Billowy hills, without a tree or flower upon them, swelling away to the blue horizon, glinting in sunshine, darkling in shadow; O, my dearies, it was one of the grandest sights you ever imagined!

Well, of course none ever climbed a hill without having to trot down again—that is, if they lived in the valleys; so, when the time came for me to leave Virginia City, I guess I won't own how frightened I was at the thought of riding down eight miles of steep descent, in a great, top-heavy stage coach, drawn by six horses. At half past eight o'clock in the evening, when the landlord of the hotel came to tell me that the stage was at the door, I shouldn't wonder if I looked a wee bit pale. I know my heart fluttered, and I was sorry to remember some naughty things I had been doing that day, such as saying cross things to Aunt Jane, and even throwing my shoe across the room, because the old string would break, you know. When we went out into the street, there stood the stage, the six horses prancing like kittens, a man at the bits holding them for dear life, a band of music playing under their noses—enough to frighten the poor things—and a glare of light everywhere.

"Right up here, miss," said the driver; "I have got a seat saved for you along side o' me."

I didn't have time to say anything before the driver reached down and pulled me, somebody stood behind and pushed me, and there I was on top the stage, in full glory.

The driver was a great, strong fellow, and he held the lines as daintily as your mother guides her crochet needle; it didn't seem anything to him to control those six prancing horses—nothing but sport. Before we started, he took a strap and fastened me firmly to the seat—bound me down so I couldn't fall off, you see. But it didn't tend to reassure me much; I felt worse and worse about those naughty deeds, and wished I was home.

At a word, the man at the bits let go, the horses leaped clear of the ground as gracefully as deer, and then away we flashed down the long street. The music throbbed out on the cool air, the stars blinked at us from the clear heavens, the dogs barked, and

the little boys hurrahed to see us ride so bravely out of town. In a few minutes, we reached the top of the famous "Dagger grade"—a descent of eight thousand feet, cut zigzag in the side of the mountain, and bordered by dreadful precipices all the way, thousands of feet in depth. A man came out of a house and carefully examined the harness to see if all was secure, pounded the wheels for safety, and gave us the cheery "all right." Mr. Hodges (that was our driver's name) took a twist of the lines about his strong hands, braced his feet against the brake, and off the six horses flew. We struck a fast run, and kept it up all the way. We whizzed around curves where the least swerve of a horse would have tipped us over the precipice, going so fast that the leaders would be out of sight before the coach rounded the bend! we woke the echoes in the mountains until it seemed forty stage coaches were following us thro' the gloomy defiles. Our horses enjoyed it. They pricked up their gallant ears, and spurned the road with their sounding hoofs, until the way flowed behind us like a swift river. It was a fearfully dark night, no moon, and the stars were chased under cover by a rising tempest. Now and then a gleam of lightning illumined the way, and the thunder rattled through the hills like a giant's laughter. Our lanterns shed but a ghastly light on either side, and only served to make the night beyond still blacker.

I didn't bother Mr. Hodges with many questions, but when he pointed his whip to a jutting crag of rock just ahead, and said,

"That's Robbers' Bend, where the robbers generally spring out upon us," I sat a little closer, and said,

"Please, sir, is there any danger?"

"O, bless your heart, no; but this very coach was overhauled once, when I was driving. I'll tell you about it. First I knew, the varmints had hold o' my leaders by the bits, and was pointing their guns in my face. Of course I couldn't show fight, they were too many for me. So they made all the passengers get out, spread blankets for the ladies to sit on, and gave 'em a lunch of rousing champagne, made the men stand in Indian file and be searched, took all the boxes of gold dust and bullion from the coach, bade us 'good evening,' and ske-daddled!"

That's the story he told me, just in his own words.

For eight miles we rode in this way. Now and then a nervous woman would squeal from the inside of the coach, and one suffer-

ing man put out his head and asked the driver if he meant to "kill us all?" But we reached the valley in safety, and drew up at the inn for fresh horses. They brought out six beauties, one in particular, as white as a new snow flake, but they couldn't get him to stand still to be hitched; and when he was hitched he wouldn't go; so they threw tin pans at him, and clapped their hands, and shouted like mad, until he lifted his head, snorted disdainfully, and started off on such a mad run that I thought surely our time had come. But it hadn't. We rode the remaining fourteen miles in safety, and caught the cars at Reno by midnight, well pleased with our mountain ride.

Sometime I will tell you something more about California and my experiences there. Shall I? Good night.

MY HUMMING BIRDS.

BY W. O. C.

I broke off a small piece from the limb of a weeping willow, and planted it just under my window, at the end of the porch. It became a beautiful tree; and I loved it. I always loved beautiful trees. But this spring, when it was time for the willows to put on their green dress, I looked, but mine had not on a single green leaf. Off by the distant village I saw great piles of light green foliage. The great willows by the mill stream were all out in full leaf. Then I knew that my beautiful tree was dead. Sad enough was I over my loss. But while I looked there came a little, tiny bird, with wings of green and gold, and rested on one of the twigs. So, ever since, at all hours, these beautiful little humming birds have come here to rest. They like to come here, because the twigs are so nice and small for their little toes.

To-day I was sitting out under the porch and one came and sat a quarter of an hour on a little twig. He had a good time, picking his feathers and smoothing them all down. There was a spot on the back of his neck that had something wrong. He screwed his little head clear round, but he had hard work to reach the spot, because his bill was so long. Then he stroked down the feathers under his chin. Then he had to see about his wings. He put them out, one at a time, and picked the feathers all out straight. Then he sang a little song, just a little bit of one, and sang very softly. He thinks he's too small to sing very loud. He only wanted to show how happy he felt. Then he spread

out both wings and made them buzz ; he did this just to see if they were all right. Then he went off like a shot ; and if you had happened to wink just then, you wouldn't have seen him at all.

Now, just as I am writing this, there came a beautiful, spotted woodpecker, with a red cap on his head. He ran all up and down the little willow, to see if there were any worms. But a little, shining humming bird came at once, and flew at him, and buzzed about his ears, (if he had any,) until he was glad to go away. Little humming bird lets other humming birds come there and rest, and lets little song sparrows come there and sing for me ; but woodpeckers can't come. They belong on old, big trees ; and they had better stay where they belong.

I thought I would cut my dead willow down. But now I shall let it be for the beautiful little birdies. And I have, also, a green vine climbing up into its dead branches.

STORY OF LITTLE VIOLET.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

Hidden under the leafy mold,
Snugly garmented, fold on fold,
Lies Violet, fair and sweet !
Gone are the bee and the butterfly ;
The moon sails on thro' the far-off sky ;
And the old oak sings a lullaby
To the darling at his feet.

" Sleep, little Violet, sleep !
Under the moss and mold
Hide away from the cold.
The storm-fend rushes by
Nor dreams where thou dost lie
Safe and happy and warm.
Sleep, little Violet, sleep !
Thee shall he never harm.

" The wild winds come and go ;
Under the drifting snow,
Sleep, little Violet, sleep !
Do summer's vanished beams
Perplex thee in thy dreams ?
Nay ; each must have its day :
Sleep, little Violet, sleep
The wintry night away."

The old oak wrestles with the blast
As the winter elves go hurrying past ;
Jack Frost, in a coat of mail,
Drops down with his magic spear ;
And the angry sleet and hail
On clattering hoofs draw near ;
But Violet, in her lowly bed,
Heeds not the tumult overhead ;
Lies, patient, in the dust,
Holding, in simple trust,
The promise, ever true,
Of sunlight, warmth, and dew.

But hark ! along the hills
A tender voice that thrills
The heart of the mountain rills ;
And stirs in their woody bowers
The pulses of the flowers :

" Come, Violet, Violet, wake !
Let the gentle nod of spring
Thy dreamy slumbers break.

" Her fingers have unbound
The rivulet's icy chains ;
They leap across the plains—
Dost hear the tinkling sound ?

" She stoops to kiss the earth,
And at her balmy breath
Life wakes from seeming death,
And beauty springs to birth.

" Where'er her footsteps stray,
A thousand fluttering things
On gold and azure wings
Around her dance and play.

" And thousand minstrels string
Their tiny harps anew,
To sing her praises true,
The goddess of the spring.

" Then, Violet, Violet, wake !
She calls her darlings all ;
Arise for her sweet sake !"

Like a child in slumbers deep,
Who turns and murmurs in his sleep
At the mother's cheery " Come."
The little Violet stirred—
Whether she dreamed or heard
Scarce knowing, and half numb.

Now languid currents creep
Through every vein ;
And now her pulses leap
To life again.
Then with persistent toll
She thrusts aside the soil ;
Strains upward toward the sun ;
And like some pretty nun,
As fair as she is good,
She dons her purple hood,
And stands with downcast face,
In simple, modest grace.

The bright-winged moths flit round her ;
The roving bee has found her ;
The sunbeams stoop to love her ;
The blue sky bends above her ;
And in her humid eyes
A sweet contentment lies.

" The stately lily proudly lifts her golden chalice
high ;
All day in the rose's crimson heart the sun's
warm kisses lie ;
But the lily or the queenly rose is not more blest
than I.

" To brighten some neglected spot and cheer
the passer by,
To give of all that's given to me from earth
and air and sky,
O this is life and happiness ! then who more
blest than I ?"

FIGHTING THE ENEMY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER IV.

Billy went home the next morning, and found Sammy pale and sick, lying on the grass by the door.

"My head aches so," he said, "and I can't half breathe in there. Do you think I was so awful bad, Billy? and will I be a drunkard, like—like—Jakey Neal?"

"No, indeed," said Billy; "you *mustn't* be a drunkard, Sammy. You *shan't* be one. I'd rather have you dead, like little Ducky. What ever made you drink the stuff?"

"Why, father he gave me a taste with sugar in, and I was real thirsty; and then Jakey Neal said he'd give me five cents to drink what he had in his tumbler; and they all laughed at me, and said I was a baby, and 'fraid of my mammy; and so I drank it."

"See here, Sammy," said Billy, sitting down by him on the grass, "we're going to start a temperance society, me and Jonas. It'll be just for boys, and I wan't you to join. I didn't think you was big enough, but if you can *get drunk*, you can sign the pledge."

Sammy looked perfectly wretched at the look of intense disgust with which Billy spoke of his being drunk.

"I'll sign it, Billy. I know I never shall touch a drop of liquor again—not for a thousand dollars."

Billy only stopped for a hasty word with his mother and Nancy, and then went back to his work.

That evening, as soon as the cows were milked, Jonas and he started for the village, to see what could be done about their temperance society. Billy was a good deal disappointed to find that the other boys were not very enthusiastic about it. Only Tom Howells took up the matter eagerly, and with him it was only because the enterprise promised sport. They only secured the promises of half a dozen boys to meet at Squire Howells' barn the next evening.

"Don't look so down in the mouth, Billy," said Tom, with his hearty good nature; "of course, these fellows haven't thought so much about it as you and I, but I'll work 'em up. I'll have 'em all primed, and we'll have some tip-top fun out of it. I speak to be president or treasurer, I ain't particular which."

"I don't care for the fun," said Billy. "I'm in right-down earnest, and I mean to do something."

"Of course, so do I; but it won't hurt a fellow to have a little sport, too. Somehow I never can do much if things get dry and sober."

The boys went to the meeting at the barn with a good deal of doubt, but, to their surprise, they found fourteen boys present. Tom had rigged an old flag over the door, and hung up a couple of lanterns inside, and the boys were seated on some straw on the floor, while Tom himself, on the top of an old nail keg, was making them a speech. Tom had a ready wit, and his speech was greeted with shouts of laughter.

"Now give us a song!" called Walter Newman; "here come two solemn chaps that look like reformed drunkards."

Billy's face flushed angrily, but Tom sprang down from his keg and seated him with great ceremony, then struck into his song, with most ludicrous gestures.

Crook! crook! I'm a temperance fellow,
Who ever saw me tipsy or mellow?
Loud as I can in the meadow I sing,
Good cold water 's the jolliest thing!
Crook! crook! I'm a sensible frog;
Green as I am I don't meddle with grog!

For a minute there was a perfect babel of noises, as each boy joined in with imitations of the croaking of frogs, and whatever sound suited his fancy best. Then Tom rang a bell and called them to order, and business went on more soberly.

Jonas read the pledge which he had drawn up, and after some criticism they agreed to adopt it.

"We must have a constitution," said Tom, "and I got father to write us one. We can change it if we want to."

Tom read the constitution, and the boys were much pleased with the array of long words and law terms which Squire Howells had managed to work into it.

"That's all right, I guess," said Tom, folding it up; "anyhow, it's just such high-falutin nonsense as they've got in the other society. I heard Cap'n Taylor read it, once."

Tom was unanimously chosen president, and received his appointment with an absurd speech. Walter Newman was secretary, and Jonas and Billy were made a special committee to enlist new members. The pledge received quite an array of names, and as each boy marched up to the nail keg and wrote his name, Tom gave him a bit of grave advice or exhortation.

As the meeting broke up, the boys strolled away in little groups of two or three, and Jonas and Billy found themselves nearly home before they were alone.

"Well," said Jonas, "I think we've done pretty well, after all. I didn't think there'd be half so many boys out."

Billy made no answer. He was silently switching the tall weeds by the roadside, as he walked along, cutting off their tops with vigorous blows, as if he enjoyed doing it.

"What a case Tom Howells is," said Jonas, again; "he's brimfull of fun, and nothing ugly about him, either."

No answer yet, only a sharper cut at the weeds.

"He'll make a good president. No danger of things getting dry and stupid, with him to manage them."

"That's the very trouble," broke in Billy. "It'll be all fun and nothing else. I like fun, and I like Tom Howells; but I went up there to-night all on fire, thinking about father and Sammy, and feeling as though I should die if I didn't get hold of some work to do. And when Tom sung, and said funny things, I felt as if I wanted to choke him. It's ugly, I know, but I can't help it. None of the rest of you ever felt the curse of it like me."

"I think the boys are in earnest," said Jonas, thoughtfully. "Tom means to do something, I'm sure, but you see he can't get right at it at once. Anyhow, Billy, have you thought about what we *can* do? How are we going to work?"

"One thing we can do is to buy temperance tracts and scatter 'em about. Most all of us have some money of our own, and we can make a beginning."

Aunt Marcia was knitting by her little, round stand, waiting for the boys to come home. One of the unalterable laws of the household was that no one should be out after nine o'clock at night, and Aunt Marcia herself made the last round of the premises, fastening every door, and making sure that all was safe for the night. She rose immediately and snuffed her candle, and started for the door, and the boys, without stopping to report their meeting, went directly to bed. But the next morning, over the breakfast table, she was ready enough to hear and to advise, and her keen, practical sense detected at once a mistake the boys had made.

"It's all very well, as far as you've gone, but you are leaving out the very ones that you want to reach. Those boys are all sons of good, steady, respectable men—men that ain't anyways likely to take to drinking, or let their boys do it. But there's Jakey Neal's boys, and 'Lisha Truman's, and Reuben Way's—they're just about certain to go

the same way their fathers have gone, and then we shall have another tribe of drunkards among us."

"That's so," said Billy. "I thought of them last night. We must get 'em in, every one of 'em."

"And you must do it now, at the very start," said Aunt Marcia, "because you want to have them feel that it's their work, and their society, just as much as anyone's."

"They can do more than we can," said Jonas. "Jakey Neal thinks all the world of his boys."

"I can get 'em in," said Billy, confidently.

"I know just how to take 'em."

Billy was right, and in a short time the boys' temperance society numbered almost as many members as the other. Most active and earnest among them were those very boys whose whole lives had felt the blighting of strong drink, and who were now pledged to fight it everywhere.

"Why don't you keep your boys away from that miserable temperance society?" demanded old Rooney of Jakey Neal. "I wouldn't have a boy of mine setting up to know more'n his father."

"Well, I hope my boys'll be smarter'n their father," said Jakey, very deliberately. "They'll be a precious set of fools, if they can't make out better'n I've done. I'll be hanged if I wouldn't join a temperance society myself, if I thought there was any chance for me. Ain't my boys just as good as Tom Howells and Jonas Kendall? They ain't to blame for havin' a drunken fool for a father, be they?"

The old drunkard maker opened his eyes in astonishment, and poured out an extra glass of whiskey for Jakey. It would never do to have his customers holding such sentiments as these, but he wisely concluded not to say any more to them about the temperance society.

"I tell you what, boys," said Tom Howells, one evening, "let's give old Rooney a serenade. I've got a temperance song that'll make him open his eyes, and we'll go around to his office some evening and sing it to him."

About a week afterward, the rumseller was sitting alone in his office, looking over his books, and calculating how soon he could probably get hold of the Truman farm. Under his window a group of boys silently gathered in the moonlight, and suddenly a chorus of clear voices burst forth with a song that sounded strangely enough in that smoky den.

SONG OF COLD WATER.

Where the dew is cool and sweet
 In the dingles hiding,
 And the brook on fairy feet
 Through the meadows gliding.
 There my brimming cup I fill,
 From the clear and sparkling rill,
 Life and joy bestowing!
 Water, water, pure and bright!
 Fount of beauty and delight,
 Nectar freely flowing!

Not for me the ruby wine
 In the goblet gleaming,
 Death is in its hue divine,
 Sorrow in its beaming!
 But my brimming cup I fill, etc.

Not for me the drunkard's cup—
 Want and woe it bringeth!
 Bitter tears have filled it up!
 Anguish from it springeth!
 But my brimming cup I fill, etc.

The boys finished their song, and the rum-seller drew a long breath of relief, and dipped his pen again.

"Let 'em sing, if it suits 'em," he growled to himself; "they can't disturb me any."

But he scowled angrily, as they struck up again.

"There's a bloody old spider that sits in his den
 Destroying the souls and the bodies of men!
 He smiles and he flatters, he promises well,
 But death and destruction will follow his spell.
 O brothers take care! O brothers beware!
 There surely is death in the rum-seller's snare."

"Don't taste of the cup that he holds to your lip,
 The deadliest poison within it you'll sip!"
 The joys of your life in its depths will be lost,
 Your souls must be paid for its terrible cost!
 O brothers take care! O brothers beware!
 There surely is death in the rum-seller's snare."

The door of the office was thrown roughly open, and a red, angry face looked out at the boys.

"Get off from my premises, you young rascals," he shouted out at them, "or I'll get my horse-whip, and teach you to go round insulting your neighbors."

The boys immediately moved away, but from the next corner the song came back, louder and more defiant than ever.

"We'll touch not, we'll taste not the rum-seller's bowl,
 It ruins the body, it curses the soul;
 We'll stand by our banner, and shout as we go,
 Here's life to cold water, and death to the foe!"

He shut the door angrily, and tried to fix his mind again on his books. But some voice in his ear kept singing the song over and over, and the words mixed up strangely with the bills for liquor, until he shut his book in despair, seized his hat and went home, with something repeating in his ear,

"O brothers, beware!
 There surely is death in the rum-seller's snare!"

In spite of the dreadful tragedy of little Ducky's death, matters had greatly improved at Sam Shaw's. The better feeling of the community had been touched by the sorrow that had come upon the family, and Billy seemed to lift them all from their degradation by his earnest, straight-forward struggle for respectability.

Mrs. Taylor, grieving in her kind heart at the share they had borne in Mrs. Shaw's troubles, sent often for Nancy to help them through a busy week, and though Captain Taylor, in his obstinate way, declared he never should be sorry for prosecuting anybody for theft, yet his wife knew of many a gift that found its way to the little, shabby, brown house, to remove, if possible, all temptation to wrong.

"Nancy's gone up to Cap'n Taylor's, to stay a week," said Billy, one morning. "Mis' Taylor's fixing for company from the city, and they're making preserves, too."

Aunt Marcia made no reply. She was not given to curious gossip over her neighbors' affairs, and she was secretly wondering what made Billy talk about it, when he suddenly asked,

"Aunt Marcia, what are brandy peaches?"

"Peaches preserved in brandy," said Aunt Marcia, simply.

"I thought so," said Billy. "Do they eat 'em, then? are they good?"

"Good to make drunkards," said Aunt Marcia, setting down her cup of coffee.

"Nancy said that Mis' Taylor sent to the city by the doctor to get some pure brandy for her peaches, and they were going to do them up to-morrow," said Billy. "Nancy was going down to Mis' Howells' to get her rule."

"Well," said Aunt Marcia, deliberately, "I can't pretend to answer for any one's conscience. Maybe they think it's right, but I must say it looks inconsistent to me to fight the devil away from the door and then coax him in at the window."

"See here, Aunt Marcia," said Jonas, earnestly, "I wish you'd tell Mrs. Taylor so, and Mrs. Howells, too. She makes 'em, and once, when Tom had a birthday party, little Bertie Newman ate two, and he acted as funny, and his cheeks were as red as could be; and Squire Howells laughed, and made him stand up on the table and sing."

Aunt Marcia's eyes had a dangerous sparkle in them, but she settled her cap with both hands, and then said,

"I never have gone out of my way to meddle with my neighbors' affairs, but if I ever have an opportunity, I shall bear my

testimony against all such tampering with temptation."

Mrs. Taylor got her temperance lecture, however, from another quarter, and in a way that was quite as astonishing as it would have been from Aunt Marcia herself.

Nancy had not found Mrs. Howells at home, and so the basket of splendid, yellow peaches was still standing on the kitchen table, the wide-mouthed jars upon one side, and a great bottle of what professed to be "pure brandy" on the other.

"Brandy peaches are dreadfully expensive," said Mrs. Taylor, lifting her flushed face from the steam of the sugar she was clarifying; "and if the cap'n had his way, I never should put any up. But then he likes 'em as well as anybody, and I dare say he thinks there ain't more'n a spoonful or so of brandy, just to flavor 'em up."

She came to the table with a mild, little chuckle at the stupidity of men, and began to rub the peaches one by one with a clean flannel.

"There comes Jakey Neal, this minute," she suddenly exclaimed; "he's goin' right past Squire Howells', and I've the biggest mind to get him to stop for that receipt. I set my heart on trying it, ever since Sophrony was here."

Jakey Neal, in spite of his intemperate habits, was uniformly good natured, and kept up a kind of tipsy politeness that would have been amusing, only that it was pitiful. He drew up his horse as Mrs. Taylor came to the gate, and touched his old battered hat to her.

"I declare, Mis' Taylor," he began; "beats all, how spry you be. You look for all the world like one the cap'n Newtown pippins, that gets han'somer the longer it hangs on the tree."

Mrs. Taylor laughed good naturedly; (she was used to Jakey's nonsense); and going a little nearer the wagon she proposed her errand.

"To be sure, ma'am," said Jakey, readily; "happy to obleege you. 'Tain't a speck out o' my way, and the madam generally has a mug of the squire's cider handy. First-rate cider, Mis' Taylor."

Mrs. Taylor came back to her peaches looking a little troubled.

"I don't know as it's very judicious in Mrs. Howells to give cider to such a man as Jakey Neal," she said to Nancy. "To be sure, there's no harm in cider, though the squire's cider is pretty sharp; but when a man get's to drinking like Jakey, everything goes to feed the appetite, I s'pose."

Nancy looked troubled, too, and wondered if Mrs. Taylor felt quite clear about the brandy peaches; but nothing more was said until, in about half an hour, Jakey halted again at the gate, and waved his scrap of paper. Mrs. Taylor went out, but he did not give it to her at once.

"See here, Mis' Taylor," he began, smoothing the paper over his knee; "there wasn't no harm in readin' this, I reckon, 'cause it's only a kind of cookin' receipt, and I made bold to study it as I come along. It's curi's now, what things you wimmin contrive."

"Yes," said Mrs. Taylor, "but they say the men contrived the receipts after all. The French beat all for cookin', and their cooks are most all men."

"That so?" exclaimed Jakey; "well now, that just 'counts for it. I was readin' about these here brandy peaches, and says I to myself, 'it don't stand to natur' that these wimmin, that make such a row about old Rooney, good, clever, plous wimmin, like Mis' Taylor and Mis' Howells, would go and stew up sich stuff as this here, "a quart of brandy to a pound of peaches," and then give it to their *own folks* to eat."

Jakey's red face really had a serious expression, as he slowly reached down the bit of paper, adding,

"If the men do it, that's a different thing, and I'll bet a dollar some drunken feller got up this notion of brandy peaches jest to fool folks into learnin' to like brandy."

He started his horse, and then, jerking up the reins, added, "See here, Mis' Taylor, my boys have j'ined a temperance society, and I mean they shall have as fair chance in the world as they can with such a father. I've done my duty by 'em; I've told 'em fair and square that if they want to keep the enemy out they mustn't shake hands with him over the fence. And I hope it's no offense to say I shouldn't like 'em to eat any of them things when you get 'em cooked up; though I should like some mighty well myself."

Mrs. Taylor went hastily back to the house, and put on her spectacles to read the recipe. It seemed to Nancy she found a good deal of trouble in doing so, and in the meantime Charley Taylor came rushing noisily into the kitchen.

"O, mother!" he exclaimed, "may I have a peach?" And without any further ceremony he helped himself to one.

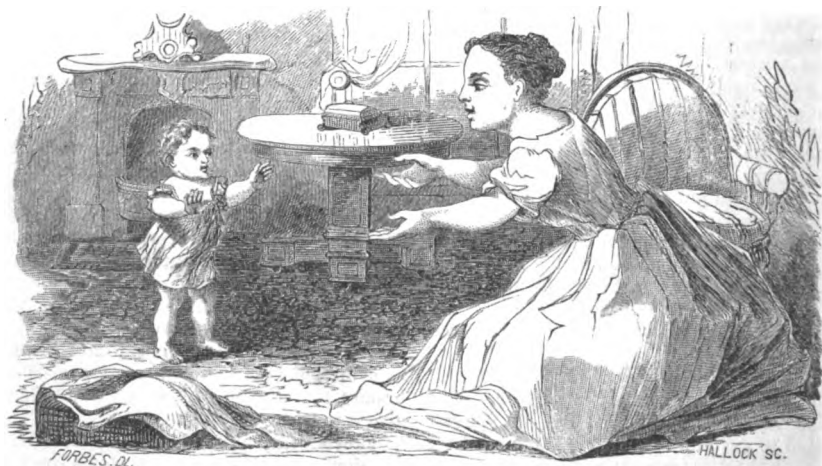
"Not those, Charley," said Nancy, hastily, "those are for the brandy peaches, and they are all welghed."

"O, brandy peaches," said Charley; "good, I think those are splendid."

Mrs. Taylor got up very quickly, and closed her cook book with a *slap*, walked to the stove and dropped the little white slip upon the blazing fire. Then she took the bottle of brandy and stowed it away in the farther corner of the top shelf in the pantry.

"There," said she, "we'll make those peaches into jelly. I've done with brandy peaches; but I never supposed Jakey Neal would read me a temperance lecture."

[To be continued.]



THE FIRST STEP.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Mother is watching you, little pet,
Don't be afraid to stand alone!
You are the prettiest darling yet!
Come to me now, my own.

Only one tiny step to-day;
Know you can do it if you try;
Mother will lead you the nearest way
Over the mountain high!

Over play mountain, and over play hill,
All on the smooth, wide carpet here!

What—is my darling timid still?
Won't you come, baby dear?

Dimpled and white are the eager feet;
Father, O keep them from earthly harms!
A tottering step, and the traveler sweet
Hides in the mother's arms!

Father, O then in my heart I pray,
Though little feet are in danger cast,
Lead them safe home, as Thou hast to-day,
From the first step to the last!

THE BIRDSNEST.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

The cherries are ripe on the tree,
The birds in the nest are three,
All chirping and full of glee,
Oh! the sight is fair to see.

The wind blows soft from the west,
And life in the leaves is blest;
The mother bird sings with a zest
A song that is sweet with the best.

A song that is silvery sweet—
Oh! to sing, glad bird, is meet.
Where, where are the fairies fleet,
Keeping time to your music complete?

Thus fair, till the sun goes down,
And the shadows broad and brown,
Hushing the song with their frown,
Fall over the wee bird town.

Then will sail up the sweet-faced moon,
She who never can come too soon,
And the stars with silver shoon
Walk the sky in the night's clear noon.

The cherries are ripe in the tree,
And fair is your home to see.
Oh! sweet bird, so full of glee;
Long, long may you sing for me.

BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS.

BY MRS. PARIZADE V. HATHAWAY.

I have a feathered friend that whistles. He spends his summers in Wisconsin and Minnesota, and perhaps as far north as British America. The sweet tune that he has whistled to the northern hills and waters still lingers in his throat when he returns southward, in the latter days of September. "Pe pe pe pe-d-de pe-d-de pe-d-de," reaches my ear as I walk among the tangled vines and low trees near water courses.

He is a social little bird. If one pair of brown wings flits across an opening, a dozen or more pairs will follow. In fact, it is a gay party of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, seeking the warm south together.

He is not suspicious, and will sit (on a branch) for his picture. He has a plump form, a rufous back with dark stripes, brown wings crossed by two white bands, brown tail, dark ash breast, head striped black and white, some of the white strongly tinged with yellow, and a pure white throat. His snowy throat gives him his name, the White-throated Sparrow.

When the white-throated sparrows go north in the spring, they often stop three or four weeks, and every day some of them come to our corn cribs to get bits of the sweet kernels. Often I see them hopping on the moist ground, by the creeks and rivers, hunting for seeds and insects. The males sing a good deal at that season, and their song sounds peculiarly rich and sweet early in the morning. In the north, where they rear their young, they sing by night as well as by day, and I have often listened, when they are with us in May, hoping that one would sing a night song for me. But no; the loving little bird keeps them all to sing to his mate while she sits on the ground, in a twig and grass nest, keeping four spotted eggs warm. He is often called the "Nightingale of the North," because he sings in the night.

Winging his way from the fast-freezing regions of the north comes the Fox-colored Sparrow. He arrives in October, and he looks like a richly-tinted October leaf. His head and back are ash, spotted with reddish brown, his wings and tail brilliant, rufous red, the inner edges of the feathers pin-tinted; the upper tail coverts are bright rufous, also. Beneath he is white, spotted with rufous. There are a few black spots, which, at a little distance, look like a single one, on the centre of the breast.

He seems in haste to return to his summer

home, for I see him again, here in northern Illinois, the first days of April. Sometimes the ground is covered with snow after his arrival. While the snow bird, which keeps him company, picks daintily around the cribs, and in all uncovered places, he scratches vigorously to bring some hidden seed or insect to light. I have often observed him, throwing the dry leaves in all directions, working as lively as an old hen engaged in bringing up a family of chicks.

On warm spring days he sings a fine song: "Que-le t-t-t-r que-que-que folk-foik que-que-a-eu." It reminds me of the song of the rose-breasted grosbeak.

We are told that the nest of the fox-colored sparrow is built on the ground, beneath the drooping branches of a fir tree. It is made of grass and moss, with a heavy lining of fine grass, and a more delicate one of roots and feathers. The female lays four or five greenish eggs, spotted with brown.

THE DEAR LITTLE CRICKET,
THAT SINGS TO ME EVERY NIGHT.

BY MRS. H. E. BROWN.

What are you saying, you dear little cricket,
Chirping so shrill in the dark green thicket?
Piping and singing the whole night through,
Don't you get tired, and wet with the dew?

When do you sleep, you dear little cricket,
Hidden away in the dark green thicket?
Can you sleep in the day time, 'mid all the noise
Of the sparrows and robins, the girls and the boys?

And what do you find, you dear little cricket,
To eat and to drink in the dark green thicket?
Do you nibble the leaves, and then do you wait
For the rain drops to fall, your thirst to abate?

I am sure you have friends, you dear little cricket,
Visitors gay in the dark green thicket;
Grasshoppers, slender and nimble of limb,
Katydids, beetles, and millers so grim.

And what is your business, you dear little cricket?
What have you to do in the dark green thicket?
Is it only to tell us that summer has gone,
And the damp, chilly autumn is hastening on?

Or have you been sent, you dear little cricket,
Stationed for life in the dark green thicket,
To sing in the night songs of love and good cheer,
To the mourning and sick who lie waking anear?

You teach me a lesson, you dear little cricket,
Never tired and cross in the dark green thicket.
I weary and fret over duty so soon,
But you keep so busy you're always in tune.

I will try to be like you, dear little cricket,
Chirping away in the dark green thicket;
Whatever God bids me I'll do with my might,
Though its only the singing a song in the night.

CURIOUS ORIENTAL FLOWERS.

BY MRS. FANNIE E. FEUDGE.

A little girl, sporting like a bright-winged butterfly among the flowers, said, when asked what she thought of the buds and blossoms around her, that they were "God's stars, made to shine down low where the children can see them."

Had this little one been born within the tropics, among the gorgeously-tinted blossoms and perennial foliage of the torrid zone, she might in truth have called the flowers "stars," so brilliant are their varied hues, and so wondrously dazzling in their peerless beauty are the flowers of those sunny lands. There are found the *Rafflesia arnoldi* and the *Victoria regina*, the largest flowers in the world, a perfect specimen, measuring *full two feet in diameter!* Just imagine such a flower as that, my little reader. Why, you might almost fold yourself up, and take a nap, fairy fashion, in one of those huge blossoms; or refresh yourself with a fragrant bath of dew drops collected in its mammoth chalice.

Then there is the Lotus or water lily, with its golden and rose tinted blooms gleaming up through the crystal waters like the fabled charms of mermaid or sea-nymph; the rich, creamy bud of the *Magnolia grandiflora*, towering in stately grandeur above its sister flowers, acknowledged queen of the parterre, and dispensing with genuine oriental profusion its rare and delicious perfumes. There, too, is the *Kalla indica*, with its five long delicate petals of heavenly blue; the crimson *Boongah riah* of the Malays, and the Gold plant of the Chinese, both consecrated symbols in their religions rites. And more beauteous than all is the bride-like Moon-creeper, its pure white blossoms exhaling their delicate fragrance just at nightfall, as if to herald the approach of night's beauteous queen, and greet her with a vesper offering worthy of her own fair self; and then when they have seen their sovereign seated on her bright throne, these, her beauteous vassals, again fold their delicate petals, and retire in blissful consciousness of having fulfilled their destiny—their chosen mission of loving devotion.

Then every little creek is edged with long grasses and luxurious ferns, intermingled with wild flowers as plenteously as stars dot the firmament; the luxuriant growth drooping over and reflecting their graceful fringes in the little bubbling brooks; while the whole air is redolent with the balmy odors, "sweet thefts of rose and lemon trees."

To the deep pendant branches of the graceful mangrove are frequently attached shell-fish of various kinds; and hence has doubtless arisen the fable of "oysters growing upon trees;" just as to the sweet songs of the singing fish may be traced the wondrous stories of the mermaid, with her songs and fascinations.

But the most wonderful of all the floral products of the tropics, are the blossoms of the ratan tree (*Arundo bambos*), and the monkey-cup or pitcher-plant (*Nepenthes distillatoria*.) The ratan blossoms hang usually in clusters of ten or twelve, each of which is a yard or more in length. They resemble a soldier's *aigrettes*, or, perhaps, still more, a string of chestnut-colored scales, threaded through the centre. Waving to and fro, in the summer breeze, surrounded by the mingled creepers of the beautiful wild passion flower with its rare, feathery chalice of purple and gold, and the exquisite *Melastoma* or yellow rose of China, always in bloom—and flanked on every side by ferns of wondrous grace and beauty, the effect is so enchanting as to awaken surprise that such loveliness should be hidden away among lonely jungles, "wasting its sweetness on the desert air." But, even here, a loving Father's hand has painted in gorgeous hues the works of His power; and in the sweet alphabet of these beauteous wild flowers, inscribed on hills and plains, rocks and meadows, the precious lessons of His love.

The monkey-cup or pitcher-plant is found in moist places, such as are suited to the growth of ferns, mangroves, and palmate shrubs generally. It has pending from each leaf, a natural pitcher or elongated cup, growing perfectly upright, and capable of holding a pint or more of liquid. It has also a natural cover, which is sufficiently close to prevent leaves or other rubbish from falling into the cup *when it is full*. The most curious circumstance connected with this strange plant is that it is nearly always found full of pure, sparkling water, and that *the lid closes of itself as soon as the receptacle is full, and opens as soon as it is empty*. The water is thus protected from dust, and kept always fit for the use of the thirsty traveler, as well as the immense troops of monkeys that inhabit tropical jungles. Then, when the cup has been drained of its refreshing contents, the same infinite wisdom that contrived this ingenious mode of supplying water where it is specially needed, has so arranged the construction of this wonderful plant, that the chalice remains uncovered for the free entrance of rain and dew till its exhausted stores have been

replenished, when it again closes spontaneously, as before. How boundless are the wisdom and goodness of our Heavenly Father, and well may we exclaim with Israel's sweet singer, "His mercy is over all his works."

DO YOU LOVE BUTTER?

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

Two children under the apple-tree—
May is a two-year-old, Ralph is three.
Under May's chin Ralph's fingers hold
Buttercups bright in their sheen of gold.
And this is the prattle his wee lips utter,
"I'll see, 'little May, if 'ou love butter!"

A girl and a boy are under the tree—
A curly-haired, rosy-checked May is she,
O'erflowing with frolic and glee and fun;
And Ralph is her playmate and champion.
He holds a buttercup now, to see what her
Chin shall reply to "Do you love butter?"

A youth and maiden are under the tree—
"Shall we try the buttercups now," says he
"Just as we used in our childish days?"

May's cheeks flush red, as he whispering says,
Though her chin grows gold and her pulses
flutter,

He is sure that *he doesn't love any but her!*

THE STORMY PETREL.

BY AN OLD NAVIGATOR.

This lonely little wanderer on the wide ocean is seen at great distances from the land, and generally just before storms and while they are raging. It is very like the robin in size and shape, with small, webbed feet, and their feathers are of a light blue color. Always flying low, they dart from wave to wave, skimming the surface of the sea, just like the swallow on land, and equally as swift in their flight. How often have I watched them in the wildest storm at sea, resting for a few seconds on the top of a huge, white-crested wave, and then darting from wave to wave as quick as lightning, and very seldom at rest. They are called by the sailors, Mother Carey's chickens.

Through some superstitious story, in years gone by, they were regarded with ominous dread by the crews of ships in a storm, as they darted about the ship, as if something dreadful was about to happen through their innocent and harmless presence. But all these superstitious notions have died away among the sailors of the present day; and I have often regarded these lonely little wanderers in a storm at sea with a kind of pity, as they dashed from wave to wave, quite re-

gardless of the fury of the storm, or the wild dashing and foaming of the sea, their only note being a short, shrill chirrup. But as our great and beneficent Creator tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, so also has he provided for these harmless little birds in such a way that they can stand the storm and sea without injury.

I have never caught any of these birds, they are so shy, and quick in their movements, although I have easily caught cape pigeons, albatrosses, and other sea birds. They are never seen in great number, but a solitary pair, or at most four, are all I have ever seen near a ship at sea; and I have never known anyone who ever found their breeding places among the rocks or islets near the sea, where other sea birds congregate in the breeding season.

THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

SEWELL & MILLER,

ALFRED L. SEWELL, JOHN E. MILLER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE, No. 9 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1870.

OUR ENLARGEMENT.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL was enlarged and improved in July, and is to be still further enlarged in January, and with this enlargement and improvement, beautiful engravings are introduced. All this because the people and the times seemed to demand these changes. The matter in our pages has all along been acknowledged to be the best and most wholesome reading for the boys and girls and young people that is furnished by any of the magazines; and so, even in our old shape, we have attained a larger circulation than was ever reached by any other juvenile magazine in the world. Yet we have long been convinced that smaller pages, like our present ones, would be preferred. Then there was a constant call for illustrations, which, with our old style and price, we could not easily respond to. We might have furnished second-rate pictures, as some other magazines and papers do, but nothing but the best would do to go with our excellent matter. None but first-class illustra-

tions would do for **THE CORPORAL**, and these cost a great deal of money.

And so our magazine is enlarged, and is to be enlarged still more by adding more pages. It is to be finely illustrated, and all will be furnished at the low price of *one dollar and a half*, a year.

TRY!—TRY NOW!!—PERSEVERE!!!

TRY! You will *do good to others* by inducing them to take and read and love **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, for by its aid they can scarcely fail to lead truer and nobler lives than they would without it.

The effort to raise a club for **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** *will do you good*. If you try with any reasonable energy, you will be almost sure to succeed. It will require a little work and a little perseverance, but these are what you need to make a man or woman of you. He or she who never tries, and never overcomes such little things, will never amount to much.

TRY! You will receive a fine Premium for your club, which you can keep for your own or use as a holiday gift to some dear friend next Christmas or New Years day. The holiday season is not far off, and you should prepare for it now.

TRY NOW! Begin early. The *three numbers free* will help you greatly. Fifteen months for one year will win many, because they secure so much for their money.

PERSEVERE! Having once begun, *never give up*. The metal that makes noble men and women has a good share of perseverance in it. He or she who is easily discouraged over small things, need never expect to accomplish great things. Learning the lesson of perseverance now may be your stepping stone to greatness by and by. Don't take *no* for an answer. Be polite and kind *always*, and be just as courteous and polite when people refuse as when they assent. But *never* give up trying to secure a person as a subscriber when you think he or she ought to take **THE CORPORAL**. More depends on this than upon any skill or eloquence in persuading. When people decline, always say you will see them again, and then always do it.

Be sure that you never give up when you once begin this or any other good work. This is the motto that makes people great, while *giving up*, in this sense, is what makes them small and of little account in the world.

If the people all knew how much you bless them by giving them **THE CORPORAL**, you would not need all this advice, but all

do not know how good it is, and you must tell them. Don't let them think that they are doing you a favor, but let them understand that you are favoring them.

THANK YOU, DEAR CHILDREN.

I have been made happy and glad many times during the past summer by calls from our little friends from a distance, who, when passing through Chicago, have been pleased to remember the office and Editor of **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**. Many happy eyes and pleasant faces have lighted up our sanctum, and many loving words have cheered us in our long and sometimes wearisome summer's work. Thank you, dear children. Your little calls are refreshing to us. They make us as glad as they do you. Come again, with more of your sunshine. Your Editor is always glad to see you.

THE \$500.00 PRIZE STORY.

We respectfully ask those who are competing for the \$500 prize offered in our August number, for a story to be commenced in our January number, to send their manuscripts as early as convenient. We stipulated that they should reach us by October 15th. Some will no doubt come earlier than that date; and we will here state that if a few days longer time will be valuable to any, we will keep the drawer open a week later than the date mentioned.

"**MAX MAPLE**" sends a story, without true name and address of author. According to our rule, it went to the waste basket without a reading. We are obliged to have this rule, as we have heretofore explained.

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY.

(SEE PAGE 128 THIS NUMBER.)

THE LITTLE GRAY SQUIRREL.—The little gray squirrel ran up into a tree and plucked an apple, and then ran down. Then he sat on a stump and ate the apple out of his fore paws. By and by he saw a boy with a gun, and he ran into his hole. When the boy had gone off, out of reach, he peeped out of his door. One day, as he was sitting out on the stump, there came along a small boy with a big gun. The boy was out hunting squirrels. He crouched along under the bushes until he came pretty near the stump. Then, as soon as he spied the little gray squirrel, he raised his big gun and said "Bang!" Then, in a minute, as quick as he had said "Bang," the little gray squirrel fell down flat on the ground, as if he were dead. So the boy ran to pick him up. When you went to shoot birds and squirrels, just for fun, you must always shoot them with a wooden gun. Bullets are wicked and cruel, just for sport.
W. O. C.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMA, ETC., OCT. No.

No. 13.—*Biblical Enigma*.—Heth: tent; Leah: lead; vial: goat; dove: Hate the evil and love the good.
No. 14.—*Biblical Enigma*.—Herod: aloes; Eliah: coney; agate: Endor; Hagar: raven; frogs: The heavens declare the glory of God.
No. 15.—*Double Acrostic Charade*.—*Foundation Words*, Thunder, Rainbow: *Cross Words*, Fear, ha! ha! Uri, noun, drab. Erato, row.
No. 16.—*Bulletin Counties of Illinois*.—1, Wabash; 2, Crawford; 3, Edgar; 4, Ford; 5, LaSalle; 6, Kane; 7, Macon; 8, Dewitt.



Prudy's Pocket.

Away at the head of Lake Superior lies the city of Duluth; one year ago a dense forest of pine and tamarac, to-day a city of four thousand inhabitants. Leaving St. Paul at eight o'clock yesterday morning, after a tedious ride through endless forests of pine, only broken by the narrow swath of the railroad, where the army of choppers had left the dense growth of trees piled up on either hand, like grass from a mower's scythe, we struck, about five in the afternoon, the beautiful St. Louis River, crossing it at the Dalles, and following its windings to Duluth.

It was well worth a day of dreary monotony to get glimpses of the lovely river, plunging over its falls, rushing madly over its rapids, or spreading out into smooth pools, whose clear water mirrored so perfectly the beautiful shores, one could hardly tell substance from shadow. Green meadows dotted with graceful elms, banks of red earth festooned with masses of delicate creepers, and gay with wild flowers; deep ravines over which we crept on the wonderful bridges, looking down with a shudder to the tiny streams more than *one hundred* feet below us, all passed in rapid and delightful succession, until the Bay of Duluth opened before us, and beyond it the green waters of Lake Superior met the blue horizon in a smooth, unbroken line.

How wonderful it all seems. Close to the end of our hotel the western hills rise up, crowned to the very summit with dense forests, where the choppers are at work, and as fast as a spot is cleared, buildings spring up like magic among the blackened stumps. Already the traveler finds excellent accommodations, and my budget of letters from the little folks are scattered over a marble-topped table, in an elegantly furnished room, while in the dining room they serve us with all the luxuries of the season. The city seems more abundantly supplied with liquors, however, than with any other commodity, almost every other house bearing the sign, "Wines and Liquors," "Ale and Beer," or "Saloon." Ah! these saloons. I wish I could take my dear CORPORAL boys by the hand and lead them right

across the street to a little building where a young man at this very moment is being tried for his life. I called him a young man, but he is scarcely more than a boy, with a smooth, pleasant face, yet they call him a *murderer*.

It is a short, sad story to tell; the story of a boy brought up in wealth and comfort, breaking away from restraint, going into bad company, led by evil companions into vice and degradation, and finally, in the madness of a drunken brawl, striking the blow that has put the mark of Cain upon his forehead. His life is just beginning, and yet the best he has to look forward to is a felon's death, or a felon's cell for all the years that are left to him. Is not that pitiful? Is it not enough to make one's heart ache? Is it not enough to make every boy promise before God never, *never*, NEVER to touch the drunkard's drink in any shape, and to keep away from the saloons as he would shun the doors of destruction?

Canandaigua, N. Y. "We think your Pocket is so nice, we want to tell you about our play house. It is divided into four rooms, and the walls are covered with pictures; there are forty-one in all. We have three sets of dishes. Our dolls are named Minnie and John James Jerusalem. They have been sick a good while, and were a great deal of trouble, but they are getting better. They are going to be married soon, and we will send you their cards. Mary is going to make them for us, and she will make their clothes."

The cards are not yet received, and Prudy fears something may have occurred to prevent the wedding.

"*Dear Prudy:* I want to write to you of my dear little birds. They are the sweet-singing mocking birds. Sometimes, of a moonlight night, they wake me with their songs, and they always wake me when it is time to get up. Last week a mother bird had four little ones on the ground, teaching them to fly. If they got lazy, and stopped trying, she would tap them on the head with her bill. They would make a little cry and raise their wings for another short flight. Before sundown they could fly up into the tree where the nest was. Mother says the old bird taught them that useful lesson, 'Try, try again.'"

JOANIE, of Louisiana.

Rushville, Ind. "I think Hattie had better tell us whether that baby is a boy or a girl, if she wants a name for it."

To be sure, it would be well to know; though Prudy has known a girl named Thomas, and a gentleman named Maria.

Mt. Auburn, Ill. "I have two nice dolls, and I call one Hattie and the other Prudy. I think Tommy Bancroft had a nice time on his Fourth of July. We have an organ, and I can play a good many pieces, though I am only eight years old."

Fayette, Miss. "I have a large, yellow cat, that is nine years old. I can put a pair of spectacles on his nose, make him stand up on his hind feet, and put his fore paws on a stick; then when I hold a paper before him he will *meow*, just as if he was reading. I taught him to do it by holding a paper before him, and then striking him on his back. He would growl at me, and after a while he learned to do it whenever I held

up the paper. If you hear of anyone who can teach *catology*, please send him to me."

Claremont, N. H. "My brother takes **THE CORPORAL**, but I read it, and think it the best magazine in the world. If I ever go to Evanston I mean to call and see you."

"I have written you three letters, but none of them have been published, and I hope this time you will have room in your Pocket for me. Tell Hattie that Maud and Bertha are pretty names, and I have a little nephew named Georgie. Don't you think that is a pretty name, Prudy?"

Yes, indeed, Nannie; the baby that Prudy loves best of all the babies in the world bears that very name.

Several letters contain alphabet sentences, which Private Queer will probably attend to, but Prudy will just suggest to the children that the best sentence will be the shortest, and the one which contains the fewest repetitions. For instance, in one from *Washington, Ohio*, which happens to be now before me, the letter e is repeated eleven times, and I five times.

Moore's Hill, Ind. "We have a pretty pet pigeon named Bobby. He will eat from our hands, and scold the chickens, and play hide-and-seek with me. At night he roosts with the chickens. We have a canary bird named Zantippe, that mocks the wild birds that fly about our garden, and tries her best to sing like a male bird."

Evanston, Wis. "We thought we would try to do without **THE CORPORAL** this year, but we can't do it. From grandma down we all want it."

Jessup. "I tried to get up a club for **THE CORPORAL**, but they all said they were too poor, but when the circus came here last week, a good many went that had better sent their money for a paper. Don't you think so, Prudy?"

Prudy feels quite sure that **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** is a better teacher than the ignorant, degraded performers at a circus.

El Paso, Wis. "We live in the woods, but we have a good school and Sunday school. There are lots of birds, berries, and flowers here. How I wish, Prudy, that you could visit us, and go with us to pick berries. I think you would enjoy it quite as well as fishing and sailing at Lake Minnetonka."

Prudy has found so many beautiful things, and so much to enjoy, here in the northwest, she almost wishes she could be in twenty places at once.

Curry, O. "I read Prudy's Pocket first, because I like it best. Prudy, do you ever get sick? I wonder if you will put this in your Pocket. I wish you would. I have taken one term of music lessons."

Riley Co., Kan. "I take **THE CORPORAL**, and read it to my two little brothers. We all like it better every number. I also take it for some little friends in Michigan."

Guyandotte, W. Va. "My little brother, Neddie S. Smith, who has been a subscriber to **THE CORPORAL** ever since the first number, has gone home to heaven. He died on the 30th of January, 1870. I want you to continue his paper to me,

because he loved it so dearly, and waited with anxiety for each number to come.

"There is a reaper, whose name is Death.
And with his sickle keen
He cuts the bearded grain at a breath.
And the flowers that grow between."

Clyde, O. "Is Tommy Bancroft in Minnesota with you? I have concluded, Prudy, that you are Mrs. Sewell. We have very warm weather here now."

The last Prudy heard of Tommy Bancroft, he was having a birthday party at Evanston.

Decatur, Ill. "I have been to school most always, but this summer I stay at home to help about the housework. Ma says that to be useful is a very important part of education. Part of the time I take care of my little brother."

Prudy thinks Frankie has a sensible mother.

Van Buren, Iowa. "I have two twin baby sisters, named Luella and Rodilla. The babies and me had the mumps last week. I can tell you it was pretty hard times. Did you ever have the mumps, Prudy?"

So the family historian informs me.

Blooming Prairie, Ill. "I wish **THE CORPORAL** would tell us something more about Rosa Pearl. I think the message which Amy sent to the Prince was this: 'Keep the door of my lips.' My brother wants me to ask you what 'Hing toes' is? and how it is played?"

Who knows?

Franklin, Pa. "I think that little girl who is so smart and has only seen two birthdays, was born on the 29th day of February, and is at least eight years old."

Detroit, Mich. "Yesterday I went to Windsor and tried to fish, but the fish would not come. When I got home I found **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** lying on the piano, and I was so glad I fairly hopped around for joy."

Franklin, Iowa. "I like my **CORPORAL** so much that I go a mile and a half to the office for it. Sometimes ma lets me go on horseback, and that is real nice. I like Nimble Dick, Tommy's Week, Prudy's Pocket, and all the rest."

Kidder, Mo. "I am a little girl eleven years old, and I am trying to cast my burdens on the Lord. We all love **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, for it brings sunshine to our hearts, and helps us on in the path to the Golden City."

We think the Lord loves best of all to help the children with their burdens; just as real burdens they are, too, as those we older ones carry.

Prairie Dell. "I have ten of the prettiest snow-white kittens you ever saw. If you will come and see me, Prudy, you shall have the prettiest one to keep. I am five years old, and I hunt prairie chickens with my bow and arrows."

Prudy would like that kitten, and thinks it might well be spared from a family of ten.

Three little consins from *Hammondsport, N. Y.*, send us pleasant letters, which we have not room to print. One of them says she earned her money for the paper by sorting grapes for her grandma.

Private Queer's



ALPHABET SENTENCES.

Private Queer thus closes the contest for alphabet sentences. The time for receiving them closed September 1st. We received a great many. We published a long list last month, and give a good many in this number. Some good ones came, and a great many poor ones. Some of those published are only passable, but we have endeavored to be as liberal to our friends as possible. A good many came after September 1st, and of course went to the basket. Some who have failed may feel badly, and think their productions were as good as some others which have appeared, but we have endeavored to be as impartial as possible, and hope that all will be satisfied and happy.

The last sentence in this list by Blanchie T. King contains only twenty-seven letters; only one letter being repeated. This must be pronounced the Champion Sentence—and as an extra prize we have sent the author one of our ten dollar Chromos of "Red Riding-hood and the Wolf."

We now offer a full file of THE LITTLE CORPORAL from the beginning, July, 1865, to the end of 1871, for an alphabet sentence shorter than Blanchie's.

Private Queer, why did Artaxerxes, King of Persia, send Ezra, the scribe, to Jerusalem.

H. B. COE.

Willie, James, and Zenas Fox liked above all things to play croquet.

M. A. PETERSON.

James loves to acquire knowledge, for by it he expects to win a prize.

EMMA WILSON.

Lovejoy's express man charged Ezra with a quart of huckleberries.

MAGGIE HALL.

Fitz quickly brought vexed Jim's pawn.

J. H. W.

Mix eight raw juleps quick, very boozy fiend.

J. H. W.

A big, quiet, lazy ox jumped over the workman's fence.

ANNIE REED.

'Tis proved, quoth Jake, soberly moralizing, few excel.

H. A. L.

Joseph Brown quickly analyzed four long examples which his teacher gave.

K. F.

The zeal of John was quickened by following virtuous examples.

A. E. OLMSTEAD.

Sixty-five black cats, prowling on the piazzas, holding in squalling melody.

LUCY C. CARRY.

Be zealous for good and your example will very quickly induce others to join you.

F. LOUISE SMITH.

A Jew, driving by me, left this exquisite cup for Zeke.

C. F. BASSETT.

Ah! Gna, my black jewel, pray forbear to vex and quizz.

SAM MARSHALL.

I love THE LITTLE CORPORAL, in his uniform bright.

Holding high his banner for the good, the true, and right.

Zealously excelling, quiet, knows his cause is strong.

Join his ranks, fling up your hats, and cheer him loud and long.

MARY E. BIXBY.

Jump quick Fritz, why vex bad Louis long.

H. A. L.

Elizabeth Jewel says Prudy's Pocket and Private Queer's knapsack are extremely funny things.

FANNIE STILLMAN.

Elizabeth was jumping quickly over the waxed floor.

C. M.

Jimmy had five queer pine boxes, with glazed backs.

J. F. T.

Corporal, Prudy, and Private Queer, An excellent trio have we here, Laboring with zeal to make our youth Champions of virtue, justice, truth.

WILLIE C. WATT.

Jabez and Quixote keep very choice wild game for sale.

G. H. JOHNSTON.

Keeping before and towering above all the juvenile magazines, your CORPORAL stands unequalled and unexcelled.

EDDIE S. KING.

Seek with justice and zeal, by every plan To extend the equal rights of man.

C. W. S.

Two halves, being parts of exactly equal size, joined make one.

C. W. S.

Tears flocked into Queen Victoria's eyes, When she heard Josh Billings extemporize.

WILLIE PARISH.

John quickly extricated his vicious zebra from the great swamp.

BENNIE WILSON.

Eliza Jane Dexter ran away from Private Queer's school to pick gooseberries.

R. S. M.

Have you seen Jack, our quiet farm dog, who is striped exactly like a zebra.

GEORGIA.

Just a word, Private Queer, nothing before like your excellent magazine.

HENRIETTA REED.

"Private Queer: I send you an alphabet sentence that was awarded a prize by the *Youth's Cabinet*, in '55. 'O, how keen and exquisite will be the joy of receiving my prize.' It contains the nine parts of speech. The sentence in the July number, about the black man, was a prize sentence of the *Cabinet*. I have five years of the *Cabinet* taken by a friend, when she was a little girl. I love to read them, but I love THE CORPORAL better.

JOSIE, of Louisiana.

Queen Zenobia was a just sovereign, much liked except by foes.

H. J. S.

Jump Elizabeth, and get Fred some wax very quick.

MARY J. SLAYDEN.

Sing, robin, in the quiet, dusky forest;
 Run, clear river, on your glad some way.
 Laugh, zephyr, through the flax fields on the
 hillside;
 Be ye joyful all the summer day. EMMA K.
 J. Q. Theilburg and Z. P. Vick saw my fox.
 BLANCHIE T. KING.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S VOWEL GAME.

In our September number we gave a vowel game and offered fifty dollars in prizes to be competed for. Turn to that number and read a description of the game and see if you cannot gain one or more of the ten dollar prizes.

We close this number so early after mailing the last one that we have had time to receive but a few competing Sentences.

One letter asks: "Must the matter sent in competition be all *one* sentence, or may we send several sentences, if all continue the same subject in an intelligent and connected manner?"

To the second clause of the question we answer yes, but nothing rambling or incoherent must be sent. Send an article made up of as many sentences as you choose, but be sure that it is all on the same subject, and all plain, intelligent English.

Some have sent long lists of words like "a rat, a cat and a bag; a sack, a rag and a gnat," etc. Such lists of words are only nonsense, and cannot count in the competition. We cannot allow more than three such words in any one list. We give below the best vowel sentences received. No others have reached us that were worthy of being printed.

VOWEL A.

All that man can ask, Mat. Adams has at hand, and

as Jack Knapp, a hack-man, that can card flax, and has a hat as black as tar, wants a smart, fast nag. Frank, a wag, and a sad rascal, alas, hands Jack a black cat, and asks what nag can walk as fast and as far as that, and can watch half as hard at a rag-man's barn; and at that Jack walks past, mad, and cracks a lash at a fat man that asks alms, and marks Martha MacNamara's wall, that stands as stark and black as a wall can stand. EMMA K., of Illinois.

106 words—112 a's and no other vowel.

VOWEL E.

The serene September breeze swept peerless Helen Chester's velvet cheek, ere she entered the tenement where she expected sweet Esther Everet; when expert Ebenezer Denver presented her seventeen red peppers, three steel pens, between three letter sheets, where she sees the senseless sentence "when these, ye see, remember, rejected me, ever esteemed Helen."

53 words, 110 e's, and no other vowel.

I like the vowel game ever so much. Wouldn't a continued story (each vowel a chapter), be nice?

JENNIE DAY, of Wisconsin.

Private Queer says, "Try it; such a story, well written, would be good."

Let us have some ingenious work at this game. Don't defer your efforts until toward the last, or we may not have room to print your sentences. Remember we can give but a few each time, and many may wait till the last and then be crowded out.

Please do not send sentences on any vowel unless you can send one longer than any one which has been printed on the same letter.

No. 18.—GREAT MEN IN OBSCURITY.

1. The violet crab is marked with beautiful colors.
2. The goat has a beard upon the chin.
3. Canada respects Victoria and obeys her mandates.
4. Prussia has had only one dynasty.
5. My father gave me a delightful ride.
6. The poor must have help, or terrible disaster may follow.

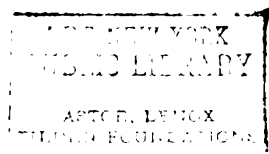
Edward S. Burgess.

No. 19.—A PICTURE STORY.—THE LITTLE GRAY SQUIRREL.



The Reading given on page 124, (Editorial page, this number).

W. O. C





"LOOK! LOOK!"

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XI.—NOVEMBER, 1870.—NO. 5.

THE SPHYNX.

BY MRS. SARAH E. HENSHAW.



“KISS!” exclaimed Louise, one Saturday afternoon, “what a looking room! If any person should call, I’d almost lose my very senses!”

Kissie was at one end of the sitting room,

surrounded by her dolls, and Louise at the other, with a quantity of stockings which she was looking over and mending. For in Mrs. Boylston’s family, the mending was done in turn by Ella and Louise.

Kissie had helped her dolls to inspect their own clothes, and to decide what they should wear to church the next day, and was about making up her mind to ask Louise for a story. Just then there was a quick ring at the door bell.

“There!” exclaimed Louise, in dismay, “some one has come!” and she swept her work into the stocking basket, and hastily arranged a chair or two, saying, as she did so, “Kiss, do take away your dolls.”

But Kissie saw no reason why her dolls should not enjoy the call, and so she sat, unmoved, on the floor, in the midst of her family.

“Biddy,” said Louise, as the servant came through the room to answer the bell, “if it is any one for mother, she is out. I do hope it is for mother,” she added, in a lower tone,

“there is no fire in the parlor, and how can I let any stranger come in here?”

Biddy was already at the door, and some one evidently inquired for Mrs. Boylston, for, to Louise’s great relief, Bridget was heard replying, “She’s gone out, sir.” But there was a little further parleying, a little hesitation, then a step into the hall, and Biddy ushered in, upon the discomfited Louise, a young man with a book under his arm.

“A canvasser for some new publication,” thought Louise. “Mother is out, and I have no money; I will tell him so, and get rid of him directly.”

But the young man sat down without invitation, and, as if he had no intention of leaving, opened his book, and drew out a pencil. He was evidently a foreigner, and he had an insufferable air of familiarity.

“Ow many persons are you in this family?” he said, preparing to write. “I am taking the census,” he added, seeing the look of annoyance and hesitation in Louise’s face, and the wonder with which Kissie’s was overspread.

Thus appealed to, Louise replied, “Eight.”

The young man wrote it down in his book.

“Ow many males? ‘Ow many females?” he asked, rapidly, and wrote as Louise replied. “Any hover seventy?” he asked, throwing in a liberal supply of h’s.

“Yes, one.”

He wrote again. “Any between seventy and sixty?”

Louise shook her head.

“Between sixty and fifty?”

“I believe not, sir,” said Louise.

“Between fifty and forty?”

“Yes, one.”

“Male or female?”

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Sewell & Miller, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"A lady," said Louise, shortly, thinking of the mother to whom she referred.

"Between forty and thirty?" continued the young man, inquiringly.

"No sir."

"Between thirty and twenty?"

"Two, I suppose," said Louise, thinking of Bridget and Cæsar.

"Between twenty and ten?"

The questions came so rapidly that Louise stopped to take breath. "O yes," interposed Kissie, cagerly, "there is Ella, and you, and!"

Louise scowled at Kissie, to enforce silence, and answered, stiffly, "Yes sir, three."

"Any under ten?"

"One," replied Louise.

"And all my dollies," added Kiss, with a wave of her hand toward them.

"Any colored persons?" asked the young man.

"One," replied Louise.

"Any foreigners?"

"One," she again answered.

"Any deaf, or dumb, or blind, or insane?" he asked, making a pause after each adjective.

"No sir," said Louise, getting more and more dignified.

"Any follow any trade?"

"No sir."

"All able to read and write?"

"All but one, I think," said Louise, remembering the letters she had written to "Auld Ireland," for Bridget.

"Any one died in this family the last year?" said the young man, cheerfully.

"No sir."

"Yes," interposed Kissie, "my kitten."

Again Louise frowned. The young man took no heed, but went on.

"'Ave you any lands or 'ouses belonging to this family?"

"I believe so," said Louise.

"What?" asked the young man.

"Really, I do not know, exactly," replied Louise, with rising indignation.

"Any money in bank or at interest?"

"I believe so, but cannot tell you what," replied Louise.

"Any hincome from any other sources?" persisted the young man.

"Indeed sir," said Louise, rising, "if you want to know all these particulars, you will have to call when my mother is at home." And she hastened out of the room, very red in the face, leaving the young man sitting there, with his book open before him.

The census taker lingered a few minutes, to ask Kissie when her mamma would be at

home, and left, saying that he would call another day.

At Cousin Will's next call, Kissie said, suddenly, "A man took Louise's senses, yesterday."

"A man took Louise's senses!" exclaimed Cousin Will, his imagination vibrating between the idea of chloroform and the garote.

Then Louise told the story of the young man who dropped his h's, raising many a smile as she did so. "And I *should* like to know," she said, "what is the use of such abominable impertinence, and what right anyone *can* have to come into people's houses and ask such questions?"

Cousin Will shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose," said Ella, "the man had a right because he was appointed to take the census; but why he should ask so many questions on all sorts of family matters, I do not see any more than Louise does."

"What is it to take the senses?" asked Kissie.

"Not senses, census," remonstrated Fred.

"Well, what is it?" persisted Kissie, appealing to her mother, who replied,

"It is counting the number of inhabitants of any state or country, my daughter."

"It is an abomination," added Louise.

"We have high authority for it," interrupted dear grandmother, in her gentle way. "Moses numbered the children of Israel, you remember, when they came out of Egypt."

"Ah!" said mother, a little slyly, "so did David, and was punished for it."

"I wish those who do it now could be punished for it," added Louise.

"Really, you seem to disapprove the census very much," said Cousin Will. "What is your objection to it?"

"Its impertinence," said Louise. "If I had it to do over again I would not answer those absurd questions."

"Then you would subject yourself to a fine of thirty dollars for each refusal," returned Cousin Will.

"But I would not pay the fine."

"Then you would subject yourself to imprisonment. You see," said Cousin Will, "that a man who takes the senses, as Kissie says, is a sort of modern sphynx. Did you ever hear of the sphynx, Kissie? It was a great creature with the face of a woman, and the body of a lion, and the wings of an eagle. It came to the city of Thebes, on purpose to ask questions, and every time that it was not answered aright, it ate somebody up."

Kissie looked as though she was about to

ask some questions herself, but Louise interposed.

"That sphynx was not much more disagreeable than the one who asked me so many questions," she said; "and do tell me the use of it all," she added, incredulously.

"The sense of the census," chimed in Fred. "That is the question, and if you do not answer it, Cousin Will, you will be in danger, for Kissie wants to eat you up already," he added, noticing the little girl hanging about him.

"In the first place," said Cousin Will, smiling, as he drew Kissie to his side, "your very laws and liberties depend upon the census."

Louise looked surprised.

"For it is by means of the census," he continued, "that what is called the congressional apportionment is made. Two pretty long words, Kissie, are they not? But I think I can make you understand them."

Thus appealed to, Kissie nestled a little closer to Cousin Will, and gave him her undivided attention.

"Ours is, as you know, Kissie, a representative government. That means that instead of going to Washington ourselves to make the laws, we send men there who represent us, or stand in our place, and make the laws for us. These are called our 'representatives.' Do you understand, Kissie?"

The child nodded.

"Now, if, say for every one hundred thousand grown-up people we send one representative, do you not see that in a few years there might have grown up in a State a hundred thousand children who would have no representative at all, unless something was done about it?"

Again Kissie nodded, and Fred began to look extremely interested. He expected to be of age, some of these days, himself.

"So," continued Cousin Will, "every ten years we count our people, or, as it is called, we 'take the census.' Then we say that we will allow one representative to every so many thousand people, during the next ten years, or until the next census. During the last ten years it has been one to about one hundred and twenty thousand."

"And that is what the papers mean when they talk about 'fixing the basis of representation,'" said Fred. "I never really understood it before."

"Yes," said Cousin Will, "and when you remember that some of the States are found to have stood still, or even to have lost in numbers, and some others to have grown from a small population to an immense one,

you can see how important the census becomes. Once, Massachusetts and Virginia had the largest number of people; therefore the most representatives, therefore the most for or against any law. Then Illinois was a small territory, now she numbers more population than either; then she had scarcely any voice at all in making the laws, now her voice is weighty, and the votes of her representatives count heavily."

"But," said Ella, "really, I don't see, Cousin Will, what law making, or 'the basis of representation,' has to do with our bank stock and our ages. The 'sphynx' asked how old we all are, and how much money we have."

Cousin Will's look called a blush into Ella's face, as he said, "You surely don't mind telling *your* age, Ella."

"No," said Louise, quickly, "but she minds being asked it. It is impertinence; it is impudence. And then the abominable, free-and-easy way the creature put on—the way he looked at me! the tone of his voice—any one died here this year?" she said, mimicking.

"It must be confessed," returned Cousin Will, laughing, "that the *Chesterfields* of our country are not, for the most part, engaged in the census business. And if those who are engaged in it seem to put trying and delicate questions with a certain relish, it must not be set down as the fault of the government. When Fred and I are assistant marshals, you will hear us say, after a bow of the most approved kind, 'Mademoiselle, will you be so kind as to hint at the number of summers which have blossomed around your sunny head, and at the number of greenbacks per annum which you condescend to make suffice for your daintiness?' Then we shall blush and hold our hats before our faces while you make reply."

All laughed at this picture of high-bred census taking.

"Grandmother," said Ella, "according to Kissie, you must have had your 'senses' taken many times."

"The first census was taken in 1790," replied grandmother, "five years before I was born. I do not remember the next one—I was only five years old in 1800—but I remember them all from the year 1810."

"Did they ask all sorts of questions then?" inquired Louise.

"No," said grandmother, "each time the census has been taken, the questions have become more minute. They never used to ask about people's property."

"I suppose it is a great expense to take

the census," said Mrs. Boylston. "I noticed the other day, in some of the papers, that the one now in progress is expected to cost a million and a half of dollars."

"Yes," said Cousin Will, "and therefore government seeks to make the most of it. It is a splendid opportunity for learning many things important to be known. Property is inquired into in order to arrive at an estimate of the resources of the country; and since the last war we realize the importance of this point. Business is investigated because of its bearing on commerce, and through that on our revenue."

"But I do not see the use of asking about one's parentage, and the color of one's eyes, and how old one is," protested Louise.

"There is use in it," Cousin Will returned. "Parentage is inquired into for the purpose of learning what proportion foreigners bear to native Americans, and to each other. And whether there are more black eyes or blue ones, with the different temperaments belonging to each, and also how many of those who are born live to reach different ages, are questions interesting and important not only to a particular country, but to science and the world at large."

"Really," said Louise, "If I had known all this I would have been more polite to my visitor, yesterday. It was because I did not understand the matter that I thought him so impertinent. Let him come again! Let him ask as many questions as the sphynx herself, or itself—which is it, Cousin Will?—they shall all be answered."

"Cousin Will, tell me about that," pleaded Kissie.

"About what? the sphynx?"

"Yes—did it ask hard questions?"

"Some say it asked several, and some that it put forth but one. Fred, Louise, did you ever hear the sphynx's riddle?"

No, neither of them had heard it.

"Perhaps you would like to try whether you are any better at guessing than the Thebans were. This was the sphynx's riddle: What animal is that which goes on four feet in the morning, on two at noon, and on three at night?"

"O, I have heard that," said Louise. "The answer is *man*; man creeps on all fours in the morning of life, goes upright at its noon, and in the evening of life uses a crutch."

"Did anyone guess it at Thebes?" asked Louise.

"Yes; but there is a sad story connected with that."

"O, do tell it!" cried Kissie, eager, as usual, for a story.

Cousin Will said he had not time, he must go. While Kissie hung around him, he was saying, "Ella, if I were to put a sphynx's question to you, would you answer it?"

"That would depend on the punishment for not answering aright," replied Ella.

"Ah!" said Cousin Will, "The punishment, in that case, would fall on me."

THE SUNRISE.

BY A. MACDONALD.

Mabelle, daintiest child of all,
With fair little face, and quaint little ways,
Clasping my hand in her fingers small,
Said: "Aunt, of these summer days,
When it is pleasant as pleasant can be,
And the sky is just as blue as your eyes,
Will you go to the quarry hill with me
Ever so early, to see the sun rise?"

"For in all my life," (she was nine last May.)

"I never have seen the sun rise yet!"

So away from her dreams in the early gray
Of a morning in June I called my pet.
The clover blooms were dewily bright,
The breezes slept in the treetops tall,
The dawn was flushed with pale pink light,
And the silence of morning was over all.

The sweetbriar scattered a perfumed shower
From its arching sprays, as we climbed the hill;

The leveret looked from his ferny bower;
The stream in the valley ran bright and still.
Thoughts too deep for the childish heart
Were born of the morning hush and thrill;
With luminous eyes and lips apart,
She stood on the crest of the rocky hill.

Out of the east the heralds came,
With pennons of purple, amber, and rose;
Then waving lines and lances of flame,
And the gray mist fled from its radiant focus.
And the sun arose to the laugh of the breeze;
The song of birds, and the ripple of streams;
And we heard the welcome of whispering trees,
Waving their arms in the morning gleams.

My darling awaked from her rapture trance.
As she clung to me in a close embrace.
"Aunt, the sunrise is God's own glance,
And the glory of morn is the light of His face?"

And oh! I was thinking if only I
Could be like the sunrise every day,
And brighten my home as it brightens the sky!
Do you think I *could* be like it, aunt, say?"

From her sea-side home, many miles away,
Writes Mabelle, "I'm happy as happy can be,
For this morning I heard my father say,
'The mantle of sunshine hath fallen on thee.'
There is sometimes a day when the world goes wrong,

And sometimes tears to my eyes will start—
But, aunt, the gray mist never stays long,
For I carry the sunrise in my heart!"



SUSIE LOGAN'S STORY.

BY ANNIE BELL.

This is my story, and *I* am Susie Logan. Susie Logan isn't a very pretty name, especially when brother George calls me Susan Jane. Susan Jane is my true name, but I don't think it's fair for George to twit me of it.

Father calls me Bridget, and mother calls me Pet; but Uncle Charlie calls me "Little Heroine," and that's the best name of all. I like it, because what I did makes him call me so, and that is what my story is about.

Papa, mamma, Nell, George, me, and Bobett, live in the city. We are all nice folks, but Bobett is the nicest. She was a Christmas present, four years ago, and her hair is all curly and shiney, and she is *just* as

cunning. She never stays still in one place a minute, and so we call her Bobett.

Every summer we go in the country to see Grandma Rexford. We all like to go. Mamma said once that it is her old home, and contains many things that are treasures in her eyes. Then papa laughed, and said "he himself found a treasure there, once." Mamma blushed when he said that; I don't see why, though.

Nell likes the farm because there are great groves on it, with dark, shady places in them. George likes the horses, I like everything, and I suppose Bobett likes the change. Anyhow, we have good times.

Uncle Charlie used to tease me when I

made mistakes about the names of things. He laughed when I called the old turkey with a red hood on, a "goblet;" and because I thought the fanning machines were to keep us cool. I know a great deal, now, though.

The cars run through the farm only a little way from the house, and that came near making us a great deal of trouble, once. Here is where my story begins. I suspect you think I have been a long time getting at it, but I never tried to tell one before.

Last summer, when we were all at grand-ma's, I was eight years old, and Bobett was only three. We had a great deal of fun, Bobett and me. We played keep house, we swung, we did about everything, only we never went to the railroad track. We wanted to go, but mamma never allowed us. She let us go to the top of the bank and look down through the fence, but that was all. We always used to run to see the cars go by. How Bobett would jump and laugh! All the while, though, we kept wishing we could go just once down the bank. We minded good, though. We *did* mind *real* good for a long while, and then something happened that has kept us afraid of railroad tracks ever since.

One day, when everyone was out of sight, we went to the bank to see a train go by. Mother didn't care for that, and we only meant to look. After it had passed, we sat down and looked at the track. That wasn't much fun. Then we rolled little stones down; and all at once Bobett stuck her hat through the fence and rolled that down the bank, too. I tell you I was scared. Bobett wasn't a bit, though.

"Now," says she, "you and I will have to go down after it."

At first, I thought we would, and then I made up my mind that it would certainly be wrong, no matter if Bobett's hat was there, so I said,

"No, Bobett, I shall go straight and tell mother, and she will get it for you."

Then Bobett began to cry.

"I'll be mad at you forever'n' ever, if you do, Susie Logan. I threw that hat down a-purpose, and ma'll give me a talking to. Don't tell, please."

She always says "please" so coaxeey, that I promised right off.

"It was very wicked, Bobett," I told her, "but I'll send George for it, by and by, and won't tell."

Then I thought, because I was older, that I ought to scold her some; so I told her if she ever, *ever* did anything so bad again, I

should surely tell. I said, "Bobett, it will be my duty."

And she told me I was "putting on airs."

Well, we left the hat, and ran off into the garden. After awhile she went away, and I sat down in the grass. I remember how queer the clouds looked—all streaky, and then like snow banks, and angels, and all sorts of things. I forgot it was so long, till I heard the cars whistle. They always whistled at a place quite a good way off. I ran for Bobett to go with me to see them, for I was sure her hat would be all spoiled. I called her a good many times, but she didn't come. Then I went alone. I got to the bank and looked down. O, my dear, you'll be scared—when I tell you! There was Bobett, on the track, with her foot fast, and she was crying. I thought I was going to scream, but I didn't. I just ran fast and got where she was. I said,

"Don't cry, Bobett, and I'll pull you out."

The cars were a good way off, yet, and I thought I could. I pulled, and pulled, and pulled, but couldn't get her loose.

Then I didn't know what I should do. All the while the train was coming, and no one was there but Bobett and me. All at once I thought. I said,

"Bobett, hold still till I untie your shoe."

Then I began to untie it. It was a high shoe, and I was afraid I never could do it. I tell you, the cars flew, and so did my fingers. I never saw a train go so fast or look so big. Bobett was crying, and I was hurrying, and after a long while I could pull out her foot. I pulled so hard that we both fell over and rolled into the ditch by the side of the track. Then the engine whistled hard, and went by.

Mamma and Uncle Charlie came running down the bank, and the train 'most stopped; and Bobett and me screamed while they carried us up to the house.

Ever since then, Uncle Charlie has called me "Little Heroine;" and this is the end of my story, only Bobett's hat and shoe weren't hurt a bit.

Who has not noticed a law of nature, that nearly all productions of the earth grow upward? Some plants and vines spread horizontally, and hug the earth, but they seldom receive admiration, and are only thought of as coarse and groveling. So it is with man. To be useful and respected, he must grow upward—in mind, as well as in stature; or else remain coarse and unrefined. It should be his constant aim to become a noble being, mentally, morally, and physically.

MY GRANDPA.

BY DR. CHARLES JEWETT.

DEDICATED TO "THE BANDS OF HOPE."

Few boys have Grandpas as good as mine,
 He is eighty years' old, to be sure;
 Yet he has never meddled with whisky or wine,
 But drank of the water pure.
 He does not chew, or smoke, or snuff
 Tobacco, but hates the poison stuff,
 So he's hale and hearty, and hobbles about,
 And though rather lame, it is *not* with the gout.
 Very few, of his age, are half so stout;
 Of course he ain't spry as he used to be
 When he was a boy like you and me.

He used to go out with us boys to the grove,
 To gather the nuts as they fell,
 But now he's too lame, so he sits by the stove,
 And the queerest stories he'll tell,
 Of how, when a boy, he could climb with ease,
 To the very tops of the tallest trees,
 And shake down the walnuts as oft as he'd please;
 But now old Grandpa ain't smart at all,
 And scarcely can climb o'er the garden wall.

He laughs at the pranks we children play,
 And seems so happy and glad;
 And he tells us all about the way
 They played 'em when he was a lad.
 How they built snow forts, and stormed 'em, too;
 How they scuffled and scrambled, and snow-balls
 flew,
 And all the wild frolics the boys went through.
 Why, boys, we laughed till our sides were sore,
 While he told all that and a great deal more.

He once had a horse, I heard him say,
 That was famous for speed and power,
 When hitched to a gig, light wagon, or sleigh,
 He could trot his ten miles to the hour.
 But *now* "Old Gray," with his shambling pace,
 He thinks is the very best horse in the place,
 Though you'd loose if you bet on *his* legs for a
 race.

But Grandpa would choose, for a drive, "Old
 Grey,"

Before the best horse you have seen to-day.

One day, as he sat in the old armchair,
 (From the yard he had just come in,)
 And dear old Grandma was combing his hair,
 She chucked him under the chin,
 And, said she, "good man, your locks were
 brown

And very much thicker, on temples and crown,
 When first you came to this blessed old town.
 You were then just twenty, and rather wild;"
 And Grandpa looked up in her face and smiled.

He gave us a temperance talk, last week,
 About thousands destroyed by drink;
 And as he talked, I saw on his cheek
 A tear, and I could but think,
 That, perhaps, some loved one, bright and fair;
 A brother, or son, had been caught in the snare,
 Yet, to ask him about it, I did not dare.
 But I'll tell you what, boys, I have heard enough
 To make *me* afraid of the poison stuff.

Our lips no wine shall ever pass,
 Nor ale to muddle our brains,
 Poor swearing Sam, may swallow his glass,
 And be an old blost for his pains.
 Our drink shall be of the crystal spring,
 For poor house *board* is not the thing,
 Or the gallows rope a desirable swing;
 The poor house, and poison, and gallows rope,
 Will never be used for our "Band of Hope."

FIGHTING THE ENEMY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER V.

Billy Shaw was in the post office, waiting for Crooks to deliver Aunt Marcia's letters and papers to his keeping. The summer's work was already over; the apples gathered, the corn husked, and everything on the farm made snug and comfortable, in preparation for the long New England winter, yet Aunt Marcia kept Billy Shaw, and people really began to wonder at it.

"Well, William," said Squire Howells, unfolding his weekly paper, "so you are still with Miss Marcia, hey?"

"Yes, sir," said Billy, pleased, as always was, when any of the villagers acknowledged his new respectability by calling him *William*.

"Nice place," said the Squire, running his eye down the first page; "going to stay all winter, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir," said Billy, "I'm going to school with Jonas."

"Glad to hear it," said the Squire, heartily. "Hullo! here's a nice mess! The Washburne property to be sold at auction; how's that, Crooks?"

"O, it's the young fellow's doings," said Mr. Crooks, "I could have told you a year ago what it would come to. What with drinking and high living, he has run through every cent the old man left him, and more too."

"It's a pity," said the Squire, compassionately; "such a fine boy as he was. I knew he was pretty wild, but I always believed he'd reform."

"It's the Washburne blood," said Mr. Crooks; "they don't never turn back when they get to going. The old man drank, but he had head enough to carry it, and looked sharp after his business, too. I never had much faith in your reformed drunkards—they all go back to the bottom of the hill sooner or later," added Mr. Crooks, grimly, as if he took a satisfaction in the fact.

"Some hold on," said the Squire, "there's West—he was as far down as anybody."

"He ain't dead yet," said Mr. Crooks, significantly.

"By the way, West speaks in the city to-morrow night," said the Squire suddenly. "I'd go in and hear him if I could leave. I tell you, he knows how to touch a man's heart. I'd give fifty dollars to bring him out here and set him talking to some of our folks."

The Squire just glanced up from his paper at Billy, and cleared his throat with a little embarrassment, but Billy looked at him with his whole face full of eager interest.

"Mr. Howells," said he, following the Squire to the wagon, "is that the great temperance lecturer that you told Charley about?"

"Yes," said Mr. Howells, "the greatest temperance lecturer in the world, I do believe."

"And do you suppose he *would* come here?" asked Billy, with growing excitement.

"Come here," exclaimed the Squire in astonishment. "Why, people flock to hear him by thousands; the largest halls in the cities are crowded, and they pay him a hundred dollars a night. Wouldn't it be queer if he should come out here to talk to a few country folks?"

Squire Howells laughed as he gathered up his lines, and said, good naturedly,

"You hurry and grow up, Willam. I shouldn't wonder if you should make a famous temperance lecturer yourself."

The streets of the city of L. were bright with lamps twinkling from whirling carriages, shining from long rows of lamp posts, and blazing from show windows; and in the cheerful gleam crowds of comers and goers passed to and fro along the sidewalks. Here and there a large handbill announced a lecture for the evening, and directed people to buy tickets at certain book-stores. A boy of fifteen, making his way slowly up one of the principal streets, stopped at one of these handbills, and read it carefully, then turned into the nearest book-store with the inquiry,

"Can you tell me where Mr. West is stopping?"

The proprietor glanced at the boy's coarse, dusty clothes, and answered, carelessly "probably at the Earl House, or the City Hotel."

Ten minutes later the same lusty boy was waiting with a trembling heart while a waiter at the Earl House announced to the great lecturer,

"A boy waiting to see you, sah."

"Some one from the committee?" inquired Mr. West.

"Boy from the country, I reckon, sah," said the shrewd waiter, who had taken Billy's measure at the first glance; "says he won't send no message, and wants to see you himself."

"He must wait, then," said the great man. "No, stop; I'll see him up here five minutes," and Billy Shaw stood face to face with the man he had come twenty miles to find.

"Well, my, boy, what is it?" said Mr. West, kindly, and Billy only felt his knees shake, and his lips grow stiff, and could hardly manage to put into a few common place words the request that Mr. West would come out to Cedarville and lecture. How absurd it seemed now that he should ever have thought of such a thing, and though the lecturer meant to be very kind, he could not help a little smile of amusement as he drew from Billy that Cedarville was only a little country town, twenty miles away from the railroad; and that nobody had sent Billy, or knew of his coming. Nobody but Aunt Marcia, who had kept his secret with sublime faith in what the earnest boy could do, and who was praying for his success in her silent fashion at that very moment. Very courteously the lecturer stated to Billy the impossibility of granting his request, telling him how few people he could reach by spending his time in such small places; how his nights were engaged for the whole winter; and as Billy listened, it all seemed reasonable, yet his heart grew heavy in his breast, and it seemed to him he was suffocating in that warm, luxurious room. There was a quick rap at the door.

"Supper, sah," said the waiter; and Billy turned to go away.

"Good night, my boy," said the lecturer, kindly; "I'm very sorry for your disappointment."

In that instant Billy Shaw forgot his bashfulness—forgot everything but his own errand, and seizing the lecturer's hand, burst out in a perfect passion of entreaty.

"O, Mr. West, do come and save my father!"

There was no lack of words now; they poured out in a torrent, as he told his pitiful story of the ruin that had been wrought in his family, of the curse that was dragging them all down, and how he had sworn by the grave of his little sister to fight the cruel enemy as long as he had breath. He told of the boys' temperance society, and the efforts they were making to save the children from following in the steps of their fathers; and

when he paused, pale, tearful, and almost breathless, there were tears in the eyes of his listener, too.

"See here, my boy," said Mr. West, taking out his memoranda, and running it over, "two weeks from now I shall be somewhere in this vicinity over the Sabbath, on my way back from the west. If some of your people will meet me here with a carriage, and bring me back in time for the train on Monday, I will come out to Cedarville and speak on Sunday evening."

"They'll do it; O, I know they will," said Billy, eagerly. "Cap'n Taylor or Squire Howells—"

"Very well, then; now I must go to my supper, and you see that every man, woman and child in the neighborhood comes out. As for you, sir, you keep on fighting the enemy, and I'll warrant you will be more than a match for him in Cedarville."

"Mr. West," said Billy, half bewildered with his success, "would you give a note, just a few words, to say you really are coming, because I'm afraid people won't believe it—seems as if I couldn't hardly believe it myself."

Billy left the Earl House, armed with a note to Squire Howells, and bearing also a ticket to the lecture of that evening. People of culture and refinement, plain, plodding workers, and men in almost every stage of progress on the road to ruin, crowded the brilliantly-lighted hall, and laughed and wept, and shuddered, as they were touched by the eloquence of the speaker; but no one noticed the dusty country boy, who sat in an obscure corner, almost breathless as he listened and thought, "O, he will save my father—he surely will!"

Almost utterly exhausted, and covered from head to foot with the dust of the long road, Billy reached home, and dropped upon a bench on the porch. Aunt Mercia seized him by the hand and gave him just as fervent and hearty a greeting as she would have bestowed upon Jonas, and listened to his story, wiping her eyes on her checkered apron.

"He's a good man," was her brief comment. "Now, come right in and have your supper, Billy. I believe the Lord put it into your heart to go, and he can bring good out of it, though we mustn't set too much by any human instrument."

Squire Howells could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes and ears, but he was convinced at last, and if ever a country side was thoroughly roused, it was Cedarville, by the news that the great temperance lec-

turer was actually coming to address them. One or two individuals shook their heads and talked about desecrating the Sabbath by such doings, but Squire Howells was ready for them with the old lesson of pulling the ox or the ass out of the ditch, and nobody could say that even old Rooney was not as well worth saving as an ass.

"Coming out to the lecture to-morrow night," asked Captain Taylor of Jakey Neal.

"To be sure; to be sure," said the old man, with his half-drunken leer. "I ain't opposed to the temperance folks; I believe in temperance for them that's used to it. I'm pretty much like the 'postle Paul, myself; my sperrit is willin', but my flesh is weak."

Esquire Howells, from his comfortable carriage, looked down on the shabby old drunkard with considerable amusement, but he was wholly unprepared for his next remark.

"See here, now, Squire," said Jakey, "s'pose when this 'ere lecturer gets us old repr'brates all laid out, he turns round and gives you respect'ble sinners a dab, along of your bottled ale, and madam's cur'nt wine, and brandy peaches. Lor! wouldn't there be a squirm'n'?"

He gave a short chuckle of amusement, and then added, in a deprecating tone,

"Not that there's any hurt in such little things, not by any means; but, I've heard something about a mustard seed that grew to be a big tree. Nobody'd ever think it, now, to look at a mustard seed;" and Jakey went on his way with the deepest gravity, as if he was meditating profoundly on the miracle.

"That old fellow isn't half as much of a fool as people suppose," said the Squire to himself, as he drove off. "I shouldn't wonder if we did get a rap, though I don't believe in carrying temperance, or anything else, to extremes."

"We shall see you at the meeting house to-morrow night, I suppose, Mr. Rooney," said the Squire, as he passed the brewery.

"No, sir, you won't," said old Rooney, gruffly. "I shall attend to my own business, and other folks would do better to attend to theirs."

But old Rooney did come to the lecture, for Jakey Neal persuaded him it never would do to let the temperance folks think they were afraid of them; the best way was to put on a bold front, and just face it out.

"Let 'em talk, says I; I'll 'gree to all they can say, so where's the quarrel?"

"That's so," agreed Rooney; and he came with the rest to the meeting house, and sat scowling about him to hide his secret uneasiness.

ness, while every nook and corner of the house was gradually filled.

"Massey sakes; where do they all come from? and if there ain't the Mileases, from way over by Johnson's Grove; how an earth did they get here?"

The boys of the temperance society could tell how they got there. For three hours Jonas, and Billy, and Charley Howells had been scouring the country in every direction, bringing down load after load from the scattered farm houses, until it really seemed as if the whole population had been brought in for ten miles. By the request of the lecturer, the officers of the boys' temperance society sat upon the stand with him, and Charley Howells, with all the ease and self-possession in the world, introduced him to the audience.

There was only one thing to mar the success, and that was known only to a few of the gathered throng. At the last moment, Billy Shaw's father had disappeared, and though Billy searched for him in every direction, he could find nothing of him. Aunt Marcia tried to comfort him, for the disappointment was almost too bitter to bear.

"I shouldn't wonder if he meant to come by himself," she said, "and maybe it's best so; at any rate, the work is the Lord's, and now we've done our part, we must just wait and see. He don't get discouraged, He waits."

And Billy waited, watching every one that came in, peering into every obscure corner, till at last he forgot even his own father in the wonderful eloquence that chained every heart, and hushed every breath in the crowded house.

As Jakey Neal had prophesied, the "respectable sinners" got their portion, and they quailed in utter condemnation before it. The drunkard makers got their portion, and few dared to look at old Rooney's face, so white and convulsed it was with fear and anger. But when he told the story, and painted the picture of the drunkard's progress, goaded by friends down the terrible road to ruin, then women sobbed, and strong men groaned and trembled. They were not a congregation of city people, they had become accustomed to sensations, and hardened by excitement, but fresh, simple, country folks, of plain speech and quiet habits of thought; and in all their lives they had never been so wrought upon.

For an instant after the speaker ceased, there was perfect silence, then the tall form of Squire Howells rose up in the congregation.

"Neighbors," said he, "we have not been

half in earnest about this matter. We have been fighting with one hand only, and I, for one, feel like setting aside the old scores and taking a fresh start. Here is the pledge of the boys' temperance society; who will come up and sign it? I put my name down for one. I've always called myself a temperance man, but some of you know I never signed the pledge. I liked my glass of cider after dinner, and I wouldn't believe it hurt me, but I feel afraid I've been a stumbling block to some of my neighbors."

"That's so, Squire!" said Jakey Neal, fervently, wiping his eyes on his ragged sleeve.

"Well, you shall never say that again, my friend," said the Squire, flushing a little. "So come right up here, Jakey Neal, and put your name down under mine."

"O, Lor!" said Jakey, coming forward. "I'd jest as soon sign it as not; but, bless you, it won't do the least grain of good. Why, look here, neighbor, I've come to that pass that I ain't no more 'sponsible than a yearlin' calf. I'm like the man in the Scrip-ter' that was possessed of a legion of devils, that led him about and flung him into the fire. I ain't good for any airthly thing, without it is to be a warnin' to my boys."

At this moment old Rooney rose and came deliberately down the aisle. Could it be possible he meant to sign the pledge? Every one watched him, but he only passed out the door, with a white, angry face, and disappeared in the darkness.

"Let him go," said the lecturer; "you can only reform such a man by utterly crushing him. Show him that the whole community are against him. Look on him with horror, as you would on a murderer. Shun him; hold no fellowship with him; drive him out from your midst by keeping such an atmosphere of condemnation about him that he cannot breathe in it. But for these poor victims, whose very will is in bondage, let the strength of every man, and the tenderness of every woman be enlisted to help them throw off the chains, and put on God's image again."

From the farthest corner of the dim, unlighted gallery, came a groan of anguish, and instantly Billy Shaw left his place and made his way to the spot.

"Father," said he, "O, father, come!" and almost lifted the crouching form from the floor.

Without a word, Mr. Shaw suffered himself to be led to the stand, took the pen which Esquire Howells placed in his hand, and wrote his name in trembling, illegible letters.

"There it is," said he, standing erect. "I can never keep it, but I can die!"

"You shall be helped; you shall be helped," said Esquire Howells, his own voice husky with emotion.

"Who will help me?" asked Mr. Shaw, turning almost bitterly upon the Squire. "Who has ever helped me?"

"God will help you," said the old minister, solemnly, rising from his seat and taking him by the hand. "He is nearer, stronger, and more pitiful than man;" and with his hand still holding him, he offered a fervent prayer for the man who stood trembling beside him.

It was a scene never to be forgotten, as men and women exchanged words of sympathy and encouragement, and pledged themselves for the future.

"Billy," said Aunt Marcia, drawing him hastily aside, "go home with your father; stay by him; don't leave him a moment. Tell Nancy to make some strong coffee; to have some ready when he wakes in the morning, with the awful craving for his drink. Give him hearty food; and, above all, do you watch him, Billy, and keep him at home. If your mother wants anything in the world, let her send up to me."

She gave him a fervent pressure of the hand that meant "God bless you," and a great deal more that Aunt Marcia never put into words, though she kept it in her heart.

"Now, friends," said the lecturer to the few who stood around him, "you have made a good beginning, but don't imagine you have conquered. The fight is just begun. You have got a foothold now, follow up your advantage and push the enemy inch by inch from your territory."

To the boys of the temperance society especially, he gave some good advice, as to the best way to carry on the campaign; and when he left the little hamlet of Cedarville, to return to the city, he could not help feeling that after all it was not in the largest places that the most promising fields of labor lay.

[To be continued.]

IDIOTS.—In a paper read before the scientific congress in Chicago, in June, it was shown, by citing official reports, that in the United States the average of idiotic and feeble-minded persons is about one in every thousand inhabitants. In the countries of the old world there are very many more. The majority of these persons could be greatly benefited, and made of use in the world by proper treatment; but the government and abuse received in the alms houses and county houses, generally destroy what little of reason is left in the poor, dark minds.

DAISY FORTUNE TELLING.

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

Down in the daisy field, under the shade,
May, Carrie, and Kate, daisy fortunes played;
Singing, while dropping each floret leaf,
"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief!"

This is the way May, Kate, and Carrie
Learn of the daisies whom they shall marry.

"And what shall we have for our bridal dress?
Daisy white, daisy true, can you guess?
Silks, satins, calico, rags!" sing they,
Drawing and counting each milk-white ray,
To see what the last one has to say.

This is the way May, Carrie, and Kate
Learn how they shall dress in their bridal state.

"On our wedding tour, in what shall we go?
Tell us, daisy, we long to know."

So they pull the florets again apart,
To see if the bridal train shall start
In "coach, chaise, wheelbarrow, cart!"
This is the way Kate, Carrie, and May,
Learn how they shall ride on their wedding day.

Now one word more must the daisies give:

"Tell us, truly, how we shall live;
Great house, cottage, woodhouse, shed!"

One by one are the dwellings said,
As they draw the rays from the golden head.

This is the way the daisies tell
How the brides, Kate, Carrie and May, shall dwell.

And for fortune telling, no living man
Can tell a bit better than daisies can!

VISIT TO A SILVER MINE.

BY MRS. MATTIE L. HOLDEN.

When I was in Virginia City, the other day, I could hardly make myself believe that I had not slipped away into some other star, and was in the midst of a strange people and a new world. It seemed so queer, boys, to see houses built on the side of a steep hill, so that when you went in at the basement door, you were on one street, and when you went up stairs into the parlor, you were on another.

Then to think of being away up there in the Nevada Mountains, between nine and ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and finding bands of music playing "Shoo Fly" in the streets, and boys flying kites, and girls trotting about with dolls, just as naturally as though they were on Chicago pavements. In the streets, handsome turnouts flashed to and fro; gaily-dressed ladies promenaded; and flashy men stood upon the corners, fingering large watch chains and smoking cigars.

I asked the landlord if it was true, the re-

port I had heard, that all Virginia City was hollow ground, tunneled by the miners, and liable at any time to "cave in?"

"Yes'm," said he. "No doubt but what we'll all wake up some fine morning and find ourselves missing. A big warehouse disappeared last week," pointing to a big hole over in the side hill, where the ground had caved.

I thought to myself, "I wish I hadn't got to stay here all day. I'd so much rather be buried in beautiful Rosehill, than here in the smoky mines."

But as I was obliged to stay till evening, I thought I would see all I could.

You know, I suppose, that Nevada is one of the greatest mining districts of the country. I forget how many millions of gold and silver have been taken from these desolate hills. Virginia City has been one of the richest of the mining sections. For years there have been hundreds of men employed constantly digging deep into the earth for her hoarded treasure. Some of the shafts have been sunk nearly a quarter of a mile into the mountains; and away down there, forever shut out from God's sweet day, men toil and wear their life away, and all to earn their scanty bread. We thought we would like to descend one of these shafts, if we could, and see how things looked a quarter of a mile from the surface. We were a little frightened at the thought of going down, but decided we would run the risk of broken necks, and go. So we obtained permission from the authorities, and after a hearty dinner, which we couldn't help but think *might* be our last, we walked over to Hale & Norcross's mine. They gave us India-rubber suits and big hats, to shelter us from the water, which drips constantly from the rocks beneath, and we rather tremblingly took our stand upon the "cage," or dummy, that was to carry us down. I don't believe anybody ever felt quite so frightened as I did when the bell clanged and we began to descend. It was perfectly dark, and we only felt that we were spinning somewhere, whether up or down, we could not tell, suspended by a single rope over a precipice eleven hundred and eighty-seven feet in depth. Down, down, down—our heads grew dizzy—and it seemed as though blood must surely start from our noses with the rush of air about us, as we whizzed to the bottom.

"Don't look up," said the guide.

Now, of course, all little girls and boys know very well that when anybody says "don't," human nature instantly says "do." We all looked up, just because we were

warned not to; and well punished we were for our waywardness. Far, far above our heads, like a tiny star in distant heavens, we saw the opening of the shaft from which we had commenced our descent. How fearfully far we were from the outer world! Should we ever get back? What if there should be a cave, or the rope should break—would Gabriel's trumpet ever find us, underneath these rocks?

I don't think that any of us felt very lively just then, and when finally we alighted from our "cage," I would have paid the guide a life's income to have hoisted us back again instantly.

They put tallow candles into our trembling hands, telling us to be careful and not drop them, for fire was the most fearful accident that could happen in a mine. So we grasped them very hard, and followed the guide. We saw men with white faces, and strangely-shining eyes, working in dark, narrow places, lit by a flaming torch. We picked up pieces of rock glittering with specks of silver, and brought them away with us. We talked to the laborers, and asked them if they were never afraid? They all laughed, and said,

"O no, we get used to it."

We looked at the great pieces of timber that served to keep the earth above from caving. We ascended by ladders to higher levels, and threaded narrow streets, and saw our scared faces mirrored in pools of quiet water. We saw where the great engine forces air into the different chambers; for men would die, of course, were there not means of furnishing them with pure, sweet air from the outer world.

Finally, to our great relief, we stood on the "cage" again, ready to ascend. What a weary time we were, in reaching daylight. The water trickled coldly down our backs, and up our arms, and into our ears. The rope squeaked and strained above us. The cage bounced and swung from side to side. We thought if we ever again stood on solid earth, we would be just about the best big boys and girls to be found. When, with a bound, we swept out of the darksome pit into the beautiful day, we swung our broad-brimmed hats and cried a fervent "Hallelujah!"

It was all very nice to go down once, but we would never be urgent in our desires to visit the interior of a mine again, we said.

We went all through the mills, watched them pounding quartz—crushing great rocks, like biscuits, in mighty, iron jaws, and separating the gold and silver from dross. We marveled at the great machinery; the en-

gines, puffing and grunting all the day; the furnaces, red hot and glowing; the laboratories, where by chemical aid the silver and gold are detached from each other, reduced to liquids, and recalled to solids.

At last we turned homeward, greatly impressed, very tired, and fearfully hungry.

Let me see—my watch says "good night." Another day we'll chat together again, shall we? Happy dreams to you all, my dearies. Good bye.

THE LITTLE MAN-OF-WAR.

BY A. E. HATHEWAY.

After Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, the British Government took possession of an uninhabited island near by, which had long before been discovered by the Portuguese, on Ascension Day, and named by those good Catholics, in honor of their faith, Ascension Island.

There, off the western coast of Africa, within sight of the spot where the proud Emperor of France passed the last sad hours of his eventful life, lies this lone, tropical island, an emerald in the bosom of the broad Atlantic. The soft southeast trade wind sweeps over it, awakening into blossom and luxuriant verdure the richest dower of natural vegetation. Mosses and vines cling to the great boulders and rocks, half concealing, half disclosing the rugged, volcanic construction of the island, and rendering picturesque and charming, that which, without this dress of vivid green and glowing color, might strike the eye of the beholder as harsh and ungraceful.

On the southeastern coast the great Green Mountain rears its lofty head two thousand eight hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea; it is surrounded by immense table lands, which gradually slope in undulating grandeur toward the northern shore. On the south, where little bays and coves indent the coast, rise bold and towering precipices, guarding, with their solid walls of lava and other productions of volcanic action, those natural harbors, and adding strength and security to the beauty of the scene.

Within these tiny inlets the sluggish turtles found a haven of rest through the long sunny days of many bright, happy years, feeding on the seaweed, and depositing their eggs in the hot sand on the shore, where they had been for ages secure from the molestation of man. The daintiest fish disported in these calm waters, without a fear of

treacherous worm or wicked hook. Guinea fowl, wild goats, cats, rats, and land crabs, were joint proprietors of this tiny world, until adventurous man disturbed its peace and quiet, and built a town. Then all was changed. The wild goats gradually gave way to cultivated sheep and cattle, which were soon imported from England; the turtles disappeared almost entirely. Green Mountain itself was sapped, and its myriad springs slowly drained into a great cistern, by the enterprising new comers, who thus supplied Georgetown with the purest water. A crevice in one of the solitary rocks on the shore was soon known as the "sailor's post office," where passing ships would deposit letters in this natural mail-bag, to be taken out by vessels on a contrary course.

Thus all the beauties and endowments of this exquisite spot were made subservient to the comfort and enrichment of man; even the wealth of its vegetation became a source of vast revenue, and in time the bustle of civilization usurped the wild charm of nature.

But long ere the idle eyes of the officers at St. Helena had rested with covetous thought upon this rare jewel of the sea, there came wafted by the gentle trade wind, and slipping noiselessly into its pretty coves, a tiny man-of-war, with eager, outstretched sails, and threatening air. The lazy turtles were not afraid, but beneath the rippling waves where the finny tribe disported in freedom and unreasoning content, there was terror and confusion, when the little man-of-war came into the bay.

The time when the flying-fish might spring with safety to the surface and catch a breath of warm, dry air, or feel the breeze of heaven sweep over him for a brief instant, had passed away. The tiniest fish of them all, scarcely now felt secure, when lying hidden in the moss and seaweed in the coral reef; and certainly fatal was the glitter of a fin in the sunlight, near the surface. For, with sails softly furled, and with a dive as swift as lightning, the little frigate will bring up a glittering, struggling fish, and holding him firmly for an instant, sets sail for the shore with the velocity of a meteor, there to condemn him to the cruel fate of being eaten alive! But not without many mishaps is this ever accomplished; sometimes the fish will slip away, and falling while the ship is at its greatest speed, will secure its freedom, and dart out of sight with a thankful flirt of tail and fin, though bruised and mangled.

Still more probably, the bay will be the scene of contention and strife; for, there come sailing over the water with hurry and

speed, an hundred other tiny men-of-war! Reefing, tacking, diving, the little frigates disturb the peaceful cove. And now ensues a scene of marine warfare that is exciting, indeed, for you must know these little vessels sail as well in the air as on the sea! When one man-of-war has secured a cargo, which consists of a single fish, the others all forsake their own pursuits, and dash after the successful fisher, with screams that sound like steam whistles, where all around is so quiet. And thus the day passes, in strife and conflict, until, at last, the blessing of night settles down, and the little men-of-war sail away.

And now, in these days, when Ascension Island is no longer left to the sole possession of turtles, fish, and wild animals, but is inhabited by mankind, and has become the scene of his busy commerce, energy, and industry, the ships that sail between the rocks and lava which surround the coast, and are made fast to the docks with which the bays are lined, are laden with merchandise of various kinds, and sail away with cargoes of vegetables and many useful things for the great mother country.

But the sailors aboard the ships out at sea, when they see the great, dusky Tachypetes, or frigate-bird, flying swiftly overhead, they exclaim,

"Behold *'The Little Man-of-War!'*"

"THE SANDS."

A young girl was visiting an aunt in "the city by the sea." Her home being in an inland town, the broad blue water filled her with wondering admiration, and she never wearied of watching it. Coming in one day from a stroll on the shore, she told her aunt how far she had been, and by what streets she had returned. The aunt looked grave.

"You must be careful not to go too far in that direction," she said. "You may get into 'The Sands.'"

"Would I go down?" asked the young girl, with a shudder.

Her aunt explained that "The Sands" was a part of the city where so many wicked people lived, that it would not be safe for her to walk there alone, and the conversation ended. But the young girl's words rang in my ears. How many youthful feet "go down" daily, and no arm is reached to rescue them. On every hand the treacherous quicksands of sin are waiting to engulf their victims. Whose voice shall warn them? Whose loving hand shall hold them back?

Alla Grant.

ANOTHER DOG STORY.

BY M. H. C.

Boz was the name of a dog who belonged to one of my sons. He was descended from a St. Bernard and Newfoundland stock, and was, of course, large and well formed. He had a beautifully shaped head, and his fine eyes were almost as expressive as human eyes. He was remarkably dignified, and one would as soon have done an indecorous thing before any person as before Boz. He was rather inconveniently aristocratic in his notions; he disliked to have market people and men that were dressed in coarse clothes come to the house; and if they came to the front door, would lay hold of their clothing with his teeth, and pull them toward the back door. He understood conversation about everything in which he was concerned, even when his name was not mentioned. His master sometimes proposed a ride or a walk, purposely using words that he thought Boz would not understand; but he would get up, look eagerly in his master's face, wag his tail, then hurry into the entry, and bring his hat and gloves, and stand ready to go.

He seemed to have a quick perception of the ludicrous. A young lady in the family would sometimes tie a bonnet upon Boz, put her parasol in his mouth, and take him to walk. His eye twinkled with fun, as he walked away with mock dignity.

He was very useful in doing errands. We often sent him to my mother's house, with a note or newspaper, and he never failed to carry them safely. If we wanted eggs from there, we put a note into a basket, and he took the handle in his mouth and went directly as he was told, and waited while the eggs were placed in the basket; then someone came out and opened the gate, and he walked home, carrying the basket in a most careful manner. He was never known to stop, or turn out of his way, for the sake of a little social converse with another dog, except once. Then he met with a great misfortune. He was coming along with the eggs, when another dog rushed swiftly past him. The temptation was irresistible. Boz raced after him, over a stone wall, and basket and eggs rolled upon the ground. He came home looking much ashamed.

After awhile his master sold him to a gentleman, who wanted a trusty dog to wait on his little girl to school. In winter he was harnessed to a small sleigh, and drew her; in summer he walked by her side, and when-

ever he thought best, would take her little gloved hand in his mouth. One day the child was missed, and after a search through the house, she was found on the floor of an attic closet, with Boz, his fore legs and paws around her waist, and both fast asleep.

I knew a relation of this dog's, who saved a woman's life. She was coming across a railroad, when the train was very near. Carlo ran across the road, raised himself on his hind legs, put his paws on her shoulders, and pushed her back, just in time to save her.



LYDDY'S VISIT.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

Lyddy was going away on a journey by herself. Her father went to the depot with her, and put her into the cars with her little satchel, and then he kissed her and hurried out, and in a minute she saw him bobbing away down the street toward his workshop,

and it made her feel forsaken and lonesome, and all of a sudden the tears rushed up to her eyes, and her throat felt as if it had a lump in it, and she wished she had never, never, thought of going to see Grandmother Perkins; and then there was a mighty jerking and crashing that almost frightened the breath out of her, for it seemed as if the cars were all going into a heap together. But they didn't do that, of course, and presently they were gliding smoothly away from the big, dirty, bustling station, and the people in the cars who had been conversing in drowsy, murmuring tones, now shrieked eagerly at each other when they talked, and made frantic gestures as if they were insane.

Past the "round house," where Lyddy caught a glimpse through the grimy windows, of big, black locomotives, standing upon the track, in the quiet, dark, gloomy room, waiting to be repaired; past the long, low shops, where rows of men, with sooty faces and bare, sinewy arms, were hammering away as if they were only machines themselves; past the blackberry bushes upon the high banks where Lyddy and Ally Parker went once to gather berries; and then they were dashing on through yellow fields where men were raking hay, and through woods, and along fields where the quiet cattle looked up with wild, questioning eyes, but didn't seem startled at all; and now Lyddy soon forgot her tears, looking dizzily out at the pictures swiftly sweeping by. Sometimes she could catch a glimpse of a little, quiet, country road, with a narrow streak of white dust running through the Mayweed, and great brown and gold butterflies hovering upon the thistles.

Once they passed a little bit of a house like a shed, that stood close up to the railroad, and a woman was angrily paddling a little fat, white-headed boy with a wooden ladle, right by the door. And a good while after that they went by an old red farmhouse, that had great, broad locust trees, making cool, velvety shadows upon the roof, and there was a porch in front of it, where a great, gay side-saddle, with long, dangling buckles and straps, hung upon one of the posts, and a little girl was there, feeding a kitten with milk out of a broken saucer, and a woman stood by the door with her sleeves rolled up, churning with all her might. But you couldn't hear one single thump with the churn-dasher, and the people at the quiet old porch seemed just like silent, moving people in a panorama.

By and by Lyddy's eyes ached with looking out so long, and so she sat shyly watch-

ing the people, and pretty soon she saw a little girl just like her own self, away down at the end of the car, with her very own white dress and pink belt, and hat with a bunch of blue flowers in front, and she had big blue eyes just like Lyddy's, and white eyebrows, and smooth, yellow hair, curling up at the ends behind her ears. It almost frightened her at first, but in a minute she found out that it was only herself she saw in a long, narrow mirror.

Then she began to wonder if anybody in the car knew she was making a journey without anybody to look after her, and if the woman just in front of her wouldn't want to steal her every-day shoes for her little girl, who sat with her mouth open very wide, every once in a while tumbling forward as if she meant to swallow Lyddy. "It might be," she said to herself, trembling all over at the thought, and then she held her satchel in her lap, tightly grasping its black leather handles. They hadn't come very far, only a few miles, but presently it began to seem to Lyddy as if they had come a very long distance already, and so she laid her satchel down at one end of the seat for a pillow, and then stretched herself out and laid her head upon it and closed her eyes as if she was very weary and worn, but she *wasn't* one bit tired.

Presently she heard a lady across the aisle ask a gentleman "if he was going clear through," and she thought it sounded so nice and sociable, and like somebody used to traveling; and after a while she yawned a little, and raised her head and said to the gentleman just behind her seat,

"Are you going clear through?"

The gentleman turned around and looked down at her with a queer twinkle in his eyes, and said, "*Through what, missie?*" as if he thought she meant he was going through the seat, or something.

And then Lyddy felt herself tingling from head to foot, for she hadn't thought one word about what the lady meant; but she stammered out, after taking a big choking swallow of nothing,

"Why, through to Mount Briar."

Mount Briar was the little "half station" where Lyddy was going to stop, and the train was almost there. The gentleman laughed a little, but it wasn't a sneering laugh—I dare say he took THE LITTLE CORPORAL and liked little girls—and he asked Lyddy if she was "going clear through to Mount Briar." Lyddy said she was, and began to think she hadn't said anything so very ridiculous after all; and pretty soon she

asked him, just as softly and politely as ever she could,

"Please, sir, won't you help me off when we get to Mount Briar? You know I have my satchel to carry."

The gentleman nodded over his paper, and Lyddy sat very quiet after that till the train stopped, and a man snapped the car door open and shouted "Mount Briar!" and the gentleman who wouldn't tell whether he was going clear through or not, took hold of Lyddy's fingers with one hand and carried her little black satchel with the other, and led her out to the steps. And right there stood uncle Rob, smiling under his big straw hat, while he held up his strong, knotty, brown hands to take her, and when she turned to look for the gentleman, he was gone, and the train was thundering on down the track into the blue distance, while the little station seemed so hushed and breathless, with only the little, smooth, clear platform shining in the sun, and the two little boys playing hop-scotch, and the mail carrier leisurely settling the mail bags over his sleepy, old, white horse. One little yellow house stood near the station, with boxes of bright rose-moss in the windows, and a pretty, clean, checkered, rag carpet showing through the open door, but that was all. Mount Briar town nestled in among the hills two miles away.

Grandmother Perkins' horse and carriage stood waiting near the station, and Lyddy and her precious black satchel and uncle Rob were soon ready to start. There was a whole heap of sweet, ripe harvest apples under the seat, and uncle Rob filled his pockets with some for Lyddy to eat on the way.

Grandmother Perkins lived in a big, white house ever so far from town, and it took them a long time to get there, but just about supper time the old carriage stopped in front of the gate, and Grandmother Perkins came hobbling down the path as fast as she could with her rheumatism, to "get hold of that blessed baby." She always would call the folks she loved best "babies," and nobody ever cared at all, not even little boys. Grandmother Perkins' daughters were all gone—some married and keeping house, some sleeping under rose-wreathed graves in the little country burying-ground; and uncle Rob was the only "boy" she had left. His sisters said she did make a "real baby" of him. A big girl, whose name was Phebe, did the work for Grandmother Perkins. She had high cheek-bones, and a big knot of hair just the color of saw-dust, and she couldn't speak three words without laughing. Once

Uncle Rob told Lyddy that when Phebe's father died, somebody who hadn't heard of it, asked her "how he was," thinking he was yet sick; and Phebe looked up quickly and said, "O, he's dead! ho! ho! ho!" But she felt just as sorry as anybody else would. There she was, when Lyddy went into the kitchen, bending over the stove in the corner, next the fireplace, and she just shouted out loud, "If here ain't Lyddy! ho! ho! ho!"

After supper, when Phebe went out to milk, Lyddy went along, and sat in a little soft hollow in a stack of hay, under the shed, while Phebe told her all the news she could think of; only there was one thing going to happen in a few days, which Phebe was sure Lyddy would give the world to know about, but she wouldn't tell what it was. Lyddy begged and begged her to tell, but it wasn't of any use, and presently she concluded that it wasn't anything at all.

The next day, Lyddy played till dinner time in the shallow water close to the banks along the "little orchard," and after dinner she visited the humming, buzzing, bread-and-buttery little school among the maples just beyond the wheat field, and she was very much afraid the teacher would ask her to "make a few remarks to the children," although I dare say the teacher thought Miss Lyddy was making far too many "remarks" already, behind Anna Mary Atkins' big slate.

Early in the following morning, Lyddy found out "what was going to happen." Her Uncle Rob was going to be married. Grandmother Perkins couldn't go to the wedding because she was too old and lame and sick, and never went any place, not even to "meeting." But Lyddy went. And she looked just like a little fairy in her short white skirts, that were all crimped and tucked, with a wreath of green leaves and white blossoms around her hair, and green leaves looping her sleeves, and a little bouquet in her hand. Uncle Rob took her, himself, in his own bright, new carriage, and it was in the morning, and when they went by the schoolhouse, the boys and girls all peeped out of the windows, and the teacher ran to the step to look after the carriage. Everybody in all the little farm houses hurried, nodding and smiling, to the doors, and Uncle Rob nodded and said "good morning" to everybody, just as hearty and jolly as if nothing was going to happen, and by and by they came to a cozy little house, with a wide woodbine-wreathed porch. There was a great, broad, sunny yard in front, and an old

shepherd dog lay sleeping in the sun by the gate. Some people were talking in low tones in the shady little parlor in beyond the porch, and in the big, bright kitchen, ever so many jolly women were cooking a magnificent wedding breakfast upon a big stove that had roasted, baked and steamed so many wedding breakfasts, and prepared feasts for so many whole summerfuls of harvest hands, that it was fairly laced with cracks and seams, through which the fire laughed and gleamed with real wedding jollity. In the middle of the great cheery kitchen, stood a long table, covered with glistening linen, and adorned with huge iced cakes, crowned with blossoms, and there were great dishes of rich nuts, and bunches of fat raisins, and candles of every color, shape and device, and tall vases filled with flowers, and little delicate sprays of green leaves looping the white linen into festoons, all round the sides of the table. Lyddy was sure she had never dreamed of anything so magnificent.

Everybody seemed to think it was an exquisite joke to pinch her bare, soft shoulders, but Lyddy didn't like it at all, and just kept solemnly looking for the woman her Uncle Rob was to be married to. She couldn't catch one glimpse of her, though, till somebody came for the little girl to go into the parlor, and she followed, with her heart thumping, and there were two empty chairs in the parlor, right by the door, and she didn't like to cross the room before all the people who were sitting in prim rows next to the walls, so she just dropped down into one of those chairs; and then everybody looked shocked, and her grown-up Cousin Althy, who had come to the wedding, too, frowned and beckoned Lyddy to come to her, which she did, and then they all sat holding their breath, waiting for something. Presently the door opened again, and Uncle Rob and a sweet, white-robed lady came in together, and stood side by side, just in front of the chairs, and the preacher stood near them, and said something in a very solemn, tender voice, and the lady's bowed face looked as white as her queenly-trailing robes, and by and by she and Uncle Rob sat down, and the preacher said something more and shook hands with them, and then everybody else fell to kissing them and shaking hands. Lyddy hid herself behind Cousin Althy till somebody made her go and "kiss the bride," and say, "I wish you great joy, Aunt Ellen." It sounded to Lyddy just like some other little girl speaking when she said it, and her knees got so weak she was afraid she'd drop right down on the floor in a heap, but her Aunt Ellen

gave her a real loving kiss, and whispered "Thank you, dear," so kindly, that Lyddy loved every inch of her in a minute.

A little three-year-old boy was there that day, too. He had a waggish little face and white hair, and he was dressed all in black velvet, trimmed with brass buttons, and his own mother was dead, and his aunties took care of him, and he was spoiled and saucy, and he ran right out into the middle of the room when the two people were standing up, and shouted out cagely, "Are you getting married, Aunt Ellen?" and somebody had to dart out of the stiff row of people and carry him back, and stuff his mouth with a handkerchief.

After the magnificent wedding breakfast was over, Uncle Rob did something which insulted Lyddy very much, *she* thought. I don't know whether anybody else did or not. He rode away with Aunt Ellen in his nice new carriage, and left her to ride home to Grandmother Perkins' house with Cousin Althy and Josiah Prigg, in their little, old spring wagon.

Of course I don't intend to tell about *everything* that happened during Lyddy's visit; I couldn't if I'd try. And one warm, drowsy afternoon, when Phebe had gone away to a quilting, and Grandmother Perkins was asleep in her chair, Lyddy got a letter in a big, square, yellow envelope, with "Miss Liddy Rivers" written in great, crazy "pot-hooks," up in one corner. Cousin Althy had been to the post office at the Corners, and got the mail for herself and Grandmother Perkins' folks, and she stopped in her old spring wagon, by the gate, and threw it over, in among the snowdrop bushes. Lyddy's letter was from her brother Jimmy, and it began—

mi Dere sister. there has bin a fire. Mister Jacksons house bernt down. I gumped over the fence and rot a ink bottle for Lizzy Jackson. It was red hot too. dont you think i was brave. Jonny Jackson was brave to. He run round with a spool of thread grabbed tight in his hand and said he was bound to save *that*. every nite now a boy comes down all the strectes ringin a bell and hollerin icecream at the tip-to: saloon for five cents! the boys has a base ball club. they choosed me to be the emperer. dont you wish you was here. Jimmy rivers.

After that, I am sure you won't wonder that Lyddy got homesick, and dear, loving Grandmother Perkins had to send her home long before her mother wanted to be "bothered with her." Phebe took her to Mount Briar in the old carriage, and they got there a good while before train time, so they went up to a room where a man "took pictures," over the store, and Phebe laughed all the

time, and the man took an ambrotype of her, and she gave it to Lyddy, who has it yet, and here's a picture that looks just like it.



MISS MITTEN'S STORY.

BY JULIA M. THAYER, AMANUENSIS.

My name is Miss Mitten. I'm a kitten. I could talk a great deal better in the *new* *ver* language, but Uncle Tom says common people don't understand that—none but Polly.

Polly Rose is a little girl. She belongs to me, and comes always generally pretty often, when I call her, and feeds me out of one of Mary Ann's China dishes, and plays with me.

Mary Ann is—well—she's awful funny! Always staring right in front of her, and her back is as stiff as a poker, and she wouldn't lift a finger to help herself, no, not if the sky was falling. It's my opinion—and I'm a kitten—but come close, so that she can't hear; I don't want to hurt her feelings, if she *hasn't* got any; it's my opinion Mary Ann is what they call *shoddy*—all over.

Uncle Tom is a genius in his way. He is president of the Cat-egorical Society; and at their great concerts you ought to see how it moves all the felines when he scrapes the fiddle. He says, too, he's very fond of rat-locination. And "Mittle," says he, stroking his whiskers, "only think what it is to have nine lives to live, all in a row, without stopping! There's experience for you. Come to me, my dear, whenever you get into trouble."

Pshaw! ain't I a *kitten* cat?

Dear—O—me! I *can't* keep still any

longer; where is the end of my tail? I thought I saw it flit by a minute ago. Whizz, whir, there it goes! no it don't; now I have it—no I haven't; Whi-r-r, buzz, thump, bumpety, bump! Who would have thought I was going to run my cocoanut against the chimney jamb? Chimney jambs are a nuisance.

Well, that makes me think of the time when I first saw my little girl. It was away off in another place. There were six of us, and mammy besides, all snuggled down in the bottom of a barrel. One day we saw them peeping over the top of the barrel at us; Polly and t'other one. Polly's eyes were so bright, and her hair so yellow, that Cripsey thought it was sun-up, and began to cry for his breakfast. But I knew better. *I knew it was Polly.*

"There they are," said t'other one; "ain't they the sweetest, prettiest, cunningest"—but I'm not going to tell all that nonsense.

"To be sure they are," said Polly. "But how are we to get at them?"

And with that they clambered up on a pile of boards close by; away went the boards, and down they came, crash crash, in the midst of us, and what a mess we had of it. Mother Crump, and six kittens, and Polly, and t'other one, all in one barrel, and no bones broken; only I am sure, to this day, that I never shall live out half my nine lives.

O, but wasn't that a mouse the other day! Half as long as your arm, and twice as big as he was long. I chased him under the chairs, over the cupboard, across the table, round and round, up and down, half way to the moon and back, and just as I thought I had him, *he wasn't there!* Nothing in the world to be seen but a little bit of a knot hole, no bigger'n Polly's thumb!

"Now was there a mouse? or wasn't there?" says I; "tell me quick, Uncle Tom, or I shall have a *cat-a-rapam*. To think of whirling round and round like a bumbleskooter with its head shot off, and all to fizzle out at a knot hole."

"Compose yourself, my dear," said Uncle Tom; "one half the world is amusing itself in the same manner, this very minute."

O, but didn't I watch the knot hole after that! Watched it till I fairly grew fast to the floor. Upon my life I couldn't get away till Polly came and fetched me. Polly shrieked, she did.

"Oh! pitch, tar, turpentine, and lumber," she said; "if you aren't all glued fast to the dirty pine board. You sweetie, sweetie, pitty, witty, kitty you."

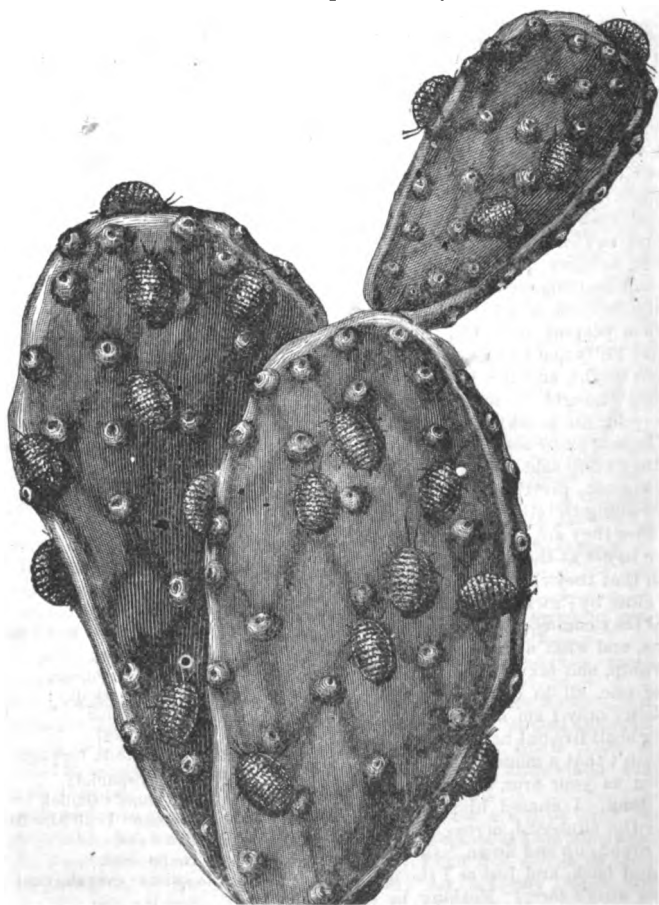
And then she dressed me up in my scarlet

flannel jacket, and white petticoat, and high-crown, muslin cap, with the blue ribbons; and set the little table all out with Mary Ann's china dishes, and put me in Mary Ann's chair, and said her "dear, little, old Granny Crump *should* have a cup of tea, so she should." Mary Ann was dreadfully jealous.

THE PET.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

I'm the pet,
Not six, yet,
Curls of auburn, eyes of jet;
See me hop;
That's my top;
My name's Taddy—don't forget!
Here's my suit,
That's my boot,
'Most a man's size, only smaller!
Here's my hat—
Just beat that!
Have a high one, when I'm taller.
This is Flo—
Girl I know;
Not as old as me—not quite;
Sometimes I
Make her cry,
Then I'm sorry. *She* won't fight.
I've a horse,
Rocke, of course;
Flo and I ride every day;
When I grow
Way up, so I
I won't have a horse for play.
See my spaniel;
His name's Daniel,
Though for short I call him Dan.
I've a sled,
In the shed,
Goes as swift as ever she can!
Say, it's nice,
Snow and ice!
Flo and I like winter weather;
Wait a while,
Coast a mile,
Then tug up the hill together.
Cousin Jim,
(See, that's him.)
Plays Croquet with Tilly Clem;
He's so queer!
Say, next year,
They'll be married, both of 'em.
Don't you tell;
There's the bell!
That means chicken, jelly, rice;
Stop that play,
Old croquet!
Dinner is so jolly nice!
Here's mamma,
There's papa!
I must fly a kiss to get!
There's no other
Sister, brother;
Only Taddy—he's the pet!



COCHINEAL.

BY ALFRED L. SEWELL.

Did you ever see a Mexican silver dollar? When I was a small boy, about twenty-five years ago, more than half the money I used to see in Ohio, was Mexican and Spanish silver coin. The Mexican dollars, half-dollars, quarters, "levies," and "fipenny-bits," all bore on one side, in relief, a ferocious-looking eagle, who rested with one foot on a cactus plant, with leaves similar to those in the above picture, while with the other claw and his beak, he held aloft a writhing serpent. This was, and is, the Mexican coat of arms.

I remember that in my father's garden grew a prickly-pear plant, and it looked just like the cactus plant on the Mexican dollar. Well, I did not know, then, as I have since learned, what an important part this mean,

homely-looking prickly pear plays in the world; and I have given you this picture, so that I may make you understand more clearly what I want to tell you about *Cochineal*. Do you know what cochineal is? It is, in trade, a coloring matter. Dyers color silks, ribbons, and velvets, and the finest woolen and cotton goods with it. Nothing else in the world produces so fine a crimson color. Mixed with other drugs, it gives us the most beautiful scarlet, salmon, different shades of red and pink, violet, purple, lake, lilac, and other tints. It is invaluable to the painter. That delightful water color that you saw at the Art Gallery, could not have been produced without cochineal. The roses in that picture owed their blush to it. The pinks and fuschias, and all those bright,

little, sunshiny flowers, so nearly imitating nature, could not have been so delicately colored with anything else than carmine, made from cochineal.

And then that fashionably-dressed lady you saw there—the artificial flowers in her hat owed their delicate pink and red tints to this drug. And did you notice what a beautiful blush was on her cheek? You thought you would like to be as beautiful as she—would like to have such rosy cheeks, and cherry-like lips. You did not know that all the color was cochineal, or carmine made from cochineal; and that underneath this paint she had a homely, yellow skin!

And what is cochineal? Is it an extract from this prickly pear? No. Do you see those little bugs crawling over the leaves in the picture? Well, they are *cochineal insects*. If you look at the substance as it can be bought from the drug dealers in its crude state, you might take the particles to be shriveled-up grains of some strange plant, and such the Europeans believed it to be for a long time after it was introduced as a regular article of trade.

To one species of this same insect, the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews owed their wonderful scarlet and crimson dyes. This species, called "kermes" (hence the name carmine), was used until the invasion of Mexico by the Spaniards, when Cortes and his followers found the insect which we here show our readers. It is a native of that country, and was at that time in common use as a dye among the native Mexicans. Since that time its use has spread more and more all over the world, until it has entirely superseded the old "kermes," so that that has not been used for nearly two centuries.

This ugly little bug has brought more wealth to Mexico than all her gold and silver mines combined. Great efforts have been made to introduce its culture into other countries, but with small results, except in Java, the Canary Islands, and Brazil. And the amounts obtained from these places are very small when compared with what comes from its native home.

Though the cochineal insect thrives in Mexico in a wild state, feeding upon most of the species of wild cacti that grow so plentifully in that country, and though much is thus gathered and carried to market, yet the best and finest, and therefore the most valuable kinds, are cultivated in regular plantations.

Only female bugs are shown in our engraving, at about life size, and they only are valuable for their coloring matter. The male, only, has wings. He is very much

smaller than the female, and exists only in the proportion of one male to one or two hundred females.

The plant on which they live is called the nopal; by some, the Indian fig tree. Its botanical name is *Cactus opuntia*, or prickly pear. The plants are very easily grown in gravelly, sandy soil. The Mexican Indians plant them in great fields, like our nurseries, near their habitations, and call them "nopales." The only food the insect has is the juice of this plant.

About the middle of October, which is the beginning of the fine season, the cultivators take out the insects from the covered places where they have been kept for safety during the rainy season, and distribute them upon the nopals. They then increase very rapidly, until they soon cover the plants so that often there is scarcely left a vacant place large enough to put down the end of one's finger. When the young bugs are full grown, they are gathered into earthen pots or bags and killed, either, by dipping them in hot water, or exposing them to the heat of the sun or the fire. They are then dried in the sun and sent to market.

As the insect attains its maturity, deposits its eggs, and dies, all within the space of two months, it is seen that several generations are produced in a single year.

Some idea may be gained of the number of bugs killed for the benefit of the world, when I tell you that it requires about 70,000 to weigh a pound, and that England alone imported, in the year 1865, the enormous quantity of 3,131,184 pounds, worth then something near \$1.25 per lb. The United States imported, in 1857, over half a million pounds.

So you see that the coral insect is not the only wonderful and useful insect in the world. There are many other interesting things I would like to tell you about these useful cochineal bugs, but my space is full.

At THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S home, there are two little boys, named respectively Fred and Frank. They both go to the kindergarten, and, as a matter of course, are both learning to observe and think for themselves. Frank, who is just four years old, came to me the other day, and, while his eyes glistened very brightly, said, "Papa, what do you think Frankie Berry said, to-day? He said the sky was falling down." "Well," said I, "that was a funny thing for him to say. 'Yes,' exclaimed Frank, 'but the sky couldn't fall, could it! 'cause if it did the angels would all tumble out! wouldn't they?'"

THE UNWILLING BUFFALO.

BY JAMES YOUNG.

Upon the plains, near the head waters of the Platte, there was a vast herd of buffalo, who roamed about together, summer and winter, and cropped the prairie grass, wherever it was fresh and green. There were old bulls in the herd, that were patriarchs, and led the rest, and cows that were mostly mothers, and had young calves to take care of. They were all like one family, and the only great trouble which they knew, was that the prairie wolves assaulted them whenever they had a chance, and wherever they could discover a sick buffalo, or a calf which had strayed from its mother, and was too young to take care of itself.

As a rule the old buffaloes were very attentive and brave, and drove away the wolves when they assaulted any of their number. This they did by pushing and goring them with their horns, when the wolves were few, and when attacked by a large drove they formed themselves in a circle, with their heads and horns sticking outside, while the sick, and the young buffaloes, were kept inside, safe from harm. The wolves, therefore, found nothing but a ring of manes and horns opposed to them, and were obliged to give up the chase. The wolves were thus disappointed and fled, after which the young buffaloes were let out again, and the old bulls still kept guard, as they browsed along the plains. So that, by one method or another, the wolves were generally kept at bay, although the constant watch required to be kept up, cost the old bulls some trouble.

One day a morose old bull said to himself, "What a trouble all this watching is. Now, if I were to leave the herd, I could have the browsing all to myself, and escape the everlasting trouble of looking after the young in the herd, besides fighting their battles for them. Besides," he soliloquized, "there are plenty to watch and fight without me."

Accordingly, this old bull, who was the most troublesome in the herd, always kicking those who came near his pasturage, took himself off, one moonlight night, upon a journey of exploration.

He trotted at first quickly, in order to get out of hearing and reach, but, by the time that he had gone nine miles, he slackened his speed somewhat. Then it was that he heard, with alarm, the cry of wolves in the distance. As he soon learned to his sorrow, they came from a large pack upon a hunting expedition. In vain the buffalo attempted

to hide himself in a clump of pine trees hard by, as the wolves dashed out from among the trees, and gave chase, howling at the top of their voices, and licking their hungry chops.

Tired as he was, the poor buffalo set off at full gallop; but his pursuers were many, and relieved one another at intervals, so that he had no chance, and was soon wearied out. He defended himself for some time, as best he could, against the numbers that beset him, by striking at the foremost wolf, now and then, with his horns; but it all proved of no avail, as another wolf was always ready to take the place of the wounded one.

"Alas!" said the buffalo, "were I with my friends they could defend me. How gladly I would now take my share of the burdens of the herd, to reap the benefit of its protection."

But it was too late, for the wolves fastened upon his throat and flanks, and in a few minutes more he was pulled to pieces and devoured.

A TRUE STORY.

BY THOMAS K. BEECHER.

In the field back of my house, and up the hill, are two nice springs. From one I draw water to my house through pipes, while the water from the other goes to my barn, and my neighbor's house. The water runs very swiftly, because it is running down hill. It is far easier to run down hill than it is to run up.

The pipe enters this spring, not at the top of the water, nor at the bottom either. If it were at the top, the scum would get into the pipe, and a floating bug now and then. If it were at the bottom, dregs and sediment would get in. So the pipe goes in about six inches below the top of the water.

When we are drawing water at the barn for the horses, and my neighbor draws water at the same time for her washing day, the pipe sucks at a great rate. But it draws in nothing but pure water, if all floating things keep at the top, and all heavy things lie still at the bottom. Now for my story.

One morning there was a gay young frog about as big as half my thumb—too big for a tadpole, too small for a wise frog. He could go just where he pleased. He did not have to float with the bugs, for he knew how to dive. He did not have to stay at the bottom with the dregs, for he knew how to swim. So he kicked out his little hind legs and swam all round the spring, doing very much as he pleased.

One day he saw the little round black hole of the pipe, where the water was running in quite freely. He wondered where it led to. He put his nose in and felt the water pull, and was a little scared and backed out. But it was such a funny feeling to be sucked that way; it felt kind of good round his nose, and he swam up, and looked in again. He went in as much as half an inch, and then the water got behind him and he was drawn all in. "*Here goes!*" said he. "*I shall see what I shall see!*" And along he went with the water, till he came to where the pipe makes a bend for my barn—a sharp bend, straight up. As the water was quiet there, he gave a little kick and got up into a still, dark place, close by the barrel where the horse drinks. "Well," said he, "it's a snug place here, but rather lonely and dark."

Now and then he thought of the spring, and the light, and the splendid room he used to have to swim in, and he tried to swim back against the stream. But the water was on him, or running by him swiftly, and he had no room to kick in the pipe. So every time he started to go back to the spring he would work hard for a few minutes, and then get tired and slip back into the dark place by the barrel.

By and by he grew contented there. The water brought him enough to eat. He shut his eyes and grew stupid, stopped exercising and got fat, and as he had no room to grow very big in the pipe, he had to grow all long, and no broad. But he grew as big as he could, till at last he stopped up the pipe.

Then I had to go out and see what was the matter, for the horse had nothing to drink. I jerked away the barrel, pulled out the little plug and put a ramrod down; felt a "springy, leathery, something, and pushing, down it went, and out gushed the water. "*What was that!*" I thought. So I pulled out the big plug, and put down an iron ramrod and churned it two or three times, and then let the water run, and out came a great, long, red and white, and bleeding frog.

I couldn't put him together again. Anything that gets sucked into that pipe and grows up in those dark places, has to come out dead, and all in pieces. I wondered how such a big frog could ever have got into so small a pipe. Then a wise lady in my house told me, "Why, he went in when he was little and foolish, and grew up in there!"

I cannot get that poor frog out of my mind. He was so like some young folks that I have seen. They frolicked up to the door of a theatre, or they stood and looked into a bar room, or they just wanted to go to one

ball, or got out behind the barn to smoke a pipe, or went off sleighriding with some gay young man without asking leave—or some way put their foolish noses into a dark hole that felt funny, and led, they didn't know where. Pretty soon, in they go. When they want to get back, they can't; and they grow bigger, and wickeder, and all out of shape in that dark place. If they come out at last, they are all jammed up, knocked to pieces, sick, or dying, or dead. When I see them in their coffins, I hear folks ask, "How came he to throw himself away so?" "What made him drink himself to death?" "How happened she to go off to infamy?" "How came he to be a gambler?"

Then I shall answer as the wise lady told me about the frog. "They went in when they were little and foolish, and grew up there." A bad habit hugs a man tighter, and jams him out of shape worse than my pipes did that poor frog.

THE KATYDIDS.

Dear Corporal: Our tree-top concert troupe have almost finished their engagement for the season, and will soon vanish to parts unknown, and while their shrill solos and noisy choruses are still fresh in my memory, I propose to give you some items in the history of two or three of the principal performers. You will understand that I am not now referring to the vocalists—the birds—but to the instrument musicians, the cicadas, katydids, grasshoppers, etc.

Dame nature, who always has the management of these summer night entertainments, spared neither time nor expense in appropriately fitting up her "green rooms" for the reception of the little musicians, who, on their part, have done full justice to her preparations, both as regards numbers and excellence of practice.

The concerts began here about the last of June; the overture being a grand kettle drum performance by the "big-headed cicada," or harvest fly. This insect is first cousin to the seventeen-year cicada, or locust—which you will remember appeared in so many parts of the country two years ago—and bears a very general resemblance to the latter. The harvest fly has undoubtedly the loudest, most piercing note of any insect. It can be heard, it is said, distinctly at the distance of a mile, while close at hand, the vibrations are so rapid as to be quite deafening.

Next to the cicada, in point of time, but leading it in interest, are the various katy-

dids, which begin to sing, or rather play, about the middle of July, in this latitude. Of these, the concave-winged, or true katydid, (*Platyphylum concavum*), is the real "Ole Bull" of the insect world; and what is more, it, too, plays upon an instrument very similar in principle to the violin, though, of course, widely different in construction.

The katydid is hatched during the latter part of May, from a brownish gray, oval, flattened egg, from sixteen to twenty of which are deposited on a slender twig of some forest tree, generally. The eggs are arranged in a double row, with the edges neatly overlapping, and so finely glued to the stem that neither wind nor rain can detach them.

Although the egg is scarcely an eighth of an inch in length, the little katydid, as soon as it is well out of its shell, measures nearly or quite an inch, from its last pair of feet to the tips of its antennæ. It is now in its larva state, and it differs but slightly from the perfect insect, excepting in size and the absence of wings. (The *Orthoptera*—the order in which the katydid belongs—never undergo such complete and wonderful transformations as characterize the development of butterflies, beetles, flies, etc.)

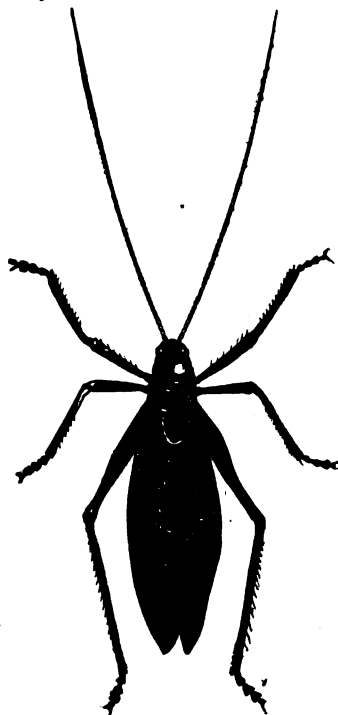
The katydid feeds readily upon the leaves of most fruit and forest trees, and is very active in providing for itself from the first. When confined in the breeding cage and carefully observed, it is found to have many exceedingly interesting and amusing habits, among which may be mentioned its frequent washing or brushing of its body, legs, and antennæ. Its motions during this cleansing process are very similar to those of a cat washing herself, passing its forelegs over its face, and biting and polishing its legs and feet in precisely the same manner. It seems to take an especial pride in its long, graceful antennæ, drawing them through its jaws, and the two pair of little feelers that are attached to either lip, again and again with the greatest satisfaction, just as a maiden sometimes toys with her long, bright tresses.

The katydid changes its skin four times; first, just as it leaves the egg; second, about two weeks later. At the third change—rather more than four weeks from the time of hatching—it assumes the *pupa* form, but in this state—unlike those insects of which I have told you before—it is full as active and hungry as ever, and is changed in no particular, save that it now has small wing-cases just back of its broad collar, which looks like tiny fans, partly furled.

Early in July, it casts its pupa skin, and

comes forth the perfect insect. It is now provided with a pair of large, rounded, leaf-like wings, under which are another pair, much wider and delicately transparent, which are used in flying. The whole insect is a green color, tinged with yellow beneath, and with the lower portion of each antennæ red. It resembles the leaves among which it dwells so closely that it is not readily seen, unless the observer is quite near to it.

Herewith is a very correct representation of it, which Mr. Riley, editor of the *American Entomologist*, has kindly allowed me to use for your benefit.



With its full wings the male katydid comes into full possession of its musical apparatus, which consists of two oval, transparent plates, called *taborets*, overlapping each other. These plates are situated on the back, in the bases of the upper wings, and the music is made by the surfaces or edges grating together when the wings are opened and then slowly closed again. The sounds produced are so distinctly articulated that it is no matter for wonder that words should have been set to them; but whose imagination it was that first attached to them the mysterious accusation and contradiction so

stimulating to our curiosity, will probably never be known. Poets have frequently, in beautiful verse, attempted to tell us all about "katy" and that particular deed of her's which is the subject of this insect controversy; but, though we are delighted with the poetry, we cannot help feeling that the puzzle is as profound as before; and still the "Katy did—she did—she did," or "Katy didn't—Katy didn't," rings out upon the night air as if to tempt us to guess again what it is all about.

The katydid "sings" very nicely for about a month, after which the choruses become fainter, and after the middle of September, we can only hear a few scattering notes, sounding hoarsely, and greatly lacking the energy and joyousness which characterized them at first. It is probable that in the woods this interesting insect dies with the leaf; but when kept in the cage, and well provided with food, its life may be very much prolonged.

There is also another katydid, the oblong-winged (*Phyllopetra oblongifolia*), which is very similar in its habits to, and more graceful in form, than the one I have just described, but its note is not so conspicuous, consisting, as it does, of only a series of shrill, rapid "clicks" by the male, answered instantly by a "chirrup" from the female. The history of this "katy" is essentially the same as the one we have just been over.

There is a smaller and slenderer insect (*Phaneroptera curoicorda*), belonging to the family, which I have observed with much interest this summer, but my notes upon it would make this letter altogether too long. Its "song" is a delicate little thrill, sounding as much like a "zeep, zeep," as anything, and not loud enough to be very noticeable.

There are numbers of other insect musicians which deserve a mention, but if I were so much as to write out their names here, it would so lengthen out my letter that you would not have courage even to begin to read it.

MARIE ESTELLE.

Kirkwood, Mo., October, 1870.

TRUE MANLINESS.

BY ALTA GRANT.

One Wednesday evening, as we came out of the little chapel where our prayer meetings were held, we found the steps covered with sleet; and I saw that old Mother Rogers could with difficulty keep from falling. Chancing to be near her, I was about

to offer my help, when a lad in the crowd sprang forward and gave her his arm. Had the dear old lady been the Queen of Sheba, he could not have shown more respectful care. Everyone who saw it loved him for it; and, as I thought of the mother, whose gentle eyes had been closed for many a month, I was sure that up in heaven she was proud of her boy that night.

Years have passed, and the youth has become a man, a strong, helpful, loving man, to whom little children look for sympathy, and on whom the old lean for strength; and whenever I hear his name, I remember that gentle act, which, I think, will sometime be found recorded in the angel's book.

CHESTNUTTING.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

We waked in the dusky morning,
Ronald, and Rose, and I,
When the grass was crisp in the meadows,
And the stars were still in the sky;
And whispering softly together,
We crept down the creaking stair,
For we knew how the gusty weather
Was shaking the chestnuts bare.

The baskets hung by the chimney,
Little and big, in a row;
"I'll take the biggest," said Ronald,
"For boys are strong, you know;
I can climb a tree like a squirrel,
And gather the ripest and best;
I can carry them home on my shoulder,
And never once stop to rest."

Hurrah! how the wind was blowing,
Fresh, and frosty, and keen,
As we ran with a shout through the fallows,
And the fields of stubble between;
We crossed the brook by the meadow,
We climbed the hill by the wood,
And there, in the brightening morning,
The ranks of the chestnuts stood.

O, ho! the gnarly old giants!
We called them goblins of old;
The nuts were their precious jewels,
The leaves were the yellow gold.
We plundered the prickly caskets,
Unlocked by the fairy frost,
And laughed as we heaped our baskets
With treasures the goblins lost.

We have all grown old together,
Ronald, and Rose, and I,
Yet oft in the autumn weather,
When the dawn is faint in the sky,
I start from my quiet dreaming,
And think I can hear it still,
The sound of the chestnuts dropping
Far up on the windy hill.

THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

SEWELL & MILLER,
ALFRED L. SEWELL, JOHN E. MILLER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE, No. 9 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1870.

OUR BOYS.

The dream of every boy, and especially of every poor boy, is "When I am a man." There are croakers everywhere, who are always ready to say, "Ah! boy, your dreams are vain; your golden days are *now*; you will never be so happy as while you are a boy!" *Don't believe them, boys.* There is a beautiful, golden dreamland, full of grand possibilities—dreamland now, but all to be real to you by and by—that land is manhood. It is well for you to dream of "When I am a man." But be sure to remember that when any boy, be he poor or rich, wastes his time in dreaming, and fails to *prepare for manhood*, he is standing in his own light, and will be certain to have to suffer for his failure.

One of the pleasures in the life of the Editor of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, is the fact that so many good, earnest, hopeful, and aspiring, and often poor boys, in many places in the Union, have, from time to time, written to him for counsel. Some have come to us with matters that few boys would carry to their own fathers, and we have afterwards received from them warm, hearty letters of thanks for the advice sent them in reply. Now, we by no means set up as a Solon, or a sage; but we know, by experience, some of the trials of a boy, who, with neither money or influential friends, has to fight his own way to the golden land of manhood. We know, by experience, about the difficulties, trials, and perplexities, that lie all along the thorny road. We know, by experience, what it is for a boy of fourteen to be thrown entirely upon his own resources, with no hope of ever obtaining a dollar or a favor in the world, except by the favor of God, and "by squarely earning it." We know what it means to "work at a trade" for three years, for board and thirty dollars for the first year, forty dollars for the second, and

fifty dollars for the third year; in all, one hundred and twenty dollars for clothing and spending money, for three long years. We have not forgotten, and we have no desire to forget, the rough road from fourteen to twenty-one, and if any words or acts of ours can help to make smooth or more pleasant the same path for other poor and aspiring boys, we are fully repaid.

Where there are hundreds of boys whose boyish days are golden and joyous, and full of happiness and ease, there are thousands to whom the path of boyhood is a rough and rocky road, full of toil, trials and temptations. Many stumble and fall in the way. Many yearn for some one to give them just a little help, just a little good counsel, just a few kind words of encouragement; having these reinforcements they conquer, when without them they would fail. Thousands of brave boys are to-day fighting single handed a more terrible battle than Napoleon ever knew; while every one of them, whether poor or rich, is all the time looking forward into his glorious dreamland, and saying, "When I am a man."

Work on, boys; fight on. Manhood is worth working for. It is worth waiting for. It is worth *preparing for*. See that you do prepare for it. We propose, in our coming volume, to try to help you find out *how*.

CAN YOUR FATHER SAY IT?—On another page in this magazine, we print a beautiful poem entitled "My Grandpa." The author is an old gentleman—one of the old temperance "war horses." In a letter lately written to the editor of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, he says: "I have four sons living, all men, all total abstainers from intoxicating liquors, and tobacco, and all together they have never cost me an hour of sorrow, God be thanked."

Ah! well may the old man say, "God be thanked." And isn't that a glorious thing for a father of four sons to be able to say? Happy father! happy sons! Boys, can your fathers say that? Girls, can your mothers say it? Make it a true saying in your case, from this day.

WRITE FOR THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.—We respectfully invite all our friends to send contributions for THE FESTIVAL; dialogues, recitations, exercises of all kinds for Day-school or Sabbath-school entertainments. Everything must be wide awake, first class, and full of life. Please let everything for the January number reach us by the eighth of November, at latest, and as much earlier as possible.

CALIFORNIA GRAPES.

They are not "sour grapes," we can assure you. In the Chicago market, grapes and pears of various kinds, direct from California, are very plentiful now. They are sent through on the Pacific Railroad, and even after their long journey, are more luscious than any of our home grown fruits.

But we do not intend here to write much about them. We only want to give you a little extract from "Notes of California Life," by Rev. James Ellis, D.D., in *Our Monthly*, the solid and substantial Cincinnati magazine. It sounds like a regular Munchausen story, but we believe it is strictly true:

"On the mountain side, a few miles from the odd yet beautiful village of Santa Barbara, is the largest grape vine in the world. The main trunk has been permitted to grow about eight feet high, and is fifteen inches in diameter. The branches are conducted off laterally more than eighty feet in one direction, and thirty in another, and are supported by poles, which lie on forked sticks set in the earth, giving the whole the appearance of a Banyan tree, and affording delightful shade, while he who enjoys it is astonished by the fact that a single vine supplies it all. The only year I have known the product of this vine to be accurately ascertained, it was somewhat more than six tons of grapes, of the ordinary California, or mission variety, and from the wealth of clusters which I saw hanging above me when I visited the place, I should not think there was any error in the amount. Between seventy and eighty years ago, a Spanish girl, whose mustang was refractory, and who was in haste to reach her home, broke a switch from a vine by the roadside with which to assert her mastery of the animal; and having accomplished her object, and used it with such vigor as Spanish girls on horseback are wont to display, till she arrived at her home, she carelessly stuck it down in the moist ground near a spring by the door, and forgot that it was there. That little switch has grown to become this largest, and, in some respects, most wonderful vine in the world. Could there be a more positive illustration of the truth, that often strange and unexpected results come forth from beginnings the most unpromising?"

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—When you change your residence, or for any other reason want your magazine sent to a different post office, be sure to send your *old address*, as well as your new one. If you fail to do this, we cannot find your name, and cannot change your address. Your magazine will continue to go to the *old* post office until your time is out, unless you remember the above important item.

The School Festival.

We desire to call special attention to **THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL**. The last number for 1870 is issued. The four numbers for this year have been, we think, very rich in matter for School Entertainments, Exhibitions, Festivals, etc. They have contained valuable Exercises for both the Day School and Sunday School.

The Publication has been highly appreciated, and has gained a good circulation, both in the East and West.

We can now offer the volume for 1870 in paper covers, by mail, post paid, for fifty cents.

The new volume for 1871 will begin with the January number, which we will endeavor to have ready early in December, so as to be available for Christmas.

Let all our friends take an interest in **THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL**. The price is low, and you will find it a very valuable help in all matters relating to Sunday School and Day School Entertainments.

Price 50 cts. a year, or in club with **THE CORPORAL**, we send the two magazines for \$1.80.

BOOK NOTICES.

WORK-DAY CHRISTIANITY; or, The Gospel in the Trades. By ALEXANDER CLARK. 300 pages. 18mo. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia; Western News Co., Chicago.

A pleasant book, prettily printed on tinted paper, and worth the price, \$1.50.

THE INDEPENDENT FIRST READER, containing the most valuable features of the Word System, Object Lessons, and Phonetics; and choice tales, fables, etc., in monosyllables. By J. MADISON WATSON. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago.

Trubshaw & Miller, of New York, send us a beautiful photographic copy of the **LORD'S PRAYER PICTURE**, published by them. Price \$3.00.

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY.

(SEE PAGE 158 THIS NUMBER.)

KITTY'S TEMPTATION.—Kitty was in the barnyard, and saw the man milking down the soft, white milk. "I wish I had some of that," said Kitty to herself. So she followed to the house, looking wishfully at the dripping pails. But the dairymaid did not allow cats to come into the milk room. Kitty said, as well as she could, "I would like a little of that, if you please." But the milkmaid was thinking of *somebody else*. "I wish I had some of that," she said again. So she climbed in at the window; and there stood a pitcher with nice milk in it. Kitty put her head in the pitcher, and O, it was so good. Pretty soon she heard a noise, like some one coming. She sprang, and by good luck, sprang out of the window. But she said, "O dear, what shall I do?" For she could not pull her head out of the pitcher, and everything looked dark and dreadful. So the boys chased her, and hooted and laughed; and she ran on, until she fell plump into the brook, where it was deep. But it was too late now to be sorry. The pitcher was heavy, and so both sank down to the bottom, and *Kitty was drowned.* W. O. C.

ANSWER TO NO. 18, OCTOBER NUMBER.

Great Men in Obscurity.—1, Bismarck; 2, Dupont; 3, Sherman; 4, Lyon; 5, Mead; 6, Porter.



Prudy's Pocket.

Prudy has a *new* pocket! Guess what it is made of, girls and boys; though, after all, I suppose she herself will have to tell you. It is made of a coffee nut, is smooth and brown and shining, and holds about half a thimbleful. It came from a little girl in Fredonia, Iowa, and is the work of her own hands. Prudy has fastened it to her watch chain, and there it hangs this very minute, by the side of a red cornelian from Minnehaha Falls, bobbing about in a sociable way, as if the two were talking over their adventures.

Grass Valley, Cal. "Dear Corporal: I am as happy as I can be, for at last I have a dollar to send you, and now every month I can look at your bright face, and read your beautiful stories. I am a California boy, and my little brother and I want to grow up to be as good and brave as we think you are."

Hancock, N. Y. "I live in old Delaware county, among mountains so high that you have to look twice to see the top. My father prints a paper, and we have lots of magazines, but I know which I like the best of all. Long may THE LITTLE CORPORAL wave."

Plymouth, N. C. "Dear Miss Prudy: I have found a name sweet enough for the sweetest baby in the world, and think it will just suit Hattie. The name is 'Molasses!' She can call it Molly, 'for short.'"

Richland, Mich. "Dear Little Prudy: For I think you must be little, from your picture. I have only just begun to read THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and as all the other boys and girls write to you, so will I. I save all my CORPORALS, and mamma says they will make me a nice book, someday. Prudy, I want to ask you something. I have a great cat, named Daniel, and I expect to go to Kansas, pretty soon; now, would you take him along? I love him so, and I hate to leave him."

Prudy thinks the best way would be to give Daniel to somebody who would take good care of him, and find another pet in Kansas. Traveling is apt to disagree with cats.

Fountain, Col. "Dear Prudy: We live only four miles from the Rocky Mountains, and af-

teen miles from Pike's peak. There is snow on Pike's Peak all the time, and if you were here, you might see it snowing up there, while it is so green and warm here in the valley. I send you two little, yellow flowers that my brother got out from under the snow on top of the Peak, last week (Aug. 31st). There are a great many beautiful wild flowers here, and I will send you some in my next letter. Did you ever see an antelope? They make very nice pets. One morning, when I got up early, I saw a little antelope peeping down at me from the bluff."

Prudy thinks that is an interesting letter. The little flowers are quite a curiosity, and a lady begged them for her album.

Wauzeka, Wis. "My father is in the telegraph office, and I have learned to telegraph, myself, though I never went to school until this summer. I have been reading the Patriot's Song, and I wish I could telegraph the chorus all around the world. Wouldn't it be nice!"

Cleveland, O. "I thought I would write you a letter, Miss Prudy, and ask you a few questions. My Aunt Ellen says she don't believe the children really and truly write the letters, all themselves. She thinks they get grown-up folks to do it for them, or else you fix 'em up. Do they write their own letters, Prudy? and do you put 'em right in, without any fixing? I am ten years old, myself, and I never wrote but one letter before, so I suppose you will think I am not smart enough to have a place in your Pocket."

Sometimes "grown-up folks" write the letters, but the great majority are from the children themselves; and a child's letter is as easily told by one accustomed to the business, as a genuine bill by an expert. Prudy doesn't fix them up a bit. She has to cut them up, taking out only here and there a sentence sometimes from a couple of pages.

Vermont, Ill. Minnie's mamma writes to say, in behalf of her little girl:

"I like to hear my mamma read the funny things about Tommy. I should like to read THE CORPORAL myself, but my Uncle Josie owns it, and he won't let me have it because I tear it, for I am a very careless girl."

Minnie's mamma also says:

"The other day, when Minnie was coming to the house from the barn, she began calling me; but I could not answer her for fear of waking the baby. When she came in, she said,

"Didn't you hear me calling you?"

"Yes," I said, "but I could not answer for fear of disturbing the baby."

"Well," said she, "I always answer you when you call me, but you do try my patience the worstest."

Prudy's picture gallery is growing. From *Rome, N. Y.*, comes a nicely-written letter, saying,

"I thought I would send you my picture, as my father is a photographer, and I have a great many taken. Please put my picture in your pocket, and my letter in your paper."

— *Ohio.* "The boys and girls are all telling Prudy about their pets, so I will tell about our dog Fido. He used to carry things off and hide them. One day he took one of papa's overshoes from the porch, while he was eating his dinner, and when mamma hunted for it, Fido followed

her all about, jumping and frisking exactly as if he was laughing because she couldn't find it. At last she gave up and sat down, and then Fido ran behind the house and brought the shoe and laid it down beside her. I could tell you a great many funny things about him, but I am afraid my letter will be too long."

Mary E. Bush, no address, inquires for a book of directions for making skeleton leaves. "Phantom Flowers" is a very good treatise on this subject, and will be sent from the Corporal office on receipt of the price, \$2.

St. Marys. — "I think the story about the mysterious door was very nice. The door was the mouth, and the ivory columns were the teeth, and the message which Amy sent the Prince was 'Keep the door of my mouth shut.'"

Was that quite right, Julia? Look in the book and see.

Fall River, Mass. "Isn't Prudy an imaginary person?"

By no means, Master Ed.

Dover, N. H. "If you print my letter, don't say I am a boy, for people think boys don't know how to write letters, but they do."

Prudy will be sure and not mention it.

Wheaton, Ill. "I have been on a long journey with my father. I had a splendid time. We crossed Suspension Bridge, and saw Niagara Falls; and from there we went to Rochester and saw Genesee Falls, and from there to my cousin's, where I found THE LITTLE CORPORAL, which pleased me better than all. I did not expect to find it so far away from home, and I like it better than ever in its new dress."

Where are those people who think boys cannot write letters?

From *Grand Rapids*, little Lottie, five years old, sent Aunt Prudy a "pressed flower." Thank you, little Lottie.

"Dear Prudy: I have never written to you before, but I have taken THE CORPORAL three years, and I am trying to fight against wrong. I like the stories about cousin Will very much. Won't you please to tell me your whole name?"

Prudy is supposed to be "short" for Prudence.

"Dear Aunt Prudy: Mamma says she thinks you will let me call you Aunt. Won't you please have your picture taken and put in THE CORPORAL, so that all we children can see it. If I ever come to Chicago to see my uncle, I shall come and see you."

Santa Cruz, Cal. "I am only eleven years old, but I have got five premiums for THE CORPORAL; Red Ridinghood, Webster's Dictionary, Esop's Fables, The Heavenly Cherubs, and Grandpa's House. I mean to get more next year, if you have new premiums."

Mattie will find that the premiums are finer than ever before.

From *Alexandria, Mo.* comes another name for the Roll of Honor. Jasper Blines sends fifty cents to pay for THE CORPORAL to some poor child, and tells Prudy of the nice times the boys

in Missouri have, gathering plums, going to school, playing base ball, and occasionally going out hunting.

From *Rochester, N. Y.*, Libbie and Ettie send two nice little letters.

Monmouth, Maine. "Last year I had *The Nursery*, but now I am nine years old, and I have THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Ma says I have been promoted. I am trying to be good."

Edwin L. Shuey, of *Dayton, O.*, is thirteen years old, and has not been absent from school or tardy for three years.

Dubuque, Iowa. "I think the Lost Authors was splendid. I wish they would be in every number. I found out some of them, but others are very hard."

Galesburgh, Ill. "I have a little sister, eleven years old, who plays the piano very nicely. She composes very pretty little waltzes and marches, and when she hears a piece once, she can play a part, and sometimes all of it."

These three last letters were specially nice in point of penmanship. The one from Dayton being the best.

"Dear Prudy: I will attempt to write a letter. I am a little girl ten years old, and my name is Mary. I have a good father and mother, and a little sister, her name is Shirley; she is two years old; and I have a little baby sister, four months old, her name is Daisy; dearest little thing ever was. We have a nice carriage for them to ride in; I take them out quite often. We have a good kind granma, who lives with us; my sister and I think so much of her. I take THE LITTLE CORPORAL—like it very much. I intend to commence my club early this year, and feel assured I will succeed in getting a large one. I am afraid you will think my letter too long."

"Good by, MARY L. BALDRIDGE."

Rather long, Mary, but if you send a long club, that will balance it. Begin early, that's the way to succeed.

"Dear Prudy: I wrote you a little note last summer while you were in Minnesota, but ma thinks it was written so poorly that you could not read it. I have a little cousin who once lived in Minnesota. When he was a baby his dear pa went into the army, and died. When the wicked Indians came almost to the house where his mother lived, she took little Gussie and came home to Maine. He is now nine years old; just my age. I attend school and try to be good. When I get home I pick tomatoes, bring in wood and do errands. I would like to play all the time, but ma says I must learn to be useful, and I think she knows best. I shall look the first thing when the next number comes, to see if my letter is in the Pocket."

One of the "older people with young hearts," writes from Maine,

"We value THE LITTLE CORPORAL more than words can express and welcome its bright, cheery pages as sunshine to our home."

Harrison, O. "I am a little girl, twelve years old. I have a pleasant home, and a darling mother and sister as any in the world. I have a father, too—he is a good old man, with a white beard. I had three brothers, but death took one away. I think THE CORPORAL is splendid."

Private Queer's



THE VOWEL GAME.

We have received a great many letters enclosing attempts at the Vowel Game. Very few of these attempts are worthy of being printed. One correspondent says, "My efforts have taught me a very important lesson. I have learned how very necessary is every one of the vowels, and how hard it is to dispense with any one of them." Another one writes, "Enclosed is my attempt. It answers nearly all the conditions, although the sense is rather obscure occasionally." This latter correspondent describes too well nearly all the MSS. sent in competition. Out of scores which have come to my table, I can publish this month only two.

The word "sweet" in the sentence from Jennie

Day in our October number escaped our notice. It was not within the rule.

VOWEL O.

Old Tom Holbrook took too oft of grog. Too oft grog floors poor Tom. Tom chops cord wood for Gordon Hosford. Gordon told Tom—"old sot, stop soon, for of sots who do not stop, Thompson soon tolls out of world. Go forth, Holbrook, nor mock good words." Tom soon forsook grog for common good. Soon, to show proof of honor, to comport good, for-lorn son Solomon, Tom forsook grog. Not now doth Tom look forlorn. HARRY FHELPS, Connecticut.

76 words—110 o's, and no other vowel.

VOWEL E.

We ever feel extreme feebleness, when we seek perfect excellence here. We well remember men every where err. Even when Eden's evergreen trees sheltered Eve, the serpent crept there. Yet, when tempted—when cheerlessness depresses—when helplessness lingers—when we seem deserted, then we remember Bethlehem; we beseech the Redeemer's help. We ever need the rest the blessed expect.

M. GADD, Illinois.

59 words—113 e's and no other vowel.

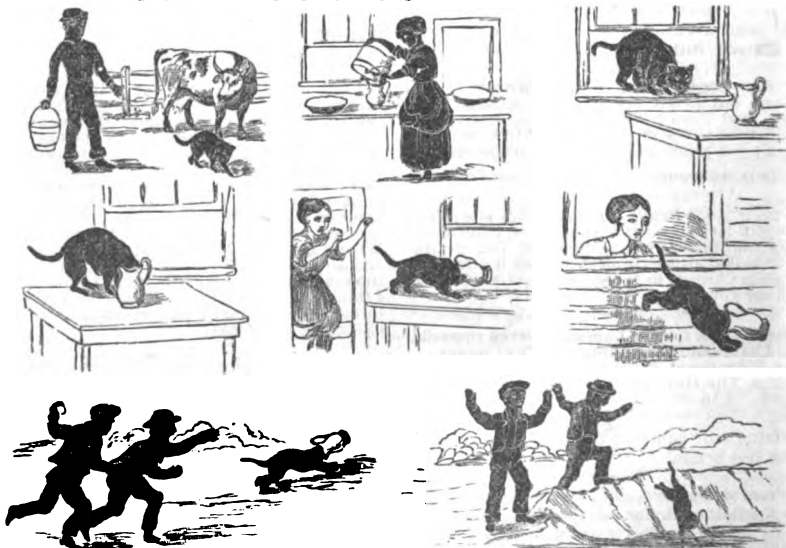
ALPHABET SENTENCE.

E. K. sends the following alphabet sentence, which is shorter than Blanche T. King's, containing only twenty-six letters. Others equally good came too late, but this one takes precedence, as to time.

D. V. Pike flung J. Q. Schwartz my box.

This answers the condition named, and secures the offered prize, but it is not entirely satisfactory. What we want, and should have, is a sentence containing all the twenty-six letters, and no abbreviations. The one prize offered is awarded to E. K., and we now continue to offer a like prize, a full file of THE LITTLE CORPORAL from the beginning, July, 1865, to December, 1870, for an intelligent English sentence, containing all the letters of the alphabet, (none being repeated), twenty-six letters, and no abbreviations. The first good sentence received, answering these conditions, will take the prize. The task, we are sure, is a hard one; but may it not be accomplished?

No. 19.—A PICTURE STORY.—KITTY'S TEMPTATION.



The Reading given on page 155, (Editorial page, this number).

W. O. G.

Publishers' Department.

All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

HOW TO REMIT.

Checks on Chicago, Philadelphia, New York City, or Boston banks are best for large sums, made payable to the order of NEWELL & MILLER.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us *without any loss*.

Registered letters, under the new system, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money, where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe the *Registry* for as well as postage, must be paid in *advance*, at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it. Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending one dollar and a half or less, you may send greenbacks at our risk; where more than that sum is sent, either of above ways will be safe.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

NOW!

Two Months Free!

To all New Subscribers For 1871.

Work for Clubs Now!

All new subscribers, whose names and money (\$1.50 each,) are sent to us before the last of November will receive the November and December numbers of 1870 *free*. This applies to all, whether sent singly or in clubs.

Let all club raisers work now for large lists.

PLATED-WARE PREMIUMS.—We send to those who write for it a long list of articles of Silver-Plated Ware, spoons, forks, castors, sugar bowls, butter dishes, pitchers, and all other kinds of Plated Table Ware, from the most celebrated makers, with the lowest manufacturers prices attached. Those who desire silver-plated ware as premiums will be credited on our books with 45 cents for every subscriber sent us, at \$1.50 each, and that amount can apply on the price of any article of silver ware you may select.

OLD AND NEW ALIKE.

IN RAISING CLUBS FOR THE LITTLE CORPORAL, old subscribers, renewing, count just the same as new names, but we ask you, as a special favor, to always designate on your list, which are *old* subscribers, and which are *new* names. Write the names, for instance, thus:

John Rogers — old,
Selbyville, Selby County, Illinois.
Mary Welby — new,
Boston, Suffolk County, Mass.
George Wayne — new,
Cincinnati, Hamilton County, Ohio.
Minnie Shelby — old,
New Orleans, Orleans County, La.

When this is done, it aids us very much in entering the names on our list. So please don't forget to write them after the manner we have shown you.

If we paid premiums for *new* names only, or counted old names at only half, as many do, we could give larger premiums for smaller clubs, but it would be much harder for you to secure your list. Our way is easier for you, and, we think, just as good for us. You can make the same names count anew every year, so long as you can have them renew in your club.

ABOUT SENDING PREMIUMS.

As we state elsewhere, all premiums like Organs, Sewing Machines, and such bulky articles will be sent by express, directly to club raisers from the factories where they are made, the receivers paying express charges. All other premiums can be delivered free of charge at our office in Chicago. All engravings and books of \$5.00 and less in price are sent prepaid at our cost. Such other articles as can go by mail, will be mailed by us on receipt of sufficient stamps to prepay postage. All articles that need to go by express will be sent, as above, directly to the club raisers, who will pay the express charges.

RENEW NOW!

With our next number (December) a great many thousands of our subscriptions will expire. You can tell by the printed address label. If after your name you find Dec70, or Dec0, your time will be out with the December Number. It will be a great favor to us if you will renew now, or very early, so that our work will not come so heavy just at the close of the year. Raise a club now, and include your own renewal in the club.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S NEW DRAWING BOOK.

REED'S DRAWING LESSONS, WITH OR WITHOUT A TEACHER.—Highly approved by leading artists as the best book for beginners ever issued. It begins with the A B C of the art, and makes plain every step to sketching landscapes from nature.

Send us by mail the price, (\$1.50), and the book will come by next mail, post paid.

School Edition of same book, 80 cts.

SEWELL & MILLER, Publishers.

CHICAGO, ILL.

OUR NEW CHROMO

OF BEARD'S RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.

Size 18x13½ inches. Price \$6.00. Encouraged by the popularity of our large chromo of Beard's beautiful painting which was used almost exclusively as a premium for clubs to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL MAGAZINE*, we are now issuing *A NEW CHROMO* of the same subject, but of smaller size, measuring 18x13½ inches, which will be more convenient both in size and price, being one of the finest chromos ever offered.

We paid the artist, Wm. H. Beard, the celebrated animal painter of New York City, *One Thousand Dollars* for the original painting (size, 18x24 inches). He calls it one of his best pieces. The subject is most charming. The legend of Red Ridinghood is known in nearly every land and language, and the picture is believed to be the best conception of the subject ever produced by any pencil or brush. The great features of the picture are the *child* and the *wolf*; but one must see the painting or chromo to form any just idea of its beauty. We give **LIBERAL DISCOUNTS TO THE TRADE**.

Orders may be sent directly to us, or through the **LARGE DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY**.

Dr. Patton, editor of *The Advance*, in an editorial article, among other things, says:

"Who has not a vivid recollection of his youthful delight in the story of Red Ridinghood? Do we not take almost as much pleasure now in telling it, as then in hearing it? It seemed true, every word of it, in those childish days, and it will seem true again to all who look upon the beautiful picture now before us—the greatest triumph of the chromo-lithographic art in this country."

Write for circulars with terms to agents and dealers

SEWELL & MILLER, Publishers,

CHICAGO, ILL.

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We are now ready to fill all orders for this valuable work, either by the single copy, one dozen, one hundred, or by the thousand.

The following are the prices:

Paper flexible covers, 25 cents.

Cloth flexible covers, or stiff boards, 50 cents.

Cloth board covers, with gilt edges and title, 75 cents.

To Sunday School teachers and others who order one dozen or more at one time, ten per cent. discount from above prices.

Liberal discount to the trade.

We send them by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.

Don't fail to have a pocket scripture atlas.

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LITTLE CORPORAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,

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THE SNOW MAN.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XI.—DECEMBER, 1870.—NO. 6.

ANNE HANSEL'S CHRISTMAS EVE UNDER THE SNOW.

BY MRS. JULIA F. SNOW.



ANNE HANSEL was the oldest child, just thirteen, the age when most of my girl readers are mere children, with parents "keeping them back" from womanhood all they can, lest the world steal them from the parent nest before the down is gone from the tender fledgling. At this age, then, Anne was a stout, rosy, helpful, little daughter, an intelligent, God-fearing child, and a loving, gentle sister. She could read and write in German, (did I mention that they were a German family? no? well, they were, and lived in Pennsylvania,) could say her catechism, had read the "Life of Martin Luther" twice or thrice, could spin, sew, knit, and do many other things. Besides, in the spring, she was to be confirmed, and at Whitsunday, she should take her first communion. So Anne felt that she was almost a woman, if she was but thirteen.

They lived upon a farm. John Hansel and Margaret his wife had purchased and cleared the land, and worked hard and lived plainly to pay off their mortgage. It was good land and yielded well, but it needed a great deal of hard work and patient culture to compel it to give its increase. It was cheap when John bought it, and he had the true German passion for land. So don't think they were what some call "poor," or draw any mental picture of suffering and privation, for I am not going to tell that kind of a story. They feared God, worked hard, lived substantially but plainly, and hoped for better days, when Anne and Hans and Peter and Michael and Meena should be grown men and women, and could help

in the many and various kinds of work on the farm.

It was at the Christmas time, and many were the pleasant tales that Farmer John and Dame Margaret had found time to tell evenings, when John put his farm tools in order, and she and Anne were at their knitting. All had something to do. Even Meena, small as she was, could sew carpet rags, or reel yarn, or help in many ways. And as for the boys, Dame Margaret didn't let the grass grow under their feet, nor the birds roost in their brains, either. They had heard many tales of Santa Claus, or the Christ Child, or the Kris Kringle, or whatever else they called him, of blazing and twinkling Christmas trees, and all the good cheer of the jolly, merry Christmastide, and their heads were full of the brightest anticipation for this especial Christmas.

This had been a good year—the crops were heavy and plentiful, and had paid a good slice from off the mortgage. The poultry had prospered, the butter and cheese were all that Dame Margaret had dared to hope. They had a team of excellent horses—that heavy breed, with such magnificent muscles, so slow, so strong, so steady, for which that district is so justly famed. And they had a big wagon, too—a stout, capacious vehicle; a "mountain ship," as some have called it, and not inaptly, for the body of the wagon is not unlike a boat, with a huge cover, shaped wondrously like the good dame's sunbonnet, in which she was wont to array herself when milking, weeding, or feeding the chickens.

Well, into this vehicle, in pursuance of the yearly custom, were duly packed the nicely-dressed poultry, the winter butter, the eggs, and the cheese, the proceeds of which were

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to furnish coffee, spices, sugar, (all Germans love sugar), shoes, and what other matters the thrifty dame should decide were needed by her family. Besides, the taxes became due at this season, and must be paid out of this fund. Poultry always brought a good price at this season, and Anne had her own little venture, too. Certain of the poultry, her own charge, were in the big wagon in a separate lot, from the profits of which she was to have a silver thimble and a pair of new shoes. She hoped for a new book, but that could not be quite certainly promised till it was seen what prices the stuff brought. But then perhaps Santa Claus might bring it, so Anne waited and hoped.

Certain hints had been dropped of "houses made of gingerbread, and sugar horses painted red," which were cherished, dwelt upon, lived on, by all the younger children. Only Anne was outgrowing such little stories.

When everything was packed into the wagon, the luncheon box, well stored with brown bread, boiled ham, fried pretzels, some cheese, and a jug of home-brewed beer, Dame Margaret, in her stout woollen dress, heavy cloak, and warm hood, with a flat stone, well heated and wrapped up, under her feet; John, in his heavy coat, (a relic of Fatherland); and the children all kissed, (Germans love their families intensely, and have an honest fashion of showing it, too, God bless them); the big wagon set sail down the long, mountain road, toward the next town. Anne watched it out of sight, and then taking up her duties as quietly as her mother would have picked up a dropped stitch in her knitting, with her dextrous left forefinger, (how *do* the Germans ever knit that way?) and drew out the wheel to spin her "stent."

Ere long, it was noon by the little Dutch clock. But Anne was ready for it. She had heated up the broth her mother had made the day before, in a little, iron pot; a good, wholesome soup it was, too, made of pork and beans and cabbage and milk, with a bit of salt beef; and cut some stout slices, rather wedge shaped, to be sure, of brown bread. Then she poured the hot soup into the little pannikins, and gave to each a wedge of bread and a cup of milk, and while they ate it, she told them that the day after to-morrow would be Christmas, and the fat turkey that hung in the attic should be cooked, and Santa Claus would be sure to come to-morrow night and bring them all presents.

It did not matter in the least to the flavor of the turkey, that a log had rolled on it

when it was young and broken its back bone. It seemed to agree with it; and though it was badly deformed, it grew very big and fat, and was dedicated by Dame Margaret to their own uses at Christmas time, for its appearance would certainly spoil its sale, though not its taste. A pair of chickens and a few eggs had also been reserved, and there was to be a real Christmas dinner at the Hansels' *that* year, at all events.

Now Anne, notable little soul, had her hands full. She had Hans and Peter and Michael—the baby—and little Meena to look after, and keep out of mischief. She must get the meals, keep clean and tidy and ship-shape. And the stent of spinning and knitting must be done, or she must meet Margaret's black looks!

When they had got all through dinner, little Michael woke up, and had some soup, too, and said "Yah! yah!" which was good baby German, and all he knew of any language. Then he had a dried gourd and three walnuts given to him to play with, and went back to his cradle, while Anne cleared up. The rest of the children she set to shelling corn for the fowls, and kept them busy till it began to grow dark. She thought of the cows and the fowls, and went out with Hans to take care of them. It was but little milk the cows gave, but Anne milked them, and fed them bountifully, too, and fed the fowls, besides putting a well-filled corn box within their reach.

Warmly dressed as she was, in her heavy, knit "wamus" and hood, she felt the cold, and as she came in, she picked up her pet bandams and brought them in doors in her apron, with a tender, motherly feeling for the "*little ones*," her special pets.

As she came out of the barn, the wind was rising, and flakes of snow fell now and then, and there was the peculiar smell of a snow storm in the air. Snows were heavy in the mountains. Anne called the boys to help her, and bidding Meena mind the baby, the children tugged and lugged the wood till the big corner was piled with all it would hold—enough, with care, for three days. Next, to fill the washtub with water, lest the well should be snowed up. It took a good many pailfuls—five or six, to fill it, and it was dark, and the wind blowing fiercely, and the air filled with flying flakes, when the children came in and bolted the kitchen door.

They could not see to the road now. Anne hoped that father and mother were either not far off or had not started. She wondered if she had better get supper or wait. But Peter and Hans and Meena and the baby

settled that question; so she set out the bread and the cheese, and warmed the milk, and lit the candle, and they all had their supper. And the wind kept on blowing and the snow falling all the time.

So Anne, when she had cleared away, got out the fat, little, German Bible and read to them, and the boys said their prayers and cuddled down in their trundlebed, and Anne tucked little Michael up in the high bed in the corner between its two feather beds, and soon all were sleeping soundly in the little farmhouse on the mountain.

Meanwhile the wind rose higher, the snow kept falling, and the storm steadily increased. But the children slept as soundly as if nothing at all were happening. They feared God, and had excellent health, and so their sleep was sweet and dreamless. It seemed to Anne as if she had slept a week, but it was still dark, when she woke. She rubbed her eyes, but it was very dark, and yet, to her utter astonishment, the little Dutch clock told out eight o'clock! Such a thing had never happened to her in her whole life, and she sprang out of bed in the greatest haste. A look at the windows showed them blocked up with snow. Huddling on her clothes, she hurried up stairs, and found that the snow reached half way up the attic window, and was still falling heavily, and the wind blowing, too.

Now the Hansel farmhouse was a low, story-and-a-half building, and fifteen feet would reach from ground to ridgepole. Drifts of twenty and thirty feet were not uncommon in those mountainous districts, so Anne knew that they were "snowed up," and made up her mind how to act. She decided that as there was a reasonable prospect of being snowed up over Christmas, it was best not to be too prodigal of wood; so she only put on a "backlog," a "forelog," two "cross sticks," and a "rider," and proceeded to get breakfast. First, she raked open the ashes and put in a good many potatoes to roast, five or six apiece. (Let me tell those who never ate potatoes roasted in the ashes, that they have only *half* eaten them.) Then she made some milk hot, and cut some more wedges of the black, German bread, and the Hansel family breakfasted. Then they washed up the dishes and swept up.

It was yet dark, except for the firelight, which was a good deal of an exception, for by it they could see well enough except to sew; and as Anne had as soon knit, she got out her knitting. The children did not like it much, but German children are not natural-born fidgets, like American, who

think their mothers are created on purpose to amuse and wait on them. So, when Anne set them to shelling corn, with two cobs, into a tin pan, they all did it. Only Hans would give an occasional snuffle of rebellion, and console his eyes and nose with his coat sleeve; but he did not dare rebel. Anne had too many of her mother's ways to make it safe to do so.

Sometimes she went up stairs to report progress, but the storm kept on. Her heart ached for the cattle, but she remembered the great feed she had given them; and the bantams were as happy as lords, and did nothing but eat the grains the children scattered in shelling the corn.

They made their meals as long as they could. Anne cooked some fat ham, at noon, for them, and they ate as much as they could. They jumped about a good deal, but after all Anne was glad they were so quiet. As it grew toward night, and there was no sign of their liberation, their hearts began to sink. But Anne remembered and told all the stories of the merry Christmas time that she had ever heard, and the little one hoped and prayed that the snow would not cover them all up.

"Anne," cried Hans, "what if the snow should come so deep that the Santa Claus could not get the Christmas trees! or could not get down chimney! what would we do? Does he ever pass by and not know that the little children are expecting him?"

Anne stopped to think. She called to mind what she had heard her mother say was sometimes done by poor folks in her country.

"Hans," she answered, "I don't know; but I'll tell you what we will do. We'll take a clean sheet, and make a 'bright corner' for Santa Claus."

So they got out a clean sheet of the heavy, homespun linen—Dame Margaret's own spinning—and pinned it up in the corner nearest the fire, fitting it in well to the corners. Then Anne cut some little stars out of some bits of red flannel that she found in a bundle of patches in the till of the old chest, and put one in each corner under the pins, and down the center and outsides. Then she found some tiny bits of blue, German calico, "indigo-blue hand print," and made some more stars, and in the middle she fastened her own red, head ribbon, so that it looked as if the sheet were suspended from it.

When all was done, she lighted a candle, and I can tell you that Santa Claus's "bright corner" looked fresh and pretty enough; and when Meena took her little cricket and

carried it inside, and called it "her room," it made a very pretty picture. "Really and truly," (as the children say,) they *do* do so, in Wittemburg. It was not their custom to hang up stockings—that is low Dutch.

Then it was time to go to bed; the Bible was read, the prayers said, and the children prepared for their second night. But it wasn't like the first night. They could not sleep. They wanted their parents. What had become of them? would they be home for Christmas? and if not, *could* Anne cook the broken-backed fattling of a turkey up stairs? So they tossed and tumbled, and as they had had no exercise that day, they took it now, scattering things round. They had eaten too much, also, and that helped to make them wakeful. Anne had told her stories till she was very weary. The wind was lulling, but still there were sounds of storm. The great trees creaked dismally now and then, and the "bright corner" gleamed spectrally in the flash of firelight from the uncovered end of a log in the chimney corner.

Anne had not much hope of being released on Christmas, and when the children were at last asleep, she had a good cry. She privately determined not to cook the turkey, lest they might need it worse; or, if she did cook it, not to eat it up at once. She fancied she heard cries in the air, and when a snowball fell down chimney, she started in fright, lest the chimney were choking up.

So came the morning that could not dawn. Anne got a good breakfast, and the little ones laughed merrily, when they found a fried cake and a red apple for each, and new, red stockings for Meena, in the "bright corner." They did not dream that Anne had got up in the night and "played" Santa Claus, that the little ones might not be so disappointed.

But it really seemed as if something *was* happening, after all. Snowballs fell on the fire, and a voice bellowed down the chimney in an awful tone, in good German,

"Are you all alive down here?"

"All alive and well!" called back Anne.

"Gott in Himmel ist gute!" called back her father's voice.

O dear, how the children capered and cried for pure joy!

Dig, dig, dig! Fifteen feet of snow is no light matter, even to German muscles.

By and by they reached the back door, and with beard frozen into icicles, and hoar frost in nose, eyebrows, and hair, and mailed in snow from head to foot, John Hansel and half a dozen neighbors at last forced an

entrance into the house. By that time Dame Margaret had come on, too, with the team. Only those who have seen a German family fairly let loose, can get the least idea of it. It is a fearful thing!

"Mein Gott! mein kinder! Mein Gott! mein kinder!" was Dame Margaret's cry. Anne and her father could not speak at all.

But the next thing was the "bright corner," and, rough fellow as he was, John Hansel nearly cried, too, when he saw what the poor children had done.

When the wagon was unloaded, there were Anne's new shoes, her silver thimble, and a red, woolen shawl for Sundays; nice things for all the children, and a dog, a horse, and a pig; and they all looked alike, and made exactly the same noise.

Dame Margaret cooked the broken-backed turkey, and made some seed cakes, too; and after all, they never before or since had so merry a Christmas, for best of all, John Hansel had brought home a fiddle—a real fiddle—and could play on it, too. He learned when he was in Germany, but could not afford a fiddle before—and wasn't he "a happy fader."

So you see, some little girls of thirteen *do* amount to something, and so can you, if you will think so. And Anne?

O, she lived to be married, and wear a white cap, and tell her children and her grandchildren about her Christmas eve under the snow. We all know it by heart.

DEW DROPS.

BY LUELLA CLARE.

The dew drops on the grass,

Stay but their little hour—

Soon from our sight they pass;

But leaf and opening flower

Have greener, brighter grown,

For every vanished bead,

Each glistening, short-lived drop,

Hath filled some pressing need.

Some little, growing bud,

Some reddening berry's core,

Some drooping blade or leaf

The sun had smitten sore,

Hath felt the gentle touch

Which strength or healing brought.

So that no tiniest drop

Hath ever been for naught.

Each little word we speak,

Each little deed we do,

If but the heart be pure.

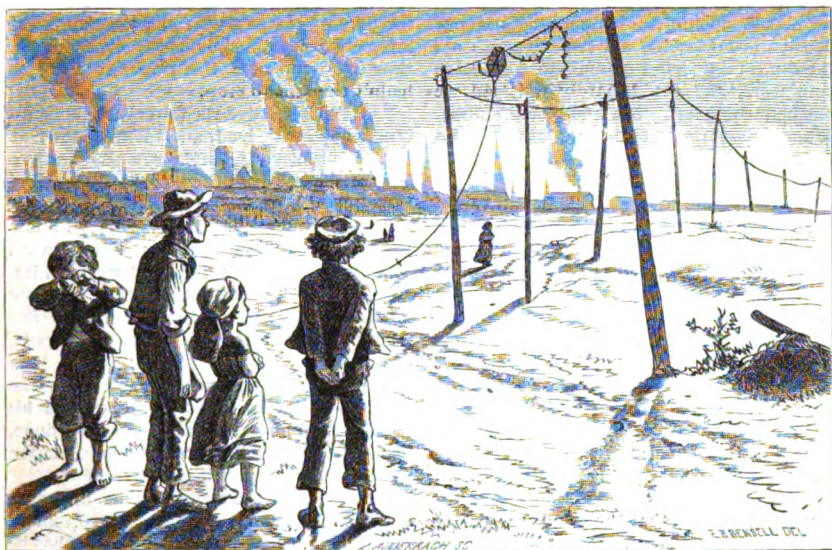
Hath mission just as true.

Be words sincere and kind,

Be deeds without a stain,

Then word and deed and life

Shall not have been in vain.



FISHING FOR LIGHTNING.

BY G. H.

"A story?" said Ben. "I haven't such a thing about me; I haven't, truly. If you wanted my jack-knife, now, or my fiddle"—

"No, we don't, nor your tobacco box, nor your lantern, nor your bootjack; we just want a story, Gus and I do, only a little one. Try to think one up, Ben."

"Or else make one up," added Gus.

"Make one up! What do you take me for, the *New York Ledger*, or the *True Flag*? Do you think I come out every Saturday night with a bran new set of stories?"

"Or old ones continued, yes, to be sure—articles original and selected, best of family reading, all for ten cents."

"Well, I never!" said Ben. "Have I got to go before a justice of the peace and make my affidavit?"

"What's that?"

"Why, that's saying that, as sure as my name is Ben—well, it isn't, for that matter, though."

"Isn't what? Isn't Ben your real name?"

"Of course not. My true name is Ozias; but then I have been called Ben so long, that the other would sound as odd to me now as this did the first time I heard it."

"When was that?"

"When I was about six or seven years old, if you remember how long ago that

was. It seems to me like about day before yesterday."

"How did it happen?" we asked, both in a breath.

"Why, you see," said Ben, "I was a poor boy, and mother had to take in sewing. It was about all she could do to get our living, so I had to take care of myself a good deal, and hadn't many playthings but what I made myself. I tried a good many times to make a kite; but somehow my kites never would fly. Some of them would stay up while I ran with them; some would dart up and right down again; and some would just sprawl flat on the ground."

"One Saturday, when I had finished about my dozenth kite, I gave Dick Jennings, who worked in his father's shoe shop close by, an old valentine, with two red hearts and some gilt verses on it, to help me tail and start my kite. Dick understood such things better than any boy in the neighborhood."

"After tying together all sorts of rags and strings and bits of paper for a tail, Dick said that all was ready for a sail; and we named the kite the 'Flying Eagle,' on account of a picture of an eagle in the newspaper that it was made of."

"We took Dick's little sister Meg, and went out to the common beyond the facto-

ries, on the limestone road. On the way out, we picked up Joe Mullen, an acquaintance of Dick, who invited himself along to see the fun. I felt grand enough to have such spectators, and could hardly wait till we reached the place that Dick had chosen. When at last he put the string into my hand and told me to run, I felt as if I had been elected President.

"Up went the kite, as Dick tossed it into the air, up, up, up; and the eagle seemed fairly to clap its wings. Meg and I were wild; and I paid out the string to the last inch, and wished I had a mile more.

"If I only had a string as long as the telegraph," said I, "I'd sail the old eagle clean over to New York."

"The telegraph ran right across the common, and the wire looked a little like a string, as I heartily wished it was.

"Not this squally weather," said Dick. "You'll lose what string you've got, or break it, if you don't hold it stiller."

"The fact was that the wind was pretty strong, and not very steady; and once in a while the Flying Eagle gave a swoop downwards, as if it was after something. Meg and I said it was trying to catch the swallows that were flying about; but Dick looked rather serious.

"It'll ketch somethin'," said he, "or get ketched, if this goes on long."

"The words were hardly out of his mouth before, sure enough, the kite gave a great dive, and caught its tail on the telegraph wire, where it stuck fast. I felt as if I had tumbled out of the sky, too, and began to cry as hard as I had laughed before.

"You've got your wish," said Joe. "You have got the telegraph hitched on. Now she'll go to New York, straight."

"I only cried louder than ever. Dick took the string and gave a careful pull or two; but it was of no use.

"Stone her down," suggested Joe.

"Send for the b'loon man," cried Meg.

"I'd climb the pole," said Dick, fumbling the corners of his shoemaker's apron, "only they say there's lightnin' in them wires, and I might get struck."

"O, won't it strike the kite, too, Dick," asked Meg.

"I don't know," said he, "I shouldn't wonder but it might. Lightnin's awful."

"That was a little too much for me. The idea of having my poor Eagle struck by lightning, and torn limb from limb before my eyes, was more than I could bear. I pitched my screams one note higher, and turned to run away.

"It happened that an old farmer was coming by, on his way to the city with a load of hay, and I stumbled into the road just in time to be run over, if his sober old horses hadn't thought to stop.

"Hallo!" shouted the farmer, standing up on the top of his load, and looking down at me. "Is that you, Ben?"

"His name isn't Ben," said little Meg, "it's Ozias."

"Don't tell me," said the farmer, "I know him. It's old Ben Franklin. He always was tryin' to ketch lightnin' with a kite. He used to fish it out of the clouds, and now he's fishin' it out of the telegraph. But perhaps we can get him out of the scrape, somehow."

"With that he drove his cart under the wire, and tried to loosen the kite with his pitchfork; but it was not so easily done, and, after tearing three or four holes in the paper, he had to give it up.

"Dick jerked the string till he broke it, and then he gave it up, too. He promised me, though, as we were going home, that he would give me back my valentine, and help me make a new kite.

"When we were gone, Joe tried his plan of stoning it down; but he only succeeded in breaking one of the sticks, and making a few more holes in the paper.

"Other boys took their turn in throwing stones at it, too, and the poor kite had a hard time of it. The wind tried to blow it down, and the rain tried to pelt it down; and at last there was nothing left but the tail and the broken sticks, flapping in the wind. I got a new kite, in due time; and I got a new name, too, for, from the day the old farmer called me Ben, the name stuck to me. I found out more about my namesake afterward; but I never was much of a believer in telegraphs, and I never tried again to catch lightning with a kite."

THE SERENADE.

BY W. O. C.

Just a little while ago, there was a great flock of blackbirds sitting on a tree in the meadow. I happened to look that way and see them. There was something in the wind; I could tell by the motions and the talk. They had seen me, sitting all alone by my door, and one young blackbird said, "See that old man out there, sitting by the door. He looks sad. Let us all go and give him a serenade, and do him good." So they all started off together, and came to a tall

tree before my door. "You begin first," said a young blackbird to the old leader. So the old leader struck up, and that touched off all the rest, and the whole band broke in, and O, such a chorus! Nobody ever heard such music before. I should think it lasted nearly a half hour, and they never stopped to breathe. They sat up there in the tall tree, and it seemed as if the music rained right down out of the sky. I didn't hear the big Boston concert that the wind blew down, but I have heard Jenny Lind. But she never moved me all through and woke up such feelings as this charming, splendid blackbird concert did. I didn't know whether to say "Hallelujah!" or "Hurrah for the Union!" I felt them both come up in my heart. Then they all started and wheeled away. "Don't go yet," I said, but they were off. They had other engagements. So I hope they will all please accept my heartfelt thanks and come again.

LITTLE PURPLE HEARTSEASE.

BY M. H. K.

Little purple Heartsease,
You linger here so long,
When the bravest summer bird
Has hushed its summer song;
When the royal rose is gone,
Every petal shed,
When the asters bloom no more,
And forest leaves are dead;
When the weary bees, at last,
Fold their wand'ring wings,
And against its silent shores
The freezing brooklet clings.

Little purple Heartsease,
When the earth is bare,
What recollections you awake
Of days serene and fair!
Of Maytime with its swelling buds
And trees hung full of bloom,
Of meadows clad in tender green
Of verdure's fresh perfume;
Of June's still skies above our heads;
Of clover and of hay;
Of birds that sang in swaying boughs
Through all the livelong day.

Little purple Heartsease,
May the gentle snow
Fall and keep you warmly hid,
When the bleak winds blow;
From the bitter, blighting frosts
Fold you snug and deep,
And may brightest summer dreams
Haunt your winter sleep.
And when raindrops come and call,
May your dewy eyes
Be the first to see the spring
Smile from April skies.

PEGGY POTTLE'S ROMANCE.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

"Now, Peggy," said Mother Pottles, lifting a piece of corned beef from the pot, with a huge kitchen *trident*; "run down to the springhouse, and fetch up a fresh pat of butter for dinner. Mind, it's on a blue-edged plate, on the cellar bottom; and the cream-jug is close along side of it; if you'll step carefully, you can bring 'em both at once."

The little stone springhouse, a few yards from the farmhouse door, was Peggy's summer resort. While little misses of fashion were whiling away the heated term, with their mammas and big sisters at the *Spring*s, Peggy, in her homespun gown, and generally laden with butterbowl or milkpan, was wending her way to and from the *spring-house*.

The cool, moist air was delightfully refreshing on a hot day. The water poured musically in from some under-ground spring, in the hillside, and rippled gaily round three sides of the spacious milkroom in a silver stream, checkered here and there with tiny patches of sunlight, shimmering through the little latticed window, far above Peggy's head.

Peggy's little, hot, bare feet, loved to linger on the cool, stone floor; and her restless fancy, fearfully snubbed and browbeaten among the pots and kettles, here delighted to unloose its airy wings, and disport itself in a world of its own. And such a world! All peopled with fairies and water sprites, and so deliciously remote from the sounds of real life, that the shouts of Jacob to his oxen, and the thump of the threshing flail upon the barn floor, fell dreamily on the ear, as if from a far-away region, where busy dwarfs and gnomes were held in hopeless bondage by some mighty giant.

"Come!" called the mother in a shrill voice, that cleft the stone wall, and pierced Peggy's dull ear; "come, the dinner is waiting."

Peggy, with an effort, freeing herself from the dreams that were sure to seize upon her at every unguarded moment, soon set the pat of butter, stamped with an oak leaf, in the place of honor; the sole ornament of the table.

"But the creamjug, Peggy!"

"O, I forgot."

"Of course; well, what you don't have in your head, you must have in your heels."

In a trice the little girl flitted to the milk-room and back once more, safely depositing

the broken-handled pitcher beside the crack-ed-nosed teapot.

"Twice, where once would have done as well! You'll make a long journey of it through the world, my lass," said her father, good naturedly, disposing of a good sized potato at two mouthfuls.

"Now, Peggy," said Mrs. Pottles, shoving back from the dinner table, "do you think you can wash up the dishes alone?"

"I 'spose so," responded Peggy, languidly.

"Be right smart, then; and don't get to dozing over your dishwater, and you'll find time to watch the soap kettle awhile."

"Yes 'm," sighed Peggy; thinking, after all, she preferred dishwashing and castle building all by herself, to any employment under her mother's brisk eye.

With full faith in the child's good generalship, Ma'am Pottle repaired to her soap boiling.

Now, Peggy knew very well how to clear up a table neatly and systematically, but the imp of the perverse seemed to have the upper hand of her to-day, else why should she persist in taking hold of everything by the wrong end. With a hop, skip and jump, she seemed to go from the beginning to the end, and back again to the middle of her task; she spun round and round, and wound in and out so many times, and so uselessly, it almost needed a Philadelphia lawyer to disentangle her.

"Bother!" says Peggy, "who wants to go on forever the same old way?" and so it came about that Grandmother Jewsharp's little, old silver spoons, some day to be bequeathed to Peggy, made the acquaintance of forks and frying pans; and ancient china mugs sailed about, at peril of their lives, in old ironsides, the dinner pot. Then Peggy grew very nice all at once, and polished the big, plated spoons till she could see a broad, grinning face in each one; and laying them in a row, christened them after the six *Miss Perkinses*, who came to church, one behind the other, with six coal scuttles on their heads. Then she commenced admiring, for the 'leven hundred and fiftieth time, the landing of Lafayette, on the great meat platter; wondering, meanwhile, whether she would rather be a general, with epaulets, or a princess, with dainty fingers.

But, even Peggy, couldn't loiter forever over the Pottles' dinner ware; so, just as she had concluded upon the princess, with satin train and peacock's feathers, the last dish was restored to its place, and order—Peggy's kind of order—restored to the kitchen. Now, the little girl had a very natural horror

of soap boilings, and was not a bit sorry when Nancy Stearns happened over, and volunteered her services for the afternoon.

So, having a little spare time, Peggy flitted away to the garret, where, amid spinning wheels, old chests, and sundry heir looms, she had fitted up a playhouse.

Some little rough shelves for a cupboard, broken bits of glass and porcelain, for dishes, and a rough cradle, fashioned by Jacob, on a winter evening—that was all. No, that wasn't all. Bless you, how could one forget Cynthia Jane Ann, with the drab complexion, green worsted hair, and fearfully flat countenance!

Cynthia Jane Ann never was a beauty, most certainly; but, then, she was supposed to have sterling virtues, before which mere beauty retires in confusion. But to-day she didn't look even tolerably well; nothing looked well.

"What a shabby place!" cried Peggy. "You mean, ugly doll, I hate you!" giving poor Miss Cynthia a kick, which sent her over on her flat face, one arm flying up by way of protest. Ah! little did Peggy think it her farewell to the old pet.

"How mother does look in that calico sunbonnet," she continued, peering out the garret window. "And she's always at the soapkettle, by the washtub, or the churn, or the dough, or something. O dear! I wish there were fairies; wouldn't I have nice times, sitting around in sky-blue pink silk, and being waited on? How splendid it would be to have a fairy godmother!"

Strange to say, at this point in her reflections, a beautiful barouche and two fiery horses dashed down the hill, wheeled about, and drew up exactly at the gate. Peggy couldn't believe her eyes. She took the corner of her apron and wiped the dusty window pane. Just then the mother called, in her company voice,

"Peggy, child, where are you?"

The next moment the little girl was standing, flushed and trembling, before a fair lady in a silver-gray dress, and pearl ear rings; quite overawed with such a vision of splendor.

"So this is my godchild!" said the lady, in a gentle tone; "and I couldn't wish for a fairer or a sweeter; and her name is Peggy. Come here, Peggy, and give your godmother a kiss."

Peggy shyly held out her little, hard, brown palm to meet the jeweled hand extended toward her; but, with the kiss that fell, like a roseleaf on her cheek, her shyness vanished.

"Godmother, are you a fairy?" she asked, earnestly.

The lady glanced quickly at the child's mother, and replied,

"To be sure I am; did you never hear how a fairy chanced along at a friendly farmhouse, one stormy night, and, being kindly entertained by the good people, left her blessing for the little, rosy godchild in the cradle? Well, a few days ago, riding by the same farmhouse, she found that same little one again; and *here she is!* Now will you go with me in my fairy coach, and see what your godmother will do for you? Run and call your father, quickly, and talk it over together, for fairy favors don't rain down every day."

Away went Peggy, thrilling with delight; summoned her father from the field, and dragged him, half ashamed, into the fairy godmother's presence.

"Isn't she lovely, father? May I go with her for a week? She will bring me back."

"Out upon you, Peg, for a fairy's changeling!" said the father, in a stern tone, but with a humorous twinkle in his eye. "You be'n't our own child at all, or you wouldn't want to leave us. Who'll wash the mother's dishes while you're away?"

"A child like that wash dishes!" exclaimed the fairy. "I'm surprised."

"O yes," cried Peggy, eagerly; "and I can sweep, and iron, and churn—"

"Worse and worse," said the fairy; "but I have other work for you to do. You shall dance, and play, and sing, and furbish up the inside of this curly head. But I must have you more than a week."

Poor Mrs. Pottles, nearly daft with Peggy's teasing, and quite bewildered with the prospect of losing her, looked helplessly toward her husband.

"Best let her go for a while," said he. "Strike a bargain with Nancy for help, and let the young one enjoy herself. She's a heap too much tied down for her years. That's a flighty head," said he to the lady, "but a good little heart. You'll not wean her from the old folks in a week?"

"That I should never desire to do," replied the lady; "but I can do nothing for her in a week—give her to me for a year. She shall visit you often, I promise."

This proposition called forth much discussion, but was finally decided in the affirmative, providing Peggy was contented; and she, little heeding whether it was for a day or a year, kissed her father and mother cheerily, and stepped into the carriage, already with the air of a duchess.

"O, *ma foi!*" exclaimed Ma'amselle Fanchon, running into the housekeeper's room, quite out of breath. "O, *ma foi!* what has madame got now? A queer, leetle, country baggage, in cotton gown, and *such* shoes! How madame is ex—ex—what you call it?"

"Extraordinary," suggested the housekeeper, who always sympathized with ma'amselle's lame English.

"Extraordinaire! *Ouf!* It is more extraordinaire—but that is not the word—*eccentric*, that is it. How madame is eccentric."

"Madame has no one to consult but herself," replied the housekeeper, stiffly; "and is very capable of taking care of her own affairs."

"*Ouf!* how you bite one's head off, Mees Brown. Madame is vare good, and beautiful, and talented, but what will madame do with the leetle country baggage?"

Just then the bell summoned the French waiting woman to her mistress' presence.

"Here, Fanchon," she said, with that quiet dignity which forbids criticism, "this is my little goddaughter. She is to remain with me awhile. I wish you to take charge of her, and make her comfortable and happy; and as her costume is a little odd, and may excite remark, you may get Brown to assist you, and as soon as possible, have her properly dressed. Go with Fanchon, now, my little girl; be good and obedient. I will see you again presently."

Fanchon was far too well bred to laugh at this new whim of her mistress, however ridiculous it might appear to her; so, gravely taking charge of the new *protégé*, they were soon on the best of terms. Something in Peggy's artless prattle almost brought tears to the Frenchwoman's eyes, whose own childhood, in the sunny fields of France, seemed, now, not so far away.

Fanchon and Mistress Brown, with the help of the needlewoman, soon transformed the *country baggage* into the semblance of a little town-bred lady of rank and fashion.

Peggy was delighted. She never tired of looking at herself in the tall mirrors, and practicing the little airs and graces the zealous Frenchwoman taught her.

"See," said Fanchon, "I was once a leetle, awkward *payсан* myself; but madame, O she is vare good. What pains she have taken, and I obey; and, see, she make me almost her friend. Turn your leetle foot out more, so; and hold up the head like a queen, as madame do; and I think the shoulders a leetle high. Mees Peggy must practice to carry weights in her hands."

Peggy was all docility, improving daily,

and making the acquaintance of her new surroundings, new equipage, new manners, new modes of speaking and acting, with wonderful ease. She seemed "to the manor born," this child of rustic origin, and fine, poetic fancies.

"But Peggy Pottle! what a name!" exclaimed Fanchon to her mistress. "Dear madame, could you not have the child christened anew?"

Madame laughed. "Why, call her Margaret, then; 'tis all the same."

"O, I have it," said the Frenchwoman, rolling up her eyes with ardor. "Marguerite means Pearl. If madame likes, the pretty child may be called *Me's Pearl*."

Madame did not object. And now imagine Miss Pearlle fully launched upon the swimming tide of fortune! Silken sails, golden anchor, pleasure at the prow, and not a cloud in the summer heavens; here and there a troublesome eddy, perhaps, caused by exacting teachers, but, for the most part, clear sailing.

Peggy Pottles, as associated with the plain, but useful arts, was a thing of the past. Miss Pearlle fluttered down upon the hill-side home frequently, but like a bird of Paradise, seemed not to rest upon the earth. Her parents, at such times, scarcely more than gazed at her, with a sorrowful longing in their hearts, as a thing too bright and dainty for their homely touch. Nancy's heavy step had frightened the elves from their old hiding places, and Cynthia Jane Ann still lay with her flat face downward, and one arm uplifted, calling upon the garret to witness her desolation.

"Little Pearlle, come here," said the god-mother, one day. "You are a good child; you adapt yourself very well to your new situation! I hope you are truly happy, but I would not have you forget the dear parents in the little, plain farmhouse. Remember, their love for the little girl is worth all the world beside. Perhaps it was very unwise to bring you away from that humble place whither you must soon return; but your fairy godmother," she continued, smiling, "could not resist the desire to open the fairy land to you. Is it not beautiful—more so than you dreamed? Is there anything you lack, little one, to make you completely happy? Ask what you will. Fanchon shall attend to your wishes; and do not forget, next visiting day, to carry a nice present to the father and mother."

Pearlle threw her arms around her god-mother's neck and declared she was an angel. Then kindly dismissing her to her play,

madame turned with a quiet conscience to her usual pursuits.

Scarlet maple leaves covered the little path that led to the springhouse. The spring was fettered and silent, and the milk-pans were ranged on shelves in the pantry. Farmer Pottles shivered with cold, as he turned out in the gray morning, to fodder his cattle.

But Pearlle, in her luxurious city home, scarcely noted the change in the seasons. Now, while nature was sleeping and desolate, the city teemed anew with life and social enjoyments, and the godmother, who did not yet tire of her charge, led her from one scene of wonder to another, till her little head was quite turned with excitement. There were various exhibitions calculated to interest a child. There were picture galleries, and musical matinees, and masquerades, and childrens' parties. And Pearlle went everywhere, the gayest of the gay, the fairest of the fair; a privileged guest, an acknowledged favorite, for all of which she devoutly thanked her godmother's fairy wand.

O, Pearlle Pottles, stop, while we question you! Are all your dear dreams realized? The bright threads your fancy was wont to weave, while hands and feet were busily employed—do you recognize them in the shining tissue of the present? You are a lady, now, Pearlle; as useless and lovely as any; arrayed in silks and satins, caressed and waited upon. Your darling wishes, so often confided to Cynthia Jane Ann, are they not gratified? Are you happy? Is it what you thought it would be?

Pearlle's brow grows thoughtful; a tear wells up in her eyes. Ah! Pearlle is tired, tired, tired. The shoes pinch; the dress is too dainty; the demands of polite society are too exacting. She wearies of hearing, even in the softest tones, "that is not proper;" "this is not becoming;" "what will Mrs. Grundy say?" Then this butterfly existence, this living only for her own pleasure, does not satisfy her heart; and here, none need help or comfort from her. O, to be plain Peggy once more! Freedom of motion, useful work, and healthful play, home love, and home chidings—these are what Pearlle wants, after all.

The father and mother, sitting on the farmhouse porch, one soft, spring evening, call to mind that soon Peggy will be home.

"The more fools we," said Ma'am Pottles, bitterly, "for letting her go away! Do you think we'll have the same simple, happy child again? What with her dainty airs,

she had best stay where she is, in my opinion."

"Never you fear for Peggy, mother," said the good man. "She's got sense, and heart, too. She'll find 'all is not gold that glitters.' It'll do her good."

"At any rate," said Mother Pottles, brightening up, "I'm glad we fixed the house up afore she came home. This porch, now that the vines are growing nicely, makes it a sight prettier. How can we expect a fanciful child like Peggy to be happy unless we take some pains to make things handsome around. I'm going to use that new chaneey set every day; and Peggy shall have all the books and flowers she wants."

"And a pianner forty in the bargain, as soon as ever I can sell them heifers," added Farmer Pottles. "And you must keep Nancy to do the rough work, and we'll try and have a little enjoyment out of life this summer."

When the fragrant lllacs were in bloom, and the little brook that cooled the milkhouse on its way, was babbling its merriest, Peggy came home; a little taller, a little paler, and a great deal wiser than she went away.

"Pearlie has come to find her lost roses," said her godmother. "And when you learn, as I know you will, that her heart has not been stolen away, you will consent to lend her to me again, sometime, will you not? For, rest assured I shall never lose my interest in my goddaughter."

Peggy was soon flying from one point of interest to another. The new China set and the vineclad porch met her unqualified approbation; each flower and tree received a separate nod of recognition; the brook told her all its hoarded secrets; finally, bounding away to the garret, she gave Cynthia Jane Ann a caress which amply repaid that young lady for all her sufferings. And her parents soon found that all that was best and truest in Peggy, had survived her little ROMANCE.

QUICK TEMPER.

BY PATIENCE WAITE.

Don't fancy, young people, that, because your quick temper causes you a good deal of trouble, that it is a thing of evil and only evil. Your quick temper, like all the rest of your qualities and powers, is a gift from your loving Creator. He gave it to you in love; it is good for you; it is part of your arms and equipments in the battle of life. You will have need of it before you are through with its conflicts. A quick temper

is a bad master, but a good slave; when you let it get control of you it is your master, and leads you into a great deal of wrong. It takes possession of you like a little fiend; it flushes and bloats your face, it kindles your eyes, it scowls your brows, it gnashes your teeth, it clinches your hands in fists, it thrusts out your feet in kicks, it causes your tongue to hiss out hateful words, that you would find it impossible to speak when you were your own natural self; it gets you into evil that perhaps a lifetime cannot undo.

But a quick temper is a good slave. Make it your slave; conquer it—hold it in obedience to your will and it will serve you well, and your own character will grow in nobleness and strength from the effort at conquest. The highest excellence of character comes from subduing evil and rising above it. If you have a good deal of the evil in your nature, you will make a great ascent when you get above it, and you will stand higher and be stronger—more virtuous than any one naturally amiable, who has had no struggle and gained no victory.

We are apt to think that a meek person must be a spiritless, passive body, with no temptations to get angry. I do not think this is what God means by meekness, for Moses, the meekest man that ever lived, had, by nature, a quick temper. You remember how he once *killed* a man who was unjust to another, how he meddled in other people's quarrels, how he threw down and broke the tables of stone on which God had just written the ten commandments. You remember, too, how he assumed, with the greatest arrogance, that he had brought the water out of the rock, and not God.

If you are troubled with a very ugly temper, you have a great field for conquest. Alexander the Great once wept because he had no more worlds to conquer. You will probably never be reduced to this extremity. You will have something to conquer if you live to be a hundred years old, but, day by day, with each victory, you shall enter upon your certain possessions.

The Bible says the meek shall inherit the earth, and I used to think this was very strange. I supposed that meek people meant spiritless people, and if *they* ever were going to inherit the earth it would be a long time before they came into their property. But I see it differently now. The meek—that is those who have overcome themselves—are the royal natures; to them all things shall be in subjection. The earth is theirs, and God shall crown them kings and conquerors.



BABY BOY.

BY MRS. EMILY J. RUGBEE.

What shall we sing of you, baby boy?
Somebody's hope and somebody's joy,
Fair as the flowers beside you there,
Catching the light in your curly hair.

Cheeks so chubby, and eyes so bright,
Dimpled form in its slip of white,
Rounded and polished in cherub style,
What are you thinking of all the while?

What will you do with the five pink toes,
Grasped in the chubby hand so close?
Are you wondering if nice, soft feet
Are good for a little boy to eat?

Wise as a sage is the dimpled face,
Arm outstretched with a speaker's grace,
Eloquent picture of life and love,
When did you drop from the sphere above?

Rosy, rollicking baby boy,
Somebody's hope and somebody's joy,
Tempting morsel of human clay,
Whose little treasure are you to-day?

A RIDE ON A COW-CATCHER.

BY MRS. MATTIE L. HOLDEN.

I have something to tell you, to-day, I guess, that will open your blue eyes, your black eyes, and your gray eyes, to their fullest extent. What do you think, my brave Johnnie, of a ride on a cow-catcher of a locomotive! And you, my timid Meg, how would you like to whiz off, over country, on a steed of steel, propelled by steam, at the rate of forty-five miles the hour! You

wouldn't care for it, you think? Just please sit close, and hear how grand it was. One morning, last June, when we were taking our five days' journey across the country, when we had reached the very summit of the Rocky Mountains, where the air was cold and clear, from snowy peaks all about us, the conductor came to me and asked if I would like to ride on the engine awhile. Of course I would, so I on with my big, straw hat and water-proof, and at the next station he took me forward, and hopped me up into the engine, or caboose, as they call it.

You know, don't you, or if you don't, you will when you are a few years older, that somehow we are never quite satisfied with just what we have. When you have helped yourself to a slice of cake at table, you look at it and say, "O, why didn't I take that other piece; it is a sight nicer and bigger than this." Don't you, now? Well, that's just the way with big folks. We never get the largest piece of cake.

So, when I peeked over, and saw how nice it was out on the cow-catcher, I felt dissatisfied, and asked the engineer if I couldn't sit out there.

"It's rather dangerous, mum," said he; "lots of cattle on these plains, and we might run into some, but—"

I didn't wait to hear any more, but jumped out, with a certain brave boy, who wouldn't let me go alone, and we took seats on the little platform above the catcher, with our feet resting on the long, pointed bars below. The engine back of us sneezed a score of times, puffed its brazen sides, and moved slowly off. I felt awfully afraid. There was an iron post for us to take hold of, and you better believe I grasped it pretty hard. But after we had gotten under headway, my fears all left me.

O, my chick-a-dees, it was grand! About us, on every side, were purple mountains, crowned with snow, that glistened like silver in the bright morning. The sky was blue and clear, the sun flashed like a diamond, on our way; there was not a cloud to be seen, save in the far west, a bank of fleecy thunder caps, like billows of down, faintly shadowed on the under side, and ever changing shape, like ocean waves.

Faster, faster, we flew, down the long grade to Laramie City. Over high bridges, where, a hundred feet below us, slender streams fretted over mossy rocks—through long snow sheds, built to keep the snow from drifting on the track in winter time—through gloomy tunnels, where we could not see our hands before us, and where the

thunder of our car wheels woke answering deep-voiced echoes—past mighty rocks, that took the form of deserted cities and ruined castles, as we flew by, with the long track glittering far ahead like twin serpents, and the very dash and vim of October in the clear air, we sped along. But, suddenly, the brave boy who sat beside me, looked out into the darkening west, and said,

"Why, sis, it is going to rain!"

Sure enough, a thunder cloud was rolling up, dark and angry, to meet us. Veined with fierce lightning, and heavy with thunder, it swept onward. We had hardly time to gather our cloaks about our shoulders, before it broke upon us with terrible rage. The lightning was sharper than any I ever saw in New England, and I used to think that was bad enough. The hail stones came down, thick and large as walnuts, when merry boys shake autumn trees. It cut our faces and banged our heads, and treated us, upon the whole, very disrespectfully. We laughed, and screamed, and made great sport of it, although I will confess to you, in strict confidence, mind, that I *was* pretty well scared. The engineer, feeling sorry for us, because we were getting all our nice clothes spoiled, you know, crowded on steam, and we fairly flew down the eight miles that stretched between us and shelter. Suddenly we heard the short "toot, toot," of the whistle back of us, that signaled danger. "Hallo!" thought we, "what now?" We looked ahead through the blinding storm, and there, right on the track, running very fast, and tossing her poor, frightened head from side to side, was a cow! Think of it, children, and we on the cow-catcher! Our danger was greater than you can realize. We could do nothing, only ask the good God to receive us, if we were to be killed, but save us, if possible; and sit still. If we got up, we knew we should fall off and be ground to powder underneath the wheels; if we remained quiet, there was a chance, just a feeble chance, that the cow-catcher would catch the cow and throw her to one side, instead of upon us. So we closed our eyes, and said a little prayer—we didn't have time for a very long one—for quicker than you could count ten, we had dashed down upon the cow, tossed her mangled body twenty feet to the side, and ridden safely past the danger.

He who sits in Heaven, and listens to and guards His children, had saved us. We felt too grateful to say much to one another; we softly thanked the tender Father who had preserved our lives, and resolved that

we had had quite enough of riding on cow-catchers for one lifetime—we would not try it again. So we got off at Laramie, and took the palace car; but let me tell you (in confidence, again,) after all, I think it was a pretty nice ride, don't you? Good bye, till next month's CORPORAL comes.

THE COW MAN.

[SEE FRONTISPICE.]

BY GEORGE COOPER.

In the blinding, whirling snow,
Jolly snowbirds now are we!
Roll his body while we go;
Plant him up against a tree!
Fix him up a pair of hands;
Then a pair of funny legs;
Count how many feet he stands;
Ain't he shaky on his pegs!
Nimble fingers, how they fly!
Laughing cheeks are cherry red!
Punch him here and there an eye;
What a precious pumpkin head!
Ringing shouts are in the air—
Now he's done, except the nose!
Pop him here and pop him there;
One, two, three, and down he goes!

MARGERY DEE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

The stars were out, all shining bright,
The moon was fair to see,
When angels, brought on wings of light,
Sweet little Margery Dee.
All night they lingered, and at morn,
When woke the bird and bee,
And fresh winds waved the tasseled corn,
They left us Margery Dee.
The wild, white rose was not more fair,
More crystal pure than she;
No Maytime violet's hue more rare,
Than eyes of Margery Dee.
No wayward, warbling, woodland brook,
Or lark high o'er the lea,
A sweeter key of music took,
Than voice of Margery Dee.
And like the wild, white rose of May,
Like summer bird and bee,
When came the winter, cold and gray,
We missed fair Margery Dee.
We missed her long, and missed her sore,
For green grew vine and tree,
And rose and violet came once more,
But ne'er came Margery Dee.
Yet, fair we trust, some bright spring day
Will galli dawn, when we,
In some fair country, far away,
Shall find sweet Margery Dee.

A BOY'S TRUE STORY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.*

I was born in Texas. My first recollection is of Indians, coming in daylight, and driving off our horses. My father and the herdsman were out, and had a hard ride to escape the arrows. One stuck in my father's hat, and I have it now. My mother was so alarmed that she fainted. I remember well how pale and beautiful she looked, as my father rubbed her hands and bathed her face. I stood by. It was the first time I had ever felt or thought much. Presently she opened her eyes, and looking at me, said,

"My darling, kneel down here by me, and let us thank God that your father was not killed to-day."

I did so, my father standing near.

After this, my mother taught me, dally, how to say my name, my father's name, and the name of the State and county where I lived, that if I should be taken by the Indians, and ever escape, or be bought from them, I might be able to tell who I was, and where I came from.

When I was large enough to ride, my father gave me a pony, a beautiful iron gray, very gentle and very swift. I soon learned to ride him, and to love him. One day, after I had owned the pony a long time, and could ride well, I was out with father, hunting cattle. Presently we saw the cattle running in every direction, and one cow came up to us, with an Indian arrow sticking in her side. My father said,

"Now, my boy, we must ride for life. Your pony can outrun my horse, try to get home, my son."

I started, under whip and spur. I was excited, and afraid. The dust nearly blinded me; but I knew my pony was taking me home. I heard a great crash among the rocks behind me, and a groan. I stopped and looked back. My father was just behind me. His horse had been stricken with an arrow, and had fallen under him. I jumped down and said,

"Papa, mount; pony can take us both home!"

I felt like a man, when papa said, "God bless you, my son." And we both got home, safe and sound, on the dear, good pony.

My mother was always uneasy about me and father, when we were out looking after stock, so father concluded to sell his horses

and cattle, and leave the frontier. I was old enough now to be at school, and father thought my education must not be neglected. We packed up provisions for two or three days, and took long ropes to stake our horses on the grass, and started out with a number of herders to gather the stock.

Mother bade us good bye with tears in her eyes, and said, "I hope this is the last time my dear ones will ever go out from me, in this wild country."

We had been out two days, and were very lucky in our hunt. Father and I were a little way from the herders, lying on our blankets, talking. Father was telling me what I must do if the Indians should ever kill him, when we saw about twenty-five savages charging right down upon us. Father took his six shooter from his belt, and was saying to me,

"Remember, my son, what I have told you. The Indians may kill me and take you captive. Be a brave, good boy, and try to get back to your mother."

I had a Derringer pistol, and took it in my hand; I hardly knew what for, but thought maybe I could kill one Indian. Most of the herdsman, I think, got away; but my poor father was surrounded. He fought till he fell, then one big Indian cut round his head with a knife, tore off his scalp, and struck me in the face with it. All the time of the fight, I do not think I moved. I felt paralyzed. But my father's blood struck in my face, roused me. Without thinking of consequences, I fired my Derringer at the savage, and he fell. Immediately I was thrown down and tied, hands and feet, with raw-hide strings, rolled and kicked about in the dirt, and much of my hair pulled out. Then I was bound flat on the back of a horse, and started off on a gallop.

How long this ride lasted, I do not know. My sufferings were so great that I must have been delirious, for I thought I had ridden through seas of blood and fire, and was going through rivers of water. When I became conscious, I was in deep water, the horse was stumbling over rocks, and I was frequently entirely under. The water had lengthened the raw-hide bonds, and I could feel. Oh! how I suffered.

After the Indians all got over the river, with all the horses they had stolen, they unbound me, took me off the horse, and loosed my hands and feet, which were badly cut and swollen. My head ached, O, so badly! and my eyes seemed to be balls of fire. My tongue was so swelled and dry, that it stuck out of my mouth. But I remembered all

* The boy who wrote this story of his own adventures, is now going to school in Texas.

except the ride. That seemed to have been years ago. The Indians had got home, I reckon, for there were some tents, and squaws, and children; and I saw my father's fine horse, and my dear pony.

I could not get on my feet, though my bonds were loose. One old squaw brought her little boy where I lay, and made him spit upon me. Then she went away, and the boy stooped down and felt my tongue, then brought some water and poured upon it, and put some in my mouth, and a portion ran down my throat. After that I slept a long time, I reckon, for the sun was rising when I awoke, so thirsty and hungry, so stiff and sore. I had been lying in the dew all night. The good boy that spit on me the day before, brought me some more water and some meat. I drank and ate, and then I remembered what my father had told me, "to be a brave, good boy, and try to get back to my mother." I prayed to God, as my mother had taught me from infancy, that He would take me home.

I do not know how long I had been with the Indians, but I had got well and strong, and had learned a good many things from them, such as swimming, shooting with bow and arrows, and to live a long time without eating. They had left off sticking me with arrows and throwing me in the river, and were as kind as they knew how to be. My boy friend was very good; but all my thoughts and prayers were about making my escape. I was always watching for a chance.

One evening, the hunters brought up their horses, and "hopped" them near the camp. My pony was with them. I did not sleep that night. There was no moon, but a little starlight. I prayed God to help me; and as soon as all was still, I crawled softly out to where I had seen the horses, soon found my pony, and with a tug that was round his neck, and his "hopples," I made a "bosall" round his nose, and mounted him. He was fat and fresh, and the grass did not grow under his feet. I had no idea where we were going, but pony knew. We traveled all night, and till sunrise next morning, then I thought we had better rest. So we went into a snug little "mot" of timber, where there was some grass, and pony browsed and grazed; but I held him all the while. I cannot describe how joyous and free I felt. I believed that God was taking me home.

I was afraid to ride in the daytime, in that strange, Indian country, so, when I thought pony was full, I hopped him, and soon he lay down, and then I laid down and went to

sleep. When I awoke, the sun was down, and pony was standing by me. I thanked God for His goodness, and we started on our journey. Next morning, after daylight, we came into a road, and this helped me greatly. I was nearly starved, for I had eaten nothing since I left the Indians. Pony, though he had traveled all night, now started off in a canter, and then he neighed, and very soon ran into a camp of white hunters. With them I ate and slept, and in a few days they took me home.

My dear mother did not live many days after I got home. When my father was brought to her, murdered and scalped, and her only child taken off by Indians, her heart was broken, and she prayed for death. I told her what my father had said, and that it was for her sake that I had dared to make my escape; and she said,

"God forever bless my child, be to him a father and mother and guide, and direct him in all things. And, my son, when I am dead, go to your grandmother. She is childless and lonely, and though I was disobedient, and she never forgave me, I think she will be kind to you for my sake."

When mother was buried, I and pony started for grandmother's. We are with her now, and she is kind to us.

A POLITE DOG.

BY ALTA GRANT.

Trip is a little terrier, with a black coat and a white collar. Chicago was his native place, but as he was brought to the country when only three months old, he has no doubt long since forgotten his city home. For nine years he has been the pet of the family, and is considered, by all who know him, a very remarkable dog. Like "Old Dog Tray," he "is ever faithful," and his sympathy for anyone who seems to be suffering, is touching.

Sometimes, when grandpa has a hard turn of coughing, he will stand beside him and cry like a child.

He has a very un-canine fondness for kittens. One day, a family of young kittens was found in the cellar. Trip was delighted, and immediately constituted himself their chief guardian. When he felt like having a frolic, he would toss and tumble them as a cat does a mouse, and the kittens seemed to think it fine sport.

Trip is always delighted to see his friends, and when asked to shake hands will put out his white paw as gracefully as any city belle.

But his real politeness shows itself in another and better way. His favorite place

for a nap is grandpa's easy chair. There he will curl himself up on the leather-covered cushion, and take more comfort than a king on a bed of down. But at the first sound of grandpa's step, he is wide awake. Upgo the pretty, black ears, and in an instant he is on his feet, looking at his master, as much as to say, "Will you have the chair, sir?"

If grandpa says, "No, I thank you," he goes back and settles himself for another nap; but if grandpa seems inclined to sit down, the little dog at once retires.

I wonder if some of THE CORPORAL's girls and boys may not learn a lesson from Trip.

AT THE WELL.

BY FAITH LATIMER.

Beneath an oak tree, by a well,
A maiden sat and wept.
And sorrow, more than she could tell,
In her young heart she kept.

Her face she clasp'd in her coarse hands—
Hands, large for her few years—
While all unknown to her there stood
One who beheld her tears.

Who saw the poor and scanty dress,
The thin and crippled form,
Bowed in the posture of distress,
Like flowers bent in the storm.

"O, weep not so, my sorrowing child,
Your grief will soon be o'er!"
She spoke in tones so soft and mild,
The girl ne'er heard before.

The maiden saw an aged face,
Though wrinkled, kind and wise,
With silver hair, and smiles of grace,
And bright, love-beaming eyes.

She said, "Pray, give to me a drink."
Quickly the girl obeyed.

"Now hurry homeward, and I think
You will be well repaid."

Tripping along the mossy stone,
She bore the splashing water,
Repeating, "As you've always done,
It shall be well, my daughter."

She scarcely reached the garden gate,
Ere harsh words broke the spell—
"You lazy girl, I will not wait
Your trifling at the well!"

"O, mother, I can tell you why,"
She said in accents sweet.
And as she mildly made reply,
Something fell at her feet.

The mother saw it glistening there,
A gem of purest gold;
The maiden's lips dropped jewels rare,
As she the story told.

Then to the other daughter—"Go,
And wear your loveliest dress:
Your beauty will receive, I know,
Treasures we could not guess."

Her perfect form moved like a queen,
Each motion full of grace;
Such waving curls were rarely seen
Round such a handsome face.

Just where her sister sat to rest,
A lowly seat she took,
Waiting to greet the charming guest
With pleased, expectant look.

And while she dream'd of wondrous things,
Of treasures rich and rare,
Of fairies bright with silver wings,
A woman old stood there.

"I pray thee give to me a drink,
I'm old, and weary, too."

"Am I a servant, do you think,
To wait on such as you?"

"Your recompense is justly won,
You vain, ill-natured maid!
Go home—do as you've always done,
And you shall be repaid."

A sternness, as the words were said,
She dared not disobey;
She proudly tossed her haughty head,
And went her homeward way.

She fiercely slammed the garden gate,
Went muttering up the walk,
Where mother and the sister wait,
Poured out her angry talk.

"You won't send me your drinks to bring
And watch your silly elf!
Your fairy was a cross, old thing,
As crooked as yourself."

Her passion seemed a raging storm,
And with it came in sight,
From out her lips, a hideous form,
At which all screamed with fright!

And so they crawled from off her tongue,
Bugs, worms, and slimy things,
Down from her lips their webs they spun,
And poisoned her with stings!

The loving maiden's gems and gold
Soon bought a palace home,
Where, as the wise old fairy told,
Ill temper could not come.

The spiteful sister lived alone,
Green spiders lined her roof!
Only such creatures for her own,
As stung her with reproof!

Now children dear, it may be, you
Will ne'er this fairy see;
But do not doubt the lesson true,
As sure as it can be.

Remember you have often heard
Of slander's venomous breath;
How wrath and passion's bitter word
May sting the soul to death.

Sweet temper, like the sun above,
Can gild the darkest scene;
While words of kindness, acts of love,
Outlast the jewel's gleam.

For in the blessed, holy Book,
Choice spoken words we're told,
Like glistening silver pictures look,
Encircling fruit of gold.

FIGHTING THE ENEMY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER VI. CONCLUDED.

It was a grand opening for the battle; but if any expected that the victory was to be sure and easy, they soon found their mistake. The old enemy had many weak points, but he proved himself a match for all his foes in one trait, and that was *perseverance*. When he was driven out of one corner, he took up his quarters in another, and at last he gave up open fight, and only worked in the dark, in a way that gave little chance for opposition.

I wish I could say that poor Jakey Neal stood firm; but though Esquire Howells gave him work, and tried to keep him away from his tempters, the weak old man went back again and again to his bottle, until at last he gave up all attempts at reform, and spent half his time in the little back shop of the brewery, called, by courtesy, an office, but where it was well known that old Rooney supplied his customers with whiskey. And, in spite of all opposition, it seemed as if the brewery was more prosperous than ever.

A new partner, with plenty of money, came to Mike Rooney's aid. The buildings were enlarged, a number of new hands brought out from the city, and a store opened by the side of the office, where the workmen were supplied with groceries and dry goods at a price far below that which ruled at the one "corner store" of Cedarville. Mr. Crooks frowned, and declared the store could not be sustained at such prices, and that it was only done to draw custom away from honest men; but in some way or other Rooney and his partner seemed to prosper wonderfully, and customers were pretty sure to go where they could get the most for their money. So the temperance folks waited and worked and watched, and all but the boys began to feel discouraged, and to declare that they were really worse off than ever.

Billy Shaw was not discouraged—not he. He had won his father from the hands of the enemy, though it was a terrible fight, and it seemed for a while as if the poor man really would die in the struggle; but the old minister was right, and God had helped him when all other help failed. He was at work now in a neighboring village, and Billy had cheerfully given up his pleasant home at Aunt Marcia's and the prospect of going to school, to go with his father and work for small wages, rather than leave him for a day alone. How triumphant Billy felt, when

they two came home together on Saturday night, the strong man walking upright thro' the streets, and passing, with a shudder, the scenes of his former degradation.

"We always come past the burying ground," Billy said to Aunt Marcia, "and father sits down to rest by Ducky's grave. Somehow, I think he talks to her; he always set so much store by her, and I can't help feeling as if she knew all about it. I always want to say something to her, to tell her that it's all right now."

Billy looked anxiously at Aunt Marcia, as if he was half afraid she might not approve of it, but she only wiped her eyes, and said, with a shake of her head,

"We don't know much about such things. Some folks believe in ministering spirits, and I don't deny that it's according to the Bible; but when a thing isn't set down clear, the best way is not to go to upsetting all our foundations by speculating about it. There's enough that's set down plain."

The friendship between Jonas and Billy was as strong as ever, and they held weekly consultations in the great, cheery kitchen, or out at the barn, where Jonas threw down the hay for the cattle.

"If we could only get rid of the brewery," said Jonas, burying his fork deep in the mow, as if he were striking a death blow to a foe, "but as long as that is running, we shall have old Rooney and all his crew, and they are too strong for us boys."

"I don't know," said Billy, thoughtfully, "perhaps there'll be a way; at any rate, I never shall give up hoping, though sometimes it seems kind of mean and selfish in me to feel so glad and satisfied about father, when there's others that are just as bad."

"I should think you ought to be glad; of course, you ought to," said Jonas. "But, Billy, did you ever think—do you ever feel afraid, that he might—that they might *get him again*?"

Jonas asked the question in a half whisper, and Billy answered in the same tone.

"I'm afraid all the time, and so is father; and mother worries so, I can see every time we come how sharp her face is getting—as if she was starved, or going wild."

Billy sat for awhile, silently pulling long, shining straws from the bundles, and breaking them in his fingers; and Jonas watched him, nervously.

"I tell you what, Jonas," he said, starting up, "the best for us all is to go away from here; and father means to go in the spring, if he can manage it. My Uncle Harvey will help us get a farm out west, and we

can all make a new start where there's no-body can throw anything up to us."

Billy's face darkened, and Jonas knew he was thinking as much of his mother as his father.

That night, when Jonas and Aunt Marcia sat by the little round table, in their customary Saturday-evening calm, they talked the matter all over; or, rather, Jonas told Aunt Marcia what Billy had said, and Aunt Marcia quietly listened and thought about it, which was her way of talking things over. Jonas had a secret hope that she would disapprove the plan; but she only said,

"Billy looks at things very sensibly for a boy of his years. I dare say it would be better for all of them to go out west. Not on account of getting away from temptation, but it is always easier to respect yourself when you feel as if other folks respected you."

And as Jonas sat watching the clear blaze that was curling around the hickory logs in the fireplace, he remembered his old doubts and troubles about the way of transgressors, and he saw more plainly than ever the reason why it must be hard, even to the third generation of the innocent ones whose lot was cast with them.

The great, eight-day clock struck nine, in its quick, decided fashion, as if it dared anybody to question the fact; and promptly with the first stroke, Aunt Marcia rose and began to cover up the fire.

"Snuff your candle, Jonas, and be careful of the sparks, as you go up the stairway," she said, with her usual caution. "It would be a bad night for a fire, with everything frozen up tight, and this wind a-blowing."

In all the annals of Cedarville, there was only one tradition of a fire, and that was when Deacon Millman's barn was struck by lightning. But a wholesome horror of such a catastrophe kept the Cedarville house-keepers in a state of vigilance. Aunt Marcia, especially, seemed to be constantly expecting a visitation of fire, and Jonas never mounted the creaking stairs of a windy night, without the warning words,

"Be careful of your candle, Jonas."

The moon was shining full in at the window, and the little fringe of balls on the dimity curtain danced and trembled in the gusts that shook the loose casement. The little, flickering candle was nearly lost in the cold, clear radiance, and Jonas honored his Aunt's caution by extinguishing it. He twisted the curtain aside, boy fashion, and looked out as he undressed, at the white glitter of the snow-covered fields, and the

distant twinkle of the village lights. There were very few to be seen, but at the brewery store the windows were ablaze. They had the new kerosene lamps there, a wonder in the little village, and looked upon with admiration, but distrusted as dangerous neighbors that might at any time take a fancy to go off in fire and smoke. A column of black smoke, slowly rolling upward from the chimneys of the brewery, showed that, contrary to his usual custom, old Rooney meant to set the moral little village at defiance, by carrying on his work to the Sabbath morning.

"I wish there would be a fire, over yonder," said Jonas, with a shake of his head toward the brewery. "I don't see what's the use of such folks, anyway;" and he crept into bed with a look of intense disgust on his face.

The old clock in the kitchen struck ten, and eleven, and twelve, though no one was awake to hear it. It struck one, and the men went home from the brewery, and only a faint wreath of smoke hung over the chimney tops. In the shade of the dingy building, two men went busily back and forth to a neighboring house, carrying books and bundles, and strange-looking burdens, until at last all was silent and deserted. Then from a lower window a dull, red light began to glow, and almost at the same moment two upper windows caught the reflection. The light brightened and spread, and presently puffs of smoke burst here and there from crevices, followed speedily by lurid tongues of fire, that lapped around the blackened roof, and quickly licked up the light crust of snow lying upon it. Ten minutes later, old Goody Brand was awakened by a strong, red glow upon the walls of her little cottage, and hobbling to the window in affright, saw that the brewery was blazing like a great torch against the dusky, winter sky. She could do nothing, a lame, old lady, crippled by rheumatism, and not a soul within call; but presently a shrill cry rang through the air, "Fire! fire!" and one and another voice joined in, until all the little community was aroused, half wild with excitement. There was running and shouting, but little could be done beyond carrying a few goods from the brewery store, and pulling down an old shed that threatened to conduct the fire to a barn near by; and then men, women, and children stood by and watched the blazing pile until it was only a heap of smouldering timbers.

Old Rooney was loud and bitter in his lamentation over his loss.

"Every cent of my property gone!" he

declared; "all the earnings and savings of fifteen years!"

"Wall," said Jakey Neal, solemnly, "it is pretty tough, but it ought to be a lesson to ye; looks like 'twas a judgment on ye for breakin' the Sabba' day. If ye'd gone and shut up at sundown, like a Christian, there wouldn't been no fire to burn things, 'thout 'twas fixed a-purpose."

"'Twas fixed a-purpose!" said Rooney, eagerly. "I haven't a doubt that building was set on fire."

"No more hain't I," said Jakey, seriously.

"And I could lay my hand on the very man that did it," said Rooney, getting more excited.

"So could I, Mr. Rooney, so could I," said Jakey, emphatically, taking him by the arm.

Old Rooney gave a suspicious glance at Jakey's bloated face, but saw only his usual drunken leer.

"I'm not going to accuse anybody now," he continued, "but if there's law in the land, I'll show the temperance folks whether it's safe to meddle with an honest man's business."

The little groups of visitors began slowly to separate, going home in twos and threes, through the dusk of the early Sabbath dawn.

Aunt Marcia Hale, with her big, green, camlet cloak wrapped around her, came down to the gate to ask of a passing neighbor the particulars of the fire. Nothing could be more characteristic of Aunt Marcia's conscientiousness than the fact that both she and Jonas had remained at home, and only watched the fire from the windows.

"If it was a dwelling house," she said to Jonas, "and people were likely to be perishing, I should feel called upon to do my part. But when there's nothing to be done to help, I don't see as I should be justified in breaking the Sabbath day by gossiping around."

Jonas, with all a boy's excitement at a fire, was eager to rush with the rest at the first alarm, and felt a little impatient of his Aunt's scruples, but he only expressed it by the restless beat of his fingers on the window, as he watched the flames grow and brighten, and then die slowly away.

"Aunt Marcia," he asked, as they sat at breakfast, "are you glad or sorry?"

Aunt Marcia stirred her coffee deliberately before she answered.

"It doesn't seem right to rejoice at the misfortunes of a neighbor; but David says, that when the Lord overthrows the devices of the wicked, the righteous shall see it and

be glad. I don't feel any ill will toward Mr. Rooney, but I hope this will be the means of turning him to some honest way of making a living."

"Well," said Jonas, dropping his attempts at Sunday decorum, "I'm just as glad as I can be. If I had been there, I should have tossed up my cap and hurrahed, when the old shell went down. I feel just like shouting now; seems as if it would choke me, if I didn't let it out somehow!"

Aunt Marcia looked at Jonas with a curious mixture of amusement and reproof in her face, but she only said,

"I'd try and keep it in until Monday morning," and then took down the big Bible for the regular morning reading. Oddly enough, as Jonas thought, she read the tenth Psalm, and he could have rubbed his hands with satisfaction, as he heard David's denunciations of the oppressor.

"He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages; he lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den; he lieth in wait to catch the poor; he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net."

But when Aunt Marcia prayed the Lord to give them the charity that suffereth long and is kind, and to keep them from forgetting their own sins while they judged those of their neighbors, Jonas felt a little less triumphant, and was more disposed to remember his own shortcomings.

The fire was more than a nine-days' wonder to the villagers, and the small share of sympathy which had been extended to old Rooney, was withdrawn, as it began to be more and more openly said that he had fired the brewery himself, after removing everything valuable from the store, in order to get the insurance upon the buildings. It was proved beyond question, that he was so deeply involved that everything would have shortly been taken for debt, and it was a day of general rejoicing when he finally removed his family to the city.

The boys of the temperance society went to work with new vigor, now that the brewery and its attendant grocery were removed. They even had hopes of Jakey Neal again; but, alas! for his good resolutions, he soon began to make periodical trips to the city, bringing back not only his own supplies, but a stock for his brother tipplers, who carried it away slyly in jugs and bottles.

Early in the spring, the Shaws moved away to the west, where Mrs. Shaw's brother had already secured them a farm on favorable terms.

Jonas and Billy exchanged their boyish

goodbyes with a great deal more of hearty affection and regret than either of them could put into words.

"Let us hear from you, Billy," said Aunt Marcia, as she held his hand in hers. "You have come to be almost like Jonas to me."

Billy faltered a little at this unexpected warmth from Aunt Marcia, and then said,

"Yes'm, you'll hear from me, and I mean you shall hear good from me, too. It was you that gave me the first lift, you and Jonas, when everybody else was set against us."

"I was as much set as anybody, at the first," said Aunt Marcia, honestly. "I won't pretend to deny that; but I'm thankful the Lord taught me. We make poor work doing His will and understanding His commandments, sometimes."

"You helped me," repeated Billy, looking almost reverently into her face, "and everything has seemed to go easier since then. And Aunt Marcia, I said, when little Ducky went away from us, that I meant to fight the rumsellers just as long as I lived. I never shall take that back, *never*, and if you hear from me, you'll hear that I'm fighting them still."

The front gate clicked, and Mrs. Shaw came slowly up the walk, pausing a little to look at a purple crocus, that had pushed its daring head through the very edge of a vanishing snowdrift. She was pale and thin, but Aunt Marcia noted, as she went to meet her, a peaceful expression that was new to her face.

"I came to say good by, Marcia," she said, as she extended her hand; "I could not go away without saying it, for the sake of the old times."

"I'm right glad you came, Becky," said Aunt Marcia, cordially, "and I'm sorry you're going away."

"Are you?" said Mrs. Shaw, wonderingly. "I should think you'd be glad; you ought to be glad."

Aunt Marcia did not answer, and Mrs. Shaw went on: "It seems as if it would be like being born again. I feel as if I was going to leave all the old, sad, dreary life behind me. Other people have had happiness, but I have seemed to miss it all, and hope; but there hasn't been any hope for me, not for many, many years. I've seemed to be left one side, just as if the Lord had forgotten me—I used to think He had."

"Poor Becky," said Aunt Marcia, compassionately, "you have been sorely tried, but He never forgets."

"I know it, I know it now, but it is all so new and strange I feel afraid; I don't dare

to feel glad yet. But I've been over yonder," and she waved her hand toward the cemetery; "I wanted to stand by her grave and take back all the hard, bitter things I said, in my heart, when they laid her there. He is good, Marcia Hale. He knew I was mad with trouble, and He let me take it all back."

Aunt Marcia wiped her eyes, but could not say a word.

"When we get to our new home," said Mrs. Shaw, "I mean to begin my life all over again, just as if there had never been any other life. Why, Marcia Hale, it seems to me just like going to heaven, and as if I should find my mother there waiting for me."

"I hope you'll be happy there," said Aunt Marcia, heartily, "and I dare say you will. You have a great deal to hope for your children. Billy's a boy to be proud of."

"I've thought of my children," said Mrs. Shaw; "if it wasn't for them I don't see how I could go away and leave *her* lying there all alone."

As she rose to go, Aunt Marcia suddenly went to the tall, mahogany bureau in the darkened parlor. The delicate odor of rose leaves floated out, as it always did when the drawers were opened, and Aunt Marcia's hand trembled a little, as if she were disturbing something sacred. She took out a large blanket shawl, soft and fine, as it had always seemed fitting that the garments of the sainted one should be, and hastening back to Mrs. Shaw, she placed it in her hands.

"There," said she, "I want to give you that, Becky, before you go away. I never have felt as if I wanted to wear any of mother's things myself, but I should like to have you keep this for the sake of the old times."

"I'll take it, and thank you," said Mrs. Shaw; "it will help me to remember, and to *forget*."

All this was fifteen years ago, and one who only remembered the little hamlet of Cedarville, would find little, now, to remind him of its earlier days. For two generations it had slumbered there among the hills, sending its narrow farms down from father to son, and scarcely feeling the shadow of change. Ten miles away, the little factory town of C— sprung suddenly up, and grew, in a few years, into a pretentious city; then gradually crept beyond its narrow limits, swallowing up, little by little, the pleasant, outlying farms, and stretching its chains of factories to every little, frolicsome brook. It was the water power at Cedarville that first drew the eyes of manufacturers, and all at once the rocky farms gained a new value,

and men began to price their land by the foot instead of the acre. Farms were divided and subdivided, and poor men grew rich on the profits; but, for a long time, the Hale farm kept its broad meadows unbroken.

"I don't need to sell," said Aunt Marcia, proudly, "and I suppose there's no law to compel me."

So she kept her own counsels, and secretly drew from the savings bank the money she had laid aside for a rainy day, and sent it to Jonas, to meet his college expenses. And when Jonas finished his professional studies, and took his place most honorably at the bar, Aunt Marcia felt that the time had come for her to place the responsibility of his fortune in his own hands.

"It will all be yours, sometime," she said, with a glance of satisfaction at the noble-looking man who sat with her in the same old, cheery kitchen, "but I meant you should have it just as your Grandfather Hale left it; not an acre less. Now you must do as you please with it."

"It shall be just as you please, Aunt Marcia," said Jonas. "I mean this for my home, always, but cannot afford to be here much for a few years, and I'm afraid I can hardly do the farm justice. We might rent it, I suppose."

"Better sell it," said Aunt Marcia. "I never should care for it after other folks had lived here."

So the Hale farm was sold, all but the old house, and the orchard and grove adjoining, and here Jonas came back with his lovely young wife, to spend his summer vacations from business, and to keep the thanksgiving holidays, until, by and by, he came to build upon the old spot a home for his children.

"Aunt Marcia," said Jonas, one evening, "I heard from our old friends the Shaws, to-day."

"Dear, dear," said Aunt Marcia, dropping her knitting work, and starting up in sudden interest.

"It's strange," said Jonas, musingly; "a man came into my office, and just accidentally mentioned that he lived in the place with Harvey Lovett, and it just occurred to me that he was Mrs. Shaw's brother; so I found out all about them."

"Well?" said Aunt Marcia, inquiringly.

"O, he says they're really rich. The place grew right up, as all those western towns do. He said Deacon Shaw was one of the most influential men in the place. Sammy is a merchant, with a good business. Nancy is married to a farmer, and Billy is in the State senate, fighting all manner of evil with his

old grit. 'I tell ye now,' said the man, 'you can count him in on the right side every time; no use trying to buy him out, or scare him out; it can't be did.'"

Aunt Marcia's face fairly shone with pleasure; and she took off her glasses to wipe them.

"Mrs. Shaw is dead," added Jonas; "an 'uncommon nice woman,' the man called her."

Aunt Marcia's face saddened a little, but presently she said, softly,

"Well, it doesn't matter. Simeon was ready to depart when his eyes had seen the salvation of the Lord."

RACE WITH A FRENCH CLIPPER.

BY AN OLD NAVIGATOR.

During my service in India, I commanded a beautiful clipper ship called the "Fiery Cross," formerly a well-known clipper between New York and San Francisco, but sold in India during the late war, when her name was changed from "Belle of the West" to "Fiery Cross." Lying at anchor in the harbor of Muscat, she was more like a trim man-of-war than a merchant ship, with yards squared, awnings tightly spread, and ropes hauled taut; decks as clean and white as many a thrifty housewife's floor, and perfect order and discipline reigning on board, fore and aft, among a crew of sixty-four men, native Lascars of India, and two European mates, who, like myself, spoke Bengalee. I was justly proud in commanding such a perfect model of naval architecture.

I was invited to dine on board an English man-of-war, where I met the Political Resident of the Persian Gulf, with several naval officers whom I had known in Bombay, then on a mission to the Sultan of Muscat. The conversation turned on the respective merits of sailing vessels.

THE CHALLENGE.

Among the guests was a Frenchman who commanded "La Phantome," a fast little bark, that formerly had been a slaver. Hearing the Fiery Cross much praised for her cleanliness and clipper-like appearance, he gave me a challenge, that if I were ready when he sailed, he would beat me in a distance of ninety miles, to Ras al Had, a cape on the Arabian coast. I at once accepted the challenge, and the bet was to be *une nouvelle chapeau*—a new hat.

Hurrying up with the discharge of my cargo of rice, and taking on board my cargo of salt, I was soon in good sailing trim, and ready for sea, bound to Calcutta. I then

hauled the ship out to the entrance of the harbor to wait for my clearance papers.

Meantime my friend the Frenchman had sailed at six o'clock in the morning of the same day. Eight o'clock at night came, but still no appearance of the clerk with my papers. I then lay down on a hencoop, and being somewhat fatigued, I was soon asleep. I was determined to start as soon as the Hindoo clerk came with my ship's papers. At midnight he came on board. A six-pounder carronade was fired, making the surrounding rocks ring again and again, to warn my shore friends that I was about to start. The pipes of the native boatswain and his mates were heard shrill and loud over the decks, with the long, dismal call, "All—hands—up—anchor." My two mates were not so well pleased at being disturbed, but I was determined, with the fine breeze and good weather we then had, to give the Frenchman a heat.

THE RACE.

"Come, bear a hand and get sail on the ship! Topmen, lay aloft and loose all sail, fore, main, and mizen topsails! upper and lower top-gallant sails and royals!"

The anchor, in the meantime, was being hove up by about forty of the best men, and in less time than I have taken to write this, the Fiery Cross was standing out to sea under every stitch of canvas, and steering her course after the Frenchman, who had now fully eighteen hours the start of me. The watch was set, and soon the ship was as quiet as if still lying at anchor, but sailing under a fine, steady breeze, with smooth water. I again lay down on the hencoop, with orders to call me at daylight.

THE DEFEAT.

Daylight came at about five o'clock in the morning, when the second mate called me, saying that the Frenchman was close to leeward of us, and trying to cross our bows.

"So-ho! my French friend, I see what you are at. Quartermaster, luff her up close to the wind, and go ahead of that Frenchman."

Soon my gallant ship swept close up to the wind, answering her helm like a beauty as she was, and then again keeping the sails full, dashed ahead of him as proudly as if he were still lying at anchor.

Hailing La Phantome, as we swept proudly and gracefully past, I called out, "You can't sail with the Fiery Cross."

Waving his hat in reply, he called out, "*Bon voyage!*" (a good voyage to you).

Standing again on our course, we soon left the Frenchman, and at noon he was out of sight.

In fifteen days we were at Cochin, on the Malabar coast, and again resumed our passage to Calcutta. But I never saw my friend of La Phantome again, to receive my well-won *nouvelle chapeau*.

A CHILD'S VISION.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

O tell me no fairy tales to-night,
For lovely fay or tricky sprite,
No more can charm my raptured sight.
I have caught a glimpse of the Beautiful Land.
Where angels wander, hand in hand,
In garments white, and shining hair,
Through leafy groves and gardens fair.
I see, I see the purple hills,
The meadow green, the sparkling rills;
I catch the scent of spicy gales
That sweep along the flowery vales.
O, there no breath of winter blows!
Dear summer wears a fadeless rose;
In sleep no weary eyelids close;
And all we can know of bliss

From prophet's dream, or poet's rhyme,
From joys of home, or love's fond kiss,
Awaits us in that blessed clime.

Then weave me no fairy spell to-night,
I care not for elf or tricky sprite.
O, well may fancy's pinions fail,
And well may earthly splendors pale
Before the radiant vision!
And well the ear that once has heard
The warblings rare of Eden's bird,
May turn from lute and fairy tale

To catch, again, those strains elysian.
O, were my soul but lily-white,
How sweet to take her airy flight
Across the shining river!
With glad humility and grace,
To seek *His* dear, approving face,
And there, with angel-comrades stray
O'er heavenly heights, far, far away,
As beautiful and blest as they,
Forever and forever.

WET WEATHER WORK, AND FUN.

BY FRANK CHURCH.

It rains a great deal in Dampertown.

We are a very small family, and not rich at that; and Tom is not a very strong boy, and did not go to school that winter. These are the leaders of what I am going to say. That winter it snowed a great deal, and when it didn't snow, it rained, and most of the time the wind blew for variety.

Between Tom being delicate, and Dick coughy and croupy, and being obliged to keep them in doors in bad weather, I was at my wit's end for something to make them contented and happy. With this end in

view, we devised a good deal of wet weather work, and fun. It made the boys contented and happy; and, perhaps, others may like it, too. We read a good deal, but one cannot read *all* the time. But as we all liked them very much ourselves, we concluded we would make a newspaper ourselves. So we began it. We called it after its birthplace—"The Fireside." Tom found a motto for it from an old number of Harper's Weekly.

"Nestling round the hearth together,
We defy the growling weather."

I was to be the "heavy editor," Tom the "local," while Dick, the little one who could not write, announced that he had "made a poetry all out of his own head," and wished some one to take it down for the paper. Here it is, and to my mind, many longer "poems" have less poetry in them.

"In the pleasant little parlor,
In the cottage, snug and neat,
My little place by mamma,
Is always—O! so sweet!"

It was his first, and very probably his last, but it is the real thing, after all.

One of our friends contributed a heavy article on commerce, "Lollipops—their nature, and are they profitable to the human family."

Tom wrote a serial, and Hal a fairy tale. The serial began in the middle, and wrote away toward both ends. It was all about an exceedingly bad boy—a *dreadfully* bad boy—who had no friends in particular, and was possessed after the water, longing unspeakably for a boat of his own. Then somebody's son or daughter, (Tom had it son at first, but afterward changed it to daughter in the next chapter), fell overboard. "Thad" has the good luck to fish "it" out, and is rewarded for his bravery by the gift of a boat, in which, being utterly cleansed of his badness, by his "daring and heroic act," he sails away to the Sandwich Islands, provisioned for a year with sponge cake, rusk, pop, beer, and peanuts. He lives beloved and respected in that isle of the blest; marries the chief's daughter, and goes largely into the culture of peanuts, some of his original stock having been left over. He drives a flourishing trade, in this valuable article, with the main land, and becomes immensely wealthy.

I ventured to suggest that the provision was rather light for so long a journey, but Tom said,

"What was the use of having a newspaper and writing one's own stories, if one could not have them to suit one's self."

I was silenced, but have since had my doubts of the entire originality of the plot. It does seem to me as if I had seen it before, *somewhere*.

We had an obituary column, too, where a touching tribute was paid to the merits of Triton Goldfish, and numerous fish, white mice, kittens, etc. It was a great night, when, having carefully copied all this interesting matter upon a sheet of foolscap, I read it aloud. We shall never do so wonderful a thing again, not even if we discover a new play of Shakspeare, or retranslate Dante; but Dr. Wisacre said,

"What nonsense to stuff the boys heads with."

THE PARROT, ALLIGATOR, AND BEAVER.

BY JAMES YOUNG.

A dispute arose upon the banks of a stream between a parrot, an alligator, and a beaver, as to which was the greatest of the three. The parrot hopped down from off his perch, and strutting upon the ground, displayed his brightest plumes and feathers to advantage. After indulging his vanity to the greatest extent, he ascended his perch again, and discoursed to the two neighbors below, in various languages, of his own experiences and acquirements, until his neck feathers and the tuft upon his head stood erect with pride and self-congratulation.

The alligator was next called upon to prefer his claims to superiority, upon which he waddled off to the stream, and entered the water. He then showed how long he could remain under, and his agility in moving in that element; then he lashed the surface of the water into foam with his tail; and repairing once more to land, snapped his jaws together with a loud report, and dilated for a long time upon his strength, the size and number of his teeth, and especially upon the hardness and closeness of his scales of armor, and the security which he enjoyed in consequence.

The beaver, who had listened to the harangues of the parrot and the alligator with much attention and modesty, quietly arose, and conducting them a few steps up the stream, simply pointed to the dam he had erected there at the cost of so much perseverance and toil. The parrot and the alligator took the hint and were silent, but by their looks testified that they thought the beaver was the greatest of the three.

The best test of a man's greatness is the work which he himself has done.

TOMMY'S DINNER.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Wee Tommy sat down to his holiday dinner,
You saw by degrees that he didn't grow thinner;
The dishes before him grew lighter and lighter,
The buttons behind him pulled tighter and tighter;
Yet there at his ease he was gloriously munching—

A sight for the hungry to look at him lunching!
Pumpkin pies as yellow as gold—
Melting lusciousness untold!
Puddings, pickles, sauces various,
These to tender lads precarious!
Last of all—by no means least—
Crowning all the jolly feast,
Making all the air quite murky,
Smoked the plump and light-brown turkey.

The dinner is finished, and Tommy now tries
To jump from the table—he cannot arise!
He really has grown such a wonderful size!
The viands are smoking right under his nose,
And, somehow, he falls in a sort of a doze.

"Rat, tat, tat!" upon the door,
In come turkeys three and four,
Then in pairs a hundred more!
Gobbling, strutting up and down,
The *élite* of Turkey town!
Round the room they take their places
With the most imposing faces.
Shouts a gobbler, ('tis their leader)—
By his paunch, a splendid feeder—
"Tell us what the present case is!"

A dapper little biped rose and spoke an hour
or so;

I'm not about to tell you all the fellow said, you
know;

But this is in a nutshell what his speech amount-
ed to—

It made poor Tommy's cheeks turn white, it
made his nose turn blue:

"First and foremost, fellow fowls,
Look at yonder urchin's jowls!
See! the best blood of our race
There has found a dwelling place!
Lo! our monarch on the plate—
Mark his stern and awful fate!
Turkeys, pause and contemplate!
Here we catch a tyrant napping,
Let us give him now a rapping!"

That noisy, fierce, avenging band,
Trussed poor Tommy, foot and hand!
As many gobblers as were able,
Took knives and forks from off the table.
They put him on a monstrous platter—
There never was a turkey fatter!
Around the board they range in line,
And only wait a given sign.

The carver stands before the victim,
But just before the turkey nicked him,
Wee Tommy awakened with a scream
And found it all a funny dream!
Made, we think, beyond all question,
By a touch of indigestion!

LITTLE MARY'S BOUQUET.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

"To-morrow is little Mary's birthday,"
said the gardener, as he examined his flowers.
"She must have a nice bouquet."

"To-morrow is little Mary's birthday,"
whispered the flowers to one another. "To-
morrow! to-morrow!"

"My buds are all ready," said the rose.

"So are mine," said the sunflower.

The pansies smiled at the thought, but
the sunflower held his head so high that he
did not see them.

"I'd rather stand in this garden than be
put in the queen's bouquet," said a tall holly-
hock.

"I've no flowers to spare for any one,"
said the moneywort, anxiously counting her
buds.

"Don't be a miser," said the ragged robin.

"They may have all of mine."

"I would like to go to little Mary," said
the mignonette.

"My dear child, don't think of such a
thing," said a gay tulip, spreading her petals.

"You have no beauty."

"I know it," said the mignonette, mourn-
fully.

"Never mind," said the rose; "you have
perfume, and some think that better than
beauty."

"Ah!" said the tulip.

"Why are you here, pray?" said a pert
little lady's-slipper to a bright dandelion, as
she gave her a sly kick.

"If it comes to that, why are *you* here?"
said the dandelion.

"Because I was planted here," said the
lady's-slipper. "You are *wild*, but I came
in a paper bag, with my name on it, and was
planted by the gardener."

"Perhaps I *am* a little wild," said the dan-
delion, "but I was planted here; and, be-
sides, I can tell the time."

"I never heard of a dandelion being plant-
ed," said the lady's-slipper.

"I never heard of a dandelion telling
time," said a four-o'clock.

"At all events, I was blown here by some
one who wanted to know what time it was."

"Did they find out?" interrupted the four-
o'clock.

"And I thought as I was ~~here~~ I might as
well grow," continued the dandelion. "I
am good to eat, and I can be made into
coffee."

"Don't say anything about time, what-
ever you do," said the four-o'clock; "I am
the only one who knows about time."

"Thyme! thyme!" said the summer savory. "There are plenty of sweet herbs better than thyme."

"What are you quarreling about, you foolish little things?" said the sunflower. "I can tell time—I go by the sun."

"What will you do to-morrow, when the clouds come over and hide the sun?" asked a poor-man's-weather-glass at his feet.

"I can guess at it," said the sunflower, "but you must be a very poor-man's-weather-glass to talk of clouds when the sky is so bright."

"I feel it in my fibers," said the weather-glass.

"For pity's sake, can any one tell me if it is four yet?" said the four-o'clock. "Here I have been gossiping, and forgetting all about it."

"I can see the clock," said a sweet pea, on tiptoe. "It is half past four."

"Dear me!" said the four-o'clock, "I promised these buds they should be out, to-day, and now they will have to wait till four to-morrow morning, and then there'll be no one to see them but the early birds. It is too bad."

"Only yourself to blame, madam," said a thistle.

The four-o'clock made no reply, for she knew she would suffer if she meddled with him. The next morning, early, the gardener came to make the bouquet. He made it of lovely pink sweet peas, purple pansies, rose-buds wet with dew, the modest mignonette, the spicy carnation, fragrant geranium leaves, and delicate heliotrope.

"Every bouquet should have a little bit of yellow," said the gardener, as he added the dandelion. "There, that finishes it, and it is fit for a queen," and he carried it away.

"Just to think! He took that saucy dandelion, and left me," said the lady's-slipper.

"What is a bouquet without me?" said the tulip, tossing her head. "No matter, I shall live the longer."

"So shall I," said the ragged robin, but no one took any notice of him, because he was a ragged robin.

THE ADVANCE.—We are glad to know that this standard Religious Paper is going steadily forward in its financial success, as its sterling worth deserves. Few religious journals have ever reached a paying basis so soon as has *THE ADVANCE*; but then few have ever displayed so much vitality both at its beginning and in its steady growth. Published in Chicago by the Advance Company.

THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, EDITOR.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

SEWELL & MILLER,

ALFRED L. SEWELL, JOHN E. MILLER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE, No. 9 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER, 1870.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL's eleventh volume is completed with this number. He has lived, and labored, and rejoiced in his labors for five years and a half. We have tried honestly and heartily to make him a joy and a blessing. That our labors have been well appreciated we have abundant evidence. Hundreds and hundreds of letters come to us from both children and parents, thanking us for **THE LITTLE CORPORAL's** pure and healthful lessons and entertainments, while the press everywhere has spoken thousands of good words for him; and we can but rejoice that our literary child has made so many good, noble, loving friends.

The past year has not been a year of as great financial prosperity to the general publishing business of our country as some of the years that have preceded it. Nearly all the magazines have suffered in their circulation, and some of the brightest and best have been obliged to suspend altogether, among them *Puissant's Monthly*, and the beautiful and brilliant *Riverside Magazine*. Notwithstanding all this, the substantial encouragement our enterprise has received, has prompted us to go on improving **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, and adding to its merits and beauties, everything we have been able to command, both as to quality of matter and adornment. According to announcements made from time to time, we changed its form and enlarged the magazine in July last, with the expectation of raising the price to one dollar and a half, as we did in October, so as to justify the enlargement, and render it possible to add the beautiful, original illustrations which now adorn its pages. We have also promised further enlargements, by the addition of more pages. We will begin to redeem this promise in our January number, by adding a new department of four

pages, and we will follow with other enlargements as rapidly as we can feel warranted in doing so.

Let every friend of **THE CORPORAL** renew his or her own subscription, and send as large a club of new names as possible. The larger list of subscribers we have, the more and better can be our illustrations, and the more rapid our further improvement.

And now for the new year, 1871. Dear readers, boys and girls, and all our older friends with young hearts, we wish you a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year. May the coming year be better, happier, and more prosperous than any we have ever spent together. May God's blessing and love be over and around us, and influence all our lives. May we all realize, more and more, every day, how blessed it is to work for the Master, and to love the good, the true, and the beautiful.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

As we state elsewhere, this number of **THE CORPORAL** ends the term of subscription for a great many of our subscribers. Our rules compel us to stop sending the magazine when your time is out, so please renew now, at once, so that your name need not be changed in our lists. You still need **THE CORPORAL**, and he needs you. Let us continue to be friends and fellow helpers.

OUR CHRISTMAS BOX.

We want to say a number of important little things and so we have packed them all into this "Christmas Box." Be kind enough to read the whole "box" carefully, as it may be of interest and use to you.

1st. We will send a prize to everybody who will take **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** for the whole of 1871, who, after reading it carefully, can conscientiously say that he or she has not received the worth of the subscription price.

2d. We will send a prize to everybody who will send us a club of subscribers to either **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** or **THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL** for the new year. See the premium list.

3d. All money sent for subscriptions to **THE FESTIVAL** counts in a club list the same as that much money sent for **THE CORPORAL**.

4th. Your editor has just returned from an exploration of the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, and intends, in an early number, to give you an account of how he walked twenty-seven miles underground, a good deal of the time more than four hundred feet below the surface of the earth, boating on subterranean rivers, climbing underground mountains, crossing the River Styx on the Bridge of Sighs, peering down into the Bottomless Pit, crawling through the Valley of Humility, squeezing through Fat Man's Misery, getting into the Infernal Regions, sitting in the Devil's Armed Chair, passing the Black Hole of Calcutta, and finally escaping to the surface of this glorious earth, and breathing again the happy air of freedom. He will also tell you how a very fat lady was squeezed through Fat Man's

Misery, and how a Bunny explored the Mammoth Cave.

5th. Christmas presents can be obtained by raising clubs for **THE CORPORAL**, and obtaining the beautiful premiums offered in our premium list. **THE CORPORAL** and **FESTIVAL**, the **Scripture Atlas**, and our **Drawing Book**, will make nice Christmas presents.

6th. **NEW PREMIUM**.—As our Premium List and Publishers' Department are closed for this month, we will just slip in here an item to say that we give as premiums Sherman's Clothes Wringers, which are advertised in this number, at the same rate that Colby's Wringers are offered in the Premium List. So choose between them. They are both very good.

7th. Last of all for this "box," and many will say best of all, **TOMMY BANCROFT**, our mischievous friend Tommy, is to figure in the new volume. We already have a portrait of Tommy's friend, **BILLY**, which we hope to show you in an early number. It shows Billy as he appeared on a public occasion.

OUR \$500 PRIZE STORY.

EXTENSION OF TIME FOR COMPETITION.

In our August number, we offered a prize of \$500 for the best story in twelve chapters of between 4,000 and 5,000 words each, suitable for a serial in **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, MSS. to reach us by the 15th of October.

Many of our best writers have complained of the shortness of the time given for competition; and while we have received a great many good manuscripts, nearly all of the better ones bear evident marks of haste in their preparation—so much so that we cannot believe that we would be doing justice to our writers, our readers, or ourselves, were we to accept any one, just as it is received, to be published as our serial for 1871. We are determined to make **THE CORPORAL** for next year as good as it can be made, and to do this we must postpone the award of the \$500 premium, and give all writers more time for preparation. The time will be extended at least six months, enabling all who have sent MSS. to write for their return, so that they may revise or re-write them, and give an opportunity to any who choose to write new stories, to be sent in competition for the Prize.

In the meantime, a first-class serial will be begun in our January number, to run through the volume.

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY.

(SEE PAGE 189 THIS NUMBER.)

THE LITTLE BLACK BEAR.—The little black bear was found in the currant bushes eating currants. As soon as his keepers put the chain around his neck, he growled and looked very savage. It was a long time before they could get him quieted. The bear was chained to a post, in one corner of the garden. He was exhibited on Saturday afternoons, and a boy stood at the gate to take the tickets. The first day there was a great crowd. As many as five or six different persons came, and some came twice. If you tossed the bear a sweet apple, he would spring and catch it with one of his paws, and then sit very quietly until he had eaten it up. If you told him to dance, he would begin and dance the funniest jig you ever saw. But he did not like to be teased. No nice, gentlemanly boy ever teased another boy, or even a bear. But one boy crawled under the railing, around behind where the bear was sitting, and hit him with a switch. The bear became furious, and sprang, and snapped off his chain in a second. The people all rushed from the enclosure, and there was a great panic. But I believe no one was hurt.

W. G. C.



Prudy's Pocket.

We cannot close the December number of our magazine without a little feeling of sadness. We think of all the merry troop that have kept us company through the year; the boys and girls who have told us their joys and their griefs, and sent us so many pleasant words of love and interest, and we feel as if we were parting company with many of them, and saying *good by*! For it always will be so. Every year we lose some of our young soldiers, and, though new recruits fill up the ranks, yet we love the old volunteers, and dread to see them go. And so Prudy wants to say a word in private to every one of her friends. Be sure and think the matter carefully over, before you decide that you are too old, or too poor to take the magazine next year. There is not a boy or girl in THE CORPORAL's army that cannot contrive, in some way, to earn the money, if they are only in earnest about it; so when the muster roll is called for next year, let every little soldier answer "HERE!"

Here is a question from Lancaster Co., Pa., for the boys and girls to answer. Attention, wide-awakes.

"My Darling Prudy: I am studying physical geography, and in one of my lessons it said that a globe could not revolve on any but its shortest diameter. Our class cannot find out the reason why a globe cannot revolve on any but its shortest diameter; and now, dear Prudy, will you, or some of the subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, please to tell us?"

St. Louis, Mo. "Dear Prudy: I just wish you knew how much I love THE CORPORAL. I am not a subscriber, for it comes to me through pa's office, but I got a little friend of mine to subscribe. In your picture in the back part of THE CORPORAL, where you are taking the letters out of your pocket they have made the pocket on the wrong side of your dress. I hope THE CORPORAL won't stop coming, for I don't think I could do very well without it. I am going to make my sister a playhouse like Mamie's, only with four rooms in it."

Prudy feels dreadfully mortified about that pocket, but that is just what comes of setting men to make pictures, for you know they have their pockets scattered all over, wherever there

happens to be a place big enough. On the whole, though, she doesn't feel sure that the artist meant it for a pocket at all, and it surely was not meant for Prudy's picture, but for some dear little girl like Lizzie, writing a letter for the pocket.

La Grange, Ga. "I want to tell you how I watch for my CORPORAL, just the same as an old hawk does for a chicken, and when my good papa comes home and throws it down in my lap, I fairly jump for joy. You may consider me a life-long subscriber."

Rochester, Minn. "Dear Prudy: I am six years old, and I can read THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and I love it very much. I go to school, and I love my teacher dearly. I hope you will like my letter."

Wilmington, Ill. "Dear Prudy: I am a helpless cripple, fifteen years old, but I number THE LITTLE CORPORAL among my best friends. It sometimes acts the part of the Good Samaritan to me, by diverting my mind from my sufferings, but Oh! not always. I hope, dear Prudy, that neither you nor any of your friends may ever suffer as I have done with this terrible hip disease. I have suffered more or less from it for over four years, and at times it has nearly taken my life. I cannot write this myself, but a friend writes it for me, at my request. When I get better I will write you a letter myself."

Prudy would like to suggest to some of the boys and girls of THE CORPORAL's army, that they might help to brighten some tedious hours for this dear young soldier, by sending him some pleasant, friendly letters. Address Lemuel Allen, Wilmington, Ill.

Grand View, Iowa. "I guess I must tell you how I got my CORPORAL. Mr. Stratton, being a big boy about six feet high and twenty-three years old, concluded that he was too old to read THE CORPORAL, and so gave it to me."

That was real "clever" of Mr. Stratton.

Here are three nice, printed letters; the first is from

Poyssippi, Wis. "My little sister, May, takes THE CORPORAL and I take *The Bright Side*, but we both read them and love them dearly, and as May thinks she cannot print you a letter, I thought I would try. I am eight years old. I read in the third reader, and last year I got the prize for being at the head most times. I have got one hen and fifteen chickens."

The next is from a seven-year-old, in **Galesville, Wis.**, and the last from somewhere in New York, from a boy six years old, who says he studies arithmetic and knows the multiplication table. Pretty well done, Master Charlie.

Rockford. "Last year I got my money for THE CORPORAL in several ways. I earned part of it by doing the work when ma was sick, part by washing and selling bottles, and I sold my crochet needle for the rest. This year I shall have to knit socks for it, but I think I can get it very easy."

Austinburg, Ohio. "Dear Prudy: My name is Florrie Tuckerman. I have been sick a long time, but am getting better now, so I can sit up a little. I had the scarlet fever. My little sister Lucie died the first day of September. Now I have three sisters and one brother in heaven, and

three sisters and one brother here. Lucie liked to hear me read the stories in *THE CORPORAL*. When I get well I am going to try to get some more subscribers."

From *Marvel, Mo.* Prudy has a very touching letter, written by the sister of little Bice Davis, who died August 2d., aged two years, four months and four days. We can only give a brief extract:

"Although so young I think she was fairly entitled to be classed as among *THE CORPORAL*'s soldiers, for she loved *THE CORPORAL* dearly, especially the picture stories, and as soon as it was brought from the office she would clap her little hands, and her blue eyes would fairly dance with delight."

Hughesville. "Dear Corporal: I write to tell you of the death of my only brother, Howard Frontz. He had been a member of *THE CORPORAL*'s army for three years, and always lived up to its motto. He was transferred August 27th, 1870, aged twelve years."

Prudy's friend Anna, who does not tell us where she lives, writes quite a lively letter about the war in Europe, and wants to know which party Prudy thinks is right. Neither of them, but there seems to be little question which party is nearest right. Anna also sends a question for the Corporalites to answer. "I have just found out something about Beethoven, and I should like to know what nation he belonged to, and what they celebrate his birthday for." Who will send us the shortest, clearest, and most accurate answer to that question?

Spring Valley, Ohio. "I have been forming words out of the word corporal; I have found twenty-six common words, and seven that are uncommon. Mamma thinks perhaps the Corporal will ask his boys and girls to try it, and see if they can beat it."

Send your lists to Prudy, anyone who wants to try, and we will see who beats.

Winchester, Ill. "Dear Prudy: I wanted so much to have some of my acquaintances take *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, so I started one morning, not long ago, to get up a club. I found it right hard work, for I only got one little girl, though I walked eight miles. Her pa is dead, but my pa and ma are both alive, and I have three brothers and two sisters. I am the oldest, so I have to help my ma. Give my love to Mr. Sewell for making such a nice book for us children."

Bravely done, Ella. Prudy wishes you better success next time, as you surely deserve it.

"My Dear Prudy: I live in Palmyra, but I was born in England. My sister gave me *THE CORPORAL* for a Christmas present. I like it so much I am trying to get up a club. This is the first letter I ever wrote."

Freeport, Ill. "Dear Prudy: My name is Frankie. Now I hope you will not think I am a boy, for I am a big little girl, eight years old. The reason they call me Frankie is because my brother Tommy named me so, just before he died. I have been reading *THE CORPORAL* to my little sister Lella. She is only four years old, but she loves to hear the stories, and so I took my little chair and sat by her bed, and read till Captain Noddy took her away to dreamland."

Winfield, Iowa. "We all love *THE CORPORAL* down to the very baby. We are glad it is going to be larger. If I could write well enough I would tell Prudy about my pet chickens. I raised one hundred and fifteen from six pet hens, that we brought in a coop when we came west."

All those in one season, Clarence?

Cedar Falls. "Mr. Corporal: This is the first year I have taken *THE CORPORAL*. I liked Tommy. I think he was a nice little fellow. I have a little brother Tommy that takes good care of the chickens, and fetches in the eggs. He has a rooster with his tail pulled out, and I have a brother Johnny that is going to school next winter."

Wheatland, Mo. "Dear Prudy: I have got almost the happy family. I have a little black-and-white dog, and a black-and-white kitten, and they eat together very pleasantly until the food is nearly gone. Then the dog growls and the cat spits, and then they are friends again. They play together all day, and sleep together at night. I take ever so many magazines, but I like *THE CORPORAL* best, because it has Prudy's Pocket in it."

Vernon. "Dear Prudy: I love you so well I thought I would write you a letter. I can't write very well, but I hope you can read it. I want to know what your real name is, and where you live, so if I ever go to Chicago, I may call and see you."

Call at *THE CORPORAL* office, and ask for Prudy.

Philadelphia. "Dear Prudy: My little brother takes *THE CORPORAL*, but I read it. I can't walk one step though I am fourteen years old, but it is God's will, and He has been very good to me. He has given me a darling mamma, and brother, and grandma, and lots of kind friends. But I want to tell you about my little kitty and my canary, named Cherry. Kitty wanted to see what Cherry tasted like, and one morning, when birdie was having a little fly in the room, some one left the door open, and kitty slipped in and hid herself. Presently she came running down stairs to Katy, our cook, and laid the bird down at her feet, alive. We did not whip her, for we thought it was so smart, but the very next week she did the same thing, only this time the bird was dead."

Fayette, Miss. "When one works hard for anything he is apt to value it when he gets it. I have been working hard this week, and have earned enough money to pay for *THE CORPORAL*. *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*'s soldiers are not confined to the west alone; they are scattered all over the Union, and if they will obey his rules they will gain a victory far more honorable than killing men could be."

Here is another questioner; a boy, this time.

"Dear Prudy: Do you know how they found out about the earth. I mean, how far it is through it. My geography says it is about eight thousand miles in diameter, but I don't see how anybody knows, because they couldn't measure without boring a hole through, and then they couldn't get string enough to measure. My teacher told me to try for a week to study it out, but I know I never shall find out, so I thought I would ask you."

How many of the little folks can answer Charley's question. Don't ask your teachers, but study it out "honor bright," and tell us how they might have found the distance.

Private Queer's



THE VOWEL GAME.

Private Queer intended to take two pages this month, so as to show what his readers are doing in the Vowel Game, but you see he has been obliged to give nearly a page to the very necessary index. The game is becoming really interesting, and, we trust, profitable. We are receiving some amusing stories, written with only one vowel. One writer says: "I am so glad you started this game. I have been getting so that I could scarcely concentrate my mind for even a few moments on any one subject. The study of this game is giving me the needed power of concentration." Another says: "It is teaching me a very useful lesson, showing how very important is every letter in our alphabet." Many others write that "It is the best game we have ever tried. We are very much delighted with it." We have some fine vowel articles already for the January number.

The game, you will remember, is to write a story or article, using only one vowel in it all, but repeating that as often as necessary, and using w and y only when they begin words or syllables. A reward of ten dollars is offered on each of the five regular vowels, for the longest intelligent and reasonably sensible article sent, within the above rules, before February 1st. Articles violating the above rules, even though published, cannot count in the competition.

VOWEL E.

THE WREN'S NEST.—The Reverend Ebenezer Mellender rented ten wet fens; these wet fens were well fenced, when the Reverend Ebenezer Mellender rented them; nevertheless, twelve sleek, slender, sleepless wrens perched there. The esteemed Reverend Ebenezer Mellender preserved these defenceless wren's eggs, kept them where the sedges sheltered the wet fens edge, then, where relentless tempests never bent the fens fresh green pendent ferns, he set the hen wrens, sheltered them well, defended the nests when he fed these hen wrens tender fresh beetles, lest the nests be deserted. He never neglected them, even when the lesser pet wrens were well fegged; hence the extreme fret the Reverend Ebenezer Mellender felt, when the freckled belle, Nell Bennet, entered the well-fenced, rented fen, where he kept these tender, pet wrens. He felt vexed when she crept next the reeds, selected the seven eldest defenceless pet wrens, then effected her egress. Speechless the renter reflected, "Her help seemed needless here; never were pet wrens better tended." Then, dejected, the esteemed Reverend Ebenezer Mellender left the cheerless wet fen, yet he ever detested the pert belle, Nell Bennet. Whether she pets the wrens we never need ken.

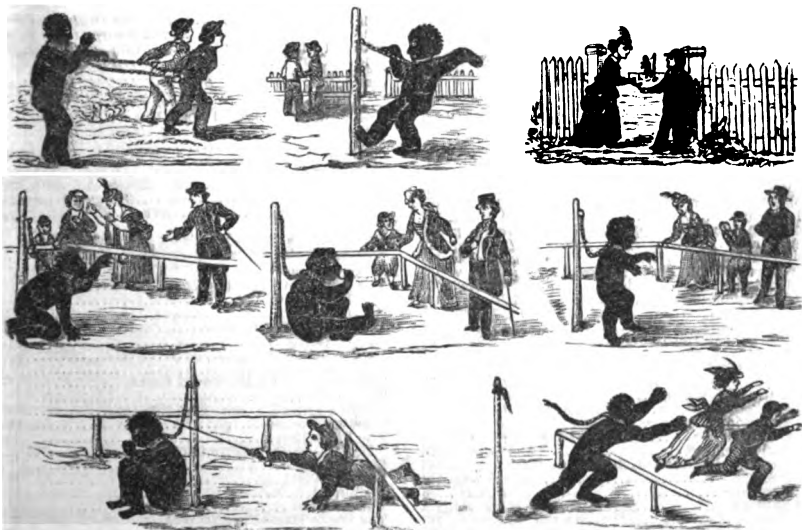
P. F. DEMOTT, of Indiana.

195 words, 337 e's, and no other vowel.

VOWEL I.

Dick Phillips disciplining his mind in writing within strict, distinct limits.—Thinking still midnight might inspirit his mind, Dick Phillips, rising, brings his light, sits him in his night slip, wishing kind gifts in thinking might vielt him. Misgivings fill his mind. Writing, whilst risking stinging criticisms, fills him with sighing. His spirits sink within him. Whilst sitting in this dispiriting plight, Dick's bird, dieliking his bright, midnight light, which his instinct will insist is dimming, blinding his sight, stirs this still night with his shrill singing. Dick, springing with fright, mimics him, bidding him still his din. Finding it is his light which fills his bird with ill will, Dick, smiling, brings his sis Lib's light pink silk skirt, which

No. 20.—A PICTURE STORY.—THE LITTLE BLACK BEAR.



The Reading given on page 136, (Editorial page, this number).

W. O. C.

is nigh him, hiding with this his light. His willing bird, slipping his slight, thin bill within his wings, is still. Finishing his writing, Dick thinks, if this in print his thirsting mind might find, if his skill in writing might win him his first bright, shining chink, his childish thinking mill will thrill with bliss.

R. E., of Massachusetts.

176 words; 233 l's, and no other vowel.

ALPHABET SENTENCE.

The competition is still open on the alphabet sentence. The prize is offered for an intelligent sentence which shall contain all the letters of the alphabet, none of them repeated, and using no abbreviations. We have received many attempts, but have not considered any of them "intelligent," or sensible. Keep trying. Maybe it can be accomplished.

No. 21.—ENIGMA.

A FRENCH NICKNAME.

It has fourteen letters.
8, 13, 12, 1, is a boy's name.
3, 11, 7, 9, 5, 11, is a vegetable.
10, 2, 4, 14, is what the boy does to the vegetable.

The whole was the nickname of a great French general.

Its English is a name familiar to our readers.

M. B. C. S.

No. 22.—METAMORPHOSED DEITIES.

1. Cure my R. 2. Nalad. 3. Up lust. 4. A vermin. 5. Up jet ri. 6. Rosen Piper. 7. Ris. O sir. 8. Nute pen. 9. Up lot. 10. Gasp. Sue.

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Publishers' Department.

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Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us without any loss.

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THE POSTAGE on THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

NOW!

Two Months Free!

To all New Subscribers For 1871.

Work for Clubs Now!

All new subscribers, whose names and money (\$1.50 each,) are sent to us during November and December will receive the November and December numbers of 1870 free. This applies to all, whether sent singly or in clubs.

Let all club raisers work now for large lists.

RENEW NOW!

With this number (December) a great many thousands of our subscriptions will expire. You can tell by the printed address label. If after your name you find Dec70, or Dec0, your time will be out with this number. It will be a great favor to us if you will renew now, or very early, so that our work will not come so heavy just at the close of the year. Raise a club now, and include your own renewal in the club.

AN UNACCOUNTABLE ERROR.

The price of THE LITTLE CORPORAL MAGAZINE is one dollar and a half a year. This fact has been kept prominently before our readers for three months past, not only in our advertisements, but in our Editorials, Premium List, and Publishers' Department. In the last (November) number the price was mentioned (in the Premium List and Publishers' Department,) in ten different places, as being \$1.50. But, notwithstanding this, by a most unaccountable mistake, an "old line," from an old number, issued before the price was raised, crept into the first page of the cover of that same November number. Of course, everybody could see, by everything that was said inside, that the price was \$1.50, but the prominent line on the outside, which escaped the eye of the proof reader, and was not noticed until the entire edition had been mailed, named the old price. It has annoyed us more than we can tell. We trust it has not annoyed our patrons so much, as it was easy to discover that it was an error.

ABOUT SENDING PREMIUMS.

As we state elsewhere, all premiums like Organs, Sewing Machines, and such bulky articles will be sent by express, directly to club raisers from the factories where they are made, the receivers paying express charges. All other premiums can be delivered free of charge at our office in Chicago. All engravings and books of \$5.00 and less in price are sent post paid at our cost. Such other articles as can go by mail, will be mailed by us on receipt of sufficient stamps to prepay postage. All articles that need to go by express will be sent, as above, directly to the club raisers, who will pay the express charges.

PLATED-WARE PREMIUMS.—We send to those who write for it a long list of articles of Silver-Plated Ware, spoons, forks, castors, sugar bowls, butter dishes, pitchers, and all other kinds of Plated Table Ware, from the most celebrated makers, with the lowest manufacturers prices attached. Those who desire silver-plated ware as premiums will be credited on our books with 45 cents for every subscriber sent us, at \$1.50 each, and that amount can apply on the price of any article of silver-plated ware you may select.

When you wish a change of address, send your old address, as well as the new.

PREMIUM TO EACH SUBSCRIBER.

We have on hand several thousand copies of a pretty steel engraving (which we used as a premium with our first year), of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and HIS SON "TAD." Size of sheet 9x12 inches. We are sure that there are a great many children who would be glad to have this engraving, and we offer it to every subscriber, whose name and \$1.50 comes to us after this number is issued, as long as our stock holds out. To secure the premium, you must ask for it *when you send your subscription*, and also enclose five cents to pay the expense of mailing.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S NEW DRAWING BOOK.

REED'S DRAWING LESSONS, WITH OR WITHOUT A TEACHER.—Highly approved by leading artists as the best book for beginners ever issued. It begins with the A B C of the art, and makes plain every step to sketching landscapes from nature.

Send us by mail the price, (\$1.50), and the book will come by next mail, post paid.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

OUR NEW CHROMO

OF BEARD'S RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.

Size 18x13½ inches. Price \$6.00. Encouraged by the popularity of our large chromo of Beard's beautiful painting which was used almost exclusively as a premium for clubs to THE LITTLE CORPORAL MAGAZINE, we are now issuing A NEW CHROMO of the same subject, but of smaller size, measuring 18x13¼ inches, which will be more convenient both in size and price, being one of the finest chromos ever offered.

We paid the artist, Wm. H. Beard, the celebrated animal painter of New York City, *One Thousand Dollars* for the original painting (size, 18x24 inches). He calls it one of his best pieces. The subject is most charming. The legend of Red Ridinghood is known in nearly every land and language, and the picture is believed to be the best conception of the subject ever produced by any pencil or brush. The great features of the picture are the *child* and the *wolf*; but one must see the painting or chromo to form any just idea of its beauty. We give LIBERAL DISCOUNTS TO THE TRADE.

Orders may be sent directly to us, or through the LARGE DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Dr. Patton, editor of *The Advance*, in an editorial article, among other things, says:

"Who has not a vivid recollection of his youthful delight in the story of Red Ridinghood? Do we not take almost as much pleasure now in telling it, as then in hearing it? It seemed true, every word of it, in those childish days, and it will seem true again to all who look upon the beautiful picture now before us—the greatest triumph of the chromo-lithographic art in this country."

Write for circulars with terms to agents and dealers

SEWELL & MILLER, Publishers,
CHICAGO, ILL.

THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.

This beautiful steel line engraving is especially desirable as a premium. It is worth two dollars, and is sent now for a club of only two names to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. See Premium List.

No premiums can be allowed on names sent hereafter, unless all such names be accompanied by *one dollar and a half*, (\$1.50) our present subscription price. We will still however, for a short time, receive subscriptions at \$1 from those who wish to begin and have THE CORPORAL for one year *from July, 1870*. Such subscriptions will only be received for a limited time, and will not be entitled to premiums.

All names sent at \$1 will be understood as intended to begin with July. We will discontinue receiving subscriptions in this way as soon as we can, and thereafter will require \$1 a year for back numbers from July, 1865, to Dec. 1870, and \$1.50 a year for all time after the last named date.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS.—We learn through the *Missionary Herald* for October, that the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. have donated to the American Board of Foreign Missions twenty of their best cabinet organs, for missionary use. This is a very generous gift, when we consider that the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. are unable to fill all their cash orders.

Messrs. Root & Cady, No. 67 Washington St., Chicago, are general agents for the northwest for these organs.

A MODEL HOUSE.—Mr. George J. Colby, of Waterbury, Vt., sends us plans and stereoscopic views of a Model House, which are certainly worthy the consideration of those who are intending to build. A great saving can be made, and many very good ideas gained, by the use of his plans.

HEADLEY'S *Sacred Heroes and Martyrs*, and the *Farmers' and Mechanics' Manual*. W. T. Keener, Chicago, Ill., agent for the northwest, by subscription only. These are two fine books, the first very complete in historical and other data, beautifully illustrated, and certainly very instructive in Biblical Characters.

The second is a handbook for everybody, full of practical and useful things, which, explained and illustrated as they are, so perfectly, form a source of information which is of service daily to the farmer and mechanic.

FIVE CENTS ADDITIONAL

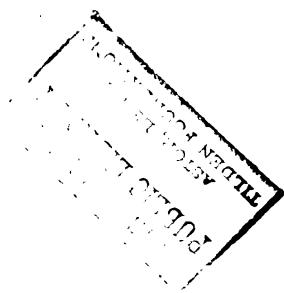
Will buy shoes with silver or copper tips, which will save the buyer the price of a new pair of shoes. Compared with ragged toes and dirty stockings, they are beautiful, to say the least. Parents, try it. St-Oct

A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION.—For nearly half a century the *Youths' Companion* of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.

"OF LATE YEARS advertising has assumed a very important phase—in fact, has become a science in business, and no one has done more, or as much, to make it so, as Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York. Their prompt and systematic mode of transacting their business has gained the confidence of all large advertisers, and has raised them in a few years from one of the smallest to the leading advertising house in the world."—*Maple Leaves*.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.


FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XII.—JANUARY, 1871.—NO. 1.

THE HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

CHAPTER I.



OTHAM CREESE had gone home at last, after his long evening's gossip and story telling at Aaron Hidy's dingy, little grocery, and Cary Houston was out closing the shutters for the night.

"I hope when I'm a man I shan't be such a brag," said the boy to himself. "Seems to me, most horsemen are conceited.

They do have a strange knack of mastering the beasts, and so I s'pose they think they understand folks just as well, and can manage 'em just the same. Now he thinks, because he can drive Starkins' wicked horses and nobody else can, that he's the wisest man in the world. That was a jolly story he told about the dog, though. It'll be good to tell our little Cap, when she's hungry and can't go to sleep."

He had locked the doors by this time, and was hurrying down the street with his cold hands crowded into his pockets.

The little town hall was dimly lighted up, and he could hear the panorama man's organ making slow music now and then, and catch glimpses of wonderful scenery shifting across the stage. Sometimes came the tops of mighty mountains, sometimes the glow of autumn woods against a rich sky, and once an awful glare of lurid light, with a rain of fire.

"'Spect that's Sodom and Gomorrah," said Cary, as he stood, shivering, down on the dark pavement. "I do wish Bannie could see it—or mother. It's better'n nothing just to stand down here and catch peeps, if a fellow only weren't so cold and hungry. I know I shall be cross when I get home—I

always am when I'm hungry. Ban isn't so, nor mother. I'm sure nobody'd ever guess whether they needed to eat or not. I s'pose it must be boy nature to be cross when one's hungry, like a dog, or a bear. If I'd just had a good dish of chicken pie, now, seems to me I'd feel like an angel. I'd love everybody, even old Hidy, if he does kick me around, and make me do drudgery for his wife, when I wasn't hired to do that at all, and ain't paid for it, either."

He trudged on, presently, whistling to keep out the "wishful thoughts," as he called them; but somehow his whistling seemed sickly and out of tune, instead of ringing out clear and rich and blithe, and by and by it died away altogether.

"It was mean of me to quarrel so with Ban, this morning," he thought, when he came in sight of the dim lights in the window at home. "Seems to me I'm double. One part of me, in the thinking business that goes on under my jacket somewhere, is just as ugly as Cain. It hasn't a bit of love or charity for anybody, and it's just cross and selfish and cruel. The other part keeps reproaching and coaxing the Cain, and it's always feeling sorry and wants to be good, but it's so weak that Cain generally gets his own way. What if Cap was whining because there wasn't any butter nor gravy for her corn cake? Had I any business to mock her and tease her? Wasn't I cross myself about that miser'ble bite of a breakfast? Wasn't it enough to make Ban angry to see me act like such a bear? Course it was. But there's the wood—I've got the wood to gather up, yet."

And Cary quickened his steps, and made up his mind that he would quit "worrying" himself.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Sewell & Miller, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Their father had been sick a long time, and through all the winter Cary had dragged waste twigs and branches and old chunks upon his sled from the woods, at night, after he came home from the grocery, where he served as clerk, errand boy, and general drudge. Sometimes he complained bitterly about bringing the wood all himself, when he was tired and cold and sleepy, yet really in his heart he wouldn't have wanted any of the rest to do it for the world. He stopped a minute by the kitchen doorstep, considering whether to go in for a moment, and warm by the few coals in the stove, or, since it had grown so late, go right on to the woods after his load of sticks.

"I'll go in first," he concluded, at last. "Maybe Bannie's up, waiting for me. She sits up sometimes to keep the fire till I come back with the wood, and I'll tell her she'd better not wait to-night, it's so late."

Then he opened the door and stepped in. Jerry and Cap and the baby were in bed, fast asleep; his mother was in the next room with his sick father; and sure enough, Bannie was up, waiting for Cary. The kitchen was wonderfully warm; a cheerful fire crackled in the old cook stove, near which the table stood cosily, with a clean, white cloth, and a plate turned tidily upside down at the warmest corner. A delicious, savory odor pervaded the room, and something was broiling upon the rosy coals under the gridiron, which Bannie busily turned and tested, like the cunningest little cook in the world. Cary never had thought Bannie was much of a beauty. It had even been a keen delight for him to expatiate upon the length of her nose, which he declared had an enormous hump right in the middle of it, and was a "lamentable deformity." But that night he thought his little sister's homely face really did look sweet, bending so rosy and earnest over that mysterious "something" upon the coals. She was older than Cary, but he always called her his "little sister," or "Little Nubbin," unless he happened to be angry with her, because he was so much the taller and stronger.

"Hurry!" she said, looking up at him with eagerly-shining eyes. "I know you'll have to thaw out your fingers and toes a little, but broiled meat isn't so good when it gets cool. And I'm going to bake some corn cakes, too, real light ones, made with sour cream and eggs!"

Cary could see plainly that Bannie had forgiven him for his ill nature in the morning, and wanted to be forgiven her part of the quarrel. It wasn't her way to "keep angry,"

though she never made any direct overtures for peace.

He did seat himself in a hurry, with a little, half-smothered "hurrah," and Bannie placed the "mysterious something" upon his plate, fresh from the coals, most delicately browned, dainty, and tender, and having such delightful flavor as nothing else in the world ever possessed, it seemed, to the hungry boy.

"You must be a witch," he declared, as he smacked his lips over the first mouthful. "And that cake—why, it's as light as a feather; and there's egg in it. I never tasted anything so good."

But in a minute he held up a morsel of the dainty meat on his fork, and looked at it with grave distrust, as he said,

"This is rabbit, you know it is, Ban. And somebody's given it to father because he's sick, and you've been silly enough to cook some for me, just because I growled so this morning at breakfast. As for the egg in the cake, you let Jerry steal it out of old Mrs. Simmons' barn."

There he was again with his surly talk. Bannie sat by the table with her chin in her hands, and her lip quivered a little, as she listened. She didn't want anything like cross words to-night, even if they were spoken as though half in fun. So she said, quickly, with just a little tremble in her voice,

"Now please don't say such things, Cary. You know nobody could make our Jerry steal a single egg, he's such a solid, whole-souled, little bunch of a boy. As for the rabbit, it was the queerest and funniest and strangest thing! Not the rabbit itself, but the way we got it, you know. You see, late in the afternoon, mother said she could take care of baby and wait on father, too; and I had the housework all done, and so I thought I'd go after the wood myself, so you wouldn't have to go out in the cold to-night; and Cap and Jerry went along, and we dragged the old sled away up to Mrs. Horney's woods. And, don't you think, some boys were chasing a rabbit over in a field, and by and by the poor, little, weary, scared thing scampered right into the woods where we were, and Jerry sat down on it, and Cap rushed up and caught its ears tight in her little, tough hands. And Jerry was so amazed for a minute that he couldn't speak; but he found breath pretty soon, and kept saying, over and over, 'I tell you, takes me to hunt rabbits!' And then Cap would pipe out, indignantly, 'No you didn't, Jerry Houghton! I caught 'e wabbit myself.' The boys

who had been chasing it, came over into the woods, and said, as we had caught it, we might have it.

"But that isn't all my story. After we'd loaded our sled, and were coming out into the road, we found a poor, little, lame chicken, fluttering in a bank of snow, and we took it to old Mrs. Horney, and she was delighted. She said it was the choicest hen she had, and she'd thought it was lost; and she gave Cap a little basket of pretty white eggs, which that very hen had laid. As for the sour cream that made the cakes so light, Mrs. Simmons called me across the street and gave me a whole pitcher full. Seems to me 'twas all providential."

Cary's delicious little feast was over. Every morsel had disappeared. It hadn't been quite bountiful enough to make him "feel like an angel; as if he loved everybody." But he had listened to the rabbit story with boyish interest! and he had a great mind to speak about their trouble in the morning, and tell Bess how sorry and ashamed he was; he felt as if he would like to show her how tenderly he loved her, deep down in his heart, and how he thought she was the best, noblest girl in the world. But he never could shape such thoughts right out into plain words, and it would have been hardest of all to speak them out loud. Yet they loved to build air castles together, and often had long, confidential talks, sitting in the dusk by the fast-cooling stove, after Cary came home in the evenings. But to-night Cary was in no mood for building air castles.

"I don't think providence cares much about us," he said, bluntly, by and by. "Now see, how good mother is. I should think the Good Man ought to help us in some way for her sake. This little rabbit business isn't anything. I know just as well as you do that there isn't a speck of anything but eggs for breakfast, and Hidy told me last night I couldn't have another mouthful ahead on my wages; and things look so black, I could just grind my teeth when I think of it."

The tears were shining in Bannie's eyes, now.

"I thought the rabbit would be a cheery little surprise for you," she said, with her voice all in a quiver; "and I wish you wouldn't always say the 'Good Man,' when you're talking to me about God."

"Mr. Penwick says it, when he talks to the children in Sunday school," retorted Cary, a little abashed.

"Well, seems to me the real name sounds solemn and sweet, and we ought to use that

when we're in earnest, and need to use it," said Bannie; "but, indeed, Cary, what you said was just terrible."

"I don't care," returned Cary. "I feel like a fellow with a high wall all around him; I'm all blind, and puzzled, and mixed up, and I can't understand things, and I'm out of patience. It was pretty hard to stay out of day school all winter, and have all the other boys going ahead of me, and now I can't even go to Sunday school. Our old Banner Class is getting to be the pride of the whole church, too, and Mrs. Silk keeps asking and asking why I don't come, and I've just got so I feel like a sneak whenever I see her. How would I look going up for my library book with my great red wrists poking out of these old, short sleeves, and the big patches in my trousers showing plain to everybody?"

"You can learn faster and understand better than any other boy in the class," interrupted Bannie, not daring to speak loud, yet in an eager, hurried way, "and you get just as earnest in the lesson, and sometimes, all of a sudden, you say things like rough, home-made poetry; and you're just the same Cary Houston, patches or no patches, and you ought to be brave enough to go and take your place in the Banner Class, and not think about what you wear."

Cary was out of all patience.

"You don't know anything about it," he said, angrily, "and I won't talk with you any more. I'm going right off to bed." And to bed he went, immediately, which was probably the wisest thing he could have done under the circumstances.

Bannie sat alone a little while, looking at the fuzzy toes of her old gaiters, as they rested on the hearth.

"Well," she thought to herself, "I ought to have sympathized with him a little more, I guess. Only I hate whining so. I can't go to Sunday school because mother needs me at home while father's so sick. I wonder how I'd like to wear these fuzzy old gaiters, and my old, faded delaine, when all the other girls look fresh and bright. I wish I loved God as mother does. She just works away, and she never seems cross or out of patience. I'll have to go and 'dun' Conductor Starkins again to-morrow. There it is again, one of the 'puzzles.' He's never paid father for building his beautiful house, and he only enjoys it because it stands near the railroad, and the people on his train gaze at it when they pass; and he likes the Red-Light Saloon better than any other place. But we may be thankful for a roof to shelter our heads,

and a mouthful to eat, day by day, and poor father must lie and suffer bitter pain for months and months; and somehow it doesn't look just. But there, I'm whining now."

And Bannie determined to drive away such angry thoughts before ever she went to bed. Presently she opened the door of her father's room, and said, cheerily, yet softly,

"I'm not a bit sleepy, mother, and I know I can give father his medicine, and fix his pillows, and everything. So please do let me sit up while you rest."

Mrs. Houston gladly complied, and soon nobody was awake in the quiet house, but homely "Little Nubbins."

The next day was Conductor Starkins' day to be "in." Dinner was nearly ready, and the stately table stood radiant in the dining room, with its fine linen and lustrous silver. The faint perfume of delicate cakes, under their glistening napkins, and the odor of some choice fruit in the silver stands, invitingly filled the room, while the chill, winter rain, pelted the ample window panes, only deepened the cheery cosiness within the beautiful house.

The door bell clamored through the hall just as Mr. Starkins was coming down to dinner, looking very dull and sleepy. The little waiter ushered Bannie Houston into the cold, new "reception room," and Mr. Starkins came in and stood before her, frowning, without even a nod.

"I've come for some money, Mr. Starkins," said Bannie, with her cheeks hot, and her throat aching. "We'd be glad if you could pay it all, to-day. We need it so much, now father's sick."

"Of course you need it. Everybody needs it," came the answer, in a growl, "but I haven't got anything for you, to-day. Money is scarce, and I hate to be dunned. I might spare you a trifle next week. I've got some other accounts I must settle to-day. Good day, miss—whatever your name is."

A brisk tinkling of silver sounded faintly in the diningroom, and Mr. Starkins opened the door before her, and stood waiting impatiently for her to pass out.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Bannie, trying to be very dignified, indeed; but her face was very white, and the words sounded more like sobs than anything else, and the door was closed insolently behind her. She tried to be very proud, and strong, and patient, going down the bleak street, through the rain, but the hot tears would come, and she thought, as she hurried on,

"I can't ever go again. He always makes me feel just like a beggar, and he only doles

out mean little sums now and then, as if it were a charitable pittance, when he ought to have paid father the whole of it long ago. I wish there was something I could do. But then mother couldn't spare me now. She couldn't do all our work and nurse father, too. I know Cap's crying for her dinner, and there isn't a bit of rice for baby, and poor Cary, great, big, overgrown Cary, I wish he *could* have good dinners sometimes. Here I am at the post office. I don't suppose there's a letter, but there might be a paper or something."

The office clerk looked inquiringly down at Bannie, when she asked for mail. There was a letter for Cary Houston, he said; was she one of the family? And Bannie trembled from head to foot as she took in her hand the big, yellow envelope, with its sprawling address. Who in the world could it be from? It brought blessed good news, she was sure, she said to herself, as she hurried down the street toward Hidy's little store; nobody'd care to write to Cary about anything terrible that had happened, and nobody'd be writing to him just for amusement, and it must be a letter on important business; and she brought her old gaiter heels down on the pavement with merry energy as she thought of it.

Cary was standing on the steps of Hidy's oily, fishy, little back room, rinsing clothes out of a big blue tub that stood before him. He was always obliged to rub, rinse, and "scrub up" for Mrs. Hidy, on washing days, but, with all his grumbling, he had never told any of them at home about this drudgery he had to do, or be turned away with no chance to earn anything.

Bannie walked through the dingy front room, after a nod and "good afternoon" to Aaron Hidy, as he sat scowling behind his counter, and stood in the inner door a moment, silently watching her brother at work. Then she went on till she stood facing him.

"You never told us about it," she said, breathlessly, "you dear, brave, patient Cary; and I've been so angry with you, too, for coming home cross. O, I'm so sorry, Cary; but I didn't know. Never mind the rinsing, read your letter. It's *your* letter, Cary."

Cary did break the envelope and read his letter in trembling haste, with Bannie as eagerly trying to read his face.

"Why, Ban," he said, as he finished it, "it's from Uncle Reuben West, away out on the prairie, and he wants me to come out right away and herd sheep for him, and he'll give me seventeen dollars a month! Just think of that! I'd turn six somersets right

here, but I'm so clumsy you'd laugh. "I'll send it every bit home, and you can live as grand as you please. Here, Mrs. Hidy, I can't finish your rinsing to-day."

And Cary rolled down his sleeves with the jubilant air of a slave just shaking off his chains.

"I don't see how you can start for Uncle Reuben's right away," said Bannie, as they walked toward home. "Just think of the clothes you need. To be sure, it's most spring, but there'll be ever so much raw, bitter weather, yet. There is a way that we could get things, what you need and what we need, till you could earn something; only I shall have to think some more about it, before I feel sure."

Cary could not see her white face under the old hood, working in a strong struggle to keep back the tears; and presently he said, cheerily,

"Well, if I can't do any other way, I'll start just as I am, old jacket, short trousers, thin shoes, and all. I can soon earn a good suit, you know. And I dare say it'll be jolly to work for Uncle Reuben."

"I don't know," said Bannie; "it seems as if it would. But yet, I remember Uncle Reuben, when he used to be a young man at home. I used to stay at Grandmother West's every summer, you know, when I was a little bit of a girl. And I remember I liked him, and *didn't* like him, either. He used to talk cross to grandma, because he couldn't get money fast enough, and he was always talking about being rich. And he had a lovely carriage, all scarlet and velvet and silver inside, and shining outside so you could see yourself in it. And all the pretty horses on the farm, were Uncle Reuben's very own, you may be sure."

"Well, there wasn't anything so very bad about that," interrupted Cary; and Bannie was silent a moment.

He was always very jolly and kind hearted, she remembered, unless something vexed him, and then he would fly into fits of passion awful to behold.

That night there was a long consultation held in the chilly little kitchen, after the little children were all fast asleep, and Mrs. Houston was chief member of the council.

"The doctor says the crisis of your father's fever is past," she told Cary and Bannie, "and if he suffers no relapse he will be perfectly well by the early part of the summer. Yes, stronger and healthier than for years before his sickness. We'll be very lonesome without our big boy, but it'll be a change, and he'll have to depend on himself a good

deal, and that'll make him feel manly, and so, Cary, if there's any way we can manage to send you, we'll spare you. But I don't see any 'way,' now. Life is very dark all around us, but I dare say we'll find the light."

So ended the consultation for that night. But in the "still, small hours," when all was quiet in the house, and Mrs. Houston was taking a little rest from watching, she felt two trembling arms clasped around her neck, in the darkness, and heard somebody whispering, brokenly, as if tired out with sobbing,

"Mother, I can get money for Cary to make his journey with, and get him some nice clothes, and every-day ones, too; and the doctor said father would soon need flannel shirts, and I can get them, and ever so many other nice little comforts for him, and something for the rest of us, too. But O, mother, it was so hard to make up my mind, though it's made up, now."

Then she told her mother what it was that she had made up her mind to do.

"Aunt Lulu wouldn't love me any less if she knew, would she, mother?" came in a whisper, after she had told it. "She knows I shall love her, and think how noble and good she was, just the same."

And her mother kissed her, and said,

"No, Bannie; Aunt Lulu will love you more, if her angel eyes see what darkness we are struggling through."

[To be continued.]

SCOTCH CLOVER.

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

"I tell the tale as told to me:"

Nature, tinting the trunk of a maple tree,

In her brush left some brown paint over;

This failing, somehow, to meet her sight,

The brush dipped next in creamy white,

And painted the sweet Scotch clover.

Espying the mingling dark and light,

Dame Nature declared it was but right

To leave her so all should love her;

So she bent to the blossoms, and leaving there

The fragrant breath of her kisses rare,

She perfumed the sweet Scotch clover.

To welcome the fragrance I hasten down,

And I say, "Never mind the stain of brown

That the dear dame's brush left over,"

When I open my window, at early dawn,

And a breath comes up o'er the dewy lawn,

From the blooms of sweet Scotch clover.

I know a maiden, not fair, they think,

With lily white, nor the flush of pink,

But I am her constant lover;

For her soul is sweet with the perfume pure

Of Nature's kisses, and so I'm sure

I shall call her my sweet Scotch clover

BETWEEN THE BELLS.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

"There goes the first bell. Heigh ho! I wish I was a crow," said Henry, giving his Latin grammar a toss which unexpectedly lodged it in the branches of the chestnut, overhead.

He gazed at it a moment in surprise, and then stretched himself out coolly on the grass.

"I hate books," he continued, petulantly; "and schools, and rules, and everything of the sort. Here I've been hammering my brains out with one thing or another, ever since I was born. There's no use trying to get through with 'em, either; it's just like jumping out of one briar bush into another. It's from definitions to dates, and from dates to problems, and the dead languages to dig out by the roots, and *ologies* and *istics* enough to craze an owl. I'm tired of it. If I were a king it should be against the law for anybody to know how to read or write; and every pedagogue should wear a foolscap, so he should."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said a cracked voice at his elbow.

Henry started and looked around.

"So you're tired of books; that's good; come with me, where there's nothing of that kind to trouble you."

The speaker was a stout, little man, with a wrinkled face, white, flowing beard, and a funny twinkle in his deep-set eyes. He wore an odd skullcap, and carried a birchen twig in his hand.

"Do you live far from here? and can I come back whenever I choose?"

"Don't live far from here; can come back whenever you choose," echoed the little man; and, with a sigh of satisfaction, Henry rose to follow him.

Across the meadow, over the fence, and now a bold strike for the wooded mountain. For a little way the path looked familiar enough; then lithe young saplings gave place to giant trees; the way grew steep and strange, and a twilight gloom seemed to settle on the forest.

The little man stumped along so vigorously that Henry had much ado to keep up with him, and was entirely too breathless to ask the thousand and one questions that puzzled his brain.

He was, in fact, beginning to feel discouraged and almost frightened, when, finally, the forest opened, and a blaze of sunlight dazzled his eyes.

Before him lay a level lawn, decked with shrubs and fountains, in the centre of which rose an airy structure, of indescribable grace and elegance; fantastic and out of proportion, an artistic eye would have said.

Before a group of lounging boys the dwarf paused, introducing Henry: "A new comrade, my hearties; give him a greeting, will you?"

"Welcome, welcome to the new Noddy!" they all screamed in a breath.

"Here, Master Ignorance," continued the little man, to a dull-eyed youth, "take charge of this new candidate."

"Certainly," quoth Ignorance; "providin' he's sworn ag'in book l'arnin', and will take the Booby's Oath, to wit, Never ask the reason why."

"He's not sworn against anything," replied the dwarf, testily; "but what little he knows won't hurt anybody, and he says he hates books; so now I hope you're satisfied, and will give him a fair chance."

"To be sure," drawled Ignorance, after a stare that, in anyone else, would have been considered unmannerly. "He's the boy to make a muddle of the pultimication table, my word for it." And, with this complimentary speech, he tucked Henry under his arm, and walked off with him.

"Ain't you glad, Noddy," he continued, familiarly, "that we don't believe in the schullhouse—reg'lar old prison, that. 'Let boys have their freedom,' says we; 'an' ef they must work, let 'em work at somethin' that'll butter their bread for 'em.' Why, you know, our first parents lost all their property by havin' too inquirin' a mind—it's a sin. Hear me too!"

And with that he put a tin trumpet to his lips, blowing for dear life, and strutting about with a very important air, dragging Henry along with him.

Now, to Henry this seemed a very silly and ridiculous performance; and he was glad enough, finally, to slip away and join the other fellows on the lawn.

"O, but isn't this jolly?" chuckled he to himself. "No hateful school bell, nor hard benches; no glum master, pestering lessons, nor horrid books! I'm done with 'em; hurra!"

Then he threw himself into play with amazing energy; won every game, and distanced his competitors in every race, so fresh and brisk he came from his tasks.

"This is glorious!" he exclaimed; "I shall never tire of it."

But while he was zealously inventing new games, and gallantly leading the sport, he

could not but observe that his companions were more boisterous than happy; or, their mirth had a mixture of malice; or, they were stupidly content to do nothing, for,

"All play and no work
Makes Jack an idle shirk."

"This is strange," thought Henry, "I can't understand it;" and ran to Ignorance, exclaiming, "Dear master, pray tell me why?"—

In vain Ignorance put his finger to his lips, and shouted, with frantic gestures, "Stop! stop!"

"I only want to know why, dear master," continued Henry; but before he could finish his question he found himself angrily seized and thrust into a horrid, little dungeon, where bats and spiders were his only companions.

"Sure enough," thought he, gloomily, "if I want to live with this crowd, I must consent to be a booby, and never trouble myself about the reason of things. But a fellow can't help thinking." So he continued to think until he thought himself to sleep; the best thing he could do, perhaps, under the circumstances.

By and by he was awakened by the creaking of the little door, as it swung back on its hinges. A good-natured fellow looked in and whispered,

"Come, Noddy; get out of this, quick! The old un's tooting himself deaf, so now is your time; come with me."

Henry lost not a moment in making his escape. But he now found himself the boon companion of idleness; one whose great delight it was to lie on the grass and watch the sailing clouds; who slept and dreamed, and woke and dreamed again. Always dallying with the present hour, he had no past nor future; no regrets, no hopes, no aspirations. His vague and aimless thoughts were like the noisome scum that settles on a stagnant pool.

Henry soon wearied of this new friend, and, drifting gradually away from him, he found himself at the portals of the beautiful temple he had noticed, when he first entered this charmed region.

Dazzlingly fantastic, its alabaster columns rose like graceful flower stems, supporting a dome that seemed clad in ever-changing hues of inexpressible beauty. A rosy cloud rested on its summit, wrapping its topmost spire in mystery. A circular stairway wound round and round, higher and still higher, till, from its dizzying elevation, the earth seemed a fairy land; while, far away in the sea of ether, lay groups of enchanted islands.

bathed in purple splendor. And this was the Temple of Fancy, the realm of dreams; the home of all sweet, unreal imaginings. From its lofty towers and balconies one sees those famous *châteaux en Espagne*—the towering pinnacles of fame; the longed-for gardens of delight. Those who are poor in all things else, can come here and hug themselves with joy at the loveliness and grandeur of their possessions.

Baseless and airy structure, but dearer to many than all the regal treasures in Truth's domain.

"O, happiness!" cried Henry; "what a discovery. Who would doze, now, over prosy facts and philosophies? A fig for dull books and schoolmaster's homilies."

Away he flew, to disport himself with the golden wings that Fancy lends her young votaries. Away, away, to climb the spiral stairs and nestle under the rosy cloud; when lo! with a sudden gust of wind, the whole fairy fabric came tumbling about his ears, and he crept, despondent, from its ruins.

"Come, come," said a merry voice, "many a worse thing than that never happened but once; it will all pass in a lifetime. Follow me." And a gay creature, wearing a motley dress and cap, and jingling a chime of silver bells, danced quickly by.

Henry caught one glimpse of her, and bounded after; and was soon the veriest mad-cap in her troop of followers. Whimsical, absurd, ridiculous, away they went, over hill and dale, snatching at the roses, making light of the thorns; mocking at the good and beautiful; aping every monstrosity; giddily dancing along, as if life were an aimless farce, and death the crowning joke of all.

Thus, far into the forest, till, looming up in the distance, was a huge castle, gloomy and threatening.

And now shrieks, and groans, and muttered curses filled the air; for that was the abode of Crime, where deeds of darkness and mystery were accomplished. Here Folly redoubled her wild antics, and shook her bells almost furiously; but Henry, looking up a long, shadowy vista, saw a scaffold outlined on the sky, and something fearful dangling from it, and he turned and fled.

Breathless and weary, he paused, at length, to find his old friend, the dwarf, close beside him.

"Well met, my lad, well met," cried he, good naturedly, but still with that old twinkle in his eye; "and now tell me what you have learned since I saw you last."

"I have learned," answered Henry,

promptly, "that Ignorance and Idleness lead to Folly and Crime."

"Good! and what else?"

"That air palaces are very shaky."

"Good again; Fancy ought to look better to her foundations. What else?"

"That I would like to go back to old Gradgrind's, if I could only find the way."

"So you don't like my school?" shouted the dwarf, with pretended displeasure.

"Your lessons are well meant, I presume," answered Henry, growing excited, "but, great Cæsar! I would rather bolt the old academy, Greek, Gradgrind, and all, than to be led another such a dance. Besides, I don't fancy graduating from the gallows."

"Well, well," said the little man, facetiously, "experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. He! he! he!"

And with that he gave Henry a playful little tap across the nose with his birchen switch. But it did hurt tremendously, and Henry opened his eyes and looked about him, to find that his grammar had tumbled down from its breezy perch and struck him in the face.

The last bell was ringing, and, seizing his books, he hastened away to his tasks, a wiser and a happier boy.

THE WEAVING OF THE YEAR.

BY MRS. ELLEN F. LATTIMORE.

With her swift and nimble fingers,
Weaving garlands on the way,
Decking all the trees with blossoms,
Came the joyous-hearted May.

Then, with lightly-tripping footsteps,
Keeping time to Robin's tune,
Dancing on the summer sunbeam,
Glided in the leafy June.

And we sighed to see the blossoms
Fondly cherished in the May,
Crowded by the swelling leaf buds,
Till they, frightened, flew away.

Soon the autumn softly covered
All the earth with misty sheen,
And the golden fruit was nestled
Where the sweet May blooms had been.

Now the winter winds are walling,
Snow flakes skurry through the air,
Flecking all the trees with crystals,
Casting whiteness everywhere.

Laughing streamlets in the woodland
Shiver in their merry glee;
Gentle robins, with their music,
Seek the sunshine o'er the sea.

Joyous spring, and glorious summer,
Dreamy autumn, winter serene,
Calm and storm, and shade and sunshine,
Come and go, to weave the year.

THE METEOR AND THE NORTH POLE STAR.

BY JAMES YOUNG.

A fiery meteor was once upon a time so puffed up by a sense of his own importance, and so anxious to display himself to the inhabitants of earth in his full glory, dressed in his ever-changing robes of colored light, that he challenged the Pole Star, as the best known of all the stars, to appear upon a certain night, at a certain time, that the people of the world might decide which of them was the brightest and best.

The Pole Star, that had always kept his proper place since the world began, replied by saying that he was a star of peace, that he disliked strife and rivalry, that he had his work to do, that he knew the seamen on the deep would be lost if he left his post, but at the same time he declared that the meteor knew where to find him, and that he (the Pole Star), would give him welcome if he made his appearance.

Upon receiving this message, the meteor became still further elated, inasmuch as he could not appreciate or believe in the motives of the Pole Star; he ascribed the answer which he had received, to cowardice, and determined more obstinately than before that the trial should take place.

At the time of night appointed, he sallied out in a gorgeous display of dazzling color. He came from the direction of the sea, in order that he might arrive in full force by the time he reached the destined spot above the land. As he hurried over the waters, he received very small encouragement from the captains and sailors of the vessels which he passed, because they knew that the Pole Star was their friend, and that the meteor was apt to be a mischief maker and a dangerous enemy. The meteor, however, cared little for that, but hurried on swift as a cannon ball, and his mind filled with the vision of the commotion that his presence would create among the inhabitants of the towns of the country over which he was now to pass. At length he reached the destined spot, but alas for his exalted and ambitious hopes, a dense mass of clouds obscured the sky, and after spending his radiance in the atmosphere without an inhabitant of the earth to witness it, he exploded with a loud crack, and was extinguished forevermore, without even a grave or a resting place. In another hour the clouds parted, and when the Pole Star looked out once more, the seamen and the

landsmen blessed his face. He still shines as useful as in former years.

Strive to be great, rather than to appear great, and to be useful in your day and

generation, rather than to dazzle for the moment, and excite a fleeting wonder and admiration. So will you be happy and be blessed.



A CHIP FROM AN OLD LOG.

BY G. H.

The log was hollow, you know, and the chip was alive—in fact, it was a chipmunk; but we played that it was a wolf, and that the log was his den.

I never should have thought of it, though, if it hadn't been for Bessie. We were playing in the beech grove, down by the brook, that afternoon, and Bessie had found a flock of mushrooms, which she called her sheep. They were very white and woolly, and of all sorts of sizes, great, fat sheep and little, plump lambs; and we stuck grape tendrils into some of their heads, for horns. O, it was a fine flock, I can tell you, all huddled together, just like real sheep.

And Bessie made a splendid shepherdess. It would have made you laugh to see her, perched on the top of a stump, watching her mushrooms, and talking to them as if they could understand every word.

"Sheep are so wise," she said to me, soberly.

As for me, it was decided that I should be a hunter, and that it should be my duty to kill all sorts of wild beasts that prowled about that dreadful wilderness, the beech

grove; but particularly to stand ready, at an instant's warning, to come to the rescue of the shepherdess, just as she and fourteen of her finest sheep were about to be devoured by a wolf. It was distinctly agreed, I remember, that she was not to expect me in the least, but that I was to rush up at the very moment that she had given up all hope.

We had two dogs with us—Shot, the old setter, who had been educated for the partridge business, but now devoted himself chiefly to worrying the hens; and little Stub, the terrier, who had a natural genius for anything that had mischief in it. It was arranged that Stub should be the shepherd dog, and stay with Bessie, and that Shot should be my faithful hound.

One thing, however, Bessie insisted on, and that was a crook. I told her that grandpa didn't take care of his sheep with a crook, but she said he ought to, anyway, and that if she couldn't have a crook she wouldn't be a shepherdess at all. So we went to the brook where some red ozers grew, and I cut a beauty, just as straight as an arrow, and as tall as Bessie herself. To be sure, it

didn't bend round at the end, like the crooks in pictures, but Bessie liked it all the better; it wouldn't catch in the sheep's wool.

But if a shepherdess must have a crook, a hunter must have a gun; so another ozler stick had to be cut, with a forked end for the breech, and a twig for the lock. Hastily loading this deadly weapon, we hurried back to our sheep; for Bessie was becoming dreadfully anxious about them. "We hadn't oughter left 'em so long," said she. "I most know a wolf has eat 'em up."

At that instant we came in sight of the flock, and there, sure enough, was the wolf, (that is, the chipmunk,) with his fore paws on the back of our very best sheep, and his mouth full of something. It was a sight to make our blood run cold, for we were about as much afraid of him as real shepherds and hunters would be of an actual wolf. But the more frightened we were the louder we shouted; the dogs barked, and we all rushed for the wolf, who whisked his little tail, and scampered for the nearest hole, which happened to be in an old log.

Having the wild beast fairly in his den, we grew braver at once, and held a council of war, as to the best way to capture him. Stub set his fore feet upon the log, as if to keep it from running away, and looked wisely at Shot, who, with his nose at the mouth of the hole, "pointed" at the game, as if it had been a partridge, and seemed to think that he had done his duty.

I thought about Putnam and the wolf; but decided that I should not try to crawl into this wolf den, for fear of spoiling my clothes, and for other reasons. I almost dared to look in, though; and I made up my mind, if Bessie thought it best, to put my wooden gun in and say "BANG," as loud as I could scream.

I am sorry to say that Bessie was timid, and acted very queer. She didn't seem to know whether the thing in the log was a real wolf or only a chipmunk. First, she was afraid we should hunt it; and then she was afraid it would hunt us; and once she made us both laugh like everything, by calling it a *squolf*.

But old Shot thought it was time something was done; so, while we were talking, he worked his head farther and farther into the log, till all at once he gave a little snap, and out he bounced, with the "squolf" in his mouth. He had been trained to bring his game to his master, so he came and dropped it on the grass right by my feet.

Poor chip! He wasn't a wolf any longer, but a poor, little squirrel; and we both felt

badly enough, I assure you, when we saw him lie there so still, with his eyes shut, and his brown paws held out just like hands. Bessie cried and stroked his fur, and I asked Shot if he wasn't ashamed of himself? but he didn't seem to feel it at all.

Of course our play was spoiled for that day; and after making a little basket of leaves, we laid poor chip in it, covered him with fresh, white violets, and carried him home to mother.

But, will you believe it, we found that he wasn't dead, after all; and when mother lifted up the flowers, he jumped right out of the basket on to the floor. He couldn't run much, though, and it was a long time before he was well enough to go back to the beech grove. We took care of him, and he grew quite tame, and knew his name as well as I did. Guess what it was. It was *Squolf*.

CHAT ABOUT THE RED MAN.

BY MRS. MATTIE L. HOLDEN.

What say you, my boys and girls, to a talk about Indians to-day? Crossing the plains, from Chicago to California, I have seen lots of red men, and I think perhaps you would be interested in a chat about their manners and customs.

I don't think you would be very much in love with the poor, dirty things, and I rather imagine you would wonder how anybody could ever have written poetry about them, could you see them as they are.

The lower tribes, the Diggers and Pawnees, don't live in houses at all, as you and I and all respectable paupers do; they burrow holes in the ground, and live as foxes, rabbits, or wolves are supposed to. They subsist on roots and acorns. I saw them make bread, one day, out of acorn nuts, and I just wish I could remember how they did it—I know it was quite funny. Of course they have no stoves, and they bake their bread by digging a shallow hole in the earth, putting their dough inside, and building a fire above it until baked. The bread, of which an old squaw gave me a bit, was very sweet and good.

We spent one whole morning, watching the Indians fish. They don't catch fish as you and I do. (I must tell you, some time, by the way, about a dreadfully funny time I had, one day, trying to catch trout!) You know the Indians are shockingly lazy. Well, when they *must* work, they contrive to make it about as comfortable and easy as possible.

They build little sheds all along the river banks, of bark and the branches of trees; then they take a long, pointed spear, and lie flat down on their stomachs, in the little sheds, with the spears convenient to their hands. There they lie and watch the water, kicking their brown heels in the sun, and having a good time generally, until a poor, unsuspecting fish comes along. He sees the shadow cast by the Indian shelter, and being rather tired and dazed, perhaps, by a long swim in the sun-heated water, he gives a happy, little flourish of his tail, and makes up his mind he will turn in and take a snooze. The Indian waits until just the right moment, raises his cruel spear, and, presto! the fish is brought out of its liquid home quite dead, pierced through and through with the swift dart. Then the Indian rips open the mottled sides, cleans it, and hangs the wretched little fish on a twig to dry in the sun, for winter food for hungry papoosees. We asked one Indian how many fish he speared a day? He replied, "Sometimes one, sometimes fifty." I should liked to have sent a letter up stream to all the fishes, telling them not to come down that way; but then fishes and people, you know, are much alike. They will go where they like, and must learn all their wisdom by experience.

One day, our good guide came to us and told us there was to be a grand Indian "pow wow" over in the woods—would we like to go? Yes, indeed, we would. So that night, just after moonrise, we started. O, it was such a lovely night! The full moon touched the tops of the pine trees with splendor; the jaunty, little Merced river flashed over the rocks, in stretches of gloom and levels of silver, and all about us rose mighty mountains covered with snow. We felt just a little afraid of bears and wolves. We knew they lived in these woods, and were generally hungry enough to enjoy the chance of eating a good, fat party, such as we were, so that when we heard a queer sort of noise in the bushes, we didn't know but that we had better turn back, and give up the "pow wow." But one of our number, a bold boy named John, said if we would only promise not to run and leave him, he would go ahead and see what the animal was that kept up such a grunting in the bushes. He stepped along very quietly, while we held our breaths with terror, until we grew quite black in our faces. But we were a good deal relieved, when he called back to us,

"It's only a pig! Come on!"

After that we got along very safely, until all at once we came to a great dog, who sat

right in our path, and showed his teeth very frightfully. The Indian boy who was guiding us said something to the beast in a language we could not understand, and he slunk away quite ashamed of himself. We found that the Indians did not like to have strangers coming to their pow wows, so they set their dogs all about the border of the wood, with orders to bite all intruders.

We reached the clearing at last, in safety, and sat down on a big rock to await performances. There were camp fires kindled all about, and they made the woods full of beautiful shadows, and lighted up the pines with strange, weird light. A tall Indian, dressed in a wolf skin, and with feathers stuck in his hair, stood in the center of the clearing, talking. He swung his arms about, and got very much excited about what he was saying, but nobody seemed to take any notice of him. A little farther on, another Indian, without any clothing at all save a sort of braided petticoat half way to his knees, lay flat upon his face and wailed. O, I never heard such a doleful sound in my life! Did you ever hear a dog howl, when everything was still, at night? That is the best idea I can give you of this terrible cry which rang so dismally through the woods. I felt so sorry for him, and wanted our bold boy John to go and see what was the matter; but the Indian guide was much agitated, and would not let him go. It seemed to be part of the ceremony.

After awhile one of the Indians who was squatting by the fire, rose, put both his hands upon his hips, and commenced a queer, waving motion with his body, accompanied by a sing-song tone, which cannot be described on paper. Then another rose and joined him, and another and another, until the whole number were dancing and singing. Squaws joined the ring, with their papoosees strapped to their backs. Nobody laughed or seemed to be having a nice time. The orator talked himself hoarse by the fire, with nobody to listen. The poor fellow on his face howled, and kept his mouth in the dust, with nobody to relieve him.

It was a very strange sight, and was kept up for three days and nights, although we did not stay that time. We noticed one old squaw with snowy hair, and wrinkled skin that hung like cobwebs from her bones. Her knees were splintered up with wood to keep her on her feet when she stood, and she was hobbling about in the dance in a way so funny and so sad, that we laughed and cried together to see her.

"How old is she?" we asked our guide.

"She was here when these mountains were little hills," answered he.

We concluded she must be pretty old.

After we went home, we could not get to sleep for thinking of the strange performance, and resolved we would not go again.

The Indian mothers carry their babies in little boxes slung over their shoulders. The poor little midge is only taken out once in twenty-four hours, and there he swings, as straight as an arrow, with nothing but his round, brown face in sight, until he is old enough to walk.

When a squaw wants to make herself and the pappoose (that is the baby's name in Indian) look very pretty, she paints both their faces a brilliant red. When an Indian dies, if he has been good, they burn him, and gather his bones and ashes together. Of the former they make necklaces, to wear about their necks; the latter they mix with pine pitch, and smear their faces with it thirty days, for mourning.

We saw one of the Indian tribes on the war path—that is, they were going out to fight another tribe. They were stripped to the waist, painted in brilliant colors, and carried bows and arrows and long spears. They always ride one after another, in trail, as they call it, and it takes a long time for a company of two or three thousand to pass a given point.

But we have talked long enough for this time, my dearies, let's say good bye, and come again another day.

THE PRAIRIE WINDS.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

O, the winds, the frolicsome winds that sweep

O'er savanna's broad and fair!

Born in the caves of the "vast deep,"

At the voice of Æolus they wake from sleep.

Through the dashing waves and the sparkling foam

They spring aloft to their boundless home,

The limitless realms of air.

Away, away, o'er the tossing sea,

They whirl in a magic round;

Away, away, in their wanton glee,

To the desert plains of the south they flee.

Sweeping along in their pride and might,

Kissing the mountain peaks in their flight,

They compass the earth at a bound.

O, the winds, in their never-ceasing play,

The frolicsome winds for me!

My spirit leaps forth on their viewless way,

With a fearless bound and a wild huzza;

Flinging the phantoms of care aside,

Far above tempest and cloud I ride,

And my soul grows strong and free.

MY RIDE WITH THE PRINCE.

SORRENTO, ITALY.

Dear Freddy and Bob: Suppose you two little boys should run through the entry and through the kitchen, and there, instead of finding the yard, and the fence, and the hydrant, you should see right before you a great, big ocean, with ships sailing on it! Then, if you were to go into the side yard, and find lots of oranges hanging on trees, you would think it a very pleasant place, wouldn't you? Well, Uncle Bill lives in just such a place, and in just such a house. When he opens the back door, there is the sea, directly in front of him, very blue, and as smooth as the parlor mirror, and little ships are sailing about on it. So smooth is the water, that it seems the little ships are sailing on glass. When he walks in the garden, the oranges hanging on the trees knock against his hat, and all he has to do is to pull and eat them. O, crowds and crowds of oranges!

As I was sitting on a bench in the garden, a few days ago, a handsome young man came and sat beside me. We talked awhile, and became acquainted. He was a Prince, just such a one as you read of in the fairy stories! He said he had nothing to do, and would like to go all about this beautiful land with me, and show me all the lovely places. I said, "Very well, we will go together."

Ever since then, we have been rambling all over the country, sometimes walking, and sometimes riding on donkeys. At first, of course, the Prince took me to his villa. Do you know what a villa is? It is a beautiful country house, sometimes painted white, sometimes yellow, with a garden all round it. A stone wall shuts in the garden, so that people can't climb in; but when you are once in, you have a nice time, for you can play ball with the ripe oranges that lie on the ground.

Well, after passing a very pleasant day, part of the time rowing in a boat along the shore, and part of the time climbing over the hills, the Prince took me up on top of his house, where there is a flat roof with a railing round it. There we sat, looking at the town of Naples, way off twenty miles across the sea, and at the mountain of Vesuvius, the great volcano of which Fred has a picture in his geography book; and just as the sun had gone down, making everything on the land and the sea the color of a rose, a servant appeared on the roof, carrying a waiter, on which were two cups of coffee, one for the Prince, and one for me. I thought

this was very nice, so we drank the coffee, and talked there for a long time. You must know that he can't talk in our language, so we have quite a hard time to understand each other.

Let me tell you what we did the next day. We started off on donkeys to go up the mountain; up a steep, rocky path, just as though Fred were to ride up the back stairs on horseback. We met barefooted women carrying baskets of green vegetables on their heads; and donkeys with paniers on their backs, loaded, some with fagots, some with fruit; and barelegged men holding on to the donkeys by their tails. This is the way they drive them.

After awhile, we came to some masons building a wall, "*Caius murum ædificabat*," you know! And how do you think they got the stones? I will tell you. At a little distance from the place where they were working, I saw a young peasant woman stooping by a large pile of stones. She took one at a time from the pile and placed it on her head. There was a cushion on her head to keep it from hurting. Then, holding herself very straight, with one hand lifted to the stone to keep it steady, she would walk slowly off until she came to the men, and then she would tip it down by them, and they would go on building the wall. I had my old, gray, soft hat on, so I helped her carry stones in the same way on my head; and we had a great deal of fun.

We left the girl and the masons, and climbed on farther till a turn in the road showed us, on the other side of the mountain, the blue sea again, far below, shining with a million sparkles in the bright sunlight. Here we got off the donkeys to rest them, and to let them eat grass. Almost beneath us, lying on the surface of the sea, were three little islands. They are called the Islands of the Sirens. The Sirens were, in old times, pretty little ladies, who lived there and sang most sweetly. Whenever they saw a ship sailing by, they began to sing, and the mariners would steer the ship toward the islands so as to get near them. Then the ship, striking against the rocks that were hidden under the water, would be broken to pieces! They did this many times for many years; and why these little ladies behaved in this wicked way, I cannot tell, unless it was because they wanted to get the hair brushes and combs and looking-glasses belonging to the captain's wife, which they hoped to find in the cabin, for they were, like the mermaids, I believe, very fond of combing their hair while singing. Indeed,

a great many young ladies now-a-days like to do the same thing. I am sure I have heard Miss Laura, over the way, when the windows were open on a fine May morning, singing most beautifully, and I think it very likely she was combing her hair at the same time, although of course I am not sure. Maybe her great-grandmother was one of the sirens. Well, we looked and looked, and couldn't see any of the ladies, nor hear them sing, so we began to think it wasn't true.

By this time the donkeys were rested, and getting on them, we rode to the top of the mountain. Here we found a level plain, all covered with short, green grass, and pretty flowers, red, white, blue, and yellow. Riding along here, we saw a number of little twigs bent down and tied with string. We wondered what they were, until a bird lit on one of them, when the twig flew up quickly, and the string caught him with its loop by the leg. Then we knew that they were bird traps, which the boys set to catch birds, that they may sell them to the hotel keepers for the Americans to eat. We saw here a boy in his shirt sleeves. I put my hand on his cap, just for fun, and there I felt something fluttering. I made him take it off, and, lo! there was a bird. I bought the bird and set it free, and watched it fly down the mountain side until its white wings were lost among the olive trees.

The prince asked him if he had any more, and the answer he made was to put his hand in his bosom and draw out another bird, alive and squeaking. He pulled out another and another, until he had pulled out eight! There they were under his shirt all round his body next to his skin—eight birds, all alive! The Prince said, "We will have them for dinner;" so we bought these, and the boy began to kill them, one by one, and throw them in a heap on the grass. Uncle Bill thought he did not kill each bird quick enough, so he helped, though he did not like to do so, and got blood on his fingers, which he had to wipe off with a bunch of white daisies that had dew on them.

A little farther on, we met a man dressed in an old, velvet, shooting coat, with a gun on his shoulder. He had a bag full of birds, and offered to sell them. We bought them all, and now had thirty birds, all for a quarter of a dollar! I'll tell you presently what we did with them.

It was now almost noon, and riding on, we came to the end of the mountain top, and began to go down on the other side. All at once, right before us, we saw a pretty

little village, the village of St. Agata, into which we rode. The little children came out to look at us, and began to beg. We went on, trying to find somebody who would cook our birds for us, as by this time we were hungry. Presently we saw a little house in the village, with a garden in front. In the kitchen was a woman frying some eggs in a pan. We asked her, and she was kind enough to say she would cook our birds. We left them with her, and walked about the town for half an hour. On coming back, what should we see in the garden path, but an enormous barrel, turned up on end, with a white cloth on top. On that was set our dish of birds, cooked nice and brown. Beside them, a huge dish of macaroni, with cheese, loaves of bread, and onions, and a quart of wine. The barrel was empty, I know, for it sounded hollow when my knee hit against it; and then the bung hole was toward me, and had no stopper in it. Well, we ate all the good things up, every crumb! Then the woman gave us oranges, apples, and nuts.

After dinner, the peasants gathered round, and the Prince, who likes gymnastics, showed them what he could do. Another man and I clasped hands at arms' length, while the Prince, taking a short run, turned a somersault over them. Then he climbed up trees like a cat. I had on a suit of clothes that Mr. Poole made for me, and was afraid I should tear the buttons off, so I did not climb. But not to be outdone, I placed two chairs five feet apart, and stood a bottle of wine on the ground between them. Then resting my head on one chair and my heels on the other, and holding my body quite stiff, I lay there without any other support. I reached my hand down for the bottle, and passing it up between my legs, and round and round my body, drank from the neck of it, and set it on the ground again. Then getting up, without unfolding my arms, I dared them to do likewise. The Prince tried, but he couldn't do it; and the peasants couldn't do it; so then we lit our cigars and laughed and talked till it was time to go home.

The villagers waved us good bye, as we rode down the mountain, till the winding road shut St. Agata from our sight, and showed us Sorrento and the bay, just as twilight was coming on.

The Prince kissed me good night at the door. You must know it is the custom for men to kiss each other here. It was in a very different fashion that a young English Prince said good bye to me, yesterday. He

was only a baronet, to be sure, and hadn't as long a name as the young Italian; but I think he had a great deal more money, and a great deal more ground, and was, no doubt, an excellent fellow. But he came sauntering into the room where I sat at breakfast, with his hands in his trousers' pockets, and said to me,

"Where do you *hang out* in Rome?"

And when I told him, he nodded, and said, "See you there; good day."

This was his way of asking at what house I liked best to live, whenever I stayed in the town of Rome, where the Pope lives?

Here in Sorrento, I am in a house where long ago a famous poet dwelt. He wrote the story of the "Crusades," in verse. But I cannot tell you more of him till some other time. So, good night. UNCLE BILL.

HOW TOMMY WENT TO THE CIRCUS.

BY PRUDY.

Billy had a wonderful stock of patience. To be sure, he had very little to try it, for, as he never had to go through with any washing or brushing or curling to speak of, he saved up all his stock to spend on more important matters. This special morning, he had waited at the alley gate, with his sticky face pressed close against the bars, waiting and watching for nearly an hour in the vain hope that Tommy would make his appearance.

As for Tommy, he was in the house, trying to harness his kitten to baby's little, tin, express wagon. The trouble was, that whenever kitty heard the wagon rattling behind her, she turned around, quick as a flash, to see what was coming; and so Tommy had to begin all over again. He gave it up at last, and kitty crept away under the lounge to lick her fur into respectable condition, and Tommy sauntered out the door, quite undecided what to do next. Then Billy's patience had its reward.

"C'mover here, Tommy," he called; "want t' show you something."

Tommy came down to the gate; like Parley the porter, he only meant to look through, but when he saw the doors of the livery stable all splendid with red and yellow posters, he marched straight across the alley before he stopped to think.

"It's the cirkis," said Billy. "It's over by the soap fact'ry in a tent more'n a mile big; an' there's elfunts, and ranga-tangs,

an' camels higher'n a house, an' monkeys, an' everything."

"I saw monkeys to the musement," said Tommy, twisting his short neck to get a good view of a picture that was pasted on sideways.

"Ho, 'tain't like them things," said Billy, scornfully. "The elfunts dance on one leg, and they have a horse that can read the paper, and fly in the air with a man standin' up on his back. My brother Sam seen 'em."

"I'll ask my Uncle Jim to take me," said Tommy, "or nelse papa."

And so he did; but he found, to his great disappointment, that neither of them approved at all of the circus, so he was forced to console himself by admiring the pictures.

"I know the way," suggested Billy, temptingly; "you jest come down to the corner, an' I'll show ye."

Tommy did not mean to go any farther, but when they reached the corner there was a big store in the way, and they had to cross the street to see plainer. Then they walked along a little farther to see some gold fish in a window, and then to see what a wooden Indian was holding out in his hand, and then to examine some red velocipedes, until at last they came to the street cars. Right at the corner there was one with a little flag on top, that said, in big letters, "TO THE HIPPODROME." Neither of the boys could read it, and if they could have done so, they never would have guessed what it meant. But Billy knew that the car with the flag went to the circus, so he said,

"Le's get in." And foolish little Tommy got right in.

There was nobody inside, but pretty soon the car began to fill up, and, soon after they started, the conductor came through for tickets.

"Who pays for you, bub?" he said to Tommy.

"Papa, nelse Uncle Jim," said Tommy, promptly.

The conductor looked around inquiringly, and Tommy explained.

"They didn't come, too; we're goin' to see the cirkis, me'n Billy."

"Have you got any money?" asked the conductor, smiling a little.

"Course, I 'sh flnk so," said Tommy, "in my tin savings bank; and a dollar besides of it, only it's lost down the 'frigerator hole to the parlor, where the warm comes up."

"I've got more'n that," said Billy, "only I borrowed it to Sam, and he don't never pay me."

"They're runnin' away, the little rascals,"

said a good-natured-looking man to the conductor. "The best thing you can do is to put them off at the next corner, and tell them to go home."

So the conductor put them off presently, and told them to run straight home, or the policeman would lock them up; at which Tommy began to cry, but Billy was not in the least troubled.

"Come on, Tommy," said he, boldly, "we're 'most there now."

"I want to go home," whined Tommy. "My mamma says you're a bad boy, and I mustn't 'sociate wld you."

"You've got to come," said Billy, triumphantly, "'cause you don't know the way home. My mother says you ain't nothing but a big baby, with yer curls and yer white stockin's."

Tommy quailed at once before this awful sarcasm, and walked meekly along by Billy until they actually reached the ground, and found, to their dismay, that people were expected to pay for going to a circus. Half suffocated by the dust, trampled and jostled by the crowd, and frightened out of their wits, they finally made their way to a vacant lot behind the tent, and sat down to rest, and think what to do next. The fence was covered with an awful picture of a man in a cage of wild beasts, and Billy's courage revived, as he looked at it.

"Tell ye what," said Billy, "if I was a top o' that fence, I could peek in."

Tommy looked up hopelessly at the high fence, and made no remarks, but Billy began at once to make search for a board, and finally secured a short one which he managed to drag from under a pile of rubbish, and leaned it against the fence. The first attempt at mounting brought him down with a sprawl to the ground.

"Jiggles too much," he explained, wiping his mouth on his jacket sleeve. "You'll have to sit down and hold it steady."

"I don't want to," said Tommy; "I want to go home. My mamma wants me."

"You hold it," said Billy, "and I'll tell ye what I see, and then we'll go straight home."

So Tommy sat down and braced his back against the board, and Billy-managed, after a good deal of jumping and squirming, to reach the top of the fence, where he hung suspended by his knees and elbows. He could see a good deal, much more than he expected; but, unfortunately, a tall man on the inside of the fence saw him, also.

"Here, you little rascal," he called "get down from there;" and he reached up and

rapped Billy's fingers with the end of his cane.

Billy would have been very glad to get down, but his legs were too short to reach the board by which he had mounted, so he



dangled about for awhile, until another rap on his fingers forced him to let go and drop to the ground, where he lay crying with pain and anger. Tommy cried, too, for company, and the noise soon brought a crowd about them. First, some idle boys, who began to tease and torment them, from the same spirit in which they would have tied a tin pail to the tail of an unfortunate dog. Then a man, who advised them to go home; and then a fat, old, peanut woman, who had sold out her stock, and who scattered the rabble of boys with a few hearty cuffs, and pouncing upon the two children, dragged them out to the sidewalk.

"New," said she to Tommy, "tell me where you live, my little man."

"I live to papa's house," sobbed Tommy, "wid mamma and Uncle Jim."

"He lives on Oak street," said Billy, beginning to recover his spirits. "I'm a taking care of him, and I know the way home—I guess I do," he added, looking around a little dubiously.

"You come along with me," said the woman; "I'm just going that way myself."

And she kept fast hold of Tommy's hand, as she waddled along very much in the style of a big rocking chair out for a promenade.

When they reached the corner of the alley, she released Tommy, and the young gentleman went home without a word to Billy, who crept into the livery stable, feeling decidedly crest fallen.

"O, here he comes, ma'am," said Ellen, rushing down the yard, and seizing Tommy by the hand. "Yer a nice b'y, now, to be scarin' yer ma into fits with yer vagabone ways!" And as she talked, she dragged Tommy along and presented him to his mother, saying, "Here he is, ma'am, all safe and sound. I knew he was bound to turn up."

Tommy's heart smote him, when he saw how pale his mother looked, and he laid his head in her lap and began to cry, penitently.

"Where have you been, Tommy?" asked his mamma, laying her hand gently on his head.

"To the cirklis, wid Billy," sobbed Tommy.

"And you ran away! O, Tommy, mamma thought she could trust her little boy," said his mamma, sadly; and at that Tommy cried harder than ever.

They had a long talk about it, and Tommy was very much disposed to lay all the blame on Billy; but his mamma preached him quite a little sermon from the text, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not;" and after awhile he began to see that his part of the wrong lay in the *consenting*.

"But Billy's a real naughty boy, mamma," he added, "and I sink I'd better not play wid him, 'cause he's always 'ticing me, and I might consent."

His mamma thought so, too.

TWO PICTURE BOOKS.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

I remember a dreary winter day at Forest Home. Lessons were over, and dear mother's urgent request had carried us six times "around," on a Christmas stocking, and through two "diamonds" for that mythical bedquilt, which remains to this day unfinished. What to "fly at next," (as grandfather used to say,) was now the question.

We had out-grown our toys. The big doll, with dropsical hands and deformed shoulders, had been gently laid to her rest in the old red chest some months before; the little set of dishes from which said dollie had partaken of many a sugar-plum dinner, was given back to mother "to keep," and the

box of wooden houses, with black doors and red windows, and churches whose steeples all were green, had been sent as a present to little Johnnie Jones, our nearest neighbor's five-year-old.

So we puzzled over the "amusement question" for a while, when Mary said, "Let's ask mother; she always knows."

"Practice your duet," suggested our oracle, looking up from her work.

"O no; we did that in lesson hours."

"Play history cards."

"There are only two of us, and it takes four."

"Well, why not play 'go a visiting,' as you used to last winter?"

"O, mother, that's *so old*; and besides, it's for children," added Mary, with all the dignity of thirteen years.

Mother put her hand over her eyes, rocked gently a few minutes, and cut the Gordian knot in this wise:

"The fact is, girls, your father brought home, last night, a package sent him by Charles Gifford."

Now, if she had announced that Santa Claus had taken lodgings at our house, or that Aladdin's lamp was hanging in the front hall, she would not have delighted us so much by half, for, in the first place, we had never believed in the furry old stocking filler since one Christmas, when we saw mother putting Pollock's "Course of time" in our brother's boot, which he had hung on the door knob; and to tell the truth about the other gentleman, we had never yet read the "Arabian Nights." But Charles Gifford was the hero who filled the place of all impossible good fairies, in our partial fancy. I wonder if over everybody's childhood hovers such a vision of gentle wisdom and unobtrusive goodness, mingled with so much of dashing courage and unspoken romance, as this name suggested to our girlish thoughts. What a wonder he was, withal, to us wild, young wood birds, with his careless elegance of manner, his artistic tastes, his classic lore, and the constant suggestions in his conversation of so much that was strange and delightful; of wise books and wiser men; of the world's varied beauty, and, last of all, of lands far off, where there were solemn old ruins, magnificent palaces, and curious people, and such pictures as one never sees in our native land, except in his loveliest dreams.

This last was the favorite topic of this substantial good-fairy of ours, and many a time, when he had come to hunt prairie chickens, in August, to eat Thanksgiving pies or

Christmas turkey, he talked to us of the old world and its treasures in a style that threw Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," and Andersen's fairy stories completely in the shade. Then, he had sent us books, and written letters for our reading, in his beautiful, peculiar hand; and, most marvelous of all, he had drawn our vine-wrapped cottage, our big barn with the steeple, and the portrait of our old dog "Fido."

What wonder, then, if the unlooked-for arrival of a "package" from a source like this was, to our minds, the very summit of good fortune, and its examination the precise "thing to be done," which, of all others, we would have chosen?

"I meant to keep it as a surprise for Mary's birthday, next week, but perhaps it will afford you more pleasure now," said mother, taking out her keys and unlocking the particular bureau drawer in which she was wont to keep her choicest treasures.

I wish this huge old world had anything to show me now, on which I should gaze with all the delightful expectancy with which I watched the lifting out of Mr. Gifford's package, and on the inner wrapper read the words, "For the amusement of my friends at Forest Home—of the young ladies especially." For thus did the gallant bachelor of forty call us girls, just entering our verdant "teens."

Mother raised the lid of a pretty, white box—how plainly I can see it now—and took out a great book, bound in dark green morocco, with gilt clasps, and the words "Sketches and engravings," in quaint letters on the side. While we were exclaiming over this beautiful and costly volume, mother proceeded to read the following letter, bearing our kind friend's tasteful monogram and seal. It was addressed to my father:

"ROSEBANK, Feb. 10, 18—.

Dear W.: I send you one of my pet books, chiefly for the amusement of your daughters. It is a loan, however, not a gift, for, aside from its preciousness in my eyes, on account of the associations clustering about it, more than for its intrinsic merits, I hope the knowledge that they cannot keep it always may make them ambitious to commence a collection of their own. This will make an agreeable variety in their employments, and tend to the cultivation of pure and lovely tastes, so that, years hence, the magic realm of *Art*, of which they thus get a glimpse, no matter how shadowy and imperfect, will dawn upon them with a clearer ray, perhaps, because of an effort even so humble as this. At all events, it is in this hope that I offer my big book, with the assurance of my distinguished consideration, etc., etc., to the little ladies aforesaid.

There was no more discontent at Forest Home for a long time after the arrival I have described. To "look at Mr. Gifford's pictures" was the "reward of merit" we were

eager to gain, and of which we never grew weary. When we knew them all by heart, those choice clippings from his own sketch books and those of his artist friends; those gleanings of many years among rare books and magazines, and in the print shops and picture stores of various lands, we began to invent stories to go with them, and how many a charming evening hour have we spent thus, weaving our harmless fancies about some fair young face that gleamed upon us from the changeful pages; rehearsing the history of some celebrated artist or poet, or detailing the added "lesson" we had learned that day about some famed locality here represented. Full of instruction as of pleasure was this scrap book to us all, and from its coming our parents dated a new and happier era in the history of their children, and it carried our thoughts out into so many new and beautiful paths, that they never could come back into quite the same limits as before.

We were not slow to act on the suggestion about making a picture scrap book for ourselves. But, before speaking of it, let me further describe our model, which has always seemed perfect in my eyes.

It was very strongly bound, having a narrow strip of leather attached to each page where it joined the cover. Its leaves were of firm, fine paper, of an ash-gray color, and about as thick as the best quality of drawing paper. The edges of the pictures were very neatly trimmed, without margins, the tint of the paper forming an artistic background. Their different shapes, square, oblong, oval, and round, were turned to the best possible account in grouping, several pictures being collected upon a single page, or only one or two, according to their different sizes. They were fastened in their places with flour paste, in preference to any other adhesive mixture, and under each its name was written in a clear, plain hand, with now and then an appropriate verse, or a well-chosen quotation in prose. Although the pictures were not regularly classified, their subjects had been studied with care, and you would not have found the landing of the Pilgrims side by side with little Jack Horner who sat in a corner, nor the Roman forum opposite a portrait of Daniel Boone.

All these points I do not profess to have observed at the early period in my life of which I am now writing; if I had, the account of book number two, which we made, in imitation of Mr. Gifford's, would be more edifying.

Here it lies in a big chair beside me—that

dear, absurd, old book of ours—souvenir of so much that is sacred and sweet. With what pleasant care we worked upon it, beginning the very day after the package was revealed. We considered, first, however, our small resources, consulted with the heads of the family and our learned brother, whose vacation came just then, and whose "Freshman" wisdom was all at our disposal. In Dollie's red chest, up garret, had been deposited, from the earliest times, a lot of legislative documents, "Acts to incorporate," and "Acts to amend other acts entitled," forming altogether the most stupid collection—excepting always the "Patent Office Reports"—that has ever come under my observation. Their only merits were their dimensions, about a third greater in length and width than those of *Harper's Magazine*, and the stiff paper on which their lengthened dullness was drawn out. These we stitched together, and fastened at the back by a strip of stout cloth. We sent to town for a piece of fine pasteboard, for which we paid the sum of thirty cents, part of the profits of our little gardens. This we covered with a remnant of the parlor paper, made up of flowers, dots, and parallelograms, in equal parts; and thus the binding of our book was provided for. Now for its title. *The Morning Star* was the name of a journal which had long been a favorite weekly visitor, and, happily, its heading was printed in letters of unusual size and beauty. Those of my readers who are fond of anagrams will see, as we did, the word "engravings," sparkling in this "Morning Star," that is, all but the *v*, and this we managed easily, by inverting one of the *a*'s and pasting a bit of white paper across its horizontal bar. Then—and how characteristic this was of our years you will not appreciate for at least two decades—we decided to improve upon Mr. G.'s plan by adding "our names, the year, the day," and, under all, a flourishing ornament, cut from an old, high-colored calendar. These last embellishments I wisely counsel you not to imitate, but am mournfully apprehensive that you will not content yourselves with less.

Now for the pictures. The frontispiece—books wouldn't be books, you know, without one—was *Mercy's Dream*, which, I blush to acknowledge, we took from one of mother's *Ladies' Repository's*, and asked her for afterward! An angel, such a lovely one, is flying through the air with a gleaming crown, which he is just going to place on *Mercy's* head, which is in convenient attitude, at some distance from the tree against which

she is asleep—even if she is asleep against it. But never mind, it is a charming picture, and I could not forbear, in those days, when one “wreaks oneself upon expression,” the penciled comment on the margin, “*Very fine.*” But don’t you do any such foolish thing, when you make a collection of engravings.

Next came—and no amount of satire from our collegian, or mild expostulation on our parents’ part, could turn aside our purpose—the sketch, in water colors, of the late lamented Fido, a work of such surprising claims that I could no more have refrained from copying on its margin, from the list of “foreign terms,” at the end of my old spelling book, the word *chef-d’œuvre*, than a boy can help “standing around” conspicuously in his first pair of top boots.

Thirdly came contributions of friends generally. Father made a sketch of our cat, Herbert Octavus, as a “companion piece” to Fido. Mother contributed, from the carefully kept portfolio that dated back to her young ladyhood, a pump with a pitcher beside it, and a bench with a basket of flowers within convenient distance. Oliver gave us a caricature entitled, “A Freshman’s first Oration.” Our teacher had painted a full-blown rose, at our especial request, which was accorded a place of honor, immediately after the family contributions. It had striking merits, of course, exhibiting what art critics—terrible humbugs, by the way, of whom, as you grow older, you must beware—call “A remarkable feeling for detail.”

But time would fail me to tell you all the beauties of this wonderful book, with whose slow and varied growth was wrought all that our friends could be persuaded to contribute; and we kept up a brisk correspondence to this end. All that was best and much that was worse, I am pained to confess, in those endless files of illustrated papers and magazines, which never are but are ever to be bound; those accumulated Patent Office Reports, whose only saving feature is their engravings and colored prints; those “transactions” of agricultural and other societies, that nobody reads, and those stray pictures of every grade and subject, which form part of the lumber of all households, were there gathered. The old book contains over four hundred pictures, nearly one-third of which are “original drawings,” furnished by many a friendly pencil, at our request; and these lend a charm and value to the worn-out volume of which we little dreamed when they were asked and given.

If you ask me, dear, young readers, why I have opened my picture book before you, I

would reply, out of the love I bear you, and from the wish I have to add to your sources of healthful recreation. I know the eager impulses within you to learn and to do, because I remember so vividly my own. I know about the postage-stamp fever, that is, very likely, raging, at present, in your veins, though I never had it, for it was not an epidemic in my day. I know, too, about the coin-collecting mania, and the button-stringing malady, and I approve them all, for they are “renewing to the system,” as the doctors say. It seems to me that many more need to be added to the list, and from my own “affection,” of which I hope never to recover, I would gladly spread the contagion of *picture gathering*.

Another time, perhaps, you will listen to my theory for rendering our picture books more useful and amusing still than were those of which I have told you to-day.

“LITTLE SILVERHAIR

LISTENING TO THE CHRISTMAS STORIES OF
THE ANGELS.”

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Whenever I sit in the twilight,
At rest from the toils of the day,
And the little ones gather about me,
Too weary for laughter and play,
I think with the longing of sorrow and love,
Of the one little child that’s away.
Away from the arms of the mother,
And sometimes it grieves me to know,
Content with the love that surrounds him,
He never will miss us below;
For he looks in the face of the Father above,
And walks with the saints to and fro.
I love in my fancy to follow
Their steps by the river so fair,
And list to the wonderful stories
The angels are telling him there—
The beautiful angels of Paradise,
And dear Little Silverhair.
There’s the angel that spake unto Hagar,
“Fear not, for God heareth thy moan;”
And the one that came flying to Mary,
All shining with light from the throne;
And the strong, bless’d seraphs that soothed
the dear Lord
When tempted and fainting alone.
But grandest of all is the angel
Whose story I often have read,
Who came to the tomb of the Saviour,
And rolled back the stone from its head,
And said to the weepers that trembled to hear,
“The Lord has gone up from the dead.”
O, angel of life and of glory!
Come whisper thy message to me,
When sadly I sit and remember
The child that is gone from my knee;
For I know in the mansions where Jesus has
His little ones surely must be. [gone,

THE PRAYING MANTIS.

My Dear Corporal : In these letters I have hitherto confined myself to descriptions of such insects as were interesting and beautiful ; now, I think, by way of variety, I will introduce to you a really "horrid bug." It is large and strong, and of a very curious form, and in its relations to other insects, mercilessly cruel, not sparing even its own kind, but the stronger invariably killing and devouring the weaker, whenever two happen to meet ; and, what seems to us still more unnatural, the females are the fiercest and most powerful, and seem to take the greatest satisfaction in tearing in pieces and dining upon all such unfortunate males as come within reach of their relentless claws.

A battle between two well-developed

as "Devil's Horses;" "Rear Horses;" "Intelligence Bugs;" "Praying Nuns;" and "Praying Mantes." The latter two names are particularly inappropriate to creatures of their cruel and treacherous dispositions, but were doubtless suggested by the devout appearance they present when, with their fore legs folded and heads bent forward, they are intent on watching some unsuspecting insect that is incautiously approaching them. The scientific name is *Mantis carolina*, and the most convenient common name is the English one of "Camel cricket."

The warlike and cannibal habits of the mantes, have caused entomologists to class them among "beneficial insects," since they subsist, for the most part, upon such insects as are injurious to our crops. But even this fact does not incline people generally to



females, is an exciting thing to witness, and lasts sometimes for hours, one or the other being sure to die in the contest, and very likely both, for no quarter is ever given or retreat made, and the fighting often goes on with the same energy after one or both the combatants have lost their heads and various other portions of their bodies. Their weapons are their powerful front legs, which are armed inside with sharp, saw-like teeth, and long, pointed spurs, which grasp the victim like a vise, and never unclose until the appetite of the captor is satisfied.

The peculiar, wisely-wicked expression of these insects, and their menacing attitude, have caused them to be regarded, especially by savages, with a great deal of superstition, and even in our own enlightened land, have earned for them many singular names, such

regard them with very great favor ; indeed, I myself rather suspect that their services in destroying the enemies to our fruits and vegetables are somewhat overrated. They would, undoubtedly, be efficient allies against the Colorado potato beetles, grasshoppers, etc., if they hunted for their prey ; but this they do not ; the females, being clumsy, and not having wings capable of supporting them in flight, move about but very little. When hungry, they stand perfectly motionless upon a leaf or twig, with fore legs raised, ready to seize the first fly, beetle, or ant that approaches ; and the quickness and dexterity with which they grasp their poor victim, is perfectly incredible. Once secured, the most desperate struggles are unavailing to release it, and its captor proceeds to regale itself upon the softer portions of the body, casting

aside the horny parts. When its meal is made, the mantis very neatly brushes its jaws and legs to cleanse them from any particles of food that may adhere, and again assumes its watchful position.

The male mantes, one of which is represented in the accompanying figure, are not quite so formidably armed as the females, but have much longer and stronger wings, and often fly into our dwellings in the evening, to the great consternation of nervous ladies and timid, little girls, at whom they seem to dart in their unsteady flight. It would be better for our equanimity, doubtless, and no less safe for our persons, (for these insects have never been known to injure anyone,) if we could regard these uncanny-looking "beasties" with the superstition of the Hottentots, and some other heathen, who believe that the person upon whom they alight is specially favored by the gods, and endowed with a charm that wards off all harm from the fortunate possessor.

The mantis may be met with in most of the southern States, and is very numerous in portions of Missouri and Illinois—the central part of the latter State being its northern limit. It belongs to the order *Orthoptera*, and like the katydid, is of comparatively slow growth, being hatched in May, coming to maturity in July, and dying in October. It does not undergo any complete transformation, having, in its larva and pupa state, the same form as the perfect insect, except the wings. In color, the males are grayish brown, and the females usually green. The wings of the latter only cover about two-thirds of the body, and do not enable the insect to fly; but when fighting, they are spread out like banners.

Their cannibal habits render the mantes very difficult to rear in the breeding cage, as, at first, they invariably devour and injure each other to such an extent that but a small proportion survive, and as these disdain all dead insects, it gives one no little trouble to keep them supplied with a sufficient number of living grasshoppers, flies, etc., to accommodate their wants. Their various habits, including their prize fighting and murderous propensities, are, however, very interesting to take observations upon; and, if I did not have some misgivings as to the moral effect, I would recommend THE LITTLE CORPORAL boys to capture a few when the season returns again, in order that they might see all the peculiar proceedings of these very peculiar insects.

MARIE ESTELLE.

PLAYING SCHOOL.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Six in a row on the doorstep there;
Nice little schoolma'am, prim and fair.
Funniest noses, dimpled chins;
Listen awhile! the school begins.

"Classes in 'rithmetic, come this way!
Why were you absent, Mary Day?
Now, Miss Susan, what's twice four?
Maybe it's 'leven, maybe more.

"Jonny, don't blow in your brother's ear;
Stop it! or must I interfere?
Say your tables—now begin;
'Trustees' might come dropping in!

"What would they ever say to us,
Finding the school in such a fuss?
Baby Jenny, how is that?
D O G, dear, don't spell cat.

"Terrible boy! your face is red—
Why will you stand upon your head?
Class in spelling, that will do:
Here's 'sterfificates' for you."

Faces as pure as the morning sun,
Voices that ring with harmless fun;
Sweet is the lesson you impart!
Sweet! and I learn it all by heart!

Six in a row on the doorstep there;
Nice little schoolma'am, prim and fair.
Free of the world, and all its pain;
Would I could join your school again?

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

[SEE FRONTISPICE.]

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Rob and Winnie were in the cellar picking over apples. It was Saturday afternoon, and they had played so hard all the morning they didn't mind an hour's work after dinner; besides, this was a kind of fun, sorting the apples in the big bin, and filling one barrel with red, spicy spitzenburghs, and another with juicy pippins, all green and golden. They had a candle stuck high in the wall above their heads, and by its light you could faintly see the barrels of beef, and pork, and vinegar, the big bin of potatoes, the rows of cabbages along the wall, and all sorts of dim uncertain shapes in the dark corners, that made the cellar seem a good deal like a mine. That was what Rob and Winnie called it, a *gold mine*; and they played they were taking out treasures by the basketful, and looking every minute for the great giant who owned it to come roaring in and carry them off to his cavern.

"My barrel's most full," said Rob, peeping in at the pippins; "I say, Winnie, don't you

wish it truly was gold, so we could buy things for Christmas?"

"O my," said Winnie, "I'd have a Christmas tree big as the spruce tree by the gate to the burying ground, and hang it all full of things, and light it with gas candles, like Bertha Holloway's house."

"I should have a horse," said Rob, "or maybe two of 'em, and a velocipede, and a gold watch, and a pair of silver-mounted skates."

"Maybe Uncle 'Lijah'll send you some skates from Boston," suggested Winnie; "he forgets things, awful, though."

"I don't care," said Rob, independently, "I'll earn some myself, sometime."

"One, two, three," rang out loud and clear from the great eight-day clock in the kitchen, and the children left their work with a shout and rushed noisily up the stairs. Their mother stood in the kitchen door, talking with a man in a great farm wagon, and holding in her hand an unopened letter.

"I was down to the Center with a load of middlin's," said the man, "and the postmaster he was inquirin' for somebody that lived on the Abel Simmons road to fetch this letter out, seein' 'twas marked '*important*,' and he reckoned your folks wouldn't come to town this week, 'count of the mud."

"I'm greatly obliged to you, I'm sure, Mr. Dawly," said the mother, turning the letter over in her hand.

"Not at all, Mis' Simmons," said the neighbor, "I hope it's no bad news."

The mother shut the door suddenly, and her hand trembled as she began to fumble in her basket for the scissors. "Bad news," of course not; she had not once thought of that. Most likely 'Lijah's folks were coming to Christmas, and this was to tell them of it.

"It's from your Uncle 'Lijah," she explained to the children, tearing off the envelope at last, and reading it hastily, and then adding, with a quivering voice—

"Grandma's sick—very sick, they think."

"O dear, dear!" burst out Winnie, "will she die now, do you think?"

"I hope not," said the mother, wiping her own eyes, to comfort her little daughter; "we couldn't spare grandma, could we, not unless God wants her? but I don't see how we can get to her, with these dreadful roads."

"Will you have to go down to Uncle 'Lijah's," said Rob, in dismay.

"I should like to go," said their mother; "but I don't see how in the world I can be away, and only three days to Christmas, and a snow storm brewing."

"Will father go, too?" asked Winnie.

"Of course he will, if I go," said the mother, going to the door to blow the tin horn.

"O dee! who'll tate tare me den?" wailed Tot, from the corner where she was building a house with the clothes pins.

"I'll take care of you," said Winnie, with a sudden putting on of dignity, "and I can keep house, me and Rob can, and get ready for Christmas."

Abel Simmons came in from the barn at the sound of the horn, and when he had read the letter, he decided at once that they must go in spite of the mud. So the old rockaway was oiled and brushed up, the harness carefully examined, and, with many a caution, the house was left to the charge of Rob and Winnie.

"We shall be back again the day before Christmas, if it doesn't storm," said the mother, "and I shall stop at old Mrs. Dean's and see if she can't spare Sarah Spicer to come and stay with you."

"O don't, mother," said Winnie, "we want to keep house all ourselves, and Sarah Spicer just bosses me around."

Her mother smiled and kissed her on both cheeks, as she hurried away.

It grew dark early, for it was a cloudy day, and when Rob had finished up all the chores at the barn, and split the kindlings, and piled the big woodbox as full as it would hold, he helped Winnie get supper and wash the dishes.

"We're poo' little orphans now, ain't we, Winnie?" said Tot, in a plaintive voice, as Winnie was coaxing her into her nightgown. "P'raps nobody won't never come back to tate tare of us, I shouldn't wonder, not till we all f'eeze to def."

"O yes, Tottie," said Rob, "you come here and I'll hold you just as papa does, and tell you about three little kittens."

Tot managed to curl up in Rob's lap, though she found her quarters rather narrow, and it was hard to tell which of them began first to nod.

That night the snow that had been brewing began to fall down thick and fast, melting, at first, in the warm, cushiony mud, but getting the upper hand at last, so that by morning it lay in great, fleecy piles over everything, towering up from the fence posts, and weighing the evergreens almost to the ground.

"O my," said Rob, "father'll wish he'd taken the sleigh."

"S'pos'n it should snow and snow, and bury us all up, and the folks couldn't come

to Kismas," suggested Tot, pressing her dismal little face to the window.

It did "snow and snow," and, though the farm house was not quite buried up, the road was filled to a level with the tops of the fences, and coming or going was an utter impossibility. Winnie tried to keep up a brave heart, but when the evening came on dark and dismal, with no abatement of the storm, she wished most heartily that her mother were at home, or even Sarah Spicer. She rather thought she should enjoy being "bossed around," instead of taking care of Tot and that great lonesome house all herself. Tot was low spirited that night; she wouldn't eat her supper, and she curled herself up in the big chair, declaring her "froat ached," and she wanted mamma.

"Dear me, Rob," said Winnie, in despair, "what if Tot should go and have the croup."

Rob had nothing to suggest. He was very busy trying to examine Rover's teeth, and Rover did not like the operation at all.

"Rob," said Winnie, hesitatingly, "don't you think we'd better have prayers; seems to me I shouldn't feel so lonesome."

Rob made no objection, and so they opened the big Bible, and put their curly heads close together while they read, verse by verse, one of the blessed Psalms of David. Then they kneeled down and said "Our Father" together, just as they did every morning at prayers, only I think they were more in earnest than ever before; and Tot sat in the big chair, with her thumb in her mouth, as if she hardly knew what to make of it.

"Now then," said Winnie, with a sigh of relief, "if Tot's going to have the croup we must put her feet in hot water, and fix her something to take."

"Something to take," meant oil and molasses, as Tot knew by experience, so she very promptly piped out,

"I shan't take anyfing; I don't like it."

"O yes, you will," said Rob, firmly, "I shall make you."

"You tan't make me," gurgled Tot, with both hands over her mouth. "O dear, dear! I maybe I shall die."

"Well, never mind, Tottie," said Winnie, soothingly, "sister'll wrap you up warm and put you to bed."

"I don't want to go to bed," sobbed Tot; "you must sit up wid me and tell stories—mamma does."

"Well," said Winnie, who was quite ready to make a martyr of herself.

"I shan't sit up," said Rob. "Father says the place for sick folks is in bed."

Before Tot could reply there came a sound of shouting and stamping at the door, and all the children stopped to listen.

"Somebody's come," said Rob, setting the door wide open. A gust of wind sent a whirl of snow across the kitchen floor, and a clear, brisk voice called out,

"Now, then, Josiah, you go to the barn and see to the critters."

Sarah Spicer came bustling into the house, stamping the snow from her feet, and unwinding an immense woollen tippet from her head.

"Well, well," she said, looking sharply about her, "so you're all alive, and chirk as crickets."

"Tottie's sick," said Winnie, "and O, Sarah, I'm so glad you came."

"She's been acting the awfulest kind, Tot has," said Rob.

"My sakes, has she got fits?" asked Sarah, anxiously.

"It's the croup," said Winnie; "but I don't believe she's truly got it very much. Did mother send you, Sarah?"

"La, no," said Sarah; "we were away when she stopped, grandma and me, but I heard about it over to Mrs. Holcomes, and I couldn't sleep in my bed for thinkin' of you in that storm, last night. And says I to Josiah, 'You jest git up the oxen, and we'll break a road down to Abel Simmons' fore bed time.' Josiah's gone home, 'cause grandma depends on his being there, but I'm goin' to stay."

In half an hour Sarah had transformed Tot into an amiable little being, rubbed her throat with goose oil and her chest with opodeldoc, bundled her up in her yellow flannel nightgown, and deposited her in bed. Winnie dropped the burden of responsibility, and crept in beside Tot, and as she sank to sleep she heard Sarah's brisk steps, tap, tap, tap, about the kitchen, setting everything tidy and straight. It was nice to get up, the next morning, and find the kitchen warm, and the table set with just what they liked best, waffles, with cream and honey. Even Winnie was delighted, while Rob made no scruple of expressing his satisfaction with the change of cooks.

"Now, then, Winnie," said Sarah, "do you know what your ma was calculatin' to do for Christmas? Is any of your folks coming?"

"Yes, indeed," said Winnie. "Horace is coming home, and all Uncle Ralph's folks; and mother was going to roast the speckle-tailed turkey, and make mince pies and apple and cranberry sauce, and 'lection cake, and lots of things."

"Well," said Sarah, "they'll all be here to-morrow, I don't doubt, and your pa and ma, too, for the roads'll be broke out, and they can borrow a sleigh; but it'll be high dinner time when they get here, and you and I have got to fly round lively and get everything ready. I set the bread last night; and Rob must pare the apples for us, and kill that turkey."

Winnie's eyes fairly danced with delight at the prospect, and Rob marched off grandly to do his part of the work. He found plenty of it before night, for the great, roaring stove fairly devoured wood, and it took an unreasonable quantity of apples, he concluded, to make Sarah Spicer's tarts and pies. Even Tot had a finger in it, and sometimes a good many of them, but she had a profound respect for Sarah's authority, and on the whole behaved very well. Only one thing spoiled the triumph of the day, and that was when the children remembered, at bed time, that it was Christmas eve, and nobody there to play Santa Claus with their stockings.

"Never mind," said Sarah, "you can hang 'em up to-morrow night just as well;" and they had to be satisfied with that.

Such a glorious Christmas morning as it was! The whole spotless surface of the snow was covered with a glittering sparkle of frost-work, and every little twig of the bare trees shone as if it was blossoming with rainbows. Inside of the house the work went on briskly until the middle of the forenoon, and then the children began to grow impatient, and ran to the door at every sound of bells.

"S'pos'n they shouldn't come," said Winnie, about eleven o'clock, "and all this splendid dinner spoiled."

"They'll come," said Sarah, turning the big turkey around for another basting; "you will see 'em within an hour."

"There's somebody now," said Rob, "just coming around by the cross road."

There was another stampede to the doorstep, and a variety of opinions as to who was coming. Rover pricked up his ears and looked as if what he knew would be worth hearing, if he only chose to tell it.

Over the bridge, and past the old willow—nearer and nearer, until they could see the familiar star in old Whity's face.

"It's them! hurrah!" shouted Rob; and at that moment a handkerchief was waved from the sleigh, and Winnie responded by swinging the napkin with which she had been polishing the delicate, old-fashioned china.

In a moment more the sleigh was at the gate, and the children dragged their half-

frozen mother into the little "keeping room," which was as warm as a nest.

"O dear!" she said, when she could speak for shivering, "I do feel thankful to come home and find you all well; and grandma's better, too; but I feel as if I should go through the floor, to think of all those folks coming, and not a thing done about dinner. Horace always lots so much on Christmas, too."

She untied her bonnet with a sigh, and went mechanically toward the parlor to put it away in the big mahogany bureau, that did duty as wardrobe and sideboard. What did she see when she opened the door? The round, brass heads of the andirons glowing and grinning before a jolly fire, and through the middle of the room the long table, spread with its whitest linen and its fairest china. The top of the bureau loaded with pies of every description, from the midst of which the snowy mountain of 'lection cake looked down complacently. While she rubbed her bewildered eyes, the other door opened, and Sarah Spicer came in with a big dish of ruby cranberry sauce in her hands, and a savory odor of all manner of good things rushing after her. Then the mother began to comprehend the situation, aided by a perfect volley of explanations from the excited children; and the look of relief and pleasure that came over her tired, worried face, was enough to pay them all, twenty times over, for all they had done.

"An' I made some pies, all my lone," said Tot, complacently.

"Oh! Tottie!" ejaculated Winnie, in astonishment.

"Most all," said Tot. "I punched the wrinkles round the edges wld my fum—Sarah washed it first," she added, seeing a queer look on her mother's face.

Uncle Ralph's folks and Horace came just as the turkey was done to a turn; and if anybody thinks that wasn't a merry Christmas, it must be because they were not there to see.

JANUARY.

BY L. D. NICHOLS.

Hail to thee, New Year! thou comest to meet us
With frost and with snow, but we are not
afraid; [greet us,
Warmed are our hearts by the dear friends who
Too happy to be by thy blustering dismayed.
Full are our minds of all good resolutions,
Look we for strength to our Father above;
Bravely advance we to meet the dim future,
Gladsome with vigor, with youth, and with
love.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY MRS. M. G. KENNEDY.

Tell me, little Mabel, with your face against the pane,

What is it you are watching, 'mid the darkness and the rain?

I was only trying, peering in the darkness so,
Whether I could see the years, as past they come and go.

Darling little Mabel, with such wistful eyes and gaze,

Did you really think to see them separate their ways?

O yes! The children told me that it was surely true,

If we watched to-night, we'd see the meeting 'twixt the two.

But I'm afraid, that so hard it does both rain and snow,

That we can't see the New Year come, neither the old one go.

Dearest little Mabel, come and rest your head on me,

And tell me what it was, you expected thus to see.

O, I thought the Old Year must be very, very old,
Since he came, so long ago, thousands of hours have rolled.

He must be very weary, with the work that he has done,

For he has never rested a day since he begun.

Mamma, how I wonder whether what I thought was snow

Were his locks of hoary hair? O, how I'd like to know.

Perhaps he stripped the leaves from trees that once were green,

That he might find a cane so strong his falt'ring steps 'twould screen.

Mamma, dear mamma, hark! how loud the wind is crying.

Do you think it can be because the Old Year lies dying?

Mamma's little Mabel, God will shield us from all harm;

Tell me the rest, my darling, sheltered by this loving arm.

I thought surely a white-winged angel would have come,

And taken him in his bosom before the dark begun;

Perhaps we did not hear him, they are such noiseless things,

And what we thought was snow, were feathers from his wings.

I hope they will carry him gently, like a little child,

And lay him down to rest, for it's a darksome night, and wild.

Dear Old Year! now that your work is done, are you glad to die?

Or do you want to grow young, like the year that's coming by?

Is every month your wife, and the weeks your children dear?

The days their daughters? Then the hours that seem never here,

And swift-winged minutes, dear Old Year, tell me what are they?

Don't die just yet, Old Year! Wait a minute while you say.

Loving little Mabel, tell me what was in your heart,

About the bright young New Year, who now must take his part.

I know sweet, glad, young New Year must be very tiny,

Through the trees we soon will see his silvery robes so shiny.

Dear little thing! Old Year ought to wait a day or two,

On purpose to show New Year what he has got to do.

I'm afraid that he grew cruel, as he was growing old,

And will leave the little darling right out there in the cold.

I should think angels would come and hold his little head,

Perhaps, when we thought it snowed, they were making up his bed!

Or 'twas to soften the hard ground, that he might learn to walk,

For I suppose the new year can neither walk nor talk.

I wish spring time was here, with her beautiful flowers,

They're prettier playthings for him than these icicle showers.

I wonder whether the angels will sing him to sleep,

Or whether dying Old Year will stand o'er him and weep.

Mamma, dear mamma, hark! how loud the wind is crying,

Do you think it can be because Old Year lies dying?

Mamma, must there come a time when New Year, too, must die?

What was that? I think I heard the years go passing by!

Precious little Mabel, sleeping sweetly on my breast;

Holy angels guard my darling, watching o'er her rest.

Guard my sweetest, choicest treasure, sent me from the skies,

For what we call our Mabel, is an angel in disguise.

A "Big Indian" strayed away from his camp and got lost. Inquiring the way back, he was asked, "Indian lost?" "No," he said, disdainfully; "Indian no lost—wigwam lost." Striking his breast he exclaimed, "Indian here!"

ART AMUSEMENTS.

BY MARTHA POWELL DAVIS.

The pupils in Aunt Phebe's school had been promised a treat at the close of the term. So when vacation had been announced, she said,

"As the new year approaches, you are anxious to learn something new. You want something of novel character, something recreative, to occupy your thoughts and attention. You need something of less intense character, than the studies you have been pursuing. Yet, if there was a marked feature of usefulness connected with the new pursuit, it would give you much more gratification than aimless fun, or idle mischief. Come, then, all who love the beautiful; all that admire handsome vases and pictures; come, all who appreciate fine fruits and flowers; and you shall learn to make them yourselves. You shall learn to make apples, peaches, and pears, just like those that grow in your gardens. You shall make roses, pinks, and lilies, so much like the real ones, that your friends, deceived by their beauty and freshness, will exclaim, 'Oh! where did you get such fine flowers?' How did you save those fruits so long past their season?" Here are samples of fruit. What do you think of them?" Inquired the speaker, displaying a basketful, which she invited the pupils to examine.

"Aren't they nice! Are they for us? I'll take a bunch of grapes," whispered one.

"I like pears best," said another.

A third thought peaches looked the richest.

"Ah! don't bite it, Charlie," said auntie, as an impulsive little fellow made an indentation with his teeth. "It is wax, child! don't you perceive how light it is? Yes, my dears, all these fruits are made of wax; and these flowers, too," she continued, displaying vases and wreaths most beautiful.

"Do you mean to say you will teach us to make these beautiful things?" inquired the girls.

"I am sure," said one, "I never could make anything so natural."

"The beauty of wax work is," returned the teacher, "that in no other way can nature be so perfectly and so easily counterfeited as with wax. Children, when nine or ten years of age, by exercising a little patience and taste, may soon attain proficiency in this art. Of course, an acquaintance with harmony in colors, learned in drawing and painting, and an accuracy of observation, acquired, perhaps, by the study of botany,

will greatly assist in the more difficult features of this work. Therefore, while the art offers encouragement to the young by the simplicity of its principles, it stimulates the studious to purchase greater excellence by the aid of other arts and sciences. The way in which wax fruit is made, differs much from the manipulation of flowers. Making fruit includes the imitation of solid objects by pouring melted wax into molds, something like the molding of candles. You have all, perhaps, seen candles molded?"

Here many hands were raised. One little, blue-eyed boy had never seen candles made, but had "seen his papa mold bullets of lead, to shoot in a pistol."

"Well, that will give you some idea of what I mean."

This notice encouraged the little fellow, and he asked if it would do for boys to learn the wax work?

"O yes, it is a very proper study for boys. The knowledge may be valuable to them, some day. For instance, if any of you should be nurserymen or fruit growers, it would greatly enhance the profits of your business, to take *fac similes* of all varieties; and long after any particular kind of fruit had perished, the wax specimens might be exhibited to customers who wished to buy plants or trees.

"But, children, we have wandered from the point. We were talking of molding fruit. This suggests the necessity of molds. They are made of plaster of Paris, over natural fruits. If you understand this process, it will enable you to imitate any variety, however rare, or however distant from your homes. If you understand how one fruit is made, you have learned the principle of making most other fruits, and indeed all objects that are cast in molds. You can make a tomato, a melon, an ear of corn, a doll, a bust, nuts, acorns, anything you wish. True, the details of instruction differ, for some of these things, but the principle is the same. Having learned to make molds, and to cast in them artificial fruits, all that remains is to put on the final finish, which, however, requires more skill and judgment, perhaps, than any other part of the work. The beauty of fruit consists not only in its shape, but in the imitation of proper colors, as producing the blush and bloom of a peach, or the streaks and specks of an apple.

"Wax flowers are made from sheets of wax, of different colors, cut into petals, leaves, etc., and for stems, wire is used, of appropriate sizes, covered with wax. To make artificial flowers properly, it is neces-

sary, first, to become familiar with the material used; next, you must understand how to procure shapes and patterns from nature; then, how to cut these from wax and arrange them into correct imitations of natural flowers; afterward to be finished with leaves, tendrils, etc. Lastly, comes the disposition of all into harmonious combinations, as varied tastes may dictate. Then, as a consequence of this knowledge and practice in wax work, you will want to learn ways and means for protecting your delicate handiwork. You would like some hints in constructing ornamental baskets for fruits, vases for flowers, frames for wreaths, crosses, and other pictures."

"Can you teach us all this in twelve lessons? will you begin to-day?" exclaimed eager voices, as the speaker sat down.

When I witnessed the enthusiasm these pupils manifested, I could not help wishing that many thousand inquiring minds could have the benefit of Aunt Phebe's instructions. So, by your permission, Mr. Editor, I will note down the full details of future lessons, and send them to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, for the benefit of that noble band that is fighting with you "for the good, the true, and the beautiful."

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Almost every Pacific steamer bears to these American shores a living freight of Chinese immigrants. These oriental foreigners, with their many festivals and strange customs, will soon form an important element in our social system; and boys and girls, not less than their fathers and mothers, are interested in knowing all that can be learned of these staid, dignified, courtly "Celestials"—for dignified and courtly they are, even in their working dress, in the kitchen, and behind the counter.

In this sketch, I wish to introduce my young readers to the Chinese manner of "keeping New Year;" and hereafter I may tell them something of the festivals of the "Celestial Empire."

The Chinese New Year falls on the sixth of February; and it is considered a day of such vast importance that not a man or woman of the realm; the infant of days or the man of a century; the millionaire or the beggar; is to be excused from taking part in its ceremonies. Every individual in China, from the Emperor down to his humblest subject, observes the New Year, by the suspension of his ordinary

business, and devoting himself to feasting and merriment, for three days at least. All who can possibly procure it, don an entirely new suit, no article of which has ever been worn before; and those who are too poor to obtain a full suit, are sure to array themselves in at least one new garment—a cheap hat, fan, or handkerchief, if nothing more costly can be afforded. Not thus to honor the day, would be regarded as a national offense; and it would subject the delinquent, ever after, to the charge of being unpatriotic as well as penurious. Many of the working class, who go bareheaded and barefooted the year round will, on New Year's Day, make a grand exhibit of fancifully-ornamented caps, white stockings, and shoes of many-colored silk, borrowed or hired for the occasion from regular dealers. Even boats, houses, and fences must be newly dressed in honor of this grand gala, and then adorned with strips of bright-red paper, on which have been inscribed, in black or gilt letters, good wishes, congratulations, or compliments. These scarlet-colored mottoes, blended sometimes with curious devices, are placed above or on the sides of the principal entrances; and they are deemed by these superstitious people, very needful to keep off evil spirits, and bring general "good luck" to the owners or residents.

On New Year's Eve, sacrifices of rice, fruits, sweetmeats, and gold and silver paper, are made to the old year; and the ceremony of watching out its last, expiring moments, is strictly observed, in house and temple, by priest and people. During the entire night, every street and lane is thronged with pedestrians, half wild with excitement, leaping, shouting, singing, beating gongs and kettle drums, and seemingly each determined to make more noise than any two of his fellows! But as the king of day ushers in the New Year's dawn, every door is closed, streets are deserted, quiet repose usurps the place of the preceding discord, and the whole populace seem lulled in the embrace of somnus.

The lapse of a few hours, however, bring another change of programme. Sedan chairs are in request, conveying their owners on visits of ceremony; tastefully clad domestics bear presents and congratulatory cards from the wealthy and noble to their friends, and return with similar tokens of friendship; social parties assemble in public and private places; and as friends meet on the street, each joins his hands on his breast, bends his body forward, and thus they continue for several minutes, bowing and complimenting each other on the propitious return of this festal season. The laboring class amuse them-

selves with processions, fireworks, and street music, thus spending at least three days, (and the wealthy, as many weeks,) before the ordinary routine of social life is restored and business resumed.

A NEW YEAR'S PICTURE.

BY G. H. BARNES.

We hail thee! herald of the time
Of snowy path and merry chime,
And dashing team, and fur-lined sleigh,
Flying along the crystal way.

Thou comest with thy wealth of joy,
Unmingled with the groes alloy
Of care that drives the world along;
Thou bringest mirth, and hope, and song.

The aged greet thee with a smile,
For, gracefully, thy hours beguile
Away the shadows that enfold
Our lives, when we are growing old.

Ripe manhood hails thee, happy morn,
For with thy birth is courage born;
Thou bringest hope and strength anew
For heart and hand the whole year through.

But unto childhood, glad New Year,
Thy dawning brings the blithest cheer;
Thy promised gifts delight his eyes
For days before December dies.

The while the crackling frost-bells ring
The old year's farewell ting-a-ling,
The little ones throughout the land
Lie dreaming joys from New Year's hand.

And long before the faintest line
Of morning pencils tallest pine,
On mountain peak, or cloudlet high,
Upon the canvass of the sky,

Ten thousand eyes, that cannot sleep,
Are watching for the earliest peep
Of daylight on the chamber walls
Of cottage homes and marble halls.

Ten thousand pairs of little feet
Can hardly brook the cosy sheet
That hides them in its fleecy fold,
From biting frost and pinching cold.

Bright dreams, that budded in the night,
Are blossoming in the dawning light,
And many a fluttering heart is wild,
With the golden hopes that blest the child.

E're long a pattering on the floor,
An opening of the chamber door;
Hurrah! in voices thrilling clear,
From merry tongues, "Happy New Year."

And every upturned, wistful face,
Pleads for a kiss, with such sweet grace,
That rough and bearded lips bend low,
The seal of happiness to bestow.

O, now the romping glee and shout,
Which drown the whistling wind without!
The bird-like song, and silvery ring
Of laughter on the morning's wing.

While every corner, shelf, and nook,
With eagerly-expectant look,

Is searched until some new-found toy
Explodes another mine of joy.

Now Harry, studious Harry, spies,
Pride of his heart, a gilt-edged prize;
And Will, the merriest 'mongst his mates,
Pounces upon a pair of skates.

Sweet, blue-eyed Bessie's hands unfold,
With tremulous touch, a ring of gold;
While Nellie, petting of the nest,
Finds "Dolly" in her stocking prest.

The gay canaries louder sing,
Gray Tabby purrs her offering,
And Ponto pricks his nervous ear,
And barks a welcome to the year.

Blest is the home with crowning bliss,
Whose New Year's morn hath scene like this,
Of peace and love the certain proof,
In marble hall, 'neath cottage roof.

A DISCOVERY.

BY ALTA GRANT.

One day last summer, we went with a party of friends to visit our nurseryman—a ruddy-faced, genial Englishman, who had often invited us to come and take a look at his garden. A ride of two miles over Jersey sands, and with a sudden turn in the road, we found ourselves in an oasis—wide walks bordered with evergreens; rare vines trailing over porch and trellis; hundreds of young trees waiting to be transplanted; a conservatory filled with all sorts of lovely flowers; and high against the sunny side of the house, a pear tree trained in the English fashion, bearing over twenty varieties of fruit. We were altogether taken by surprise, for who would have believed it possible for anyone to make these "waste places" of New Jersey yield such a harvest of beauty?

But within doors a still greater surprise awaited us. A friend, who was acquainted with the family, had whispered that the gentlemanly nurseryman was something of an artist—one might have guessed it after seeing his garden—and when we had sufficiently feasted our eyes on trees and flowers, we made bold to ask for a glimpse of his pictures. He was too busy just then to go with us, but his daughter, a blooming, little, English lassie, at once led the way to the parlor, which seemed to be both an art gallery and a storeroom; for under a large painting by Turner, stood a barrel of fruit ready for market. Between the windows, hung a little gem by one of the Morans, and on the opposite side of the room, a portrait of a lady, (painted, we were told, by the nurseryman himself,) the wife of Haydon; of whom, it seems, he was once a pupil. Several other

pieces from his own brush hung round the room, each one a study of itself; but the picture that most interested us was a piece of "needle work," a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Sleeping Girl."

I am no lover of needle pictures. In this age of chromos and engravings, it seems a waste of time and eyesight. But this one had such an interesting history, that I could not resist jotting it down for the readers of **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**; not in the hope that any of them will be led to try their hand at this kind of art, but as an example of persevering industry crowned with success. Years ago, in England, a little girl, too poor to buy canvas and worsteds, was in the habit of gathering up the bits of wool that caught on the brambles and hedges, and after dyeing them with roots and berries, spun them for her needle. Scraps of cloth picked up about the shop doors served for canvas, and now and then a bright-colored bit of picture from the same source furnished a pattern. With this small stock of materials, the little maiden "set up" business, and soon acquired such skill that wealthy people began to notice her work. Better materials were supplied, though she insisted on still coloring her own wools, and through the influence of some of her new friends, she gained access to the picture galleries, with permission to copy at her pleasure. Working on, steadily and carefully, improving her one talent to the utmost, the time came when the little cottage could no longer hold either the pictures or the visitors; for, at the age of twenty, this artist of the needle had worked a hundred pieces. With these she opened a gallery, which was patronized by all the nobility, and Queen Victoria herself became her pupil in needle work. The proceeds of the exhibitions made a fine income and raised the family from poverty to affluence.

At her death, sixty years later, she willed to her royal pupil whichever picture she might see fit to select. After the queen had made her choice, the French emperor purchased, at a large price, the piece that pleased him best; and the rest were disposed of at a public sale. And thus our English friend gained possession of the "Sleeping Girl," which is said to be a faithful copy of the original picture.

So we came home, feeling that we had found a treasure in the wilderness, and wondering if we, too, might not learn to spin golden threads from the bits gathered by the wayside, and to weave, from the coarse and common things of life, living pictures that shall be "a joy forever."

THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

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IT IS PITIFUL!

We are sorry to see that "Gift Enterprises" and "Gift Concerts" and "Lotteries" of every kind are becoming as plenty as blackberries. Everywhere we see their flaming advertisements. Millions of dollars must be spent in this silly kind of business, or the swindlers would grow tired and quit it.

We trust there are few among our readers so foolish as to spend their money for tickets in these "enterprises," but for fear there may be even a few such, we feel called upon to lift up a warning voice. Only one person in forty thousand ever wins any money by investing in them. They are nearly always controlled and operated by swindlers, and even when they are managed by men having any pretensions to honesty, very few of the ticket holders ever get any returns for their investments.

But then these enterprises are not only silly and unprofitable to the ticket buyers; they are degrading and wicked, and therefore should not be countenanced by honest people. Horace Greeley once wrote some very sensible articles for **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, one of which contained a sentence that has been quoted a great many times. It was this:

"The darkest day in any man's earthly career, is that wherein he fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it. * * * His prospects of winning in the long run are miserable enough."

There is no truth relating to this world, that the people of this age, old and young, need more to have brought home to them, than this truth spoken by Mr. Greeley. This desire to gain a dollar easier than by "squarely earning it," is one of the greatest causes of villainy that exists in our age and country. It is what incites people to patronize these swindling "Gift Concerts," "Enterprises," and Lotteries, as well as other gambling and dishonest schemes. It corrupts our system of politics and legislation. It fills our prisons and wrecks the lives of hundreds of thousands of people. If we could, by any word of ours, impress on the minds of our **CORPORAL** readers the truth spoken by Mr. Greeley, as quoted above, we should think ourselves

most happy. Better gain your livelihood by the hardest kind of honest work, than to live at ease on the fruits of bribery and corrupt practices, or by gaming, lotteries, or any other kind of dishonesty. Let our boys, especially, remember this, and act accordingly, and you will, by and by, learn to thank **THE CORPORAL** for the advice, and besides that, you will find yourselves richer in both character and money, for following it.

OUR SERIAL.

"**THE HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE**," Mrs. Lucia Chase Bell's new story, which is begun in this number of our magazine, is to run through six numbers, that is, until the end of the twelfth volume, in June. The author is well known to all our former readers. She has written for us frequently during the past four years and a half, and we have always counted her short stories among the most luscious morsels on our literary table. They have always possessed a simplicity and naturalness alike rare and delightful. Mrs. Bell is one of the youngest writers on our list. It has been such a short time since she was really a little girl, among the children, that it is not hard for her to remember what children like, and her stories interest the older folks as much as they do the youngest ones, and that gives juvenile literature a double value. We are sure all will be pleased with "The Hard-Fought Battle."

BOOK NOTICES.

Any books noticed or advertised in **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, will be sent by us, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

We have quite a list of books to be noticed in this number. We are sorry they did not come in earlier, as many of them are only received at the last moment before we close our pages, rendering nothing more than a hasty examination possible.

S. C. Griggs & Co. send us from the publishing house of Leavitt & Allen Bros., New York, three companion books, **I CAN'T, I CAN, and I'LL TRY**, and three others from the same publishers, **BY AND BY, I FORGOT, and I DIDN'T HEAR**. These six books are handsomely printed and bound, and nicely illustrated. You can easily guess what they are like, as the titles give very broad hints at their contents—a good thing for titles to do. About 220 pages, 12mo each.

The American Tract Society, Chicago Branch, send us, from the publishing house of D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, the following:

HOURS OF CHRISTIAN DEVOTION; translated from the German.

A most beautiful book of 356 12mo pages, on tinted paper. The appearance of the book and the table of contents are in keeping with the title.

LUTE FALCONER. 302 Pages, 12mo.

HESTER'S HAPPY SUMMER. 262 Pages, 12mo.

ONE YEAR OF MY LIFE. 320 Pages, 12mo.

SHORT COMINGS AND LONG GOINGS. 269 Pages, 12mo.

The above-named four books belong to Lothrop's \$500 prize series. In printing, binding and illustration they are exceedingly creditable, and Lothrop & Co. are establishing a reputation that almost prompts us to recommend any book

from their press. We trust that they may issue no book that will spoil that good reputation.

The Western News Co. send the following, from Roberts & Bro., of Boston;

EVENING AMUSEMENT; with twenty scissors-picture illustrations, by PAUL KONEWKA. A translation from the German. An exceedingly entertaining book for the smaller children. 150 pages.

PUCKS NIGHTLY PRANKS; with similar illustrations by the same artist. Funny and cute.

TONY AND PUSS; with twenty illustrations by Frolich. Translated from the French. This book has pleased our little people very much. Tony is a smaller specimen of our Tommy Bancroft.

SONGS OF SEVEN; in cheap paper cover but very nicely gotten up and illustrated. Price only 20 cents.

These samples of Roberts Bros. books are on a par with their other publications; all creditable, even delightful. This is another firm which is making a good name, which we are told on good authority is "rather to be chosen than great riches." Their business manager, Mr. Niles, has had much to do in establishing and maintaining the enviable reputation of the house.

GOOD STORIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Selected from "Good Words for the Young." Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. A good book. 175 large pages.

THE ELEMENTS OF TACHYGRAPHY. By DAVID PHILIP LINDSEY. Published by Otis Clap, Boston. A text book for the study of short hand writing.

The system taught is very highly recommended to us, as of great use to professional, literary, and business people. All our young people would be greatly interested and amply repaid by giving some attention to this very important art.

THE RAPID WRITER, a quarterly pamphlet devoted to this same art, is a useful publication, costing 60 cents a year, or 15 cents a number. Write for it to D. P. Lindsey, Mendon, Mass.; or to D. Kimball, box 127, Chicago, Ill.

And now we have purposely left till the last, **MR. BLAKE'S WALKING STICK**, by our old friend, EDWARD EGGLESTON. Published by Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, Chicago. A beautiful Christmas story. Just such a story as Edward Eggleston would write, and that is praise enough. If Mr. E. would only give himself to the work, (and he will for aught we know,) he would become another Hans Andersen. Perhaps it will be better for him to be Edward Eggleston. The beautiful dedication, "to little Silverhair," suggested to our Mrs. Miller a poem which is in this number of **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**. "Mr. Blake's Walking Stick" costs 25 cents.

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY.

(SEE PAGE 34 THIS NUMBER.)

WINTER SPORTS.—It was school time, and Dash stood at the door waiting for his brave little passenger. He always took Roxy to school on her little sled, and he just liked the fun. To pay him for his kindness, Eddie often took Dash to ride on the ice, when he went skating. Dash thought this was grand. The first thing in the morning you would hear, "Hurrah, boys! now for a ride." And away would go Eddie and the dog for a ride down the hill. Dash went along to draw the sled up the hill. That's worth having a dog for. Dogs generally want all the fun without the work, something like boys. So they always let Dash take his turn with the rest. He deserved it, because he was a useful dog; only dogs don't always get what they deserve. But Dash couldn't steer very straight, so, once in a while, he upset his train, and lost out all on board. But he always pulled up all right, ready for another start.

W. O. C.



Prudy's Pocket.

Here is a letter from a little boy who lives a very, very long way from here. Get out your maps and I'll tell you where his home is. Turn to the map of Turkey in Asia. Now find Constantinople; then find the "scale of miles," and measure three hundred and fifty miles east from Constantinople, and fifty miles south from the coast of the Black Sea. There is a town named Marsovan, and there is an American Missionary station. The little boy who writes this letter is a child of one of the missionaries there. Perhaps he will write to us again, sometime, and tell us something about the native boys and girls there. That is what we would like. But you may read his letter:

Marsovan, Sept. 10, 1870.

"*Dear Prudy:* I am a little boy not quite eight years old, and I want to write and thank you for sending me *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. I like it very much indeed, and I like to read the letters in *Prudy's Pocket*. My papa has translated a little story from the Turkish, and I send it to you, so you can see what kind of reading the children have in this country. I am your affectionate little friend, **FREDDY HERRICK.**"

THE OLD MAN AND HIS DONKEY.

A TURKISH STORY.

A simple-minded old man was once leading his donkey by the reins in the road. As he was leading him along, a couple of thieves saw him, and planned to steal the donkey. So one of them came up behind the poor old man, and, carefully loosening the bridle from the donkey's head, slipped it on his own head, while the other turned the donkey round and made off with him. The fellow with the bridle on went a little way, until his comrade with the donkey was out of sight, when he suddenly stopped. The poor old man looked back to see what had happened to his donkey, that he didn't come along. What was his amazement to see that the donkey had taken on the appearance of a man.

"What's this? Who are you?" he asked.

The fellow took off the bridle from his head, and, kissing the old man's hand, said, "Sir, till now, I have, to be sure, served you. I have eaten a great deal of your barley and straw, and drunk your water. But it seems you have had your due, and, thank God, I have the good luck of being a man again." Then he told him how he had been a man at first, but had one day vexed his mother, and his mother cursed him, upon which he had changed form and assumed the appearance of a donkey; and then said, "It is clear my mother's curse has been fulfilled, so now good by to you."

The poor old man replied, "There is no power or strength but in God, the exalted, the glorious," (a pious

Musulman expression in Arabic). "Be off with you, my son; may God give you peace. I am glad you was a man, but you have left me without a donkey."

The next day the thieves brought the donkey to the market, and put him up for sale at auction. At the same time the old man went to provide himself with another donkey. He saw and recognized his old donkey, and whispered in his ear, "You miserable scamp, how quickly you've vexed your mother again." And then went and bought another donkey.

"Winnigene" sends a list of thirty words made from the letters contained in the word corporal. Who can do better?

NOV 5 INDIANA PORTER CO DEAR PRUDY, I AM A BOY 10 YEARS OLD I HAVE A LITTLE BROTHER 2 YEARS OLD AND 5 SISTERS I TAKE THE LITTLE CORPORAL I LIKE IT VERY MUCH I HAVE NOT TAKEN IT QUITE A YEAR I READ IN THE CORPORAL THAT I COULD GET THE CORPORAL AND FESTIVAL FOR \$1.50 AND I THOUGHT I WOULD SEND YOU PLEASE SEND ME THE STEEL ENGRAVING OF LINCOLN AND TAD THIS IS THE FIRST LETTER I EVER TRIED TO WRITE PUT THIS IN YOUR POCKET AND IN THE CORPORAL GOOD BYE—EARNEST F. SHINABARGER WESTVILLE IS THE POSTOFFICE WESTVILLE INDIANA.

And so, there it is, Master Earnest. Your first letter, just as you wrote it. How do you like it? The Corporal says he wishes all who write letters, among the older folks, would do as well.

"*Dear Prudy:* I have just been reading some of the letters from *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. I just think they are splendid. I haven't written to you for a long time. I want to tell you the reason. It was not because I did not think of you, but it was because I did not have time. Mamma has been sick for two months, and pa and brother have had the chills. Do you ever have the chills in Chicago? **ANNIE GLASCOCK.**"

Not much, in Chicago.

Decatur, Ill. "*Dear Prudy:* Pa gave me a little black colt. It came on my birthday this year, when I was eleven years old. I call her 'Topsy,' because she is so black and cunning. My Sister Frankie has a nice little pony, too, named 'Cosette.' Frankie and I milk the cows, and make butter to sell, in partnership. I like to milk. I am going to take part of my butter money and send for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* for my Brother Abbe. I want the nice, new CORPORALS to put on his plate Christmas. He will think Santa Claus did it, you know. Brother Charlie, Sister Frankie, and I have each taken *THE CORPORAL* a year, and now it is Abbe's turn. **WINNIE.**"

Bloomington, Mich. "*Dear Prudy:* I have been sick about ten weeks. I have just got so I can sit up some. I am not ten years old. I never was very well, and I never went to school but very little. I can't write very good, and I don't know as you can read this. I am going to send \$1.50 to get *THE CORPORAL* with. It was a present to me this year, and I love it so much that I think I can't get along without it. I have a ma, and a grandpa, and a dear little sister, Minnie; my pa was killed in the army. We have got three canary birds and a darling kitty. Next time I will tell you about my little cousin. Prudy, please put this in your pocket, and I will send you some pressed leaves. **EFFIE R.**"

Darksville, Mo. "*Dear Prudy:* My little boy Pearl fell from the fence and broke his right arm. Can never use it any more. He is a gentle-faced,

bright-eyed boy, eleven years old, loving books and pictures more than all things else. He reads *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* to us at night, and the dear letters first of all. Won't some of the good flag bearers in your ranks write to him. He is enlisting names for the next year's march.

PEARL HUNT, (by his mother's.)"

Here is another letter from far, far away. It comes to us by way of Constantinople, and is dated

Oroomiah, Persia. "My Dear Prudy: I am 11 years old. I live far away in Persia. My name is Freddie. I do not have as many books to read as you do in America. I thank you very much for sending us *THE LITTLE CORPORALS*. I like them very much. They do not come very regularly, because they come in boxes, so we read them over and over many times, and the stories are always new and interesting. In this country where we live, people are very cruel. A few days ago a man was blown from the mouth of a cannon. When we went to ride, toward evening, we saw pieces of his body lying on the ground. I am afraid my letter will be too long, so I will stop. Good by, from FREDDIE."

So you see *THE CORPORAL* shines in the dark places, in the uttermost parts of the earth. We take it for granted that this Freddie is a missionary boy, though he doesn't say so. May God bless Freddie, and keep him always good and true.

Charleston, S. C. "Dear Prudy: I have been taking your magazine for a year, and I think it very good. I am a Georgian, but I now live in the "old Palmetto State." I wish that you would put your picture in the magazine, so that the children might see it. The picture stories are very pretty, and I look for them every month when the magazine comes. But good by,

HUGH."

Blair, Neb. "Dear Prudy: I am a little girl, and live on a farm in Nebraska. I raised beans to get *THE CORPORAL*. We all like it so much we could not do without it. I never wrote a letter for your pocket before, but will write again if this one finds its way to your pocket. Good by.

EMMY R."

Bennetts Corners, O. "Dear Prudy: I am eleven years old. I want to answer the question that boy asks about measuring the earth. Please tell him that if he will measure any round object he will find that the distance through or across it will be one third of the distance around it; or, as we say at school, the diameter is one third of the circumference.

MARY E. C."

Ellsworth, Nevada. "My Dear Prudy: I am nine years old. This is my third trip to San Francisco. My father lives in Chicago. I have two very pretty aunts there; their names are Helen and Alice. I am here with grandma and Aunt Thorn. We have no school here. My grandma teaches me my books, and aunt teaches me writing. I have only taken a few lessons, and they say it is hard work to teach one boy alone. They say this is a wild part of Nevada, in a cañon near the Shoshone range of mountains. It is a rich mining district called Mammoth. The people of the town are all talking of this town going on. Capt. Knapp says there are fortunes here for all. If Mr. Smith comes with the money. There is a ten-stamp mill here, waiting for money to run it. We are 6,200 feet above the level of the sea, and high mountains above us. I have a little girl friend, named Adah, in Chicago, who sends me *THE CORPORAL* sometimes. I like to

read it. We have a tribe of Indians called Putes. They sit around our doors and say "Hogadie," meaning hungry; they stay on top of the mountains.

DOUGLASS H."

"Dear Prudy: In reply to Anna's letter, I give you this answer: Beethoven was born at Bonn, in the western part of Prussia, Germany, situated on the River Rhine, about half way between Cologne and Coblenz. His birthday is celebrated on account of his being one of the greatest composers of instrumental music.

MARY K. FOX."

Eugene City, Oregon. "Dear Prudy: I am a little girl nine years old. I wrote one letter before, but you didn't put it in your pocket. I have taken the paper four years, and I mean to stick to it as long as there is a button on his uniform. I have the sweetest kitten in the world. She will shake hands with me, and when I ask her if she wants her dinner, she will say, 'Yes, m-a-a-a-m.'

ANNIE R."

Millie Greenman writes:

"I have a little brother six years old; and if you want to know what kind of a boy he is, just think of Tommy Bancroft, and you will have him exactly. He likes to hear about Tommy best of anything in *THE CORPORAL*."

Stillwater, Minn. "Dear Corporal: I have just been wanting to write to you and tell you how much I love your *LITTLE CORPORAL*. I have been taking it nearly three years. The more I take it the more I love it. I have a brother in Chicago, and he knows where you live. I came home from school and found *THE CORPORAL* waiting for me on the sofa, and I was so glad I didn't know what to do. If I go to Chicago, to see my brother, I will come and see you. I wonder if Prudy will put this in her pocket. I am trying to love God and be a Christian. For fear my letter is too long I bid you good by.

WILLIE L."

Galesburg, Iowa. "Dear Prudy: I am a little girl nine years old, and this is the third year I have taken *THE CORPORAL*. I earned the money myself to pay for it. I cannot write very well, so I got ma to write to Mr. Sewell for me. I have got a little brother, Willie, and we have got two pet pigeons named Rob and Robert. I think Candace would be a pretty name for Hattie's little sister, as she could call her the pet name of Candy, which I think is the sweetest name I know of. I think it would be nice for the little boys and girls that write to Prudy's Pocket to write to each other once in a while. Don't you? Good by, dear Prudy.

ADELLA."

St. Johnsbury, Vt. "Dear Prudy: My sister takes *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, and we both like it very much. I used to have a white kitty. She had light blue eyes. Her fur was three inches long, and I called her Woolly. I had her when she was a very small kitty, and I was a very small girl. She died the day after last Thanksgiving. I have a brother who lives in Chicago, and if I ever go there I mean to go and see you.

ANNIE."

"Dear Prudy: Our little Frank is very fond of salt fish. One evening, as he was going to bed, his father brought some in to be washed. He was kneeling down to say his prayers, and said them in this manner: 'Now I lay me down to sleep I pray the Lord my soul to keep; if I should die before I get any salt fish in the morning, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.' Your friend,

LIZZIE LANCE."

Private Queer's



THE VOWEL GAME.

Several have written us that some of the vowel articles we have published have contained departures from the rules. It is true there have been some slight departures, but the game is an entirely new one, just invented by the Corporal, and it takes some time to get it properly started. The best we have been able to do, has been to publish the best paragraphs received in response to our call. Those containing violations of the rules will not be entitled to prizes, and, as the game becomes better understood, we will receive more and better articles in competition. Even now the articles are becoming better and better every week. Those printed in December were very much better than any in previous numbers. We now have others that are still better, and so we expect they will continue to improve. We cannot suppose that an article written with only one vowel will be quite so intelligent, or read quite so smoothly as one where a writer can use all the vowels, but we do expect to be able to print some articles that will be decidedly creditable to both the writers and THE CORPORAL. The object is, of course, to afford harmless and profitable amusement, and to produce literary curiosities. Our patrons are taking hold of it with decided interest. That interest is widening and deepening, and many are writing to thank us for the invention, and to take a part in it. The prizes now offered, (\$10 on each vowel for the *best and longest* article,) which are to be competed for until February 1st, will probably be followed by another set of prizes. Several persons have sent very long and very senseless articles. All must remember that length is not the only merit required. A short but sensible and intelligent article will stand a better chance for a prize than a long and silly one. Abbreviations, as Mr., Mrs., etc., cannot be allowed, because the words for which they stand would be ruled out. Those who write on the vowel "a," will also please remember that we cannot any longer allow the use of the word "that," in place of the words "who," or "which." If possible, your sentences should be strictly grammatical.

The prizes will be paid to the writers who send us the *best, most intelligent, and longest* articles or stories, containing only one vowel each, using w and y only at the beginning of a word or syllable. Please do not send us any vowel articles shorter than those we have printed on the same vowel, unless yours are *better*. In that case we

will be glad to have them, especially if they are both sensible and humorous.

We give below a story with five chapters, one chapter to each vowel. It is quite ingenious. The writer of it says, "We have had much entertainment with the game, and no little profit. We have made it useful to all in the house who could write; the younger ones helping by hunting out words and making an easier game for them in that way. It quickens the memory, and gives freedom in conversation, because of the many words freshened up in memory. We all thank you for it, and most heartily for THE CORPORAL, which all watch for and eagerly welcome."

The life of

JAMES JOHN BUNG,

(Familiarly known as Jimmy John Bung;) in five chapters.

CHAPTER A.

Jack had a grand bazaar. Tall Jack, an Armagh lad, had cash and a grand bazaar at Alhamar. At that bazaar Jack had Lapland stags, Sahara palms, Malta cats, Pampas grass, Candahar affians, Sans and Harra caps, Karnah asps, Trafalgar naval charts, Bagdad sacks, Madras rattans, Japan fans, Carrara casts, Savannah shad, Caraccas talc, Falkland salt, Chatham rat traps, Nahant crabs, clams, and black bans, Banca arrack, Java mats, Arkansas flats, Havanna bananas, Panama hats, Astrachan caps, Nangtchang rats, Madagascar spar, Matanzas yams, Ashland hams, an Ava brahma, and an abracadabra charm, a grand Alhambra slab, and a "Ballad Star," a lass that glads all Alhamar. That abracadabra was a schnapps can's stamp mark.

ABRACADABRA

B R A C A D A B H

R A C A D A B

A C A D A

C A D A

A

SCHNAPPS.

Alas! Jack had at that bazaar that schnapps can. That schnapps can attacks Jack, and Jack's cash, and all that Jack had at that bazaar. Rat traps, rats, and stags, fans and rattans, charts and casks, mats, flats, cats, and hats, yams, hams, and clams, Savanuah shad and Havanna bananas. At last that abracadabra schnapps can's stamp mark was all that Jack had. Jack, sans bazaar and sans cash, asks that Alhamar star's aid, and that lass grants that hand. Jack starts a farm, and has grand plans. Alas! man plans, Satan mars man's plans.

210 words, 318 a's, and no other vowel.

CHAPTER E.

Jem wedd Estelle.

Slender Jem wedd the gentle Estelle, settles. He delves, she gets herbs, sets beet-acts, red peppers, weeds, seeks fennel, presses cheese, feeds the geese, never neglects the hens' nests, detects the ferrets, fetches fresh eggs. When Jem needs her help, she tends the sheep. They seek her, they bless her steps. The gentle sheep bless the gentle shepherdess. Jem greets them shelter, fetches them feed. He settles the bees, he threshes. Blessed seems the tenement where they rest, the dell, the fresh well. There wrens nestle, there gentle breezes bend the beech trees, the pendent elms. There wee pledges greet them. Yet the serpent entered Eden, the tempter entered the blessed tenement. Reckless men seek Jem. Estelle's gentleness less, yet less, effects. Those tender verses express her wretchedness.

The blessed vasper bell slept.

The pendent ferns were green.

When we were wedded here Jem,

Where gentle deeds beseeam.

Sere seem these pendent ferns, Jem,

Deep knells the vasper bell.

The reckless revellers tempt thee hence,

Where gentle deeds reple.

These reckless revellers tempt Jem, he neglects the tenement, he deserts Estelle, the blessed rest, the fern-decked dell. He tempts the deep, he seeks the green gem whence he went.

255 words, 523 e's, and no other vowel.

CHAPTER I.

Jim distils gin.

Slim Jim distils Irish gin, prints big prints. This printing, with this distilling in big stills, brings Jim "Irish rint." It is in Jim's big prints, "King Will's

Fritz drinks Jim's gin." "Jim's gin is milk mild." "Jim's gin kills chills." "Chill drinks Jim's gin." "Mississippi drinks Jim's gin." "Fritz drinks Jim's gin." Irish wits sing his gin." "British big fish drink his illicet drink. Jim fills big ships with his gin. Jim drinks this impish drink, this illicet distilling. This gin slips Jim's high stilts, sinks his big ships, sinks his mill. It is sinking Mississippi, Fijl, Chill, British cits, Irish wits, Irish singlets; it is sinking King Will's Fritz, if King Will's Fritz drinks Jim's gin. Jim sits drinking in his mill, his wits whirling; big, fighting, fiddling, tipping, grinning wights sit drinking with him. His bright, Irish wit, which is his birthright, is dimming. His wrinkling chin, his thinning, livid lips, his limping limbs, will wisp-still, mills, ships rising, sinking in his blinding sight, mind him his mind's bright light is flimming. Still Jim in this grim plight will sit drinking, drinking, drinking Irish gin.

194 words; 250 i's, and no other vowel.

CHAPTER O.

Hold! hold! John.

Oh! Long John, good son, hold! hold! From morn to noon grog stops comfort, from moon to noon robs. O, lost son! grog took bonds, took gold, took "old, old shop," took good old cot, stock, ox, flocks. No gold, no odd old shop, no song, no cot, no flocks; cold, old, poor, O, John, stop grog. Grog's thorns, rocks, bogs, worms. Grog costs worlds of good. Grog's hogs' food. Grog's no port for storms. Grog mocks strong strong lords. O, bold north boy! O, strong son of O'Connor's sod, stop grog. Lost! lost! lost!

97 words, 112 o's, and no other vowel.

CHAPTER U.

Rum cuts Bung's Urn.

Curs snuff Bung, duns cuff, chums cut, churls push, buff, bluff, spurn Bung. Rum cuts Bung's urn.

17 words, 17 u's, and no other vowel.

MORAL.

Bann schnapps cans; let beer be; spill spirits: stop grog; shun rum. K. and Y., of Philadelphia.

We intended to give several other vowel articles this month, as we have several good ones, but our space is all taken up.

THE ALPHABET SENTENCE.

The prize offered for a respectably-intelligent sentence, that shall contain all the letters of the alphabet, no one repeated, and no abbreviations, has called out a good deal of competition. It is a puzzle, truly, and many declare that such a thing cannot be accomplished. Maybe they are right, but lets keep on trying a little longer. We give below a few samples of the attempts that come nearest. What do you think? Are either of these "respectably intelligent?" Let's see if we can't do better.

Grum John Vlg Scwybdz kept flax.

JENNIE W of Iowa.

Zyph McGlerq, fix Bowdvat's junk.

BLANCHIE T. KING, of Iowa.

Phlegm dwarfs Job Vynxtz quick.

JODIE L. ATKINS, of Georgia.

Pady Qurk, fling Jem Schwvztz' box.

THEO. H. MACK, of Illinois.

Jump, Fritz, why vex bad Scog Kqln.

LILY ADAMS, of Indiana.

Frovdj, bag Whempztz's quick lynx.

WILLIE D. BRGG, of Ohio.

Schwartz Kingjupvq bled my fox.

JOSEPHINE T. QUINBY, of Ohio.

L. T. S., of Minnesota, wants to know if there are any single words in our language which contain all the vowels in regular order. Who can send a word of that kind?

ANSWERS TO ENIGMA, ETC., DEC. No.

No. 21.—Enigma—Carl; potato; peel. *Le pet i Corporal*, nickname of Napoleon I.; English. "The Little Corporal." No. 22.—*Mummersposed Detective*.—1. Mercury; 2. Diana; 3. Plutus; 4. Minerva; 5. Jupiter; 6. Proserpine; 7. Osiris; 8. Neptune; 9. Pluto; 10. Pegasus.

No. 1.—A PICTURE STORY.—WINTER SPORTS.



The Reading given on page 30, (Editorial page, this number).

W. O. C.

Publishers' Department.

§7 All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

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Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us *without any loss*.

Registered letters, under the new system, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money, where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe the *Registry fees* as well as postage, *must be paid in stamps*, at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. *Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it.* Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending one dollar and a half or less, you may send greenbacks at our risk; where more than that sum is sent, either of above ways will be safe.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

Push on with your clubs. We are now sending out many beautiful Premiums for Clubs sent us from all over the land.

Now is the best time to raise Clubs. See the Premium List on another page.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

We are in time to wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! May they be the happiest you have ever known, and may the smile of our Father in Heaven go with you all through the beautiful year of 1871.

O, how much American Boys and Girls have to be thankful for. The kingdoms of the old world are being rocked and shaken with wars and rumors of wars; but here in this bright and beautiful land, we have rest and peace. The perils and dangers of our war of regeneration are past, and we are rapidly recovering from its sad effects. As the green grass is covering over and hiding the ugliness of our earth forts and the plowed and scarred battle fields, as well as the graves of our beloved fallen heroes, so time and peace and prosperity, and God's soothing love, are healing our wounded hearts, and the people of this great, free nation are every day, more and more, becoming one—one in

sympathy, one in purpose, one in everything that makes a great and happy people. We will never have another civil war, and may God grant that we shall never have another foreign war. May joy and love and peace and concord unite all sections and all hearts, more and more every day, as we march grandly forward toward the millennium's dawn. So we bid good bye to 1870, so we welcome 1871, and so THE CORPORAL repeats the old song, "Peace on earth, good will to men!" and again he repeats his wish that all may have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

"THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S SCHOOL FESTIVAL" was started a year ago, to supply a decided and long-felt want. Its mission is to furnish a constant supply of new, original Dialogues and other exercises for Sunday School and Day School Exhibitions, Festivals, Concerts, etc. That its first year has been a decided success, we have abundant evidence. Teachers and others from all over the country, are constantly writing us words of commendation and thanks for the publication. We know of no periodical of a similar character in the world, and, considering how much need there has been for it, this is a wonder.

The price of THE FESTIVAL is so low, only fifty cents a year, that the profits on it will not warrant the spending of much money in advertising it, but notwithstanding this, it has gained a very fair circulation during its first year. In fact, it has paid its way, and that is doing well for the first year of any publication.

We trust all our readers will work for the circulation of THE FESTIVAL. Money received for subscriptions to it at the full price of fifty cents a year, can count on a club list for a premium, the same as that much money received for THE CORPORAL.

THE FESTIVAL and CORPORAL are both sent together (they need not both be sent to same address, but must be ordered at the same time in order to secure the reduced rate,) for the low price of \$1.80 for both.

Be sure you take THE FESTIVAL for 1871. We can now send the numbers for 1870, post paid, to any address, on receipt of fifty cts. They contain a beautiful list of day and Sunday-school exercises, just what you want for any public exhibitions or Friday-afternoon exercises; all new and fresh. The January number for 1871 is ready.

When you wish a change of address, send your old address, as well as the new.

ABOUT SENDING PREMIUMS.

As we state elsewhere, all premiums like Organs, Sewing Machines, and such bulky articles will be sent by express, directly to club raisers from the factories where they are made, the receivers paying express charges. All other premiums can be delivered free of charge at our office in Chicago. All engravings and books of \$5.00 and less in price are sent post paid at our cost. Such other articles as can go by mail, will be mailed by us on receipt of sufficient stamps to prepay postage. All articles that need to go by express will be sent, as above, directly to the club raisers, who will pay the express charges.

PREMIUM TO EACH SUBSCRIBER.

We have on hand several thousand copies of a pretty steel engraving (which we used as a premium with our first year), of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and HIS SON "TAD." Size of sheet 9x12 inches. We are sure that there are a great many children who would be glad to have this engraving, and we offer it to every subscriber, whose name and \$1.50 comes to us after this number is issued, as long as our stock holds out. To secure the premium, you must ask for it *when you send your subscription*, and also enclose five cents to pay the expense of mailing.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

No premiums can be allowed on names sent hereafter, unless all such names be accompanied by *one dollar and a half*, (\$1.50) our present subscription price. We will still however, for a short time, receive subscriptions at \$1 from those who wish to begin and have THE CORPORAL for one year from July, 1870. Such subscriptions will only be received for a limited time, and will not be entitled to premiums.

All names sent at \$1 will be understood as intended to begin with July. We will discontinue receiving subscriptions in this way as soon as we can, and thereafter will require \$1 a year for back numbers from July, 1865, to Dec. 1870, and \$1.50 a year for all time after the last named date.

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SAYS A LATE ISSUE of the Philadelphia City Item: "Ingenuity has been taxed to find the surest and most direct means of reaching the public, and the business man who would advertise a specialty, and get the greatest good out of the greatest number in the shortest space of time, is compelled to go to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, for advice. Why to this house? Because it is the head and front of the advertising business. It is prompt, methodical, and clear in its transactions, and possesses the confidence of all the houses which advertise most."

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE, so long the standard remedy for worms in children, is of the greatest importance to mothers in the care and treatment of their little ones in time of sickness from this dreadful cause. The very many valuable testimonials freely offered in praise and recommendation of this perfect remedy, guarantees for it the worth and merit that is justly claimed. To those who may have occasion to use such a medicine, a caution is given, that they notice the initial letters are B. A., as imitations are offered for sale. Messrs. Schwartz & Haslett, at Pittsburgh, Pa., are the sole proprietors.

BOYS AND GIRLS, READ THIS.—Every one of the boys and girls can earn money by selling our books and Book Binder, and getting subscribers for the *Family Circle*, an Illustrated, Semi-monthly Paper, at \$1.00 per year, and every subscriber has a *Beautiful Steel Engraving*. For full particulars and specimen numbers, send five cents, and say where you saw this. One boy earned \$3.50 in a week, besides going to school. C. H. Cushing, 85 Washington street, Chicago.

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THE RACE.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XII.—FEBRUARY, 1871.—NO. 2.

THE TOY NATION.

BY MRS. JULIA F. SNOW.



THE family round the evening lamp had been reading Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, which is full of interesting information about Columbus, and his voyages and discoveries, and all the troubles and perplexities which he had to encounter before he attained his object.

We read it aloud, Aunt Hatty and mamma and I, and enjoyed it exceedingly. The children were in the room the greater part of the time, but nobody thought much about them, occupied as they were with their favorite little amusement of cutting out the figures from an old illustrated paper, and mounting them upon stiff cardboard. But a dim idea of the meaning of it all began to dawn through Frankie's mind.

"Did Columbus make a nation there?" he asked.

"No," said mamma, "he discovered the new country, which the Spaniards had never heard of before, and, as Columbus was sent by the Spanish queen, the government of Spain considered that it belonged to them, and took possession of it."

"Well, then, I think Milly and I might have the garret to have a nation in. We discovered it yesterday—I mean the little bit of garret, you know. Can't we?"

"Perhaps so, if you do no mischief. But now it is bed time, and black eyes and blue eyes must all go to sleep alike."

Next day there was the busiest trotting of little feet, up stairs and down, and clattering of tin wagons, and rattling of tin horses, and thumping of boxes. Great was the weight of care on the shoulders of our Frank and his little brother all that day, and when the

little feet were tired out, and heavy lids began to droop, mamma was solemnly bound to promise not to look into the garret until the emigration was over.

Next day the little boys were also very busy, and the next, too, for you must know that the emigration of an entire nation, such as Frankie proposed to form, was no trifle.

Every scrap of fancy paper, every toy, no matter how dilapidated it might be; moss, sticks, wool, silk, ribbon, or bright wooden cloths; every box, large or small; pebbles, shells, stones, or pictures; all disappeared up stairs in the same mysterious way. Cousin Fanny was teased for some of her big pearl beads, to make lamps for the nation; work baskets were in a state of siege, and the children could talk or think of nothing but their nation. Little cousins were teased for dolls and old toys, and I began to think that Frankie was equal to establishing a new western town, and getting the whole thing, town house, blacksmith shop, church, store, and graveyard, in working order, between Sundays. It really seemed so.

"Have you seen what a magpie's nest the children have made in the garret?" asked Aunt Hatty, on the third day. "I went up, just now, after my piece bag, and they both began to talk at once, and say that their nation was nearly done, and they wanted you to come up to see it. Really it is wonderful what they have done with all their trash."

Here both little boys rushed in, and begged mamma to leave her sewing and come up. So mamma put down her stocking basket, and went up to the garret. This was a part of the house which was not used for anything but trunks and patch bags, and the children were allowed to do what they pleased, pretty

nearly. It was a little heaven-on-earth to them, of a rainy day.

"Here's the king's palace," cried Frank, "and here is his throne," pointing to a soap box, which they had papered, and carpeted with a bit of delaine, and the cough-lozenge box did duty as a regal chair, being canopied with Turkey-red cotton, and on each side were placed "statues," being wood cuts of celebrated statuary mounted on cards. The roof was graveled, and adorned with sundry twigs set out in spools.

"This," explained Frankie, "is a hanging garden, like the king made for his wife, you know, when she got homesick for the mountains where she used to live, you know. And the king is Prince Harlequin;" and that elegant personage was unceremoniously jerked out and presented to the company.

"Here are the royal stables," said Frank, showing another soap box, which served for the building, and was filled with everything in the shape of a vehicle which the children possessed. There was a big, tin express wagon, with its immense tin horses, comfortably stabled, a coal cart, and a fine, little carriage, a very big, little wheelbarrow, and a tiny sleigh, with red-lined fur robes in one corner.

"And the office on the other side of the palace."

"What office?"

"Why, Adams' express office, to be sure; Adams is prime minister; and has my negro's hotel."

"What makes you call it negro's hotel?"

"Because my negro keeps it."

Here Frank produced a specimen of the Moorish or Arabic race, of an exceedingly evil countenance, and a malicious expression of eye, that looked very queer in a little, brown, earthen image. The proper name of this being was Hassan; he had originally been an elephant driver, but the elephant unfortunately sprung a leak in his left fore leg, and, being composed mostly of bran, had pined and dwindled away, growing small by degrees and beautifully less, until he was now reduced to a funny-looking bag, and was put away on the top shelf. The driver, Hassan, survived in a state of extreme dilapidation, having lost one foot at the ankle, the other above the knee, both arms, and holding even his head by the uncertain tenure of Spalding's glue. In fact, his head had been on and off so often that in time it became quite askew, and glared at you over the right shoulder with a most sinister aspect. Hassan was a very wicked-looking creature,

but Frankie loved him, as the girl in the play loved her Moor, for the dangers he had passed.

"Hassan keeps a hotel, now," said Frankie. "Dame Trot and her cat board there, and Red Ridinghood and her wolf, and the clog dancer whose name was 'Niggerdemus.'" Here also were held the public meetings, and all the public festivities of the toy nation.

There seemed to be nothing lacking; the children had really provided all the necessities of a nation, and most of the luxuries of life. There was a country store, where was sold almost everything that could be thought of; toy dishes, cloth, ribbon, buttons, etc. There was also a church with an empty pulpit, and a huge cornucopia on top, doing duty for the steeple. A very desolate and discouraging church it seemed, even for dollies.

"Dollies don't have souls, my darlings," said mamma. "Why do you have a church to pretend pray in?"

"Why, mamma, was it wrong?" asked blue-eyed Milly. "We thought it would be wrong to have a nation and no church in it."

Mamma had no reply for this but a kiss, and the little guide went on, "Here's the fort, mamma."

And there was a regular redoubt of small blocks, arranged with considerable attention to the rules of fortification, a knowledge which he had picked up from the "picture papers." It had mounted cannon and regiments of toy soldiers, mounting guard or being reviewed upon the mossy parade ground, a most formidable array of paper men, in all positions, being the result of Frank's ingenuity, the figures selected and cut from the paper with reference to what they could do and be in the nation.

But the pride of the community was its park. Frank had rescued from its dark corner, where it had long lain hid, an attempt at oil painting, an offense against nature committed by his mother in her earlier years. It was a very bad picture, but to Frank it was a priceless treasure, and supplied a great want, for it served for a perspective for his park.

"Cos you see," said Milly, "It makes such a nice far-off to Frank's park."

The park was constructed in this manner. A large, flat box, a yard or more square, was the enclosed space, being at once fence and ground. At the back was the old picture; it represented a brook crossed by a rude bridge, on which was seated a fisherman with his line; a few hills in the distance, and a dead tree in the foreground. This was all

the picture, but Frankie had begged of Aunt Hattie a strip of silver paper, which he had wrinkled up, to represent the waves of the brook, and fitted it to the edge of the painted brook. Its edges he had carefully concealed with gravel, and extended a mossy meadow back from it, in which grew trees, and lambs lay there, and china dogs, and small china fowls brooded over very small beans in nests by the river side, and figures of men, women, and children, afoot, on horseback, and in carriages, were taking their pleasure about the mossy green. This looked to Frank's mother almost like genius. I could see by the way she kissed him, that it seemed to her like the beginning of a great thought.

"There is the hospital, mamma," said Frank, pointing to a tiny room fitted up with little beds made of box covers, and furnished with bits of linen for bedding. "This is the glue cure, and is for wooden things; here is the paste cure, for paper toys, and here is the make-believe doctor that you cut out. See, the young man with spectacles, the professor, you know. The *truly* doctor is you and Aunt Hatty."

And it wasn't the fault of the clinging arms nor the red lips, if the "truly doctors" were not satisfied with their fees.

"And here is some," said Milly, "that is going to the needle-and-thread cure," pointing to a heap of tattered rag and paper dolls.

"That might be called a hint," remarked Aunt Hatty.

"And here is Hassan, the king," said Frank, taking up the invalid elephant driver. "You see that if I made one of the soldiers king, the rest of them would be mad, and wouldn't play, cos they are all just like him. But Hassan is so different, and he used to be a king in Africa."

"But I thought Prince Harlequin was king."

"Why, so he is," said Frank, a good deal confused. "I forgot; how queer."

"But I want Prince Harlequin to be king," said Milly. "He is dressed most like the picture of a king down stairs, with his long, white curls like mine, and his ruffled shirt, and knee breeches."

Here a dispute arose between the rival factions, and the throne of the new nation appeared to totter. Mamma declined to settle the disputed succession, and suggested that Frank might make presidents of them, and have elections, or let them take turns in being king. The children decided upon the latter alternative.

The afternoon was rainy, and the children

decided to spend it in the garret, playing with the nation, arranging and rearranging the little villages. They made regular streets, setting up blocks of houses on either side the way, leaving space for carts and animals between.

Behind the city was a great, gray mountain, of as large a piece of stone as the children could carry up stairs, and surmounted by a huge gray patch bag. At its foot nestled a tiny village, with trees, and church spires, and small, white houses. There was a farm yard, too, not far off, where pigs and sheep, horses and cows, and every other animal, all of the most incongruous sizes, were established. A few feet from the bustle and confusion of the city, and the busy scenes of the farm yard, was a "jungle," of boughs stuck in a crack in the floor, and beneath their shade, on a bit of an old, yellow, lambswool mat, reposed the tortoise-shell cat and her three kittens. The children played that puss was a tiger, a "dear, tame, good tiger," however inconsistent that might be. But the cats possessed a great advantage over toys, for they were *alive*.

Not far from this was the "queerium," as Frank called it. He meant to say aquarium, but it was near enough right, for it was queer enough. It was made of a "keeler." Now maybe you don't know what a keeler is. It is a very small tub, and holds about a gallon of water, more or less, according to its size; this was graveled over the bottom, and had some quite big stones in it, too, under which the fish loved to hide, for it was filled with water, and stocked with a lizard, a sun-fish, two lobsters, a small perch, two minnows, and a mud turtle, about as big as a baby's hand.

This aquarium, simple as it was, was the greatest delight to the children, who would willingly have changed the water twenty times a day, if it had been allowed. At night the keeler was placed in the sink, the water turned partly on, and left flowing all night in a tiny stream, while a little hole near the top of the keeler prevented its overflow, and the destruction of the fish.

This had been carried up stairs that day, and was quite a feature in the nation, and represented a lake. Vegetation did not flourish in that country, owing to the trees having no soil, but they were frequently changed, and answered very well. They had a camp of soldiers, too, and a Gypsy camp, and a fire, too, represented by red tinsel, and a kettle hung over it by a bent hair pin stuck in the ground.

The children were too busy to eat, and did

not come down to supper till called—a most remarkable event; and when finally brought down by mamma and Aunt Hatty, were really too tired to eat, and went to bed without asking for either song or story.

Now, next to the nursery door were the stairs that led to the "fairy land of toys," and the little feet often pattered up there before the shoes and stockings were on, and when breakfast was ready, there were little folks to be hunted up, and washed, and dressed, for their clothes began to acquire an odor peculiar to garrets, being composed partly of mice, age, dust, and dried herbs, and the nameless odor of an ancient garret, which I know as well as I do "*Bouquet de Caroline*," and don't like half so well; but the children fairly reveled in their new-found delight, and I enjoyed their enjoyment too much to say a word.

Now this attic, as I was going to say, was right over the little, white bed, with its pretty, knit spread, (the gift of their dear Aunt Hatty,) where the two little heroes slept. Talk of Romulus and Remus! they were nobodies compared to these children, and it was with all the anxiety of a father of his country that Frank heard, one night, the oddest sound in the attic. He started up in bed, listened, heard it again, woke Milly, who heard it, too, and the two children started at once to see what was going on up stairs. They had never been frightened in their lives, and it never occurred to them to wait for anyone else. Off they went, up the garret stairs, in their white, trouser night gowns. When they opened the attic door, the strangest of sights met their eyes.

The two children stood in the shadow, and luckily knew enough to keep quiet, but they clasped each other's hands, and fairly shivered with ecstatic delight.

The park looked bigger than ever before, for the picture was a part of it now, and the grass was not dry moss any more, but fresh, green grass, and the trees were growing, and the water flowing, and the whole nation was alive in the light of the most glorious moonlight which was ever seen, streaming in at the little, arched windows, and lighted up the fairy scene with a splendor only to be imagined.

The fish pond sparkled in the moonlight, the fish swam merrily about in the water, and like eight great, fiery opals gleamed the eyes of the cat and her three kittens, ready and ripe for mischief, and seemingly held back by some powerful spell.

In the large, open square of the city was a curious sight. Hassan was leaning on the

shoulder of a zouave, and talking loudly and gesticulating violently, using his poor stumps to emphasize his remarks, while a motley crew of all ages, sizes, sexes, and conditions were gathered about him. The paper brigade of Continentals, a little weak in the ankles, were standing in groups, listening to him but taking no active part. The French Zouaves were with him enthusiastically, and so was every vagabond who had lost a limb in the service. The German Grenadiers, with their big, muffy caps, did not take much interest in the matter, but escorted the prettiest dolls about the parade ground, urging them to drink shadowy beer out of phantom mugs, under the moonlit trees. But the red coats gathered loyally about Prince Harlequin, who, with his queen, Lily, an elegant china doll, remained within the fortress. To do them justice, neither of them changed color or feature on this trying occasion, but it was noticed that the prince trembled, and that Lily had nearly fallen from sheer terror, and was only comforted by the assurance that the red coats were sure to stand by them to the last.

Wilder grew the gestures of Hassan, as he went on in his address to the motley crew before him. The children drew near to listen.

"So it has been since I first was taken from my native land. I was a prince there. My Arab mare was the handsomest of all the four-footed children of the desert; but a chance tumble crushed her to atoms, and I was degraded. I was a slave to man, and forced to drive an elephant—a miserable, cloth-and-bran creature. I hoped she would soon rip, and she did. I saw her empty hide tossed upon the shelf, and I was glad. Her bran was scattered about, and the mice ate it, and I was glad. My troubles had only just begun. A wretched human creature, with no more heart than I have myself, let me drop from his clumsy fingers to the hearth, and my head rolled into the ashes. I wished it had been his own. But I gave him a look as I fell which should have told him who and what I am; but he only said,

"What a droll expression the thing has."

"The thing, indeed! One by one my limbs are mutilated, and I am left as you see. Yet I have such clay as kings are made of in my body, and in my brain the wisdom of the Arabic sages. And you, too, have suffered! There isn't one among you who has not lost limbs in this detested service. Shall we longer submit. Shall we not rise against our oppressors—these boys—who do what we as they will, for a day, and then leave us

gotten for days together, or drag us to light only to persecute us further? Once we were permitted to live in the nursery, and now we are left in this dark attic. True, we are in favor just now, but how long will it last? Soon a new toy will supersede us, the rats will take our clothes and furniture for nests, the kittens will roll us down between the joists in their rude play, and that will be the end of us. And, worst insult of all, Harlequin is to be king. A paltry fellow, whose trick of jumping is his only accomplishment, whose only charm is his fine clothes, while I have the clay of kings in my form."

As he spoke, his wicked black eyes rolled about the assemblage with the most venomous expression, which seemed to perfectly enrage the crowd. Cries arose,

"Down with Harlequin? Long live Hassan, King of Toyland?"

Loud grew the uproar. The Zouaves cried to be led to the field; the French Guard sang the Marseillaise.

"Down with Harlequin! Down with the boys! Let us stick our bayonets in their feet. Let us lie in their way and sprain their ankles as they tread on us!"

Here the din became so hideous that nothing further could be heard. The Red-coats formed a hollow square inside the fortress about the Harlequin's Lily, the sentinels were doubled, and the drum beat a general call to arms, when suddenly there fell a hush upon the multitude—a lull in the storm.

A little, old woman, so very old that she was bent nearly double, tottered forward, leaning on a cane. Stopping near a tree, she leaned against it for a moment, and turning her aged face, wrinkled till it resembled an old hickory nut more than anything else, she raised her stick, and made signals that she desired to speak. This it was that had laid so sudden a stillness upon the crowd.

"Listen to me, young people!" she cried, in a thin, quavering voice, "I am very old, and know the world. You do not, it is plain, or you would not be biting off your own noses, such of you as have any left, to raise such a riot as this. Do not most of you owe your very existence to these very boys whom you so slander? and were we not all of us created that we might amuse and instruct them? That is the very thing for which we were sent from Germany and France, and what Santa Claus brought us for, and what the mothers and aunts and cousins got us for. I wonder how many babies my stories have pleased, how many my songs put to sleep. I couldn't

begin to tell; and I think it has given me some right to speak out a word for my human friends. As for Hassan's speech, I must say it comes with a very ill grace from him, for since I have had charge of the glue cure, he has been there most of the time under treatment, and by the way his head shakes, he ought to be there this moment. I have heard he has been to the paste cure, too, and some of it must have affected his brain, for a sillier speech I never heard in my life. Why can't he stick to the regular glue practice?"

"Because it won't stick to him," whispered Frank to Milly.

"But what I want to say is this," continued the old woman, "that if the boys play with us rather roughly, it is all in good faith, and they feel badly enough when any of us are broken or lost, or have to be taken to the hospital. That is not all. The boys are themselves subject to some *very* large boys and girls, who move them around very much as we are moved round, and they have to obey them, too. They dare not do anything those great children think is not best for them. I haven't lived all my life in a garret. I was once a parlor ornament. I had an apartment of my own, with a fireplace, a table, a clock, a library, and a cat. I had also a pair of spectacles, which enabled me to see many very extraordinary things. Shall I tell you what I saw?"

And the silence was very great, for in Toyland there is a great respect for age. But just at this point the aged speaker was seized with a violent fit of coughing, so severe the apprehensions were excited lest she should shake her head entirely off; and as she was much prostrated by it, a small iron rocking chair was brought for her to rest and recover herself in.

In this interval, the tortoise-shell cat appeared to be waking up to a sense of what was going on about her. She got up and shook off her kittens, stretching herself out both ways as she did so, and approached her venerable friend.

"Mow!" remarked puss, by way of clearing her throat; "I am very sorry that Dame Trot seems unable to finish her excellent remarks. She has been a kind and faithful friend to all of my race, and as she seems too weary to say much more, even though her cough is better, I want to tell a little of what I know of these children who seem to have injured Hassan so deeply. Now, before I had so many family cares that my time was entirely taken up, I was a parlor cat—a privileged person, with my own cushion and saucer. I often saw strange things. Those great

children, of whom Dame Trot spoke, are perfectly familiar to me, and are my personal friends. When I heard Hassan urge his lame, blind, crippled, and maimed crew to rise and assert their independence, I laughed so hard that I nearly pushed Tabby junior down between the joists. Why, he can't stir, unless the boys help him, any night in the year but this! Ha, ha, ha! The boys have to depend on the big children for what they eat and wear, and for leave to do what they want to. They can't even come to play with us, if the big children don't think it best. And the strangest part of it is, that I have often seen those big children get down on their knees and talk in a soft, low voice to someone that I could not see or hear, and I don't believe they could, either, and tell Him how poor and weak they'd be without His help, and how they looked to Him for everything they needed. And they made Him hear, somehow, for the things they asked for always came. And they asked Him if He wouldn't let them come and live with Him, sometime, and to make them better, so that they might be more like Him. They seemed to think it certain that sometime there would be a change, and that they would go to live with Him. Now I don't pretend to be much. I am not a doll, nor even a toy. I am only a cat, and shall die when my time comes. After that I may be a pie, or a flower bed, or a muff and tippet; or I may be fiddle strings, and make better music after I am dead than I did when alive. But while I am living, people, big and little, take care of me, and feed me and my kittens. And they take care of you, too. Don't look so wickedly at me, Hassan, or I'll knock your wicked old head off again! Just tell your bugler to stop blowing his horn and frightening Prince Harlequin and his wife to death! What's the good of wasting your holiday night in quarreling. I want you, Mister Hassan, to take Dame Trot in charge, and Mr. British Grenadier to take Red Ridinghood, and the rest of you to follow, and come with me to my jungle, where I have a little supper for you. Don't hang back and sulk, Hassan, there's enough for all, and to spare. I've a jar of sour milk and bread for your special eating, and a fine young rat, smothered in cream, with catnip sauce, and buttered cheesecakes for dessert. And if I hear of any of you raising a complaint against our young folk, or old folk, I'll let my kittens loose among you, and you'll wish the children would come to your help. Now to supper!"

Now toys are not so very unlike people as

they seem. Most of them are the better for occasional filling up in some way; and one fellow, who was a Matchsafe before his feet and hat were broken off, declared he had not been so empty since last Fourth of July; and he winked at Dame Trot, who had now recovered from her cough, entirely, and they all went out together to supper.

They ate and drank together; they had all the roast rat they could eat; they had frica-seed mice and (I grieve to state it) a robin pie, which even Madam Lily did not wholly disdain. Harlequin particularly enjoyed a grasshopper stew, which, on the principle of eating a part to strengthen a part, was supposed to greatly increase his natural activity, so that when, a little later, the catnip tea got into his head, he gave an entertainment to the company; and on the principle that he who makes the most fun is the best fellow, Harlequin won golden opinions from everybody. Dame Trot told all her old stories over, and everyone was in a most capital humor with themselves.

Only one accident occurred to mar the general hilarity of the occasion. Stimulated by the excellent supper and enlivened by the valerian rout of which they had been allowed just for once to partake, the three great kittens got into the gayest of frolics. They led the German, they danced the Lancers, and forced Hassan, sorely against his will, to dance it with them. And this it was that was so sad. In the figure of the Lancers, where everybody bows, Hassan did low incline his head, and sorrowful to relate, **IT FELL OFF!** This was too much for the kittens—they jumped and scrambled, they fought and clawed and hustled each other, and finally Brindle, in a sudden whisk, tossed it down between the joists and the plaster and lath.

A dead silence reigned over the late lively scene.

"Long live Harlequin, Prince of Toyland!" cried the crowd, who did not see the terrible scowl that the face of the fallen hero wore as it rolled into the hole. If they had—but never mind.

Harlequin bowed and Lily courtesied; and just then the "General," down in the barn, crowed loudly. Down sank the toys, stiff and silent; the cats only purred; and the children stole softly back to their beds.

Nobody had missed them, for Susan was snoring like a sleeping locomotive, and the house was as still as a churchyard. And when the children woke, they could hardly believe that it had not been a dream. But it could hardly have been so, for they both

saw it, and what one omitted, the other supplied.

But they learned many things from the Vision of the Toys. They learned that however proud and independent one may be, that there is always somebody to whom they owe their care and comfort, and that there is One to whom even papa and mamma must look for help and counsel. And that evening, when it was too late to sew, and too early for lamplighting, mamma took Milly on her lap, and Aunt Hatty took Frankie, and as it was too early to go to bed, mamma told them a splendid story, which, some time, maybe, I will tell to you.

A GHOST STORY.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

O tell me a nice, pretty story

About some hobgoblin or ghost,
For, of all the good stories you tell me,
I'd like that, dear papa, the most.

Then climb on my knee, little darling,
And mind you are still as a mouse,
While I tell of a ghost I encountered
One evening in this very house.

Out doors it was wild and forbidding,
And storm fiends were howling around;
And deeper and deeper and deeper,
The snow drifts were heaping the ground.

I plodded up town in the darkness,
Nor heeded the wind's angry shout;
Yet thought I, if ghosts ever wander,
This night they will surely be out.

I longed so to meet you and mamma,
And all thro' the pitiless storm,
I am sure it was thinking about you
That kept me so happy and warm.

The snow never stopped for a minute,
The winds never bated their spite;
And O how my heart leaped within me,
When I saw my own sweet window light!

One moment I paused in the hall way—
The light was uncertain—and yet
I saw at the top of the staircase
A sight I shall never forget.

A silent form looking upon me,
Pure white from the head to the feet!
With fair hair drooped over its shoulders—
A ghost! every item complete!

And still, as I went up the stairway,
This airy form glided before;
Then it scampered away in the darkness,
And fled thro' an opening door.

Ugh! how you were frightened, dear papa!
Why, no! can't you guess, little pet?
It was you in your white cap and nightgown,
And that's all the ghost that I met!

THE PEOPLE IN MY WATCH.

BY THOS K. BEECHER.

"Let me out! I want to stretch! I am smothering! I'm all curled up and crippled. Let me out, I say!"

Of course I couldn't write any more, when I heard such cries of distress close by me on the table.

"I say, let me out, I can't stand it!"

And I found that the voice was from inside a splendid watch that lay on my table—one of the best watches that I ever knew. Keep it wound up, and it will run a year without losing half a minute. The man that had it before me, said it hadn't varied fifteen seconds in a year. It was one of the "Raymond" watches, such as they make out at Elgin, in Illinois.

Of course I was surprised to hear cries of distress coming from so good a watch. I thought that the inside works of a good watch were contented. Pray, where shall we find contentment, if not in a watch, where everything is so smooth and clean and regular, and keeps on going without any fuss or dust; enough to do every second, and not a bit too much.

"I say, do you hear? Let me out! I can't turn. I can't stretch."

The voice came from the Mainspring, I found, by listening closely at a little hole that is left in the mainspring barrel, through which the teeth talked back to the Mainspring. You see the hole was left there to put oil in, or to look through, or to talk through, or *something*. It was a half-round hole in Mainspring's "prison," as he called it. And so the Teeth of the spring barrel spoke back—

"O, keep quiet, keep quiet! We can't get along any faster than we do. We let you uncurl once a day. What more can you ask?"

"Well, but let me stretch out now. Let me jump. Let me spin and break things. I feel as if I could."

"O, we can't move," said Teeth, "any better than you can. You strain on us, and we strain on the pinion of the Centerwheel. I am sure we wish that Centerwheel would turn faster, but he won't. His teeth come round—we have got pretty well acquainted with them now—they come round about once an hour. They won't hurry."

"Well," said Mainspring, "punch 'em up! punch 'em up! Let's have things moving."

"We're doing our best. But, as you say so, we'll talk to them as they come round. I say, Centerwheel, can't you hurry up a little?"

"Why, bless you," answered Centerwheel, "don't you see that we have to wait on Thirdwheel? You are all the while driving us up, and we go as fast as we can, but we can't hurry up this everlasting slow coach of a Thirdwheel. It goes along in little bits of jerks. There is something or other beyond it that makes a click-clack once in so often, just enough to make one wish it would go more. Jolly! I wish I was Thirdwheel. I'd let her rip, and have a good time."

"Well," said Centerwheel, "pass it on. Find out what is the matter."

So they passed it on till it came to Escape-wheel, with its few and funny teeth—only eight or ten of them. But it was a beautiful wheel, and very delicate, and it kept playing with two jewels, hitting one and then hitting the other; and as soon as they were hit, they would dodge back out of the way; and the jewels couldn't tell why they were dodging so regularly.

"They heard tell," they said, "of a Wig-wag, that did nothing all day long but go wig-wag up there on top of us all, having such a good time—he just goes round once in one direction, and then dances round in the other direction—doesn't have to go on regularly, the way we do. It's a real good time he has up there on top of us all!"

"Down with him!" said Mainspring.

"Put him down!" said Teeth.

"Kill him!" said Pinion.

"Let me out!"

"Let us up!"

"Let's run!"

But the teeth were strong, and the pinions sound, and they couldn't get away from each other.

Back and forth went the Balance, which they called Wig-wag. And when the grumblers down below held their tongues a minute, and were hard at work, Balance measured off his words regularly, and said,

"I, too, go in the dark. I am lonely here. I go one way, I go back; I go the same way, I go back. I don't know what I do it for. I am shut in as much as you. You drive me, and I am driven. What it's all for, I'm sure I can't tell. A watch is a very great mystery!"

Then they held a watch council. They stopped complaining and quarreling, and scolding each other, and the question they talked about was—

"What are we for, anyway? What is a watch? We are all shut in here, and we can't get out. What are we for, anyway?"

So they began to look along back from wheel to wheel, till they came to Center-wheel again, and he said,

"My long axle sticks out through the watch, and I don't know what's on the other end of me. It goes out through, and, now and then, I see a little light coming in from that direction. What is done out there I'm sure I can't tell."

"That's the way with me, too," said little Fourthwheel. "One of my pivots is long, and reaches out through a little hole, and a little light comes in now and then, but what it's all for, I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, what is it for?" said Mainspring.

"What?" said Thirdwheel.

And they all kept on working, wondering WHAT?

So I took up the watch and went with it down to our observatory. It was a beautiful evening. I looked at the hands on the face of the watch, and then I looked through the telescope of the transit instrument, waiting for a star that I should see before long.

Pretty soon the star came sailing in toward the spider lines in the telescope. I held the watch to my ear, and began to count the half seconds. I noted exactly the time when the star touched the spider lines in the telescope. And when the star had got across them all, I corrected the figures and looked at my watch—my beautiful Elgin watch—and found it thirteen seconds slow. Mainspring and two wheels had been listening and wondering, and when I said "thirteen seconds slow," Mainspring whispered to Balance,

"Ask him! ask him what is going on there outside."

So Balance ticked out to me, "'Thirteen seconds slow,' what is that, sir?"

"Don't you know what a watch is for?" said I.

"No," said Balance.

"Why, every time the stars seem to go round us once, your hour hand must go round twice. So it will make no difference whether I measure a year by your hands, that you stick out for me to look at, or by the great stars that God gave me to look at. And when I get a watch that goes regularly, according to God's stars, then I call it a good watch."

"Is that what we are for?" said Balance.

"Yes," said I, "that's what you are for—

to go regularly according to God's stars, and help me to go regularly. And I help my boys and girls to go regularly."

"Can you see out?" asked Balance.

"Not very far," I answered.

"Do you want to know what you are for?" asked Balance.

"Yes, I wish I did," I answered.

"Can you ever find out?"

"Yes, I shall know when somebody away up outside tells me, the way I told you."

"What did you say we were for, sir?"

"To go round with God's stars."

Balance said to Fourthwheel, "We keep time with the stars."

And Fourthwheel said to Third, "We keep time with the stars."

And so they passed it back, till they got to Mainspring in his barrel, and told him, "We keep time with the stars."

"O, is that it?" said he. "Well, then I will pull away as hard as I can."

And ever since that night, no matter when I choose to listen, I hear them singing inside my watchcase, "*We keep step with the stars. We keep step with the stars.*"



THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

The day is done—the quiet room
Is folded in the twilight gloom,
Save where the fading embers throw
From their red heart a tender glow.
Lighting with soft and tranquil grace
The rosy dreamer's dimpled face,
And resting, like a halo fair,
On the old grandame's silver hair.
Like dusky armies on the wall,
The wavering shadows rise and fall;

The clock ticks out its steady chime,
The cricket chirps in merry rhyme,
And hidden tongues of elfin choir
Make fairy music in the fire.
Softly the gates of sleep unfold,
The cloudy gates of pearl and gold,
And they two wander, hand in hand,
Into the pleasant twilight land,
The silent land of dreams, that lies
Between our world and Paradise.

UNCLE BILL'S SECOND LETTER.

SORRENTO, ITALY.

Dear Freddy and Bob: You remember how, all last year, when you had wakened me in the morning, we always flung open the Venetian shutters of my room and looked down into the street, and saw the baker with his push cart, and heard its thump against the curbstone; and the passenger horse car, as it came jingling along; and the people hurrying by to market, with baskets on their arms. Bob used to wish the street was all ice, so that he could skate to school, and Fred longed for it to be a river, that he might go in a boat.

Now here in this Albergo del Tasso, where I live, the chambermaid comes to tap at my door and throw open my windows. And a very droll chambermaid indeed; for he wears a smoking cap with a silver tassel, and has a white apron over black trousers, and carries a whisk under his arm. You will guess it is a man, and you are right; for it is quite usual in this country for men to make the beds and do the housework.

Well, I go to the window and look down, and always feel a little surprise that in place of cobble stones and brick pavement, the calm water of the bay is beneath me, and gently rippling up against the foot of the cliff, directly below. For you must know that our hotel is built on the top of a cliff that rises from the water higher than a house. And then all is so still! The only sounds I hear are the voices of some bare-legged fishermen, who are moving about on a little beach a few yards up the shore. I should know them to be fishermen or boatmen, by the red woolen cap they wear, even if I did not see them spreading their net's to dry along the narrow beach. I can see the water washing up over the pebbles and stones, but it is too far down for me to hear it splash.

As I look across the bay, several miles over, I can see many beautiful places in the clear, morning light. You have heard of some of them, but I am not going to tell you anything whatever about them to-day. I will only say that the great volcano Vesuvius is not very far off, and is smoking away almost as hard as it does in the colored print you have at home; and that the buried city of Pompeii is only a half-day's ride from here, and there I mean to go before long, to watch the workmen strike their spades into the ashes and dirt, and expose to the light of day a house that has been buried in darkness for eighteen hundred years.

Yesterday morning, I looked out toward

the little beach and saw five or six boats drawn up to the shore. The largest, which had a mast and sail, looked like a market boat, and was loaded with oranges. Three women sat in the stern, who appeared to be sorting the fruit, as from time to time they threw large ones into the water. I supposed one of these boats was for us that day, for the Prince had promised to take me to the island of Capri, to show me a wonderful grotto, which has the sea for its floor, and a blue dome for its roof. I was very curious to visit this strange cave, which they said was under the island, and could only be entered from the sea through a small hole at the foot of a precipice. So I hurried down stairs to an early breakfast, but before I finished it, the Prince arrived. We lost no time in getting off, as we had a long day's work before us. We went down the cliff by a sort of stairway, and soon reached the water's edge, where the boats were.

The three women were still sorting the oranges, and I found that the huge, yellow ones, which they seemed to waste by throwing in the water, were pithy inside and good for nothing. One of the women, with a good-natured smile, offered me three or four solid ones, and motioned for me to put them in the basket the Prince carried in his hand. I accepted, and on lifting the lid, saw that he had already put in it a cold chicken, some sandwiches, a tiny tumbler of jelly, and a bottle of light wine, which he said was made from his own vineyard seven years before.

Four boatmen were waiting by one of the boats. We all stepped in and pushed off, and soon their oars made the boat fly along the water. Presently Santa Severina, for that was the name of the Prince, pointed back at something over my head. I turned, and could plainly see, a quarter of a mile back, the Albergo del Tasso, in which I live, standing on the very edge of the precipice, and seeming almost to overhang the water.

"The room in which Tasso, the poet, was born, and which overlooked the sea, has disappeared," he said.

"What! has it fallen?" I asked.

"Either fallen or pulled down, because it would no longer stand, the waves have so washed away the cliff," he answered.

I am sure that Fred has read about the Crusade, in his history book, but I want him to know that Tasso wrote a very long poem describing the conquest of Jerusalem by the heroic Godfrey of Bouillon. He tells of battles, of sieges, of valiant deeds and romantic incidents; of the bravery and virtue of Godfrey, and of the terribly hard time his armies

had to drive away the Saracens from the Holy Sepulchre. And all this in such melodious language, that the Italians broke it up into ballads and songs, which they learned by heart and sang for nearly two centuries. This is an epic poem, and Tasso named it "Jerusalem Delivered." You can easily remember that an *epic* poem is one that narrates stirring events and great exploits, and is written in a grand and elevated style, and mostly fills a book. Quite different, you see, from the "Village Blacksmith," or the "Children's Hour," which Bob knows by heart.

You will see why Tasso chose Godfrey for his hero, when I tell you that shortly after the capture of Jerusalem, the armies elected him king of that city; but Godfrey of Bouillon said he would not wear a crown in the place where Christ was crowned with thorns. He would not be King of Jerusalem, but simply *Guardian of the Holy Sepulchre*.

Godfrey, they say, was noted for his mildness, but it seems to me that he would have shown much more mildness, if, like a good, quiet duke, he had stayed at home to take care of his people in Lorraine, instead of marching them into Palestine to slaughter thousands of Saracens.

Tasso never stayed long in the beautiful place where he was born. He passed most of his life with great cardinals and princes, and while with them he wrote and became famous. They were very proud of him, and loved his company, but he had a wretched, melancholy life of it, after all. Things went all wrong and vexatiously with him for a while, and he was slandered by some envious people. At one time, while living at the court of a powerful duke, he grew so strange and melancholy on this account, that the duke shut him in prison as a madman, and kept him there several years. This was very arbitrary behavior, to be sure, but dukes had a way of doing as they pleased, in old times. I am sure, if the Governor of Massachusetts were to clap Mr. Longfellow or Mr. Whittier into jail, if either happened to show symptoms of sadness, that we should make a great ado about it until he was let out. I must confess, however, that Tasso, in a fit of anger, once drew his sword on a servant of the duke's household, whereupon the duke said he was *mad*. And so I think very likely he was, in one sense. At last he was released, but he fell sick, and was taken into a convent at Rome by some kind-hearted monks, and there he died, while lying one day under a tree in the garden of the convent.

All these things that I have told you, we

talked about while the boat was going along fast in smooth water. But now she began to rock a little, for we were by that time out in the straits between the mainland and the island, and could feel the smart breeze blowing in from the sea. We had now lost sight of the white houses and gray cliffs of Sorrento, while before us the big mountains on Capri grew near and distinct. On we went, and were opposite the Capri beach in two hours from starting; but the boatmen signified that we were not to stop here, by motioning with their heads toward the north-western end of the island. Here the mountains rose above our heads like the stone wall of a fortress. As we pulled along this natural wall, I kept a sharp lookout for the hole that leads into the cavern. Presently I saw ahead of us five or six little row boats, each with a man sitting in it, doing nothing in the world but holding the oars idly in the water, while the boats rocked about in an absurd manner. Each man wore on his head a dirty, woolen cap, shaped to a point, like the liberty cap, you know, with the end hanging over.

All at once they set up a shout, and dashing their oars into the water, pulled toward us with might and main. When they met us, they rowed round and round our boat as we slid along, and shouted and screamed at us all the time, but I couldn't understand a word they said. Suddenly we stopped, and the Prince pointed over the side of the boat to the shore, and there, plain enough, was the hole, in the foot of the cliff, which led into the grotto. I then found out what the noisy boatmen wanted. We must push through that low entrance in a boat, and ours was too big. So these fishermen, who knew we must hire one of their little boats, thought that the fellow who could make the most noise would get the job. They pressed up around us, and screamed and pushed and shoved each other in such a violent way that I thought the next instant they would fall to fighting and get knocked into the water. I was quite alarmed for a minute, but the Prince only laughed, and quietly held up his finger to a little, old man, whose boat was pushed back. Instantly all the rest stopped their clatter, and shoving their boats off, floated around again as quiet as mice.

Santa Severina stepped into the little boat first, then, as I was following, he told me to hand in the lunch basket, in case we should be locked in the grotto by the waves for an hour or two.

"Gracious!" said I, "Is there any danger of that?"

"The wind blew from the north, last night," he replied, "and the waves are still washing into the entrance, which is only three feet high."

I took my seat beside him, and with a few strokes the old man brought us near the rock, and there, sure enough, were the long, green billows sliding up and tossing their white foam against the top of the arch. Watching his chance as the wave rolled back and left the opening clear, he gave a tug at the oars and sent the bow of the boat into the hole. We had to lie down, but putting our hands up against the arch of the rock, gave her a shove that sent us through into the silent grotto.

Once within, we found ourselves in a fairy cavern, just as fine as any in the Arabian Nights. A beautiful, blue dome for a roof, with blue walls, and smooth, blue water, on which we floated. The sunlight can come in only at one place, and that is the narrow hole through which we pushed our boat. We rowed to the opposite side of the grotto, and from there it looked like a circular window. Such a lovely color, and such a strange, lonely place! I thought, as I looked round; when, to my astonishment, I saw a young man seated on a broken ledge of rock at one side of the grotto. In front of him, his boat was floating, and on the ledge of it he rested one of his bare feet. They said he would strip and swim about for a small sum of money, and that his body would appear a silvery color. Quickly I pulled out several francs, and said he should have them. He kicked off his loose clothes, and was in the water in no time. There, to my delight and surprise, was a silver man, swimming round and round our boat. One minute he would make the water splash and foam, and the next he would dive down deep under the surface, and swim off quietly, his silvery body shining and gleaming in the clear, blue water.

When he thought he had played silver fish long enough, he came out and dressed in such clothes as he had, trousers, check shirt, and red cap. I then paid him, and began to think it was time to go; so we moved slowly across, taking a good-bye look at the blue vault as we came near the little door in the rock. The billows were still sliding in and splashing against the top of the little arch. When the wave draws back and leaves the hole clear, then is our time, you know. We waited a minute, with the bow pointed straight for the hole.

"Now for it!" I said, as we dropped down, while the boatman gave a mighty pull at

the oars that made the skiff quiver as it shot forward. But, alas! the old man was a moment too late, or there was a wave too soon, for, as we entered the arch, a sort of double-headed billow, larger than ever, came rolling and beating through, and struck the stem of our boat upward hard against the rock, and surging over into the skiff, half filled her. Nearly choked and blinded, we rose up suddenly, and in doing so, upset the boat. The first thought that came into my head, when I found myself swimming, was, "how very cold the water must have been for the silver man!" A stroke or two brought me to the side, and scrambling up on a ledge of rocks, I looked across, and saw that Santa Severina had already done the same on the other side. He sat there, a dripping, doleful traveler. The boatman was treading water, and coaxing his skiff, bottom upward, toward the rocks. We then helped him, and soon got it right side up.

I resolved, however, as I was quite drenched, to swim out. I grasped the edge of the rock, as the billow splashed in, and the instant it slid back, I darted with it, and by a push or two at the sides, was outside in a minute. The Prince followed me, and our big boat picked us up. It was then that the shocking fact first came over me, that our lunch basket was sunk and forever gone.

"Yes, jelly, chicken, and all, sunk in thirty feet of water," said the Prince.

He comforted me by telling me that we could land down below, and ride on a donkey to the Hotel Tiberio, in a short time, where we might go to bed while our clothes dried, and then have a good dinner. We were so wet that we couldn't wait for the old man to row out, so we left word for him to come to the landing for his money, which we doubted in amount because of his ducking.

And now I have but little more to tell you to-day. We went ashore at the landing, mounted the donkeys, and rode up the path toward the hotel. When I tell you we found the hotel was kept by an Englishwoman, you will guess she made us drink some hot negus at once, and had us rubbed down by a servant. There was a German Professor here, who wore spectacles, and two young Englishmen, who came to sketch. They instantly opened their valises for us, and we soon were fitted with dry clothes. We had a capital dinner, including some broiled quail, instead of the chicken now sunk in the waters of the Blue Grotto.

Of course we had to stay till next day, as we couldn't sail home in damp clothes, so

we spent our time in climbing about the ruins of Tiberias's palace on the top of Capri. That dreadfully-wicked, old emperor knew what was beautiful, for from his palace windows he had the loveliest views in the world. So thought the young Englishmen, who were sitting on the stones sketching pictures; and the German professor, who went poking among the ruins to write a book about them, probably thought so, too.

Early next morning we started from the landing, and though the wind across the straits was a little against us, we rounded the promontory by Sorrento in two hours and a quarter, and soon after were seated under the orange trees of the Albergo del Lasso.

And now, boys, good night! and remember, that as I shall be traveling a week from now, you will not be tied out soon again with such a long letter from — UNCLE BILL.

SEARCH FOR THE HOLY GRAIL.

BY MRS. H. B. C. GUNN.

A boy sat musing beneath a shady tree, and seemed so absorbed in thought that the beauties of the summer afternoon were all unheeded. For he had been reading the quaint yet beautiful story which has come down to us through the centuries, and, though many hundred years old, has never lost its interest or significance. It was the "Legend of the Sangreal," or Holy Grail—the cup out of which the Saviour drank at the last supper with his disciples, and which, after his death, was said to have been carried into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and preserved at Glastonbury as a precious relic. It was incumbent upon its keepers to be noble and pure in every respect, but one of them having broken his vow, the Holy Cup disappeared from the earth, no more to be seen by corrupt mortals. Years afterward, during the reign of the famous King Arthur, his bold Knights of the Round Table made it one of their favorite pastimes to go in search of the lost cup, but they were all unsuccessful except Sir Galahad, who was called the "Maiden Knight." When King Arthur made him knight, he said:

"God make thee good as thou art beautiful!" For in all the land there was none fairer than he, nor one set apart more plainly for some high and noble mission. This was his story:

One day, as the knights of Arthur's court sat together in their hall, a storm burst over their heads, mingled with a creaking of

the roof, and a loud peal of thunder. In the thunder was a cry, and then there followed a dazzling beam of light, brighter than day, in the middle of which was seen the Holy Grail, passing down the hall. It was enveloped in a cloud of luminous splendor, which prevented the knights from seeing who carried it, and soon it had vanished. A glory seemed reflected on every face, and, filled with wonder, they all arose and gazed at one another in mute surprise. But, at length, Sir Galahad spoke, and said that he had seen the Holy Cup, through the mystical cloud that covered it, and heard the cry that was in the thunder, and which had said to him, "O, Galahad, and O, Galahad, follow me."

And, therefore, clad in silver armor, the fair knight rode forth on his quest, and at last found the object of their eager search. To him alone was it revealed uncovered, and ever after, as long as he tarried upon earth, it went beside him, nerving his arm for deeds of Christian valor, until he became a mighty champion for the truth, and rode everywhere, overthrowing evil customs, and conquering Pagan realms; victorious over everything through the strength of the Holy Grail.

And when his noble mission was accomplished, it is said he came to a high hill, whose storm-wreathed summit he quickly gained, and found at its base a dismal swamp, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and spanned by bridges built by an ancient king. As fast as he crossed these they sprang into fire and vanished, while three times above him the heavens seemed to open and blaze with lightning. Sounds of sweet music followed, and shoutings, as if all the heavenly hosts were rejoicing. Soon he reached a great sea, where a boat received him, and bore him swiftly onward, his silver armor shining with a starry radiance, while over his head the holy vessel was suspended, luminous, and clothed in white samite.

Onward he passed, till he looked like a star in the distance, and paused not until he reached a city "with all its spires and gateways in a glory like one pearl." The Holy Grail, from which the veil of white samite had been withdrawn, now gleamed brightly, redder than any rose, and, ascending to the city, was taken within the gates never more to be seen by mortal men. Thither, also, Sir Galahad entered, and was hailed with a joyous welcome, and shouts of "Well done," blended with bursts of hallelujahs, and thanksgivings.

Such was the mystical story over which the boy beneath the tree lay pondering. While it excited his interest, it also strongly

aroused his curiosity, and a longing arose within him to discover why the knights of old had been so eager to undertake the search for the Sangreal, and of what it was symbolical. Memory brought before him "The vision of Sir Launfal," which he had also read, and it seemed to come up vividly before his sight, as, closing his eyes, he unconsciously fell asleep.

It was a lovely morning in summer, when, from the gateway of an old, feudal castle, a knight rode forth on his noble steed, clothed in a goodly coat of mail, and bearing sword and lance. His head was erect, and his eye determined and fearless, for he was to commence a search for the Holy Grail, and had sworn never to return or seek repose until his task was accomplished. As he rode onward, a leper stood up before him and begged for alms. Turning away in disgust from the wretched suppliant, Sir Launfal flung him scornfully a gold piece, which the leper refused to take, since it had not been bestowed in a better spirit. But the knight, unheeding, or thinking only of his search, hastened forward, and roamed over land and sea, after the sacred relic. The cup was, however, nowhere to be found, and old age overtook him while still unsuccessful. A sorrowful and broken-down man, he retraced his steps to the castle, to find another in the possession of his earldom, and himself an outcast and a beggar. But he had learned to compassionate the needy and suffering ones of earth, and so, as he stood shivering by the castle walls, one wintry night, and again met the leper he had once scornfully repulsed, he no longer turned proudly away, but fed him out of his own scanty store, and gave him to drink at a little brook that babbled near, and while he thus gently ministered to the necessities of the poor leper, lo! the countenance of the latter changed and became most glorious, while a light of radiant brightness filled the whole place; a voice of thrilling sweetness also addressed Sir Launfal, and said:

"Thou hast not helped the leper, but thy Saviour, for in supplying the necessities of the needy, and sharing what thou hast with another, canst thou most acceptably serve me. Search no longer for the Holy Cup, for it is here, right by thy side; for, as thou gavest me to eat and drink, so is the crust of bread we shared an emblem of my broken body, and the water procured from yonder brook, became it not as red wine, typifying my shed blood?"

"For the holy supper is kept indeed,
In what we share with another's need.

Who gives to others himself must share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

Thus, as memory gave back to the dreaming youth Sir Launfal's vision, imagination succeeded her, and gave to real incidents in history a form and coloring of her own, that they might further illustrate the search for the Holy Grail, and its hidden import. While the summer breezes floated over our young dreamer, visions of his own passed before him, and in spirit he was far in foreign lands.

And first he gazed upon a battlefield in Spain. The combat had but recently taken place, for the ground was crimsoned in many places, and the groans of the wounded and dying proclaimed only too sadly the fact that this had been the work of that grim monster, War. Great guns were still throwing their iron hail, and shells their mad mines exploding, for the strife was not quite ended, and here and there messengers of death still sped on fatal errands. A little group of officers and soldiers were gathered round a prostrate form, in a sheltered part of the grounds, for here lay one who, throughout the combat, had been in "shape and gesture proudly eminent"—Sir Philip Sidney, the beloved and gallant commander. The sufferings of the wounded man were extreme, and he longed for a drop of water to cool his parched and burning tongue. With great difficulty a glass of the refreshing beverage was obtained, but just as he was about taking it, Sir Philip saw a poor fellow sufferer near him look with longing, wishful eyes upon the water. It was a humble private in the service, who had been so severely wounded that his agonies seemed beyond mortal endurance, and, glancing compassionately upon him, the noble Sidney murmured,

"Give him my water, for his sufferings are greater than mine."

Ere more could be procured, the spirit of the self-sacrificing commander had passed beyond all earthly pain and suffering. The poor soldier, to whom had been given his own cup of cold water, in the time of need, lingered a little longer, just able to utter his gratitude for the priceless drink that had so relieved his sufferings.

The scene of strife and blood passed away, and when next the boy gazed, he saw a noble, benevolent face bending over the couch of poor, imprisoned sufferers, and, with sublime self forgetfulness, ministering to both the spiritual and temporal wants of these neglected convicts. He passes through their gloomy dungeons with words of hope and cheer, and to their dulled ears his gentle

accents seem "linked with airs of heavenly breath," as he reads passages of Holy Writ, and tries to lead their darkened and sinful minds to catch glimpses of the light beyond. They listen with reverent attention, and secretly wonder why he leaves home and friends to come in their midst, and care for them with an interest no one else had ever shown. Through most of the prisons of Europe that benevolent stranger passes, and blessings and thanks follow his footsteps everywhere. But at last the noble form is prostrate on a bed of sickness and death. He has sacrificed himself for others, for, in ministering to the wants of a poor prisoner, sick with a malignant fever, he himself has taken it, and there is no hope for his life. But it was not with fear or regret that John Howard met this solemn hour, and methinks the angels sang a sweet and joyful song, when they took his spirit home to the land where he was to receive his reward for a life not spent in vain.

Another vision now floated before the eyes of the dreamer; a vision of a lady, tall and fair, who, with noiseless step and sympathizing face, was gliding from ward to ward of a crowded hospital. The sick and suffering watched for her coming, and many a rough soldier wiped his eyes on his coat sleeve, after she left him, and many a fervent "God bless her," welled up from hearts grateful for her loving ministrations. It sometimes seemed to the men, little given as they were to romance, as if a halo were around her brow, and they half expected to see the wings unfold some day, and reveal her the angel they thought her. Often, when they saw the light of her lamp shining across the corridors, they would imagine it the reflection of a celestial glory from beyond the walls of their hospital, and at last so loved her that they would kiss even her shadow on the wall. For, by gentlest ministries, and entire forgetfulness of self, she made their great distress and suffering easier to bear, and brightened unspeakably the dreary life of the hospital. Thus did Florence Nightingale endear herself to the hearts of hundreds, and made them treasure with untold affection and gratitude the memory of the "lady with the lamp."

And now the visions had all faded into thin air before the eyes of the dreamer, but still he woke not. What was their hidden meaning? was the question that still perplexed him. Suddenly a form of angel purity appeared before him, and a gentle voice addressed him.

"Fair youth, I will explain to thee the

visions; and first, wouldst thou know what is symbolized by the search for the Holy Grail, and partaking of the cup which the Lord commanded all his followers to drink? Thou hast read how knights of old, forsaking tilt and tournament, went in search of the precious relic that had disappeared from human gaze, and how it was fabled that only Sir Galahad found it, and also disappeared with it from the eyes of men. Thou hast also seen the vision of Sir Launfal, who went in quest of it in later times, and remember what the leper told the good knight—that he need not roam over land and sea to find the Holy Grail, for it was right beside him, whenever he shared with the needy and sorrowful what he himself possessed, and that in ministering to the necessities of others he was following the example of his Lord and Saviour, and thus partaking of his cup. As the blessed Lord had drained a cup of suffering for others, so his followers must partake of the same, by sharing each the other's woes and sufferings, and succoring the needy. In the visions which thou thyself hast seen, sawest thou not this truth illustrated. The dying soldier giving up his own cup of cold water to another; the unselfish man, seeking to comfort and benefit the poor convicts whom everyone else had forgotten; and the sweet lady, going the rounds of the hospital—were they not all seeking for the Holy Grail, and finding it, in their deeds of charity, and mercy, and self forgetfulness? So thou hast heard the story and learned the moral, and let the search for the Sangreal hereafter only incite thee the more to seek for 'the good, the true, and the beautiful.'"

The voice ceased, and the boy awoke. This lovely, mystical story, that the past has bequeathed to us, was to be to him no longer a mere tale of fiction, but a reality, that would stimulate and encourage him to right action. Rising to his feet, he resolved henceforth to strive to do

"Noble deeds, not dream them all day long," so as to make life, death, and that great hereafter,

"One grand, sweet song."

FEBRUARY.

BY L. D. NICHOLS.

Now February holds his sway,
And, as the weather-wise ones say,
"Tho' the days are growing longer,
Yet the cold is getting stronger."
Swift as swallows through the sky,
Sleds and tinkling sleighs now fly;
Soon will come Saint Valentine,
With many a jest and loving line.

FISH AT PLAY.

BY E. L. RICE.

I wish I could paint this scene, that all the little readers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL might see it as I saw it. I will paint it as well as I can, in words.

It was twenty years ago, last May, that the good old ex-whale ship "Anna" was bearing two hundred wandering souls on a voyage on the bosom of the Pacific Ocean. Of this number, I was about the smallest person on board, having just completed my first dozen years. We were perhaps five hundred miles west of the Mexican coast, and our eyes had not been blest with a sight of land for forty days, at least. The day was a beautiful one. The wind was dead, and the afternoon sun shone brightly on the glassy water. The passengers were lounging about the deck, chatting, reading, smoking, sleeping—perchance dreaming of far-away home and friends, or of the strange land for which we were searching. The ship was rocking lazily, moved by the swells, which in open ocean never cease, and the sails were hanging about the masts. In short, we were in a dead calm. There were to be seen only our solitary ship and its living freight, the water upon which it floated, and the overarching sky, which seemed to close about all.

Judging by what could be seen, we could not tell whether or not there was any life in the deep-blue water about us. Suddenly we had proof that it was overflowing with living things. A ruffling of the smooth surface was noticed by those on the lookout; then here by the prow, there by the stern, yonder in the distance, everywhere, from horizon to horizon, it seemed, great fishes, monsters of the deep, five to twenty and more feet long, as if shot from mortars, leaped into the air, described a half circle, then plunged head foremost into the depths again, doubtless to gather strength and to get a new *fin and tail hold* for another leap in the air; for they kept up the fun for ten minutes or more, and each must have taken several leaps, or there must have been an innumerable host of fishes.

Such a wonderful and grand sight I never have seen among beasts of the field or fowls of the air. How they did enjoy their sport! For a time, I do not believe I go beyond the truth, if I say the ocean could hardly be seen for the multitude of fishes in the air. And as they rapidly and gracefully curved from the surface to the surface again, they shone in the bright sunlight like burnished points, and wedges, and shafts, of silver and gold.

We could hear only the rushing of the water as they left it, and the splashing and plunging as they entered it again. But so many were there that it made a continual rush, splash, and plunge.

They left for the depths below as suddenly as they came, leaving the ocean surface boiling and foaming with the commotion they had made, and we saw them no more. I need not say there were no loungers, sleepers, or dreamers on our ship while this grand sight was witnessed, nor again that day, so thoroughly did it wake us to newness of life.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT BEES.

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

A lady in Providence tells me that her father once brought home a molasses hogs-head, to be used as a water tank. On washing day, her mother said, "Let us throw the suds into it, to soak the molasses from the bottom." The instant she had done so, she exclaimed, "O, I have drowned hundreds of our neighbors' bees!"

The hogs-head was black with bees that were busily appropriating the sweets from what they must have considered an enormous blossom. The good lady made haste, with her skimmer, to skim the bees from the top of the water, and spread them on a board in the sunshine; but they seemed drowned and nearly dead, and she was very sorry.

All the bees that were around the hogs-head had flown away at the dash of the water, but in a few minutes they returned, accompanied by scores of others. Then began a curious work. They immediately went to work upon the unfortunate bees, turning them over and over, and working upon them constantly with their heads, feet, and antennae. The result of their busy labor was, that one after another gave signs of life, stretched its limbs and wings, crawled about and dried itself in the sun, and flew away. The lady said there were a half a pint, at first, and that there remained only about a dozen hopeless cases, beyond the humane efforts of their brothers.

No other insect has ever excited so much interest and admiration as the bee; many lessons have been learned from its wonderful and ingenious habits; and in this case I have no doubt that an observant physician might have gained some useful hints as to the resuscitation of the drowned.

This is a certain true story, for I heard it with my own ears, and Mrs. Gardner told it with her own mouth, and she said she saw it with her own eyes.



SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY G. H.

And a fine day it was, too, as fine as any saint could ask, who liked bright sunshine and plenty of clean, new snow, and wasn't afraid of having his nose nipped by Jack Frost's mischievous pincers.

Up, at the nursery window, one, two, three, four little faces, quite out of Mr. Jack's reach, looked down upon the street, watching the sleighs and the people, and waiting for St. Valentine to come along.

Sue and Mamie, Fred and Nell, there they were all looking through one pane. Chipple, you know, was too little to care for valentines, and crept about the floor, helping herself to Mamie's playthings.

Pretty soon the postman came in sight, loaded with such heaps of letters—letters in both hands, letters in bundles under his arms, letters sticking out of every pocket, and a knapsack, ready to burst with letters, strapped across his shoulders.

The children could see him ringing the door bells, as he came along, and leaving all sorts of letters—some no bigger than your thumb, and some as big as a newspaper; some in coarse wrappers, and some in lace and gilt; some red, some green, some pink, and some blue; and more white ones than you could count.

But the best of it was, that he stopped at

Mr. Brown's, nodded to the four little faces at the window, and left four valentines, and one more—which made five, didn't it? Yes, five; one for each of the children, not forgetting little Chipple, who received a pretty picture in a perfumed envelope; though she couldn't leave her dolly long enough to admire it.

The others were soon absorbed in St. Valentine's messages; and no wonder, such remarkable pictures and still more remarkable verses are only to be seen on the fourteenth of February. Of course there was a great deal about St. Valentine, my valentine, your valentine, or somebody else's valentine, in almost every line. So that when Mrs. Brown came into the nursery, she found a brisk discussion going on, as to who this great saint might be. The little debaters appealed to her at once.

"O mamma, do tell us about him! Who is he? Is he a real, live man? Is he the same as Santa Claus? What is Valentine's day for? Does he write all the letters? What makes us call him 'saint'?"

Mamma couldn't stop to answer so many questions; but she promised that if the children would wait until evening, after tea they should hear all about it. Evening was a long time coming, but it came at last, bringing

Papa Brown from his office, and opening the valentine question again in good earnest. Mr. Brown had little to say about it; and when tea was over, and the rest hurried into the parlor, he stayed behind with his newspaper, much to the disappointment of the children.

They had hardly had time to think about it, however, before the bell rang, and a strange-looking person was shown in, whom Mrs. Brown introduced as Mr. Valentine. He had a bald head, and long, white hair and beard, and wore a loose robe, reaching almost to the floor, like what we see in ancient pictures.

"You scarcely expected to see an old Roman, like me, around here," said he, in a very pleasant voice. "But I learned that there were some little folks here who wanted to hear about me, so I just dropped in to tell you my own story.

"A great many hundred years ago," began Mr. Valentine, "the Romans were foolish heathen, and worshiped I don't know how many gods, and among the rest, one called Lupercus, or Wolf Driver, because he was supposed to keep off the wolves. Every year, in February, a great festival was held in honor of Wolf Driver, when, I am told, the young people practiced a very odd custom. They placed their names in a box, and then, without looking, each took out a name, and the person whose name was drawn must be served and attended by the one who drew it.

"When the Christian religion came to Rome, the preachers had hard work to make the people leave off their heathenish ways. Meantime, I almost forgot to mention, the emperor and I didn't agree, and he had me beheaded, at least so they say, on the 14th of February, in the year 270. Well, a long time afterward, the priests are said to have hit upon a plan for changing the name-box game that I spoke of. Finding that I had been beheaded on the 14th of February, they called me a saint, and called the day St. Valentine's day, instead of Wolf Driver's day. Then, instead of putting live people's names in the box, they put in the names of saints; and when you drew out a saint's name, you were to call him your Valentine, and pray to him, and all that; which I think was as bad as the other way. Don't you?

"I don't know how they liked the new fashion in Rome; but in other countries, though they called the day St. Valentine's, and said no more about Wolf Driver, they used the name box in the old way. Young men and women, and sometimes boys and girls and old married folks, the more the

merrier, met on St. Valentine's eve, put all their names into a box, from which each gentleman drew a lady's name, and each lady a gentleman's, the person drawn being the other's "Valentine" for the year. This sport was practiced for a long time, especially in France and Great Britain, not only among poor people, but in the families of the nobility, and even at the courts of kings and queens. The valentine of a lady must attend, assist, and defend her, and be a sort of knight in her service. At one time it was the fashion to draw mottoes with the names; and sometimes, but not always, valentines gave each other presents.

"When people got tired of choosing valentines in this way, they tried another, which was, to call the person your valentine whom you saw first on the morning of St. Valentine's day. And we read of young lasses who used to keep their eyes shut till the right lad came along.

"Still another way, practiced in some parts of England, was for children to 'catch' each other and their older friends, by saying, 'Good morrow, Valentine.' If you could say it to anybody before they spoke to you, they must give you a present. You must be sure to do your 'catching' before sunrise, though, or else they would call you 'sun burnt.' In some English towns the children go about singing—

"'Good morrow, Valentine,
First 'tis yours, and then 'tis mine.
So please give me a valentine;'

for which people give them a penny or two, if they please.

"The last fashion for Valentine's day is that of sending all sorts of comical, ugly, or silly letters to anybody you please. This you know all about; but you cannot think how many letters are sent every year. I remember one Valentine's day when more than 400,000 were delivered in London; and this very day the postman has been loaded down with them."

"We saw him," cried Fred.

"He brought us five," said Nell.

"One apiece, Chippie and all," Sue explained.

"Here's mine," added Mamie, holding it out rather timidly.

Valentine jumped up to look at it, when off went his white wig; and when he stooped to pick it up, he lost his whiskers, too.

"Why, papa!" shouted all the children.

It was Papa Brown, and nobody else, and a great frolic there was over the matter, I can tell you.

"Was it true, what you told us about St. Valentine's day, and the way it was kept?"

"All true, little Nell, and a great deal more that I haven't told you."

So each one tried on the whiskers and the wig, and all agreed that papa was better than a dozen St. Valentines.

BOYS AT PLAY.

BY W. O. C.

I sometimes see the boys at play,
Or hear them shout along the street;
And thoughts flow back for many a day,
When youth and springtime buds were sweet.

My father's house was old and brown;
Old orchard trees stood on the lea;
The brook ran like a silver thread,
Down through the meadows to the sea.

Across the brook a plank was laid;
Our timid feet went creeping o'er;
We seemed, sometimes, almost afraid
To venture on so strange a shore.

The cows came home at fall of night,
And waited in the grassy lane;
Then, in the rosy morning's light,
We drove them to the meads again.

The Sabbath days were cool and sweet;
There came a murmur from the sea;
I heard the distant bells repeat,
Afar their praiseful melody.

We loved the springtime sweet with bloom;
The wild rose wet with morning dew;
I love them yet; and still have room
For all the joys my boyhood knew.

THE HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

CHAPTER II.

It was just dawn. Bannie was in her father's room, noiselessly making it tidy while he slept. She kindled a fresh fire in the little stove, rubbed the hearth bright and clean, laid the old, well-patched rug smoothly and squarely in its place, and piled her father's few, best-loved books tidily upon the stand near his bed. Then she parted the curtains at the window and looked out. The snow had fallen all night, and the long, low shed across the way, where Tony the teamster kept his horses, was hooded and disguised till it looked quite lovely and quaint, while even the old sawmill below the hill peered through the gray shadows like some white, enchanted castle. Upon a chair near the door lay Bannie's hood and shawl, and against it rested a guitar, which had been bequeathed to her by a dying aunt, who had

tenderly loved her ever since her babyhood. "I give my guitar to little Bannie," she said, when she knew the angel had come for her. "And tell her whenever she hears its voice to remember that life had come to be very gracious and beautiful to Aunt Lulu, yet she struggled through many black shadows before ever she reached the clear sunshine. But Aunt Lulu always believed that God loved her and was watching over her with kind, patient eyes. And tell Bannie it is loving God that makes the hands strong and the heart brave, and life sweet, and death a triumph."

Bannie was thinking of those precious words as she lingered there a moment, looking out at the white, solemn earth. They seemed to come up through the years from that dying bed, and sound in her ears with Aunt Lulu's own soft, earnest voice.

"I will remember it always," whispered Bannie. "No matter what comes 'life will be sweet if we love Him,' you used to say, Aunt Lulu. O, I hope I shall learn to love Him! She always believed that God loved her. She used to say, too, that 'we have all done wrong in His sight.' If He loved her in spite of the 'wrong,' won't He love me, if I am sorry, and want Him to love me? I should think anybody who loved God, and was loved by Him, would always feel glad; it must be so sweet. Why don't I love Him this minute? I know He is loving me. I don't know—yes, I believe I do love Him."

The light was stealing softly into Bannie's heart, just as the faint, early glow of morning touched the fair earth. She turned from the window with a strange joy and hope shining in her face, put on her hood and shawl, and then sat down to take one last look at her treasure. It was lovely, with its shining wood, and glitter of silver and pearl, and Bannie's fingers caressed it reverently, and her heart thrilled, as she sat a moment in the stillness, thinking of those charmed hours, when Aunt Lulu used to sit in the dusk, improvising music of her own; tender, wistful melodies, stirring marches, or little tinklings of harmonious laughter, like brook waves curling among the stones, according to her mood.

It seemed almost like parting with some beautiful, living thing, that Aunt Lulu had cherished and loved; but presently she locked the guitar in its case, and, taking it in her arms, quietly went out, and plodded her way up the street through the snow.

The kitchen was yet silent and cold when Bannie returned home. She came in quietly as she could, with a white, new market bas-

ket upon her arm, borrowed from some accommodating grocer up town. And that basket was heaped full of good things; there were fresh, sweet loaves from the baker's; a little roll of golden butter; a nice, tender steak; coffee, and sugar, and delicate tea, such as her father loved, and a few rosy apples; besides a parcel containing a soft, plaid, shoulder shawl for mother; warm shoes and stockings for Cap; aprons for baby, and a big red "comforter" for Jerry.

She laughed softly, while she briskly untied her hood and shawl, thinking it was like being a fairy godmother in a story, and it almost seemed, with the funny thought in her heart, as if her hair had grown silvery white, and as if she had a jolly, rosy, peaked nose, and ought to wear queer, high-heeled slippers, like all the good godmothers in the pictures.

Bannie could build fires just as successfully as any boy ever could, if boys do think girls can't build fires, and she soon had the stove roaring away in the most heart-whole fashion. She half fancied, in her gladness, that even the fire had consciousness, and laughed for joy over the strange prospect of cooking a nice, savory, plentiful breakfast. Cap was usually first out of bed in the morning; she would insist upon being carried into the kitchen, and sit placidly in her nightgown, looking on while the fire was kindled, and the frosty air never seemed to affect her more than it would a little, round, hickory log. Bannie heard her, pretty soon, chirping out,

"Somebody come get me! I'm s'eepe'd so long."

The little bunch never seemed quite so delicious in anything else as she did in her nightgown, and Bannie covered her blessed, chilly, little cheeks, and warm, white breast, with kisses, as she carried her out of the bedroom, and dumped her down in a chair by the fire, where she could warm her pink toes. "Mother" was up, too, before long, and Bannie told her, with a little quiver of joy and triumph, how Mr. Peabody had bought her guitar for Lizzie Peabody, and what a fabulous sum he had given her for it, on account of its exquisite tone, and how, after breakfast, she wanted to go up town and buy some large, fine handkerchiefs for father, and delicate, linen slips for his pillows, and grapes from the hot house, to tempt his weak stomach. She did long, that morning, to go right into the clothing store, and buy a nice, stylish suit for Cary, before ever he was awake, and carry it home, and lay it down in place of the ridiculous old things

he had worn so long; but she gave up that pleasure, thinking he could choose it best for himself.

"It seemed as if the sobs would keep rising in my throat every minute, as I went up the street," she said, by and by, "but when it was all over I felt so proud and glad—I can't begin to tell. I could hardly keep from singing all the way home. And, mother, something has come over me, such a glad, safe feeling. It began this morning, when I was thinking of what Aunt Lulu said about loving God. It seemed as if I felt so hungry to love Him, really and truly, you know, mother, deep in my heart, like I love you, and all at once, while I was thinking about it, He seemed so near me, and precious to me, I could have cried, just because was so sweet."

"You couldn't tell me anything better to hear," said her mother, softly, while she pretended to be searching for something in the cupboard, that she might hide her tears of thankfulness.

They never talked much with each other about things deep and sacred, and presently they fell to chatting about their work, so you would hardly have guessed that anything especially sweet and comforting had come to their hearts; but they both remembered that morning through long years.

Cary had risen quietly and gone to the woods after sticks, while Bannie was absent. Nobody knew when he went.

"And I'll stay away till the miser'ble show of a breakfast is over," he had said to himself, as he hurried doggedly along the road. "It makes my heart ache to see the little scraps mother always manages to pick up from somewhere, makin' believe there's plenty, and pretending she ain't hungry."

But it happened that he came back just as the coffee was put on for its few minutes of fragrant boiling, and he was in a very savage humor.

"I just b'lieve nobody has such hard times as we do," he grumbled, as he sat by the fire digging the snow out of his old shoes. "Now I ought to have boots; just think of a big boy like me wearing shoes in winter! Some boys have buckskin gloves, too, but I have to dig in the snow with my bare fingers."

Bannie was bending over the stove, putting in wood, as he spoke.

"Don't, Cary," she begged, in a whisper. "It hurts me to hear you talk so."

Cary remembered, all of a sudden, that Bannie had "dug in the snow" for wood several times, with her own little, bare fingers, and had never complained a word

"Well, I won't, then," he said, a little softened. "You know I'm glad I can get wood, some way; I just feel cross, that's all. I'm mad because I couldn't go to school this winter. I shall grow up a ninny."

"You're a ninny to sit there and complain about what can't be helped," almost came from Bannie's lips, but she choked it back, and told him about selling the guitar, in such a cheery, heart-whole fashion, that Cary never could guess how hard it was for her to give it up. There wasn't much of the lofty heroic in Cary. Perhaps, if he had been some proud youth in a story, he would have "drawn himself up to his full hight, and declared, with flashing eyes and scornful lips, that not one penny of that money would he touch—the price of his sister's most precious treasure! Rather would he beg, steal, or go in rags."

To tell the truth, it almost made him laugh with delight, to think of stout, glossy, new boots, and a graceful hat, and a new suit of the very quiet, rich brown tint he liked, not to mention the prospect of making a long journey by himself, and earning good wages every month. Then the perfume of the good coffee, generously bubbling up to the very spout of the pot, and the savory smell of the beefsteak, broiling over the coals, drove the grumbling spirit out of him, for that morning, at least. He even dressed Cap completely—funny little skirts, apron, new shoes and stockings, and all, and never jerked her once, and didn't scold her at all, nor get angry because she would curl up her fat, little toes, so that he could hardly pull on her shoes. He even held the baby on one knee while Cap was perched on the other. And when Jerry came in, having washed and dressed himself in insane haste when he heard beefsteak mentioned, Cary never said one word about his white hair being combed smoothly in front of his ears, and left in a snarl behind, and utterly denied himself the pleasure of teasing him upon any subject whatever. And for that whole day he did not hoot like an owl, nor whistle through his fingers, nor call suspenders "galluses," and didn't indulge in any of his favorite methods of rousing Bannie's righteous indignation.

"I'm going to study in every spare minute I can get, when I'm out west," he told Bannie, in one of his genial moments. "I should think a herder would have hosts of time, nothing to do but lie on his back in the grass and think, you know, taking a peep at the herd now and then. And I mean to think to some purpose."

Mrs. Houston talked so hopefully to her husband of the good it would do Cary to go out west, of the wages he would earn, and the opportunity he would have to study and make up for lost time, that he immediately gave his consent, and began weaving out golden dreams for his boy, in his own favorite fashion.

Cary selected his new suit, and behaved much more like a gentleman, and a good deal less like a great, gruff boy, when he had it on. Of course, boys should behave as well in a patched, old-fashioned jacket as in anything else, but they don't do so, often. Short jacket sleeves and threadbare old trousers will have a subtle influence on boys' manners; and so will cunning vests, and pretty, stitched cuffs, and stylish neckties. He started on his journey one morning, in the blue dawn, after a few, broken words of good by, and a few shy kisses, and a strange loneliness fell upon the little house.

"Queen Ban," he had said, merrily, "don't let your nose grow any longer while I am gone." But there was a little quiver running along the words as he spoke.

It would be worlds harder to do without his teasing than ever it had been to bear with it, Bannie said to herself, as she stood silently by the window, watching him striding sturdily up the street, and she remembered how the tears came to his eyes one day when baby burnt her wee, white hand; and how sorrowful he was when he found a little, bleeding bird; and how careful he had been, in all his life, not to hurt even the ugliest bug or worm; and what wretched days he had spent up at Hidy's, without telling one word about it at home, when they all thought him so selfish and cross, and she said to herself, as she covered her face with her hands,

"He's a glorious, good-hearted brother, after all, and I don't see how I can ever live such a long, long time without him."

One is never so lonesome when there's plenty to do, and, after Cary was gone, Bannie and Jerry and Cap went on many a merry expedition after waste wood, in order to save the good hickory Bannie had bought with her "treasure money" for great occasions, like Sunday, and baking and ironing days; and, when they reached home, they would triumphantly rattle the old sled through the gate, thinking how much money they had saved, and how good the air was, and how delicious it was to be in the woods every day, even if the trees were bare, and the ground sloppy and snowy. They loved the very perfume of the old, last year's nuts and and leaves, and the smell of the wet ground.

and the tinkle of breaking icicles, and creaking of the branches; and all the queer little bits of winter music one may hear, if one only has eager, listening ears. Besides, there were many days now when the sun shone quite lovingly at noon, and something in the air hinted vaguely of growing grass and violets, and lovely spring weather, close at hand.

Mrs. Houston sewed night and day, whenever she could obtain work, and Bannie, who could iron clothes quite artistically, soon found herself furnished with profitable employment for many an afternoon, when hurried housekeepers had discovered how daintily crisp and shining tucks, ruffles, and embroideries came from under her deft little hands.

Just after supper the children always had a delicious little "play spell," before they grew sleepy. Jerry went every day to one particular shop after his basket of shavings, and the bent old man who worked there always dropped a bountiful sprinkling of nice, goodly-sized blocks and chips into his basket. These furnished delight to the children for many an hour, not alone in building queer edifices, which would tumble down in the most jolly fashion, but in watching Bannie whittle. She enjoyed it quite as well as they did, and it was quite wonderful to see what cunning things she could carve out of Jerry's blocks and chips. One, a real, little poem in wood, was a faithful representation in miniature of an old corner cupboard Bannie had known and loved, in the days when she used to spend summers with her grandmother in the country. Its doors were carved in queer little panels, its shelves had sticks for the rows of plates to rest against; there was the little drawer for knives and spoons, and the "bottom part," with the broad shelves for apple cobbles, and pans of sweet pone. Then, it was painted the dear, old-fashioned, homely, cherry red, and, most wonderful of all, was filled with wee, old-fashioned dishes, all carved out of chips, and carefully painted with some water colors that Jerry had obtained in one of his successful trades. There was the little, fat "squab" of a sugar bowl, with pale blue rose leaves painted all over it, and a little blue knob on the cover, shaped like an acorn; the big, bulging-sided, blue-striped, water pitcher, with its generous spout, that was always to be used when there were "harvest hands;" the tiny teapot, that looked like a jolly old lady, with the spout for her crooked nose, and the lid and the handle for the ruffles of her cap; and there

were ever so many little mites of pale-blue-and-white plates, and queer, little cups and saucers, and a tureen that looked for all the world like a blue goose on her nest.

Cap had a little "leaf table," too, that Bannie had made; and a little closet for pots and kettles, and there was a little, plump, black, painted teakettle in it, which looked just like iron, and a pot to "make mush in," and one for stewing chicken; and she had a Dutch oven. But you didn't dare put anything hot into any of Cap's dishes or pots, and she did ruin one teapot with boiling water. Jerry received his share of whittled treasures, of course. He had the dearest little sleigh, carved like a shell, with graceful runners, painted bright scarlet, and its sides ornamented gorgeously with gilt leaves and blossoms, cut out of the manufacturer's label on a piece of cloth, and pasted on with white of egg. A little robe, fit for an elfin empress, lay over the seat in the sleigh, made out of mole's fur; and Bannie did whittle out a span of tiny horses, to draw this fairy equipage, but she wasn't quite equal to equine sculpture, and, in spite of all her efforts to make her steeds appear spirited, they would look stiff and melancholly as two old Rosinantes.

Then there was a wooden doll for the baby, which could be horribly battered and bruised, but never entirely demolished; although it already had a new nose, fastened on with glue. And, besides all these, she had made a little workbook for her mother, with the loveliest carved lid, and a small chest of pretty little spice drawers, which, sad to tell, had rested all winter in melancholly emptiness.

Next to the whittling luxury, in their little glad time at dusk, came Bannie's big blackboard. Their father had made it for her when she was just a little mite of a girl, in order to reconcile her to those tiresome sums in long division, which, she said, kept spinning out just like raveling old stockings. But a great many things besides respectable problems in arithmetic had ornamented that old blackboard. Mr. Houston had enjoyed it as much as his children, while he rested in the evenings, after his work, till this winter, while he lay sick. Sometimes, in his chattiest moments, he would tell them of his early boyhood, when it was the purest pleasure he knew, to creep up into his father's garret, where nobody could find him, and lie there for hours, drawing innumerable pictures upon the hard-earned foolscap spread out before him. Perhaps he "might have been an artist," he would say, wistfully,

stopping in his talk to stir up the fire; "not a mere dabbler, but a real artist, instead of a poor, plodding carpenter."

Beautiful, old, ivy-wreathed gateways used to stretch across the old blackboard, just with a few magic strokes of his hand. Sometimes an old tower sprang up in a moment, with niches, and little turrets, and peering faces. Now, when they might have been very lonely in the "children's hour" without the "whittling" and the blackboard, Bannie would sketch little designs for pretty flower stands and trellises and brackets, that she meant to make, some day; Jerry would draw fearful and wonderful "panoramas;" and Cap would spend marvelously-long seasons of silence, taking a deep breath now and then, while she worked at houses that looked as if somebody had torn off one whole side in order to afford you the pleasure of looking into every room at once. The roof was always a marvel of original architecture, with at least a dozen lofty chimneys. The rooms, of course, hadn't any perspective, and the furniture always stood in rows. In the room which possessed the greatest splendor, always sat a very stiff lady, holding a very stiff baby, with long, stiff, embroidered skirts; and Cap found as much enjoyment in it all as many a woman does in the furnishing of a real house.

Slowly the days wore on into the spring weather, and although, as his wife had told the children, the great danger seemed to be over, it took very sharp eyes to see that Mr. Houston was gaining any strength.

One morning Cap and Jerry had been banished to the little strip of yard in front of the house, on account of their noise. The big piles of boards around the sawmill across the way, looked invitingly snug and warm; so did the great, rough, round logs lying so close together in rows upon the hill; and it seemed as if there never before had been such a huge heap of soft, warm sawdust, where one could dig "caves" and make "avalanches." But they didn't dare cross the road, and so just stood looking wistfully over. Cap had been "tullerin' her hair!" This operation she secretly performed by means of a big wad of old, green, window paper, and some dirty rain water in a cast-off fruit can. Her curly hair hung in long, matted strings of vivid green over her forehead and around her dimpled cheeks; and, as if to complete the elegance of her appearance, she had put on Cary's old jacket, which almost touched the ground at her heels, while she was obliged to poke her arms through the holes in the elbows, for convenience.

When Cap was particularly eager for anything, or very much delighted, her blue eyes looked almost black, and ever so much bigger and full of stars and sparkles, and now they were fairly shining through her green hair. By and by a little dog wandered across the road from the sawmill, and came creeping and crouching up to the gate. He was a pitifully-ugly dog, and somebody had scalded the hair off his sides, so that the skin showed in patches, and you could almost count his ribs through his skin. But Cap and Jerry thought they had never seen such a lovely creature in their whole lives; and the bluish patches of bare skin only added to his charms in their eyes.

"He's a coach dog, like Conductor Star-kins's dog," said Jerry. "That's what makes him so spotted. I'd like to have a coach dog, wouldn't you, Cap? He'd look so grand, curled up at a fellow's feet in the carriage. We'll have a carriage some time, of course. Here, dog! here, dog!"

He must have liked the earnest, kindly, little voice calling him, for he immediately wiggled himself through the fence, and Jerry gathered the ugly little thing into his arms.

"I fink he's lost, an' we ought to keep 'im," said Cap, confidently.

"He ain't the sawmill man's dog, nor Jimmy Barkman's, nor anybody's," said Jerry; and they soon convinced themselves that it would be an act of benevolence to keep him, and no sin at all, and they immediately set about making him a bed, as if that were the first thing he could possibly need. He was soon nestling contentedly among some old rags, in a barrel that lay on its side, in a retired nook of the yard, picking away at an old bone, while Cap and Jerry sat in front of him, pondering over long strings of names that might be considered suitable for such a splendid animal. After long deliberation, they decided to call him General, when written about in letters, and Jolly, for every day. But Jerry kept saying "my dog," all the time, just as if Cap hadn't any share in his discovery, and hadn't help make his bed, and hadn't found that very bone for him, her own self, out by the currant bushes. It made her feel grieved and wronged and humiliated, but it wasn't in Cap's stout, little heart to cry or quarrel, even if her feelings were touched; and by and by she just quietly scrambled to her feet, with her old tin can still grasped tightly in her arms, as if it were a vessel of pure gold, and said, quite serenely,

"Girls don't have dogs. I dess I'll let you have Jolly, Jerry, all your own self. I'm

going to be a woman, and live in a big house, and have a 'servatory, like Aunt Lulu told about 'way long ago. I'll have my 'servatory out on the back porch. Mamma won't care. She'll flink it's nice. Only it won't have any fountain in the middle of it, nor any little marble babies holdin' up a flower pot. You can stay here, Jerry, while I go an' get some flowers. I know a lot of people what 'm got flowers. I used to see 'em in their windows when Bannie took me to Sunday school."

Mrs. Houston heard them just then, chatting out in the yard, and sat contentedly at her sewing. Bannie, having finished the long seams in a pair of pantaloons, was rocking and singing the baby to sleep. Nobody knew, when, presently, a little fright was trotting slyly through the open gate and away up the street as fast as her little feet could carry her—a little fright, with a boy's huge jacket flapping her heels at every step, with tangled, green hair, and great, eager, shining eyes, and muddy rain water splashing wickedly out of the old tin can in her arms.

(To be continued.)

APPLES.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

One for you, and one for me,
Ripe, and red as a rose can be;
With a spicy breath, like the airs that play
On the blossoming gardens of fair Kathay.

This is the side where all day long
Lingered the sunshine, clear and strong;
Down to the very core, I know,
Still is hoarded the summer glow.

I can tell you where they grew,
By the orchard wall, where the brook comes
Crystal clear in the frost and rime, [thro',
Lost in the grass in summer time.

That is the place where first in May
Pale blue violets hide away,
Half ashamed of their faces fair,
When blossoms whiten the branches bare.

Gnarled and twisted the tree has grown,
Leaning south, as the wind has blown;
Here and there are the scars that show
Terrible winters of ice and snow.

Yet to the topmost bough in spring,
Fair and tender the blossoms cling;
Year by year, in its shelter wide,
Callow nestlings the robins hide.

Year by year, when the summer days
Melt and mellow in golden haze,
Bright as jewels the apples shine,
Swelling with autumn's odoriferous wine.

Leaning over the orchard wall,
One by one you may hear them fall,
One by one from the dear old tree,
That fed their sweetness for you and me.

ART AMUSEMENTS.

BY MARTHA POWELL DAVIS

NUMBER TWO.

We were told, at the second meeting of the class, that in order to be thoroughly acquainted with the art of wax work, we must understand making molds; for often it would be found difficult or impossible to obtain molds of rare fruits and other things we might wish to imitate.

Let us first take a peach, as it will be easy to mold one. Cut from a doubled newspaper, a strip of paper an inch wider than the length of the peach, and three inches longer than the fruit's circumference. Let the paper be doubled to give it strength. Then lap the ends and pin them together firmly. Now we have a paper hoop about half an inch larger, every way, than the fruit. Next, we oil the fruit with sweet (olive) oil. This may be done with a brush, or feather. Then mix plaster of Paris with water, to form a batter about the consistence of honey. A

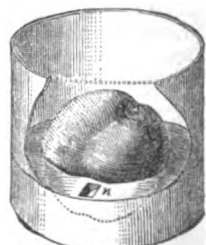


FIG. 1.

porcelain bowl will do for the mixture. Then, having placed the hoop on a newspaper folded smoothly on the table, hold the hoop to its place with your left hand, and with your right, pour in enough batter to make it one-third full, or a little more. Then press the oiled peach into the batter till it rises half way up the fruit, or just even with its largest circumference. (See fig. 1.)

When the mold has stood a few minutes, and has become partially hard, make a notch or indenture for the upper part of the mold to fit into. (See *n*, fig. 1.) The plaster must be handled and used promptly, as it "sets" or hardens, very rapidly. In thirty minutes, or about that time, the lower half of the mold will have become quite hard, and the upper edge may be oiled in the same way as you did the peach, after which enough plaster may be mixed to make the top half of the mold. Pour it into the paper hoop, cov-

ering the peach and filling the hoop; then let it stand until it, also, becomes hard. The paper may now be removed; should it stick to the mold, wet slightly, and it will easily peel off.

The mold is now finished, and will divide into two parts as completely as mamma's vegetable dish or soup tureen; and the fruit will part from it easily, if care has been taken to place the largest circumference of the fruit just even with the division of the mold.

The above directions are applicable to all molds made in two parts, except when you think, from the shape of the fruit, it would be better laid on the side, as, for instance, a cucumber. (See fig. 2.)

A hoop for encasing a mold like this, is more conveniently made of tin than paper, as tin will bend to any shape you wish, and

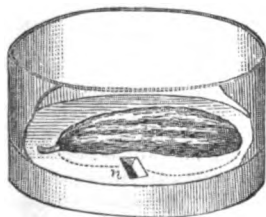


FIG. 2.

will then retain its position. The tin should be oiled, to prevent its sticking to the plaster.

Some fruits are so irregular in shape, that molds require to be made in more than two parts, as a pineapple, or an Osage orange. Such fruits are so rough, they cannot be drawn from a two-part mold.

For an Osage-orange mold, cut the tin in proportion to the size of the fruit, the same as we did the paper for a peach. The first section is then made in the same manner as the lower half of the peach mold; only, be careful not to press the fruit too far into the plaster, causing its irregularities to interfere with its removal from the mold. The plaster should rise about a third way up the orange. Make an indenture in the upper edge of the mold, and oil, as before. Now we see, from the knobs on this fruit, that the cover to the mold must be made in two parts. This is done by running a partition of putty over the fruit, making it (the putty) fit closely to the tin hoop. This is to prevent the plaster from spreading on the fruit farther than is desired. Next, mix plaster, and pour on one side of the putty. After the plaster has hardened, remove the putty, and oil the

mold on the edge where it will touch the next division.

Figure three represents the orange ready for the last batch of plaster to be poured on. When this third mixture has hardened, the mold will be complete, and will divide into three parts without trouble.

On this principle, molds may be made of as many parts as the irregularity of your model requires.

No more plaster should be wet at any time than is to be used immediately, for after it sets it is worthless for another mixture. The spoon and bowl, or whatever is used to mix in, must be rinsed each time, else the plaster will adhere, causing extra trouble.

Molds of half fruits are usually made in two parts, as half apples, pears, peaches, plums, quinces, etc. The fruit is divided,

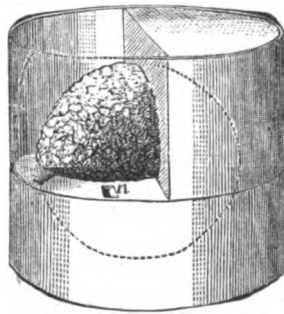


FIG. 3.

the seeds taken out, and the mold cast the same way as for whole fruit. The specimens for this purpose should not be too ripe, but should be rather firm in texture. This precaution is especially necessary in taking molds of raspberries, strawberries, mulberries, and such like.

Aunt Phebe now told the class that there were several more items worthy of notice in connection with making molds. "But," said she, "this is a prosy part of the subject; and as you have been very attentive in examining details, thus far, I will defer other particulars to some future time, and will now show how wax is formed in these plaster molds.

"In casting fruit of wax, several articles will be needed. The following list will comprise a few that are indispensable: White wax, of good quality. Balsam fir. Spirits turpentine. Sweet oil. A vessel of hot, and one of cold water. Three or four tin or porcelain cups to melt wax in. A smooth, wooden paddle, or stirrer, to accompany each cup. Various colors in powder, or

ground in oil. Colors sold in tubes, such as artists use, are most convenient.

"Before using plaster molds, soak them a short time in warm water, to prevent the wax sticking to them. The wax for molding should be hot, but not boiling, as bubbles caused by boiling make holes and imperfections in the fruit.

"Wax is prepared thus: To each pound of wax, add one ounce of balsam fir, and half an ounce of sweet oil. In cold weather, a little more oil may be used. Melt and thoroughly stir these ingredients together. Add coloring material to suit the fruit, always imitating the lighter portions, afterward putting on streaks, specks, and darker shades with a brush. There is one rule that cannot be too well learned or too closely followed; it is this: *Make nature your guide in imitating her works.* Therefore it is better to have near you a natural specimen of any object you are molding, so that various peculiarities may be delineated in the wax imitation."

The class had been reminded of this at a former meeting, and now a dozen hands were raised. Boys and girls both had many beautiful fruits they would like to imitate.

Arthur Stuart held both hands as high as his little arms would reach, anxious to have his fruits noticed. Auntie spied a lemon in his collection, and said,

"Bring your lemon here, Arthur. We need an easy fruit to commence with—a lemon will be just the thing. For this fruit, mix enough chrome yellow with the melted wax to give the desired tint. The mold having soaked in warm water a few minutes, let the wet drain from it; then place the lower half on the table and fill it, or nearly so, with melted wax. Now clap the cover on, making it fit perfectly. Hold the two parts closely together and turn the mold over repeatedly, while the wax is cooling, so that the wax may be distributed evenly, forming a complete coating on the inside of the mold. A hollow wax fruit is now being formed, which should be as thick in one place as another.

"If, after several minutes, the mold continues warm, time may be gained by plunging it into cold water, continually turning it over, as before. When thoroughly cold, the mold may be taken off. The lemon is now complete, except, perhaps it may need trimming around the circumference where the division in the mold has made a seam. Such little ridge may be smoothed off with a pen-knife, and afterward polished with a rag dipped in turpentine."

In the same way as above indicated,

oranges, tomatoes, and other fruits were soon molded, and the children were much delighted.

"Now," said the teacher, "you understand the general principle of molding all objects that are made hollow; and your memory has been taxed quite enough for the present."

CHATTERBOX.

BY MRS. ELLEN F. LATTIMORE.

They call me "Little Chatterbox;"

My name is little May—

I have to talk so much, because

I have so much to say.

And, O, I have so many friends!

So many! and you see

I can't help loving them, because

They, every one, love me.

I love my papa and mamma,

I love my sisters, too;

And if you're very, very good,

I guess that I'll love you!

But I love God the best of all;

He keeps me all the night.

And when the morning comes again,

He wakes me with the light.

I think it is so nice to live!

And yet, if I should die,

The Lord would send his angels down

To take me to the sky.

BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS.

BY MRS. PARIZADE V. HATHAWAY.

The snowflakes alight on the trees, but where are the birds that sang there in summer? In the bushes and trees, I see their deserted nests, with only snow crystals for eggs, and the cold, winter heavens to brood over them. The little wings that grew in those nests, are now spread beneath softer skies.

A few hardy birds, however, brave the sharpness of our winter, and stay with us all the year. Amid the falling snow, the blue-jay drops upon the trees almost as lightly as the snowflakes themselves. He is over a foot in length, but so airy and graceful in his movements, that he does not seem heavier than a bit of thistle-down. He wears a fine, blue, military coat, everywhere he goes. The back is purplish blue, the wings and tail bright blue, banded with black and tipped with white. On his head is a long, blue crest, which will pass very well for a military hat, and around his neck, showing plainly above the whitish breast, is a black necktie.

His usual note is a shrill "Pay! pay!" Sometimes he spells it, like a schoolboy, "P-a, pa;" again, he utters it quickly, as if all the world were owing him, and he were demanding his pay.

I am sure the oak trees pay him for destroying insects that would injure them, for every day, when ripe acorns may be obtained from the trees or beneath them, he may be seen flying with a big one in his bill. If you watch him, you will see him alight on a tree, place the acorn firmly under one foot, open the shell with his strong, black beak, pick the white seed into pieces, and swallow it. I have read that, in some parts of the United States, he lays by a store of acorns and other nuts, against a time of need in winter; but I have not noticed that he does so here. He prefers, when his favorite acorns are hid beneath the snow, to come boldly to the corncribs, and pick his meals directly from the cob. Every morning, a dozen or more may be seen flying from the wood, within which warm shelter they have spent the night, to our cribs. Often they sit down and warm their cold toes in their feathers half a dozen times before they can finish their breakfast. Some days they are so thick in the oak trees near by, that they seem leaved out in blue, and I think of the "singing tree," in an old story of the "Arabian Nights."

Perhaps you do not call the jay's shrill note much of a song, but he can do much better than that if he tries. He has a clear, ringing song, "Katy-leedle!" and each time he repeats it, he makes a graceful courtesy. Sometimes he says, "Ka-wa-wa," or, "Cle-l-pa," instead of "katy-leedle."

Among his kind he is a very social bird, and when several are together, a confidential "qui-que," and even a low warbling, may often be heard. At times he screams like a hawk, and so close is the imitation, that in summer the cocks and hens give warning, and the chickens nestle together in fear. I have heard him produce the "cha-cha" of the nuthatch, repeating it softly after the bird. Several times I have caught him trying to mew like a kitten. He is more noisy in winter than in summer, and seems to rejoice in the keen air.

In spring, the bluejays choose their mates, and in May the nests are built. The nest is made of twigs and roots, in the branches of a tree, and is generally put in a secluded spot; but I have known them to build within a few rods of our house. In the nest are laid four pale-green or gray eggs, spotted with brown. Here, in almost perfect silence, the eggs are hatched and the young reared.

Near his nest, the bluejay is one of the stillest of birds. As soon as the young are able to fly, the parents call them affectionately from tree to tree, and at each appearance of Mr. or Mrs. Jay with food, their wings expand, and quiver like those of a butterfly.

Through the spring and summer, the bluejay is the terror of all the small birds. Eggs or young birds are never safe when the old ones are absent. He will often destroy those of the more timid under their very eyes, and amid their distressed cries. Many a time have I run to the assistance of my little pets in their unequal warfare with the jays. Once, I saw one of these birds attempt to catch a young quail, as it flew a short distance, but it dropped into the weeds and escaped.

At some seasons of the year, this bird makes himself very useful in the destruction of injurious insects, and I have seen him carefully examine the bark and knotholes of trees in search of their hidden eggs and larva.

The bluejay has a big, black, first cousin, whose habits in many points are like his own. He remains with us all of the year, and may often be seen in winter, as well as in summer, flapping his great wings in the air, and crying, "Caw! caw!" Do you know him?

EVAN'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. MARY B. C. SLADE.

I had seen no light in the cheery day;
I knew not the sunlight was passing away;
I saw not the nightfall o'er earth and sky;
It was night all day to my inner eye.

Little Eva came by my side to stand,
And she laid her warm face in my chilly hand;
And through the vines o'er the lattice low,
She saw the stars in their courses go.

Then she looked up into my downcast eye,
And asked of the stars that she saw in the sky,
Asked where they were, thro' the long, bright
day? [away?

And whence they came, when the sun went
So I told her that always each distant star
Keeps its place in the heavens afar;
And that night and darkness are kindly sent
To show us the lights in the firmament.

Ere I led little Eva to sleep away,
She folded her gentle hands to pray;
And she added anew to her evening prayer,
Thanks for the night and the stars so fair.

Were there not stars in the world of thought
Bright to my darkened vision brought?
Were there not lights that I could not see
Till the darkness of sorrow encompassed me?
Eva gave thanks for the blessing given
In darkness that shrouded the beautiful heaven.
I, too, awaiting the coming light,
Thank'd the good Father for sending the night.

HOW JIMMY LOST HIS VOICE.

BY THEODORE A. NOALES.

Jimmy is a neighbor of ours, and a very good neighbor he has been. Soon after we moved near his home, he called over to see us, and the friendship thus begun by him has grown with time. He calls quite often, although not as often now as before he lost his voice. He is always glad to see any of us, and tries to act the neighbor's part.

We have always had the greatest respect for Jimmy—*cat*, though, he is. The days of his kittenhood are far behind him, and he has the dignity of one in middle life. In all his visits, he has acted with becoming gravity; never getting out of humor, following us meekly about, receiving, in a neighborly way, any small present we might make him, in the shape of choice bits of meat, or something of the kind, never forgetting to thank us for our kindness in a low but heartfelt tone, and coming back again after a proper length of time had gone by.

In fact, so much respect have we for Jimmy, and so great were his abilities, that it is our firm belief, if it had not been for the sad event we are to tell about, he would have led the delegation from the Third Ward to the grand Congress of Cats. As near as we have been able to find out by guessing, this great gathering is held once a year, in the first week in November; and, very likely, Jimmy would have been elected chairman, and thus declared to be the wisest and greatest in the whole category of wise ones. We are not certain, however, that he would have had all this honor placed upon him, for we have been able to find out very little as to the qualities cats must have to make them great with their own people, but according to our notions of how these things should be, we have thought that Jimmy ought to be honored. His ability as speaker was good: his voice was well trained, so that he could always pitch it in the key that suited him. His manner of speaking was earnest and engaging, and very rarely could any tumult among his hearers make him lose control of voice, manner, or thought—yes, *thought*; we venture the assertion that no cat in his public efforts could betray a more careful understanding of all the practical issues of life, either public or private, than he. Add to this his bodily appearance—large and well shaped, always wearing a dark gray suit, than which none could better become a benevolent, intelligent, whole-hearted cat. We believe Jimmy had great influence with

his fellows; often in a called meeting, on the corner of a woodshed, when the wildest excitement raged, and there seemed no way of bringing the affair under discussion to a satisfactory conclusion, have we seen him arise with conscious dignity and calmly speak in the midst of great silence; difficulties vanished, and all went away feeling that Jimmy was a true patriot and an able advocate of the right.

Here, for a while at least, the tide of his life's current changes. Whether on behalf of the public or not, I am not able to say; but a few weeks since, while on a journey—a secret expedition—Jimmy found himself, on a stormy night, in one of three barns standing near each other, and there found a large number of fine, sleek, fat rats, who had the entire run of these barns. Without much difficulty, feeling hungry, he caught one of these fellows, and had a fine meal, for, indeed, the rats were more than ordinarily well kept. To see if they were all equally good, he caught one or two more, then went on his way, saying to himself, "I'll come again some other night." He came the next night, and the night after that, and every night for two weeks, at least, he managed to come, so strong grew his appetite for rats, and so well did the supply hold out. But his appetite proved too strong for his system; it could not bear up under this constant indulgence in feasting; so, at the end of the first week he found himself not feeling as well as common, his energy began to leave him; his health was surely failing; but he kept up his feasting until the end of the two weeks, when, one night, he found himself barely able to reach home. He was taken down sick in good earnest; his flesh fell off, his fat form became lean for all his filling, and to his sleekness there came lankness, and, worst of all, the second day of his sickness, when a question was asked him concerning his welfare, he could only languidly open his lips, but no sound came forth—that rich, cheerful voice was gone!

Weeks have passed by since the voice was lost, and it has not yet been found. His sickness was not fatal, his health has improved so that he takes a short walk every day, but the voice comes not back. Talk to him, he looks at you piteously and opens his mouth; no sound is heard; what he would say we know not. He is fed daily with the newest and best of milk, every effort possible has been made for the bringing back of health and voice. All appears vain: The remainder of his life seems doomed to the silence.

of dumbness; and, with health and voice, all the high, bright prospects of honor, and the hope of doing something for his race, were lost. All this he gave up for a few hours and nights of indulgence to excess!

We have sometimes found the moral that ends up a story the hardest part to read, and on this account can scarcely think of giving one to this true story of *how* Jimmy lost his voice. If, however, we were to attempt a moral, we might begin by saying that there are thousands of people, young and old, who have lost health, fortune and honor, and whose voices will never be heard again, all on account of falling into the habit of taking things, good as well as bad, to unlawful excess. Beware of this! It has a name—Intemperance!

THE Little Corporal.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

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OFFICE, No. 9 CUSTOM-HOUSE PLACE.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1871.

"LOVING WORDS FOR CHILDREN."

This is the title of a pretty, little monthly paper, which comes to us from Boston, edited by Rev. E. Payson Hammond. The editor's introductory article says, "Its one great object will be to show little children how Jesus 'has loved us and given Himself for us.' It will also seek to help little ones who have been taught by God's Holy Spirit to trust in Jesus, to cling more closely to Him, and so to live that others shall see that they are real Christians." He also says, "many papers are published just to make money, but that is not the object of this paper. No one is to receive *any pay* at all for their writings or labors for it."

THE CORPORAL likes this little paper, and gladly widens his circle a little more, so as to take in *Loving Words*, which will, he is sure, be a gentle and loving little soldier in the good fight "against wrong, and for the good, the true, and the beautiful." THE CORPORAL is not distinctively a religious magazine, but it is decidedly *Christian*, and

aims to throw its whole life and influence in favor of Christianity, and of pure and Christ-like living. THE CORPORAL belongs to the grand army of which Christ the Lord ("the *Captain* of our salvation") is the leader, and we wish to give this little *Loving Words* the welcome it deserves. It is especially a little missionary in our beautiful army. It ought to be read by every Christian child, and by every child who would like to be a Christian, for it seems to contain "the pure milk of the Word."

But how will it live in this material world, if it takes "*no pay*?" Well, we notice a little note at the end of the last page, which says, "All donations in aid of the circulation of this paper will be acknowledged in the succeeding number, giving the initials of the donor. All communications should be addressed to Charles Cutler, 18 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass." So that is the way it will live. If you want to receive *Loving Words*, or if you want any of your little friends to have it, just send a "donation" as above directed, whatever you can afford, and order the papers sent.

WILLIE R. LIGHT, of Iowa, aged nine years, sends us a very pretty pencil picture, copied by himself. Willie has been using our "Reed's Drawing Lessons." He certainly draws beautifully for so young a boy. It is an interesting and useful accomplishment—that of being able to copy or sketch from nature such pictures as may strike one's fancy; and almost any person who tries may acquire that ability. "Anybody who can learn to write can learn to draw."

What the Corporal's Frankie said about the "angels tumbling out," has moved a prominent Chicago banker to send us the following:

Dear Corporal: I read about your Kindergarten four-year-older in THE CORPORAL, and it prompts me to tell you something of mine—four and six. They sleep together in a wide crib, and, like the chickens, are awake before dawn, cultrumping and pattering till they waken their elders, and get permission to crow. Not many days since I heard them whispering like this:

Four-Year-Old. I don't tare, I WILL!

Six-Year-Old. Mamma will pussun (punish) Wee-wee if Wee-wee does so.

Four. (With ineffable disdain.) Ha isn't way to say ha* word. Bertie must say pushut—ha is way to say ha word.

Six. Bertie tan't help it. Wee-wee knows Bertie no can speet plain like Wee-wee.

Four. God don't like to hear Bertie speet so

* "Ha," pronounced hay, is their universal demonstrative, meaning "this," "that," "these," "those."

bad, God don't; God don't like Bertie when Bertie says pussun; Bertie tan say pushut, if Bertie t'ies (tries). God will love Bertie if Bertie says it yite (right).

Six. Bertie says it just as well as Bertie can; Bertie t'ies all time; Bertie tells God yat is just as good as Bertie can say it.

And here I pulled the mercuriles four-year-old off his meek elder brother, authoritatively announcing the divine gentleness toward one who could not indeed frame to say "pushut," and so said "pussun," with diffidence and devout apologies.

But it stuck with me, Corporal, and it sticks yet; for what better figure do we older youngsters make, in dictating to each other church and party creeds, and tests, and shibboleths?

I declare, those youngsters, between them, preached "better than they knew." Didn't they?

THREE LETTERS.

RIVERSIDE, PA., Dec. 4, 1870.

Dear Little Corporal: I wonder whether your prairies look as beautiful, under the red light of this Indian summer sunshine, as our Pennsylvania hills do, with their bare outlines revealed against the sky, and the mists clinging to their sides, milky in shadow, purple and golden in the sun. The Susquehanna, a bright and quiet mirror, lies between us and the steep crags on the southward; lower down it is as blue as a shield of polished steel, that is where the sunbeams are thrown back to us. Between these points there is a pool, where it sleeps, as black as ink, in the shadow of the mountains.

What a day this would be for a nutting party. But that is over for this year. The sound of dropping nuts is still, and every bird note, too, while not a blossom is to be found in all the woods, unless you count the splendid blaze of the red-top lichens, and the pretty saucers, gray, orange, and brown, of the different wood mushrooms, as blossoms.

Yes, and you may still find a few pretty primroses in the garden-border, polyanthus and auricula, and the white gleaming pearls of the snow berry, contrasting with the crimson, scarlet, and jet-black rose hips, that cling to the discolored sprays. Beautiful season, that is sure to be gone before THE LITTLE CORPORAL and his merry companions receive this letter. Beautiful time, full of consolation for the frolicsome boys, who regret the summer rambles in the wood; full of cheer for the invalid girl, who shrinks from the thought of coming winter, with its cold and storms.

Best time of all the year for earnest study, for real, royal work, that "Royal Road" to all true accomplishment, now, when the merry walk, or merrier race, brings you, fresh and glowing, to the school-room door, when noon makes a warmth like June around you, and evening lights you homeward with all the purple, saffron, and amber tints of September's grandest sunsets.

Beautiful season! Leading on the days in brightness toward the merry, sacred Christmas time, that happy time that needs no sunny sky, or outward beauty of the change-

ful weather, for its warmth is from the heart, and its brightness is lit up by loving eyes and smiling lips. "Merry Christmas" to THE LITTLE CORPORAL and all his brave and loyal comrades. And a useful, innocent, and "Happy New Year" to all good hearts and true, prays
COUSIN CECILY

BRANDON, VT., Dec. 3, '70.

Dear Corporal: I like your magazine very much. I have had it right along all the time except the first volume. I have liked it better and better all the time. We like very much to look at the back numbers, and translate the picture stories. It seems to me as if we did not see much of Nimble Dick lately. I wonder if he is dead.

I go to school at a graded school in the village, about a mile and a half south of us. I study Latin, history, and algebra. I have finished algebra, and nearly finished the history course. It is vacation now. I was thirteen last July.
EDDIE D. S.

One of our friends in Connecticut sends us an account of her window garden. We recommend all our boys and girls to "go and do likewise." In no way can you get more pleasure from the same amount of effort:

"Dear Corporal: At this season of the year, chrysanthemums are almost the only ornamental flowers in my garden in the open air. It is true, there are a few lingering roses, geraniums, and dahlias, but they are so blanched by the sun and wind, that they can scarcely be called ornamental. But my window garden, in the bay window of the large, south room, is a perfect bower of beauty. Every year I raise innumerable varieties from seeds and slips from the old plants, which grow freely in the light and rich soil that I am particular to get. They grow easily, and I am convinced that no one has finer roses and tuberoses, violets and jonquils, than I have. The hyacinth is a beautiful production of my garden—its colors are every shade of pink, blue, yellow, and white. My verbenas look almost like little spots of fire, so brilliant are their colors. After looking at the rare flowers in the costly hot houses, I can look complacently at my window garden, with its climbing cypress and flowering maple. When the flowers in the woods are growing scarce, then is the time to admire my window garden. In one corner stands a large, flowering maple; in the center a magnificent night-blooming cereus, so universally admired for its rich perfume, heliotropes, geraniums, callas, crocuses, and several other smaller plants. Numerous hanging baskets are suspended over my window, and ivy vines are trained gracefully around. The air is redolent with sweets from my window garden.
MAGGIE BELLE LATHAM."

TRANSFERRED.

FRANCOISE F. JONES, Sandoval, Ill.

WILLIE H. NELSON, Bloomington, Ill., May 8th, 1870. Aged 14.



Prudy's Pocket.

The budget of letters for the pocket did not seem to be quite so large as common, this month, so Prudy thought she would count them. How many do you guess, little people? Twenty—thirty—yes, over ninety, and that without counting scores of letters that come in every day, from the older folks, with pleasant words for Prudy in them. What can Prudy do? By using only one or two sentences from a letter she can put about twenty-five of them in, but how about the other seventy? Well, it makes her heart ache, but this is the way she does, and she thinks it is as fair as any way: She reads them all over first, *every one*, dropping on one side those that really have nothing at all worth putting in; laying on the table those containing something special, and tossing all the rest in a heap on the other side. The special letters are attended to first, afterward she takes from the pile, just as they happen to come, until the space is full which the Corporal thinks he can spare for her. As for the rest—Prudy will not tell you what becomes of them; but it would do them no good to wait another month, for then there will be a fresh budget. One thing you may be sure of, Prudy reads all your letters; and when some discouraged little six or seven year old says, "I think you must have a hole in your pocket, for I have written three letters, and never heard from them," why then Prudy feels sorry, but she does not see any way to help it.

The first that shall have mention this time is the list of little workers who earned their CORPORAL.

Farmersville, La. "My little daughter earned the money enclosed by picking strawberries for her mother, and she gives it for THE CORPORAL because she would rather spend it in that way than any other."

Petaluma, Cal. "I am a little girl eleven years old, and I picked up potatoes at six and seven cents a sack, to earn the money for my CORPORAL. Next year I mean to sell some of my hens and ducks to pay for it. I tried to get up a club, but did not succeed."

Jackson, Ala. "I am in a dictionary class at

school, and whenever I am at the head on Friday my father gives me five cents, and that is the way I got my money. There are nine in the class, and I am the youngest."

Norwich, N. Y. "This money is some I earned by driving cows last summer."

Lima, Ind. "O, Prudy, I was so afraid I should have to do without my CORPORAL, for I had only 20 cents, but I concluded I would rather sell my pet chicken. My little brother and I have never been to school, but auntie teaches us at home. We have object-lessons at our school."

Plattsmouth, Nebraska. "I have taken THE CORPORAL four years, and have sent over twenty-five subscribers, and they all love it as well as I do."

Redford, Mich. "I picked up potatoes for my brother, and earned money to buy me a new hat, but as I am not well enough to go to school my mother thinks I do not need a hat till spring, so I send the money for THE CORPORAL, that I may have its pleasant visits to help pass away the lonesome hours."

Cambridge, Pa. "I did the work for two weeks while my ma was sick, and so earned the money for my CORPORAL. I am thirteen years old. I go to school and take music lessons."

Gordonville, Va. "My little daughter, who sends this subscription, earned the money by sewing for her mother."

Diamond City, Mont. "I am eleven years old, and my little brother is nine. We earned fifty dollars this summer, by herding stock, so we continue our paper."

Ashtabula, O. "Nellie earned her money by picking up potatoes and helping her mother. She picked up fifty bushels of potatoes, at two cents a bushel."

Lansing, Mich. "My dear father always sent for THE CORPORAL for me, but now he is dead, and I have to send my own money. I have fourteen dollars at interest, and I think I can always take it."

Ankock, Ind. "I sold my pet rabbits, and I am going to take the money and send for THE CORPORAL and Mothers' Journal."

Olcott, N. Y. "I got my CORPORAL by saving my money, and buying a sheep, and then selling the fleece; but he got to running too fast toward me, so I sold him, and so got money enough to take it again. I think it seems more my own than if pa got it for me. I live by Lake Ontario, and I have a nice aquarium. I gathered the stones, shells, and sand to fix it. I have nine fish, three little mud turtles, and a clam. We have three canaries that we sometimes let fly around the room, but they pick off the buds and new shoots from the plants, and one of them flew into the water among the fish."

Rural, Wis. "My brother and I have been saving all the money we could earn this summer to send for THE CORPORAL. I am eleven and he is nine, and we cannot earn very much, for we have to tend the garden, chop the wood, and do chores for mother. We sawed two cords of wood for her this fall. Sometimes we have offered her our money when she needed it very much, but she always said she would rather have us take THE CORPORAL."

Solon, Mich. "My little sister and I earned the money for THE CORPORAL by picking hops."

Bloomington, Ind. "I'll tell you how I got my money. I had a big gobbler that would eat out of my hand, and I sold him. I am eight years old, and read in the third reader."

Putneyville, — "I have taken THE CORPORAL ever since it was published, and have raised seven clubs for it."

Malden, Ill. "Charlie earned his money by raising and selling pop corn."

Prudy thinks after reading this list no one of her little soldiers need feel discouraged about earning the money for THE CORPORAL.

Here are some funny sayings of the wee ones:

"My little brother, four years old, came in one hot day and said, 'Ma, make me some thicker pants; these let the warm right in.'"

"My little brother Lul was watching the moon rise the other night, and when it went behind some clouds he said, 'O, ma, moon broke! moon broke!'"

"When my little sister Fanny saw a turkey hen with her brood she said, 'O, pa, see the old hen raise her leaves, and the little geese run under.'"

Palmyra, Mo. "My Uncle George brought us an Indian boy from Fort Sully a few months ago. He is about sixteen years old, and we think him very smart. He has a great desire to be good, and learns so fast mother says he will soon put me to shame in writing. I help mamma about the work so she can get time to teach him. We read a great deal about bad Indians, but I know there are some good ones."

Irrington, on the Hudson. "I am 70 years old and have taken THE CORPORAL several years. I have a little grandson ten years old, who thinks he is too old to read it, but I have three little great grandsons, who I hope will enjoy it till they are as old as I am."

Box 4413, N. Y. "We belong to the older people who have young hearts, but trust our children will soon be able to enjoy it as much as we do ourselves. Willie is a little over four, and learning to read, Lizzie is the baby, and not yet two, but already is very fond of the pictures."

Prudy sees, by certain cabalistic marks on the margin of this letter, that THE CORPORAL has made appropriate answer to the question at its close.

North Solon, O. "Mother reads THE CORPORAL with us, and says when we are too old to read it she intends to take it for herself. Don't you think she is one of the people with young hearts? I earned my money this year by bringing in eggs. I brought in thirty dozen."

Perhaps Bartie will think he ought to have gone on the list of workers, but when Prudy thinks of the fun of bringing in eggs—the delight of outwitting a sly old hen, who thought she had hidden her nest so cunningly—the daily excitement of exploring the mows of fragrant hay, and the triumph of discovering a new nest filled with the pearly treasures, and carrying off the smooth, beautiful things in hat or apron! Well, it makes her wish she were a little girl again, to hunt eggs in the barn.

Alexandria, Mo. "I wish every old subscriber to THE CORPORAL would send one new name when they renew their own subscription. Wouldn't you have a splendid army? I wish you could print this to show the boys and girls how to make the Corporal's banner wave more and more over our beautiful America."

Cresco, Iowa. "We have a pair of canaries, and we want Prudy to know that one of them is named for her. We know well enough that Prudy is Mrs. Sewell, so it will not be much trouble for the Corporal to tell her!"

Brookfield, Me. "I guess I know what your name is. You are Grace Greenwood, for we used to take *The Little Pilgrim*, and it told about Prudy in that!!"

Lafayette, Ind. "I know you are Mrs. Miller, for I saw you at Duluth, Minnesota, and you talked with my mother in the parlor of the Clark House!!"

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Meriden, Minn. "We had a splendid flower garden on a cheap scale, and Miss Prudy can't guess what it was. A few years ago father planted a sumac, and little sprouts have grown up all around it, some nearly as high as the old one, others but few inches from the ground. The frost turned the beautiful leaves all the colors imaginable, and at sunrise, when the frost glittered and sparkled on them it was truly splendid."

Prudy will never forget the wonderful beauty of the sumacs in Minnesota, their leaves painted with the most brilliant dyes, not by the frost, but by the gradual ripening, which makes them far more beautiful than when the frost comes early to hasten the natural process. No garden could be finer. Next year, if Lewis will take some of the finest leaves, when they first turn, before they are so old as to drop easily from the stem, press them a few days in a soft book, arrange them in a flat picture between two panes of glass, and secure by pasting a strip of colored muslin over the edges, he will have a beautiful transparency to look at all winter.

Ashland, Ill. "We have almost the 'happy family.' We have a dog named Topsy, a little puppy and a kitten, who all live together. Kitty's mother ran away and left her when she was quite young, so Topsy adopted her and nursed her with the puppy, and they seem very happy together. Every one thinks it is very funny. This is the first I ever tried to write, and I think it is pretty hard work."

Here is a model of brevity for you:

Plattsville, Conn. HERE!

A great many answers have been sent to the questions about Beethoven and the diameter of the earth, but as they have been already answered we lay them aside. Out of many lists of words made from the word corporal, the longest that have come to Prudy's notice, have been sent by Bartie J. Patrick, *North Solon, Ohio*, who sends 53, and Wilbert Ferguson, of *Richwood, Ohio*, who sends 50. Several long lists have been made by repeating a letter which is not doubled in the word corporal, as, for instance, "roll, pall." Of course this is not allowable, as an indefinite number might be made in that way.

Private Queer's



THE VOWEL GAME.

The time for competition on the vowel game will expire February 1st. We hope to be able to announce in the March number who are the successful competitors, but there are very many manuscripts to be examined; and, as the March number must be closed soon after Feb. 1st, the announcement may have to be deferred until the next number.

Many letters tell us that the game has afforded much amusement, and we have on hand a good many manuscripts that deserve to be published. We will give them from time to time, as room can be spared.

We give this month five articles.

VOWEL A.

Allan Adam's barn at Alabama had rats; small rats, fat rats, tall rats, rash rats, that ran far and fast, backward and at all tacks, ran as fast as a man can talk; rats that scratch hard, and, alas, jar that vast barn. Amanda Hall, at Alaska, has a black cat, Hannah; and mark! a cat small and smart. Madam Hall calls Allan Adams pups, and says, "Hannah shall attack pup's rats and catch all." Amanda packs a knapsack and starts—Amanda and Hannah. Ah! rats, bad rats, start an alarm. Call slack! slack! At last Allan and Amanda stand at that barnyard, and hark, as Hannah darts at Allan's rats. Rats stand aghast! rats dart, rats jar that vast barn. Hark! a crash, a smash, and Allan Adam's grand, vast, adamant barn falls! Alas, what a fall. Barn, rats, cat, Allan, Amanda, all fall, a black mass. Sad, sad fall. Hark, a last gasp and all's past.

K. E. Brown, of New York.

160 words, 324 a's, and no other vowel.

VOWEL E.

Wherever men kneel, whenever men seek help, the Redeemer meets them. He sees the needs, the feebleness, the extreme helplessness men feel; sees men restless, depressed, tempted; sees the serpent creep where men seem best sheltered. He remembers even where Eden's green trees bent, the tempter entered. Hence, ere men seek the needed help, He seeks them, when he meets them He greets, cheers, blesses them. Helpless, perverted men seek help elsewhere; the ever-present flesh presents deeper spells; the secret, half-wedded scenes where men meet, yet tremble, keep them fettered. The perfect excellence the Redeemer represented here, the precept He presented, "Be ye perfect," repels, where men yet reverence the gentleness, the deep-felt tenderness He expressed. Nevertheless He creeps when men rebel, sends the gentlest messenger, enters the secret recesses, beseeches them, "Repent, ere ye meet the expected end." He heeds the feeblest seker; the bent reed he never severs. When the dejected leper begged the Redeemer's help, even then the fever fled, the flesh felt well.

Then, when strength fleeth, when endless regrets vex thee, when helplessness fetters, when men desert thee, beseech the ever-present helper, the defender, the Redeemer. Seek, reverence the serene Presence, felt wherever men kneel. We never here expect perfect rest, yet we seek the reserved shelter, where the redeemed meet.

A. A. CLARK, of Rhode Island.

216 words, 400 e's, and no other vowel.

VOWEL I.

TIM BRIGGS.

Tim Briggs is infirm. His sight is dim, his mind is bright, his spirits light. Still, Tim is right-minded. Philip Irving thinks Tim is childish. Philip is wild. His wild whims fill Tim's mind with fright. Philip hid Tim's riding whip in Jim Willis's brick kiln. Tim hit Philip's wrist with his whip, fighting in Mr. Irving's big windmill. Philip bit his thin, rigid lip, in this crisis, striking Tim in his ribs. Tim, striving in Philip's firm grip, writhing, frigid with fright, insists Philip will kill him. "Kill him! kill him!" mimics Philip. Philip's wit is bright; Phil thinks it winning. I wish Tim might find Philip kind. Tim shrinks if Philip's biting wit hits him, it stings. Tim Briggs sings. He piping is shrill. Philip insists Tim's singing is "killing." "wild-bird chirping." Phil thinks it. Winking, Phil mimics Tim's shrill piping, trilling in wild, high, ringing flights. This kills Tim's mirth. Phil insists if Tim will find six pins which Phil hid in Mr. Irving's mill, Phil will bring Tim six bright shillings. In Tim's vivid mind six shillings clink in his tight net; thinking this Tim finds Phil's six pins pricking him in Phil's biting wit. Phil, whirling, winking, blinking, singing in high, piping flights,

Hi, Tim, blind Tim,
Find shillings wigh, Tim?

Six pins

Tim wha!

Six shilling;

I'm willing;

Hi, Tim, blind Tim,
Find shillings wigh, Tim?

Is Philip Irving right in this wild mirth, thinking blind Tim Briggs? If Phil's wit is kind, it is right. Wit is right within strict limits. I think Phil's wit will finish blind Tim Briggs. PHILLIS, of Michigan.

238 words; 330 i's, and no other vowel.

VOWEL O.

POOR OLD NORTON TROTWOOD OF WOODFORD COMMON.

Cold storms shook poor old Norton Trotwood's form: cold room, no food, no wood, no sort of comfort for poor old Norton. Both sons lost; Ormond shot, Johnson lost off north. Long months roll on; no word from Johnson. No common soun, no common doom.

Soon Norton's consort, good, fond Blossom Trotwood, so old, so worn, stoops short, drops work, droops; doctors do no good. Norton looks not long on Blossom's form. Blossom, too, lost to poor old Norton. Soon old dog Ponto forsook old Norton's room, old Norton's oblong front porch; strolls off to Blossom's tomb. No soft words woo Ponto from cold sods to romp, or to sport, or to go forth for food.

For long months Honor Trotwood stood old Norton's prop—good boon to poor old Norton. Honor cooks Norton's food, forms cloth of wool from loom, smooths Norton's locks, stoops oft to prop poor Norton's tota foot on soft footstool. Honor, not want to scold, drops no cross words to prolong Norton's wo. Honor's songs, Honor's words of comfort, rob Norton's room of gloom.

Months go on. Droll Solon Osgood, from Coldbrook, knocks on Norton's door. Solon works lot on Coldbrook bottoms. Folks hold Solon no fop, or sot, or fool. Solon woos Honor Trotwood, who sports gold brooch from Solon. Honor colors Norton's looks fond on Solon. Solon took Honor's nod for troth. Solon to Norton, "Pro or con?" Poor old Norton looks on Honor's soft bloom, Honors looks of gold. Norton's bosom throbs; for Solon's boon works Norton's loss. To poor old Norton worlds on worlds of gold look short of Honor's worth. Norton folds Honor to find bosom, strong sob's shawl, Norton's form. Hot blood, forsooth, soon cools; Norton controls sob's, for Norton longs for Honor's good. So Norton told both, "Go forth; go to do good. God do good to both."

Soon smooth Doctor Solomon Throckmorton, of Contooocookboro, forms good knot for Solon, for Honor; strong bond of concord for comfort of both. So Solon won Honor for consort. Both told Norton to go to Coldbrook, too. Old Norton loth, brooks not to go; longs for old cot, old room, old perch. So Norton plods on forlorn. Norton sold off most of lot Norton's cot stood on, to Brooks O'Connor, son of John O'Connor, who controls shop on Woodford Common: to

Publishers' Department.

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GOOD BYE, AS PUBLISHER OF THE CORPORAL.

After this number of THE LITTLE CORPORAL my name will not appear as one of its publishers. I have sold my business interest in the magazine to Mr. JOHN E. MILLER, who for the past two years has been my partner, and during that time has had the management of the business department, while I have managed the editorial department. With this sale I have transferred my entire interest and good will in the whole business, with the exception of "White's Patent Newspaper File," the ownership of which will remain for the present undivided, the Book Corner Guard, which has always been my personal property, and "THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL," which passes into my hands, and will, hereafter, be published by me.

With the above exceptions, everything connected with the firm of Sewell & Miller goes into Mr. Miller's hands, "THE LITTLE CORPORAL MAGAZINE," the books, chromos, and engravings heretofore published by us, and all books and accounts. Mr. Miller will collect what is due to the firm, and pay whatever the firm may owe, and hereafter conduct the business in his own name. My name will still, for a few months, appear as one of the editors, but as I shall at once go into other business, the real management of the editorial department, which has rested

in my hands from the first number of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, July, 1865, until now, will pass into the hands of Mr. Miller's accomplished wife, Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, whom you all know and love so well.

Since I began the magazine, nearly six years ago, I have made thousands of us good and dear friends as usually fall to the lot of mortals, and, in my capacity as publisher of THE CORPORAL, I bid them good by, with a deeper feeling of regret than it is possible for me to express. I shall be permitted, I trust, to greet them for a few months longer in the editorial columns, and after that occasionally in the literary pages, for the hearty love which attaches me to THE CORPORAL, and THE CORPORAL'S friends, will not allow me to think that I can ever cease to delight to labor together with them for "the good, the true, and the beautiful."

While it is doubtless true that THE CORPORAL has won the most beautiful laurels that have ever been worn by any American juvenile magazine, I am very sure that it has never deserved or received higher praise or warmer love from good and true people than during the past year. It is certainly a better magazine now than ever before, and it is extremely gratifying to me to believe that all along the years in which I have loved THE CORPORAL, and worked for it, as God gave me strength, with all my might, because I loved it, it has continued to grow in real merit, and in everything that makes such a publication admirable and lovely. For this I have to thank as "good, beautiful, and true" a list of contributors as ever worked together on any publication in the world. The chief of this list, as all know, has been Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, into whose hands I shall resign the editorial management. There is no man or woman living into whose hands I could give it up with less sorrow, because I can feel so sure that under her care it cannot but continue its upward and onward course.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller, having at their command all the literary and financial ability necessary for a successful prosecution of the beautiful work in hand, will continue to make THE CORPORAL the most acceptable, and therefore the most successful, juvenile magazine in the country. They have true hearts, and brave and able hands, and a love for THE CORPORAL and his children, if possible as warm as that cherished by its founder.

As for myself, I am arranging to enter another business, in which a smaller money capital is required, and on which I can ask and just as confidently expect God's blessing. In connection with that business, I shall continue to publish "THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL." I will continue to try to make it worthy of your love, and shall hope that all my friends will take it. My new business arrangements are not entirely completed as this number goes to press, so I shall have to wait until the next CORPORAL before I can tell you what they are. In the meantime, address orders for "THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL," (either for back numbers or volume for 1871), or any other letters for me, to my own name, Chicago, Ill. ALFRED L. SEWELL.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

We desire to express our thanks to our many thousands of friends throughout the land for the aid they have given and are giving to extend our circulation. Through the influence of such friends *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* has been introduced into many new homes, where we hope to make him a welcome visitor during the year. We are daily receiving many letters, speaking warm words of commendation, which we would like to print, had we room. We are glad to know that our work is appreciated. In the future, as in the past, it shall always be our aim to make a magazine beautiful in appearance and wholesome in reading matter.

We earnestly desire the aid and hearty co-operation of all the boys and girls in extending our circulation, and thus help on the good cause of the good, the true, and the beautiful. Cannot each one send us a few more names, and secure some one of the beautiful and elegant premiums we offer. We call attention to the special offer we make below—this will afford an opportunity for many who have desired to get one of our chromos, to obtain one. We have yet other things in store, which we will announce in our next number. In the meantime push on the work, and send along the names.

JOHN E. MILLER.

SPECIAL OFFERS.

NUMBER ONE.

Any person who will send us two subscribers for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL MAGAZINE*, at the regular rate of \$1.50 each, and \$2.00 in money besides, will receive by mail, post paid, a copy of our Six-dollar Chromo of *RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF*. The Chromo is mounted and varnished, all ready for framing. Those who have already sent two subscribers for 1871, and have not yet claimed their premiums, may also avail themselves of this offer, by sending on the \$2 at once. This is a rare chance to secure a most beautiful picture on remarkably easy terms.

NUMBER TWO.

To any person who will send us two subscribers at the regular price, \$1.50 each, we will send, as a premium, the whole of volume eleven of *THE CORPORAL*, (from July to December, 1870,) the names to be sent both at the same time, and this premium to be asked for when the subscriptions are sent. Volume eleven begun the present form of our Magazine, and it will be nice in binding to include all those numbers. We hope many thou-

sands will avail themselves of this offer. Even if you have volume eleven, it would make a nice present to some one of your friends.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—It was our good fortune, last summer, to witness the laying of the first rails on this great national highway—and so rapidly is the work progressing, that by the beginning of the coming summer, the managers expect to have the road completed as far as to the crossing of the Red River of the North. The country through which this road extends, is surpassed by none in the world for the richness of its mineral resources, the fertility of its soil, and the salubrity of its climate. Jay Cooke & Co. are the fiscal agents for negotiating the Land Grant Gold Bonds of this Company, which is sufficient guarantee that the enterprise will be carried forward to a speedy completion. We desire to call attention to their advertisement in another page, and can cheerfully recommend these securities to those who may have funds to invest.

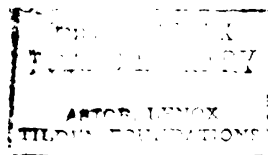
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THE CHRISTIAN LEADER, a weekly journal, is the best expositor of the Universalist faith. It is published by the New York State Convention of Universalists. It contains the sermons of Dr. E. H. Chapin, has a Miscellaneous, Agricultural, and Children's Department, and New York Market Reports. Terms, \$2.50 per year. Specimen copies free. We give every new subscriber a line engraving of Dr. Chapin. Address, Publisher *CHRISTIAN LEADER*, 128 Broadway, New York.

HORACE GREELEY'S ESSAYS, "What I Know of Farming," which have been published in *THE TRIBUNE* every week during 1870, are to be printed in pamphlet form, and a copy will be sent, postpaid, to each subscriber who sends \$10 for *THE DAILY*, \$4 for *THE SEMI-WEEKLY*, or \$2 for *THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE*, and requests the book at the time of subscribing. This will enable old subscribers to secure the Essays for preservation, on renewing their subscriptions, and new subscribers will, of course, be glad to obtain them, free of cost.

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WATCHING THE BLUEBIRDS

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XII.—MARCH, 1871.—NO. 3.

THE HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

CHAPTER III.



MRS. BIRD was just sweeping her bright, little, front hall. There were only two people in her family, herself and "him;" and she did all her own work, and looked healthy as her scarlet geraniums in the sun out there on the white stone steps. Besides the gerani-

ums, she had brought out a whole stand of plants and placed them in the broad path, close to the steps, where they could get plenty of light, and sweet air, and when she had finished her sweeping, she dropped her broom and bent over her flowers, picking off yellow leaves, tying up the vines, and clipping off useless shoots. Suddenly she heard a small, sweet voice, like one might fancy the voice of a streak of sunshine, if it could speak.

"Somebody wants to come in your gate," it said. And sure enough, there were two big eyes peering through, with queer locks of green hair curling above them and around them, while a little, dimpled hand tugged busily at the latch.

Mrs. Bird loved all little children, and she left her plants immediately, and hurried down the path to open the gate for "somebody."

"You little mermaid," she said, as Cap pattered cheerfully along in front of her, up to the steps; "you've run away from home—you know you have, you ridiculous little sight! I do wish Daniel was here to see you."

"I didn't come to see Daniel," said Cap, quietly, as if he and the lady were old acquaintances of hers. "Jerry's got a dog,

and I helped make a bed for him, and got him a bone; and Jerry keeps saying 'my dog, my dog,' all the time, but I don't care much, 'cause girls don't play with dogs; and I'm going to have a 'servatory, like Aunt Lulu told about. Won't you give me some flowers? O, you'm got so many!"

And Cap dropped her old tin can, and opened her arms toward the pretty stand of bright leaves and blossoms, as if she longed to gather them all up into her arms at once. Then she danced all around it, chattering.

"Flowers are lovelier than little, speckled dogs, wiv skin on 'em, ar'n't they? O, look at e' white ones, and red ones! And here's some like little bells hangin' down. They'm got little clappers in 'em, too, only they can't ring. Don't you wish you could make 'em ring? little, fine ringin', what sounded 'way off?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bird, unconsciously catching some of the child's own quaint manner. "I've wished it, O, so many times. Don't you think; maybe, if we'd listen in the night, when everything else was still, that we could hear them ring, when the wind shook them a little?"

"Maybe," said Cap. "Sometime I'll come up here and listen in e' night, and you'll be asleep; but I'll tap ever so soft at the window, and hold my breath, and tell you 'wake up, wake up, the flowers is ringin'."

And she spoke the last sentence in a quick, eager whisper, with a hushed, awed, delighted look upon her face, as if she really had just caught strange, sweet sounds from living blossoms.

"You're a born poet," cried Mrs. Bird, sitting down upon the step, and clasping Cap in her arms. Many a time, when hearing worried mothers mourn over their little,

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human bundles of mischief, this woman had thought sadly to herself, how glad she would be just to have one to try her patience and test her love momentarily and hourly; and she put her fingers around Cap's wrists and looked into her radiant eyes, thinking, with a thrill, "If I could only call all this mine. Yes, sticky hair, muddy fingers, old jacket, mischief, and all." In a minute she asked, clasping Cap's wrists very tightly in her loving fingers, "Who's sweet?" thinking, of course, that the "mischief" herself was the sweetest little morsel in the world.

Cap threw her arms quickly around the lady's neck, and answered, with a roguish twinkle under her long lashes, "*Bose of us, I fink.*" And then they were closer friends than ever; and by and by Mrs. Bird gave her the dearest little bunch of bright blossoms, geraniums, and pinks, and roses, with fresh, green leaves mixed in, and she gave her some slips to start for herself, two or three fuchsias, and monthly roses, and geraniums, and pansies, and pinks, and ivy, and ferns. A few of these she wrapped loosely in a wet paper, with leaves and earth, and then she filled Cap's old can with moist dirt, and carefully placed a little group of shoots in that.

"Now, then," she said, "you must take them right home, and hunt up ever so many old pitchers, and cups, and pots, and fill them with earth out of the woods, or get some out of the chip yard, way down deep under the old chips; and you must set out your slips right away, and not put them in the sun till they begin to grow a little; and you must water them every day, in the morning and at night, and *sprinkle* the water on, not pour it on hard. And some day I am coming to see your 'servatory—only you must wash the green all out of your hair first."

"I'm 'fraid it'll have to wear off," said Cap, doubtfully. "You mus' come, anyhow. You know where my mamma lives, don't you? I'll have flowers now to ring for my own self, won't I?"

And she hurried contentedly out of the gate, and reached home without having been once missed. Bannie helped her arrange her flowers, being almost as grateful for them as Cap herself, but quite lost patience in the attempt to wash the elfish green tint out of her hair, and finally made up her mind that it would have to "wear off," as Cap had declared.

It took a long time to reconcile the rest of the family to poor Jolly; but, as the hair began to grow at last over the ugly patches of bare skin, and his ribs to disappear from mortal sight, and nobody appeared to claim

him, and the dog didn't seem to be conscious of any other ownership, Jerry had finally come to rejoice in him as his own especial property in the face of all the world. To be sure, Jolly wouldn't stand on his hind legs in the corner, and wouldn't "shake hands," nor do anything else which is usually considered beautiful and interesting in a dog, but his dullness was only small grief to Jerry, as it afforded a reasonable prospect of the luxury of teaching him forever.

Cap, as a general thing, tended her plants as if she knew by instinct just what to do with them. Sometimes it happened, though rarely, that they would have suffered, had not Bannie taken pity on their forlorn condition, but, at the first renewal of loving attention from Cap they were sure to revive and grow like magic. Before many weeks passed, there was quite a bank of greenness and fragrance ranged around the edge of the little back porch. The roses were grown into sturdy little bushes, one of which was full of small, rich blossoms even now, while the other was covered with a generous sprinkling of promising buds. One of the fuchsias hung a few shining, pink-veined leaves, and three pink-and-white bells over a graceful little trellis that Ban had made, and the other stood up bravely in a large jar, with a strong, woody stem, and a multitude of wide-spreading branches. The rose geranium already scented its corner of the porch with its pleasant perfume, the pansies peered brightly over their little box, the pinks promised soon to blossom, and the ivy hung in dainty festoons from a pretty moss basket. The ferns rose up from beds of fresh green moss, and Cap loved them best of all.

One soft, golden day they opened the door of Mr. Houston's room, to let in the sunshine and balmy spring air from out doors, while he sat propped up in his bed, so cheerful and strong, that his wife grew blithe as a child, and went singing about her work, and even Ban felt as if a deep shadow was being lifted from her heart. "Father is so well, to-day," she said, cheerily, "I do believe, mother, you ought to carry that sewing home yourself; the walk, and the sunshine, and fresh air would do you so much good."

Mrs. Houston consented to this, and Ban and her father were left together. Cap, and Jerry, and the baby were out on the back porch, playing "minister come to tea," and they were very quiet.

"I keep thinking about our big boy all the time," said Mr. Houston, by and by. "You haven't had a letter, have you, Ban?"

There had been no letter, Ban told him.

cheerfully as she could, though whenever she thought of it a vague gloom and dread would creep into her own heart.

"You know, father," she said, "that Cary hates writing. He says it hurts his fingers, and makes his shoulders ache, and it always seems as if something were creeping all over him. And I dare say he's afraid I'd laugh at his queer spelling—he makes such funny mistakes—but I wouldn't. I'd feel more like crying for joy."

"So would I," said her father, with a little huskiness in his voice, and claspings his poor, stringy hands as he spoke. "When I'm lying awake at night I often catch myself wondering if he hasn't come home from Hidy's yet; and I keep listening for his steps—he had such solid, straight-ahead steps, and he wasn't a bit afraid of the dark, and he never was afraid of anything. How good he used to lift me in his arms and turn me over—he was so strong for his age. I'm afraid Cary is too homesick to write; he doesn't want us to know, for fear we'd worry."

"I dare say he hasn't time to write," interrupted Bannie, quickly, "for Uncle Reuben said in his letter that they'd be very busy this spring. Maybe he's keeping a little journal, and by and by he means to send it to us, so we can see how he spent every day."

"I hope he is," said her father, growing cheerful again, "for maybe he'll be a great man some day, and how precious that little journal would be then, wouldn't it. But I'm tired, Ban, and all out of breath. You come help me lie down, and smooth the pillows. If I could only sleep—I'm too tired to think. I'm so cold, too. Surely there's been a sudden change; I thought you said the day was so warm. Put more cover over me, Ban. Now I'll try to sleep."

The day was fair and soft as ever. His daughter said sorrowfully to herself that the "change" was in him, not the weather, and in two hours he was full of raging fever and fierce pain. Mrs. Houston, coming home from her happy walk out in the fresh air, wrung her hands in anguish when she saw him; and the doctor, when he arrived, gave his orders in quick, rapid tones, as if he were wresting every precious moment from death; then promised to come in again very soon, and perhaps sit up all night with the sick man.

As he opened the gate a little, cold, trembling hand dropped on his fingers, and he turned and saw Bannie's face looking up into his. He understood the agony and questioning written there, and answered, before she had spoken,

"Dear child, there is little hope."

The long night crept by, and morning found Mr. Houston in a deathly stupor.

"If he does not rally from this before noon," the doctor told them, sadly, "all will be over."

A vague awe and hush pervaded the house. Even Jerry and Cap lingered uneasily about doors and windows, not having the heart to play. Wee baby Houston was sick and fretful, and it took all Bannie's time and tact to keep her quiet. Mrs. Houston was spending a few breathless, busy moments in the kitchen, when, seeing poor Cap looking so tired and wistful, there in her watching place by her father's door, she led the child to his bed, and placed her near it in a chair, telling her to be very, very still, and "not even breathe loud, and if papa whispered the least little word, to come and tell mother."

Nobody could tell whether Cap felt better satisfied or not. She sat still as a dimpled little statue for a moment, with her chubby hands folded in her lap, and her eyes steadily watching her father's face.

"I fink he'll wake up pretty soon," she said, presently, quite forgetting her mother's injunction. "It's so still in here maybe he could hear my flower bells ring. I mean to tiptoe out, ever so soft, and bring them in. And he'll hear the little, fine, sweet ringin', and open his eyes."

She stole through the outer door with footfalls noiseless as falling leaves, and her whole face alight with her happy thought. In she came again, after a moment, swift and silent, carrying her fuchsia, with its beautiful, swinging blossoms, placed it on the stand by her father's bed, and stood looking at it with her hands folded.

"Seems as though the light ought to shine through," she said, softly, "it always makes the leaves look like they had gold in 'em. I'd better roll up the blind; sunshine is so nice to see, and my papa'll be glad."

Then she rolled up the blind near the head of his bed, and darted out with radiance like sunlight shining in her face. Again and again she came, bringing her treasures, till the stand and the window sill were crowded. The ivy was there, trailing its dainty leaves over her father's pillow. The sunshine crept into the great rose geranium till its fragrant leaves looked like woven green and gold, the roses threw fairy shadows over his still breast, the fuchsia bells drooped over the face upon the pillow, making its whiteness more deathly with their glory.

"There's my pink rose bud just open," murmured Cap; "s'pect it opened this

morning, purpose for my papa. I'll lay it right in his fingers."

Peerless it was, with perfect petals of pearly pink clasped in mossy green. Cap broke the stem, and laid it reverently in her father's white hand. Then she dropped on her knees by the bed, and laid her cheek on her folded arms, looking up at the splendor of leaves, and blossoms, and light with mute joy. Soon her father opened his eyes, and saw the bright head and folded arms resting there, very near his breast. Unutterable tenderness illuminated his face as he looked. He tried to touch her, but his hand wearily dropped.

"Listen, papa," said Cap, breathlessly, as she observed the slight motion, and saw the unclosed eyes. "You don't hardly breathe. Maybe you can hear my flower bells ring. See, I'll make 'em swing now, softly, softly. Don't you hear it, papa? I can't; but you're so still. Isn't it fine and sweet little ringin'?"

The unutterable tenderness still shone in the white face upon the pillow, but a vague pain and wonder was shadowing it now, like the bewildered outlook of a soul at some dark, looming mystery.

"I think I hear it, my precious," he murmured, in broken breaths; "it's very sweet and strange, but far off. And I—think I hear my big boy coming home, with strong, steady steps. I'm glad he's coming. I've listened so long, and I'm weary waiting awake so long in the night. He's so big and strong, he lifts me so easy." Presently he whispered again, "Tell mother, little one, and the rest. I think the end is at hand."

The mother was there. She had entered noiselessly, and beckoned to Bannie; and Jerry was called. Baby came, too, with great, wondering eyes. Only once again spoke the pale lips.

"I love—all. Tell Cary—father wants him."

Over heart-breaking good byes, and sudden, bitter loneliness, let us draw the veil. Such agony is for God's pitying eyes to look upon, and for human hearts to know; not for any pen to describe.

Cary was sent for, but he did not come. A letter reached the lonely ones at home, after many days. It was queer, and blundering, and rebellious, and good, and tender, all at once, just like Cary, and was written to his mother.

"I can't tell how I feel," it said; "blurs come over my eyes and great lumps rise in my throat whenever I try to think. Sometimes—I don't know—it seems as if I can't

feel how sorry I am, myself. I just walk round and don't see anybody, no matter how many folks I'm with; and it seems as though I'm like that big stone, out by the gate, heavy, and hard, and dumb. I've dreamed a good many times since I came out here that I worked for Hidy yet, and he wouldn't let me go home to father. And I'd wake up all in a heat, and go to the garret window—it's just a hole in the siding—and look out at the prairie, stretching away so dim, and endless, and ghostly, with the night mists hovering upon it, and I'd think it would be so glorious to get right out there and walk and walk till I got home to father. Then the herders and other hands from Frenchtown, sleeping down on the floor behind me, they'd snore all at once, like that wheezy little brass band that used to come over from Foxbush on the Fourth, and I'd laugh and forget all about my dream. I couldn't come home. Uncle Reuben always says he's 'harrassed' so much, and he doesn't have any money at all, and the hands are all tormenting him for their wages; and Aunt Matilda said she 'didn't see that it would do any good for me to go home,' and 'Cary didn't seem to care much'—because I was going around so stony and quiet you know—'and if she was Reuben she wouldn't worry.' And so Uncle Reuben didn't worry at all, and I couldn't get one bit of money to come home with, and the days have kept going by and going by, and now I think I will just stay till fall. Ban, do you remember the night I came home from Hidy's and you had some broiled rabbit for me, and I wouldn't be good natured, and I tried to tell you how I didn't think 'Providence treated us right?' Well, I'm mixed up worse than ever, now. I'm mad, 'most all the time. You kiss the baby six kisses for me, right on the back of her neck."

"Moving day" came, and with it the information that the house they lived in had been sold, and they were bitterly urged to give up possession. The rent was unpaid for half the winter, the owner said, and "nobody could afford to keep houses just for the accommodation of beggars."

Mrs. Houston was too weary and heartsick to do anything but a little work at home. It was brave Ban who went house hunting from day to day.

"Strange that so many hard things come into my life," she caught herself murmuring, sometimes. "Things that make me feel like 'gritting my teeth,' as Cary used to say, and clinching my hands."

But Aunt Lulu's dying words haunted her with their tender sweetness, and she would

say, in her heart, "Loving God makes life sweet, and I do love Him, and I know He loves me, and it'll all come right somehow."

At last they secured two rooms in a square old house, whose front touched a dirty street lined with red-curtained saloons, squalid houses, and mean little shops. Its sides were covered with tattered rags of circus advertisements, till they looked like bloody battle grounds, with here a naked, leaping leg, here a ghastly trunk, there a leering face, all mingled with torn horses, and tasseled rings, and tall bars. Upon the ground floor, opening out upon the pavement, was a vulgar grocery, where mouldy oranges, wormy prunes, and strong-smelling toilet soaps were offered for sale. A flight of shaky, old, outside stairs led from the pavement up to Mrs. Houston's rooms. In the large room adjoining the grocery below, and in several apartments up stairs, a man manufactured some vile stuff he called vinegar, and in the remaining portion of the house lived a German family. Jerry and Cap were delighted with moving, of course. Such overhauling of old lumber, such bringing to light of delightful odds and ends, such unearthing of old, forgotten playthings, made for them one long, delicious day of sight seeing and treasure gathering.

The drayman carried up the last heavy piece of furniture, and went his way. Cap and Jerry seated themselves triumphantly at the top of the old stairs, and Mrs. Houston and Bannie stood silently a moment surveying the grimy old den which was to be their "front room." The "vinegar," stewing and simmering in some distant part of the house, sent a hot, sickening smell to the very spot where they stood. The greasy paper on the walls hung in shreds and patches, the doors were scrawled with the names of former occupants, and a few tatters of dusty, cobwebbed paper hung over the solitary window. Ban spoke first.

"We shall die," she said, drearily. It seemed as if Aunt Lulu's words could hardly be meant for life like this. But her mother answered,

"No, God is God, still. We must work, and wait, and love."

There was very little time for philosophizing or repining, in the midst of the scrubbing, and scalding, and scouring, and whitewashing, with which they immediately busied themselves; and after several days of hard work, they had the satisfaction of knowing that their own rooms, at least, were clean. There was the perfume of the vinegar, still, but luckily it was not equally strong at all

times, and on some days could hardly be detected in the afternoons.

No blind was needed in the window, where Cap's plants held their wilderness of leaves up to the very topmost pane; and it was a pleasure even to watch their shadows in the sunshine, down upon the clean, old, gray carpet. Morning glories and scarlet beans, planted in boxes, would soon wreath the railing at the side of the bald old stairs with beauty, and the little platform at the top looked almost like a fairy bower already, where Cap could curl herself up by the hour, watching the passers by.

They had no neighbors in their new home, neighbors in the dear, old-fashioned, friendly sense of the word. One door from their rooms led into those adjoining, which were occupied by the German family, but it was always closed. Sometimes Ban, or her mother, sitting by the window in their room, heard heavy yet cushiony-sounding footfalls coming down the stairs, and, if they looked out immediately after, saw Bauer, the German, crossing the street to enter a beer shop. He had glossy, black hair, clustering in rich curls all over his head, and his upper lip was ornamented with a most luxuriant moustache. His linen was always dainty and fine, and his large wrists and hands white as his ample cuffs. The most luxurious slippers encased his large feet, and the long, curled stem of his pipe glittered with white, and scarlet, and gold. But his red neck was brutally thick, and his cheeks purple and hard. He had a guitar, a violin, and a flute. Sometimes he would sit a few moments by his own window, and play clumsily, first upon one instrument, then upon another; soon making his little pilgrimage to the beer counter, as if music, after all, had small charms for him compared to the delights of those dirty, foamy buckets. The vinegar maker, meeting Mrs. Houston at the well, sociably volunteered some information concerning her neighbors. Bauer knew more languages than any professor in the country, he told her. He could speak and read Spanish, Italian, French, Latin, and "everything else."

Two women appeared, now and then, and a little, puny, black-eyed baby was always held tenderly in the arms of one or the other. They had square, white faces, with sad, patient eyes, and low foreheads, with great braids of glossy black hair. Not a word or look from them ever betokened any desire to be friendly with their new neighbors. They rather repelled than invited any advances. Several times deep in the night, Mrs. Hous-

ton and Bannie were awakened by a strange sound, as if somebody had fallen heavily to the floor in their neighbors' room. Then a woman would moan and the baby cry, and after that light footfalls always went swiftly down the stairs, and the baby's crying sounded as if it were being carried down by whoever was descending. Presently the light steps would come up again, followed by those slow, cushiony slippers. There was never any loud call for help, but somebody evidently went and called Bauer from his night carousal, and the moaning and crying were never hushed till he came."

[To be continued.]

POOR.

BY MRS. EMILY J. BUGEER.

Hands in his pockets,
Whistling a tune:
Poor little Tommy,
Merry as June.
Poverty dowers him.
What does he care?
Happy in sunshine,
Happy in air,
Healthful and buoyant.
He does not know
That he inherits
Sorrow and woe.
Sharing the little
Others can give,
He is contented
To be and live.
Out of his childhood,
Meager and bare,
He will be going
To do and dare.
Ever above him
Angels may bend.
And God be father,
Brother, and friend.

BE PURE.—A group of children had been admitted to a beautiful garden, where the sweetest of flowers bloomed, and silvery fountains laughed in the sunshine. It was an eventful day for the little ones, and careful hands had arrayed them in their freshest robes. But as the owner of the garden walked among them, glad in giving joy to others, he saw one who seemed to find no pleasure in the beauty about her, who wept, and tried to hide herself from him.

"Why is this?" he asked, kindly. "Why are you troubled?"

She pointed to her soiled dress, and sobbed, "O, sir, I played until it was too late to make myself tidy, and I vainly thought I could slip in with the others and be happy."

And the good man said, "So would it be, my little children, in the Heavenly Garden. There would be no gladness for any who might find themselves there not having on the white robe of Christ's Righteousness."

Alta Grant.

"ROBIN."

BY FANNIE J. PAYEY.

My little brother, Robin, is only five years old, and he's just the nicest, funniest little fellow you ever saw; but he does do dreadful things, sometimes.

For a whole year, he has been teasing to go to school, and last winter, mamma promised him that, if he would be a good boy, he might go this summer; but we were at Uncle Charley's nearly all summer, so he couldn't go until this fall. All of this vacation he had thought of nothing else but the first day of school, and it would make you laugh to see him try to stretch himself up as tall as I am, when of course he couldn't, because I'm twice as old as he is.

This morning was the commencement of the fall term, and Robin's head was so full of it, that he woke up before anybody but Kitty had thought of stirring. He bothers Kitty awfully, sometimes; but when he wants to coax her to do anything, he is so sweet about it, that she says "it's niver a bit of a no" she can give him. So when he asked her to dress him, she told him at first that he was crazy, to be getting up so early, and she wouldn't help him at all, at all.

But he hopped out of bed and ran down stairs after her as fast as his little legs could carry him; and when she was on her knees, putting the potatoes in the oven, he crept up behind her, and put his arm tight around her neck.

"Now I've got you," he said.

"You naughty boy!" said she; "you'll catch a dreadful cold, running around the house like this in your nightgown. What'll I do wid you?"

"O, just dreth me, Kitty dear; pleathe do."

And then she gave him a kiss, and picking him up in her arms, brought him up stairs; and I heard her say,

"I niver saw the likes of you; you're as cunning as a jailor. I suppose I might as well dress you and have done wid it, or else you'll niver quit your bothering."

That's just the way it always comes out, if Robin wants anything. He hides grandma's spectacles, and steps on her old cat's tail, but she's always giving him sugar plums and laughing at his tricks. Even if mother scolds him, there is a laugh in her eye, and he isn't one bit afraid.

Well, this morning, when Kitty brought him up stairs, he looked just as pleased as he possibly could be; and for all Kitty had

to leave her work to bother with him, even if she pretended to be cross, anyone could see she wasn't. He was in such a hurry to be dressed, that he behaved first rate, and so Kitty soon had him all ready. He has just got his first pants and boots, and he thinks they make him ever so many inches taller. As soon as he had them on, he put his hands into his pockets and strutted around like a young peacock, all the while trying to whistle and act like brother Mark.

I was real sleepy, and wanted to have another nap, and so I said,

"Do go away, Robin, I want to sleep."

And then he looked at me as sober as an owl, and said something grandpa had taught him, "Early to bed and early to rise, maketh a man healthy, wealthy, and withe."

I was getting vexed because he wouldn't go away, and so I said, as crossly as I could,

"You are not a man yet! and you are not very wise, either, so you needn't feel so big." But I couldn't help laughing to see the airs he put on, as he said,

"O, you are nothing but a girl; you can't wear boots!"

And then he went marching out of the room like a major, and I could hear him tramping through the hall and up stairs and down, until he had waked up everyone in the house.

Then he could hardly wait for breakfast; and after it was over he was just as bad, and never gave me a bit of peace until school time. When we were at last all ready to go, mother kissed us, and said,

"Now you'll be sure to be a good boy, won't you, Robin?" and he looked as honest as a judge, and said, "Of courthe I will, ma."

He wouldn't take hold of my hand, "Cauthe I ain't a baby anymore," he said; and so he walked along by my side, trying to take as long steps as I did. When we got to school I told Mr. Porter that he was my little brother, Robin; and he said that he was glad to see him, and hoped he would be very good, and try to learn; and then he gave him a seat upon a bench with some others.

I couldn't help watching him nearly all of the time. I was so afraid that he might do something improper. He was real good while Mr. Porter was calling the roll and reading the Bible; but in the middle of the prayer he burst right out laughing, and when I looked out between my fingers, I saw that one of the big boys was making funny faces at him. Robin was kind of scared when he laughed out loud, and his face was as red as

fire, when Mr. Porter looked at him after the prayer. I was so ashamed that I wished we were both at home.

Robin was pretty good for a while after that, and sat and watched Alice Spencer, who is a little, red-checked girl, with long curls and pretty, blue eyes. After a while he began to move up closer to her, and took a big red apple out of his pocket and put it in her lap; then she kissed him, and all the big boys and girls began to laugh.

"Little Robin," said Mr. Porter, "I think you had better go to the other end of the bench;" and so he had to go.

Robin learned his letters a long time ago, and can spell a great many words, so he was put in the primer with little Alice and some others about as big as she. When it came Robin's turn to read, he couldn't make out what t-e-a spelt; and Mr. Porter said,

"It's something that I guess your mamma drinks, and I shouldn't wonder if you liked a taste, sometimes. Can't you think what it is?"

"Wine," said Robin, smacking his lips; "but I never get any, if I do like it."

Mr. Porter's mouth looked as though it was going to smile, and I was afraid he would think that mamma drank wine all the time, and she doesn't; she only takes it when she is sick, and Robin is always teasing for it because it looks so pretty.

In a few minutes, Mr. Porter wanted to know what r-o-d spelt, and he said, "It's something they punish bad boys with, sometimes; can anyone tell what it is?"

"Yeth, thir, it ith *shingle*," sang out Robin. "I never get whipped, but Larry Gaynon's mother licks him awfully, and she most always takes a shingle."

Everybody in school began to laugh, when he said that, and Mr. Porter laughed, too, and excused the class.

After that, Robin opened his primer, and pretended to be studying, but I could see that Jimmy Smith, who sat next to him, kept picking at him and teasing him, and all of a sudden, when I looked up, they were spitting at each other.

I hemmed and coughed, and tried to make Robin look at me, but he didn't; and pretty soon Mr. Porter saw them, too, and said,

"Jimmy and Robin, come here, right away."

I thought he was trying to keep from laughing, but he looked very sober, and said, "I'm astonished to find you engaged in such a disgraceful manner; if you must spit at anyone, you may spit at me. Now begin, Jimmy."

"I don't want to, sir," said Jimmy, beginning to cry.

"Well, if I excuse you, do you think you will ever do it again?" asked Mr. Porter.

"No, sir," said Jimmy, hanging his head.

"Then you may go to your seat," said Mr. Porter. "And now, Robin, are you ready to begin?"

Robin didn't look sorry a bit, and when Mr. Porter asked him, he stood straight up and spit right on Mr. Porter's coat. Mr. Porter looked astonished, I can tell you; but he couldn't scold Robin, for he told him to do it, though, of course, he thought he wouldn't dare; so he only said, "You may take your seat, now, sir."

Oh! I was so mortified, that I felt as if I wanted to run away and hide; but I guess that Robin was sorry, too, when he saw what he had done, for he pulled out his little bit of a handkerchief, and went right up to

Mr. Porter, and said, "Pleathe, Mr. Porter, let me wipe it off. I'm real thorry it went on your coat."

And Mr. Porter couldn't help being good to him, any more than Grandma and Kitty; so he let him wipe it off, and then put his hand upon Robin's head and only said,

"Now you'll try and not do anything more that is naughty, won't you?"

And Robin said, "Yeth, thir, I'll be ath good ath ple, till thehool ith out."

So he tried hard to be good after he went to his seat, but it wasn't long before his little curly head began to bob up and down, and at last it tumbled over on the seat, and he went fast asleep. I was real glad when school was out, and that he was not going in the afternoon. But I guess he'll be better to-morrow, and perhaps your little brother, (if you've got one,) wouldn't have done any better the first day.



THE STORY OF A HERO.

BY GERALD NORTH.

It might have been a long story, for the hero was as brave as good Sir Galahad, and perhaps as well deserved immortality. But he was only a boy, and they say boys don't always have justice done them. He was a very poor boy besides, and there was nobody in particular to tell the story, and so it never was told in any regular way, only passed from lip to lip, and kept sacred in the hearts that held it, like the legends of the old saints.

I'm afraid he wasn't a saint, though. He had been known to join most heartily in playing a trick on the pompous little policeman, that kept the newsboys in order while they were waiting for their papers; and once, when a big peanut boy was pounding a little candy peddler, he pitched in vigorously and gave the big fellow a complete pommeling. He had been heard to say rough words upon hard provocation, which was not so strange as it might have been, seeing

he never in his miserable little life was taught any better. In short, he was nothing better than a ragged, dirty, little heathen, and it was out of all reason that he should have wanted to join the boys of his ward school in that last game of "shinny." Why, he hadn't even a pair of skates, but came scuffling along with his clumsy shoes, as sure footed as a cat, except when one of the merry skaters glided suddenly across his track, or half-a-dozen of them swarmed pell-mell over him in the eager rush for the ball. He never minded that, or the frequent raps from the sticks that struck wildly at the flying ball, and seemed to have as much fun as if he were leader, and his feet had silver wings.

He had not been chosen on either side; not because he was poor—your genuine boy is a democrat, and snaps his fingers at social distinctions—but because he had no skates, and what was the use of a fellow without skates? Well, it was hard work keeping up, and by and by he shuffled off the ice, danced a turn or two on shore to warm his feet a little, and started, with his hands in his pockets, for the glue factory, where Tim Conover was sure to let him warm up. It wasn't in boy nature not to see how the game was coming out, however, so he crossed a vacant lot and came down to the river just by the ice houses.

Ah! it only needed one glance to see how it must come out for some of them. Only a few rods away was the belt of blue water where the ice had been sawn across to keep the boys from spoiling the harvest of the ice packers, and every instant they were coming closer to it. Couldn't they see it? Would not somebody see it? No one had eyes or thoughts for anything but that ball, gliding, glancing, darting here and there among the steel-clad feet.

It was a long way around the bend and up the river by any street, but straight across, where the ice cutters had been at work, was a thin, treacherous sheet of broken ice. It might hold a boy up, but if it didn't—there was no time to think about that, for the next instant a ragged little hero was dashing across it, whooping and screaming like a locomotive gone mad. Would the ice bear? Yes; perhaps the hands that are underneath the falling sparrow held it up, and the herd of startled players looked up, and circled with quick motion from the very edge of the chasm at their feet.

"Who was it? Where is he?" they asked, with pale faces.

Gone down with the breaking ice, to come

up again, gasping and struggling, and at last to be drawn out, chilled and breathless, by the ice cutters. They rubbed him with all the vigor of their brawny arms; they held him up by the heels to let the water run out; they pounded, and squeezed, and tossed him in a blanket, but he lived through it all, and came to himself with a strangling cough, and a laugh of approbation. Everybody praised, and petted, and made much of him, and then forgot all about him; so it was left for me to tell his story, and I call it "*The Story of a Hero.*"

LULLABY.

BY SHIRLEY CLAIRE.

A song for the baby, sweet little Bo-peep.
Come, wee Willie Winkle, and sing her to sleep.

Come toss her high up, and trot her low down,
This is the road to Blinklepeeptown.

Come press down her eyelids, and sing in her ear
The wonderful songs that in dreamland we hear.

The chime of the waters, the drone of the bees,
The tales that the blossoms are telling the breeze.

For spite of her crowing and cooling I see
The baby is sleepy as sleepy can be.

Down flutter the eyelids—dear little Bo-peep—
Now whistle Willie Winkle, she's gone fast to sleep.

DON'T CROW BEFORE IT'S MORNING.

BY W. O. C.

An old rooster waked up in the middle of the night and began to crow. That waked up another rooster over at the next house. In three minutes, every rooster in the country was crowing, as far off as you could hear. There wasn't any of them that thought it was morning; but one crowed just because the other did. It was all done for mischief. It was going to be Christmas, that morning, and I wanted to be up early. So, as soon as I heard the old rooster crow, I waked up as quick as a steel trap and sprang out of bed. I thought it was morning for certain. I was just going to hurrah for Christmas when I found out that it was all dark and still in the house. I thought there must be a mistake somewhere, but could not think just where it was. I lay down again, and the roosters kept crowing. So I lay awake, expecting every minute that it would be daylight. I never knew before that the night was so long. I say it was too bad. A boy does not like to be cheated in that way. Besides, it isn't honest. You never can trust anybody that doesn't tell the truth when he crows.

GIRLS IN THE NORTH.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

No. I.—FREDRIKA BREMER.

Which of you children has a big atlas? Just open it to the Map of Europe, please, and look out Norway and Sweden. There they are, those long, pink strips, right on top of Germany and Denmark, with the Atlantic one side of them, and two great gulfs on the other. Higher still is Lapland, where the reindeer live. They are cold countries, with long winters, and hot, short summers, into which the flowers and fruits, birds and bees, hurry at a double quick, as if to make up for lost time. The people who live there love their land with a passionate affection. They are simple, earnest folk, and some little girls have been born there who grew up into remarkable women, and did brave, capital things, which I think you will like to hear about.

The first of whom I shall tell you, was born in the Province of Finland, about seventy years ago. The name they gave her was Fredrika.

Finland is that large, greenish patch which hangs to the west side of northern Russia. In fact, it is a part of Russia, though only the narrow Gulf of Bothnia divides it from Sweden.

That is all the geography there is going to be in my story, darlings, so don't be frightened at these long names.

Well, as I said, Fredrika was born, and when about three years old, her father left Finland to live in Stockholm. I suppose they just went on board a boat, and sailed across the Gulf of Bothnia. It looks pretty easy on the map, where the gulf is only two fingers wide; but I guess if we went there, we should find it a great, rough sea, on which our poor, little girl had a chance to be very sick before she got to the other side.

Before long, the father bought a place in the country called Arsta, and from that time they always lived there a part of the year. It was a very old house, with big rooms floored with wood or stone, and the ceilings ever so high. All the top story was unfurnished, except for spiders and creaks, and the children and servants were afraid to go there on account of ghosts. There was a most beautiful garden, full of trees and old-fashioned plants, and the little ones, who in Stockholm were never allowed to go out doors, rejoiced in it as the pleasantest play place in the world. There were quite a number of them—big Charlotte, the eldest, Hedda

and Agatha, who were babies, and Claes and August, the brothers. Fredrika was the second—a queer, lonely child, with all sorts of odd ways and fancies. When she was very little, one of her greatest pleasures was to burn things in the fire. "It was so delightful to see the flames," she said, when scolded; and so, when other combustibles failed, she would throw in a handkerchief, or a pair of stockings. Cutting, too, was her passion. They were afraid to trust her with a pair of scissors. If they did, she would lock herself in the parlor, and be found snipping holes in the silk chairs, or round and square pieces out of the front of her frock. Besides this, she was possessed with a desire to know what would break and what wouldn't; and she tried so many experiments, that, one by one, most of the glass and china, and all the playthings in the nursery, were demolished. But the little witch was an affectionate child, for all that, and felt dreadfully when lectured and punished, as of course she was, a great deal of the time.

Her mamma was a very strict woman indeed. One of her notions was that children should have but little to eat, that they might grow up slender and graceful. So the poor, little things were always hungry. Their supper was a bit of cracker and one tiny cup of milk, and breakfast was exactly like it; so you can fancy how starved they were by two o'clock, dinner time. In fact, quite often they were tempted to steal food from the table when it was set for papa's lunch, and felt like thieves afterward. Once they were playing in the dining room, where someone had been having breakfast, and hungry Fredrika proposed that, by way of a game, all the rest should sit in a row with their eyes shut, while she did something—she did not say what. They kept their eyes shut as long as they could, and then they peeped, and all cried out "Oh!" at the same time; for there was Fredrika at the table, devouring, as fast as she could, what was left on the plates! For my part, I don't blame her much. It is dreadful to be hungry, especially when you are only six years old.

Once a year they had as much as they wanted, and that was at Christmas, when every child had what was called a "Yule Heap" of buns, biscuits, and cakes, with plates full of raisins, almonds, and candy, and a tall candlestick with three candles to light it up. And while they were stuffing themselves with these good things, the door would open, and in would come a queer figure with a mask on and horns on his head.

He was known as the "Yule Buck," and brought all the Christmas presents, which he threw into the room, tied up in paper and marked with names. The children ran races to pick them up, and had great sport in opening them; but it doesn't seem to me half as nice a way as ours. Dear old Santa Claus with his pack, filling the stockings, is worth half a dozen "Yule Bucks." Don't you think so?

On birthdays, too, they had a feast. Once, Charlotte proposed to Hedda and Agatha, that they should save a part of all the candy they had given them for a whole year, to make a grand celebration for Fredrika, who was very fond of it. The little ones agreed, but it was pretty hard work to keep them to it; and when they saw the bag they were apt to tease, so that Charlotte had to dole out a comfit or so apiece, to satisfy them. When at last the great day came, and the bag was emptied out, there was such a quantity that it filled four dishes! Fredrika was delighted; but, alas! from long keeping, the sugar plums had grown so hard that it was necessary to pound most of them in a mortar to make them eatable. The children didn't mind it, however, and thought them full as good as if fresh from the confectioner's.

As she grew older, Fredrika began to be distressed about her nose, the shape of which did not please her. She tried wearing hair pins in bed, and all sorts of things, but they only made it redder and larger. Then she fancied her forehead was too low, and cut the hair off; and when it grew again, she got a pair of pincers and dragged it out by the roots. The consequence was a forehead that seems to have run away up to where bald spots usually line, and couldn't have been half as nice as the one God meant she should have! Depend upon it, dears, our faces never do so well as when we let them alone, and just take pains to keep them as sweet and clean and good humored as possible.

Life was pretty quiet at Arsta. The boys had a tutor, and there was a governess for the girls, who taught them all that women were expected to learn in those days—music and French, and a little arithmetic and geography. In the winter they took dancing lessons. These branches, and *cooking*, were all that were thought proper for a young lady. They never went anywhere, nor played with other children, nor even attended church, although they longed to do so. Sometimes Fredrika and Charlotte would steal out and sit under the church window, where they could hear the sermon, but they

dared not tell their mother. And once, poor Fredrika was so fired with the idea of going into the army, that she ran away. There was a great deal of fighting in those days, and the little Swedes were as fierce and patriotic as we were a while ago. So Fredrika took it into her head that, if she once made her escape, she could put on boy's clothes and enlist as a drummer, or something; and the prospect was so charming, that she took her little blanket shawl and set out, hoping that a carriage or cart would come by to take her to the capital. But nothing came along, "not even a cat," as she told her sister, and she had to come back again and study more French and geography.

The tutor seems to have been a very kind man, on whom she was fond of playing tricks. Once she got a very heavy pincushion, with a lead bottom, and dropped it in his little pocket, as he stood with his back to her. He pretended to take no notice, but pretty soon went out of the room, and when he came back, the coat was straight again, and there were no signs of the pincushion. Fredrika was dreadfully frightened, for the cushion was her mother's, and she didn't want to be found out; so, after a day or two, she ventured to ask, very timidly, if Mr. R. had not "seen a pincushion somewhere?"

"A pincushion?" he said. "What pincushion?"

Then she had to confess; and after teasing her a little, the good man went and brought it from its hiding place.

Another time she pinned a ball of yarn to his coat, as he was walking to and fro. It was quite amusing to watch it roll after him, but by and by she found he was marching round her in a circle, tangling the yarn about her feet. He had discovered the trick, and took this good-humored way of punishing her for it.

"Nothing ever happened at Arsta." As the girls grew older, they found it dreadfully dull, and were at their wits' end to think of subjects to talk about in the evenings, when they were expected to sit with their parents and make themselves agreeable. Once some cows ran away, and pranced and kicked across the lawn; and this was such a surprising event, that each one saved it up in her private mind as a subject of conversation. So, first Charlotte told the story, and then Hedda and Agatha, and last of all, poor Fredrika, who had just come in, began,

"Papa, the cows!"—

Mr. Bremer, who, I suppose, could stand it no longer, cut her short with,

"Ah! well, that is the fourth time I have

heard all that. Now there really must be an end to it."

So there was no chance for the story again.

This papa of theirs was rather a hard man to live with. Sometimes he was kind, but more often, and especially when he was sick and had the gout, he would be cross and savage, and make his family very uncomfortable. The daughters took turns in playing chess with him. Charlotte managed very well, and though she always beat once or twice, that he might not suspect her of carelessness, was sure to let him win the last game, which left him in good humor. But poor Fredrika could not bear to be beaten, and what with one thing and another, and being well scolded, she generally left the table in tears.

Once in a great while something amusing happened. The peasant girls came to Arsta to have their hair dressed for their weddings. It was an old custom that they should do so, and a great business to get it fixed properly. First it was braided tight, and then raveled out into a crimping mass, and powdered all over with pounded glass, spangles, and bits of gold leaf. They must have had fine times brushing them out next day! On top of all went the marriage crown, which was made of silver, gilt, and very heavy; and perched above that rose three tall, ostrich feathers, one red, one white, and one blue. The wedding dress was always *black silk*, and ribbons hung from the belt, to which were attached the bridegroom's presents—pocket handkerchiefs, cravats, and gloves. When all was done, the bride was led to a large looking-glass to admire herself. One poor girl who came to be beautified, with a face as dark as an Indian's, said she couldn't think why it should be so, for she had taken *such* pains, rubbed it all over with soap and lain down in the sun on the bleaching ground to turn white, as the linen did! The Arsta sisters could hardly help laughing, though they felt very sorry for her; but it was too late to remedy the evil. These weddings were very entertaining affairs, but, unluckily, they didn't happen every day.

As Fredrika grew to be a young woman, she found her life at home hard to bear. I don't know that I can make you understand exactly why this was. Let me see if I can. You know, in our country, when a girl "comes of age," as it is called, the law allows her, if her home is not a happy one, to change it; to enter into some sort of business, if she likes, or marry, without asking anyone's consent. Happily most homes are so pleasant that there is no such need;

but if the contrary were the case, you can easily see what a comfort this right would give. But in Sweden, at that time, there was no such thing as "coming of age" for a woman. Unless she married, she was looked upon, as long as her parents lived, as a child. Even if she were fifty years old, and her father a drunkard, or a miser, and made her life miserable, there was no remedy. She could not change her home, marry, nor pursue any sort of trade, without his express permission. And having their daughters thus completely in their power, Swedish fathers were apt to be pretty severe.

Fredrika's father was not a bad man, but he had all the old feeling about his girls, and whichever way she wanted to turn, she found the door barred. She longed to study, and was forbidden. She saw poverty and ignorance all around, and wanted to go and do some useful work, such as teaching the poor or nursing in a hospital; that, too, was forbidden. When she applied for leave to go out oftener, she was told to hold on to the back of a chair and jump up and down, by way of exercise. She might go to balls now and then, if she wanted to, and write verses, and practice accomplishments that would make a show in society; but that was all. The things for which she was best fitted, and which she was most anxious to be at, were all prohibited.

So it is no wonder that Fredrika sometimes was unhappy and bitter. She herself tells us that her constant wish was to die! But her strong, brave nature seemed bound to grow in spite of all obstacles. She worked hard at her books and writing, she made and gave away great quantities of medicine to the poor, and saved every penny she could, that she might have to spare for them. Once, by mistake, she presented a poor, old woman with a bottle of tooth wash for her sore eyes, and had a great fright in consequence; but the woman sent back the bottle and begged for more. It was "powerful good," she said.

So, with a great many unhappy hours and some discouragements, she got to be twenty-eight years old, and then she published a book, which almost at once made her well known throughout Sweden. It was a simple thing, just little, easy sketches of people and country life, but it was so fresh and natural that everybody liked it. Success did not spoil her. She remained just as modest and diligent as before; but she kept on writing, and as her stories came out one by one, the fame of them spread to other countries, as well as her own. They were translated, and the quiet, little girl of Arsta found herself a

celebrated woman wherever in the world English was read and spoken.

By this time the stern papa was dead, and she could do what she chose with her time and her money, for she was growing rich as well as famous. And she found plenty to do. The good six-dollars that flowed in as payment for her work, never staid long in her purse, but flowed out again to pay for firewood in houses where the stove was empty; to fill the mouths of the sick with delicate fare; to comfort poor widows; provide orphan children with clothes; and carry ease and plenty into desolate homes. Surely that was blessed money.

By and by Fredrika crossed the sea, and made us a visit here in the United States. Hosts of friends, made so by her books, were ready to receive her, and their welcome was so cordial and hearty, that she never forgot it.

One of her stories, written late in life, was of a family of sisters, living at home, and having their whole lives made wretched by a tyrannical father. It raised a great storm, when it first came out. People were angry with Miss Bremer, and thought she had no right to say such things. But after a time, changes took place. The book set men to thinking, and the first fruits of their thought was the proclamation of a law making their twenty-fifth year the legal time at which women should come of age, and be considered fit to take care of themselves. Think what a boon that was to all the women in the country! Next, there was built a great seminary, in which girls could be taught thoroughly and well all they wanted to know. And such a rush of happy students as crowded it immediately, was never seen before or since. Miss Bremer, of course, was first and foremost in all the arrangements. It was her hand that hung the pictures on the walls, and placed on their pedestals the beautiful statues which adorned the rooms; and hardly a day passed without her visiting it. To her all those eager, grateful girls turned, as to a friend. "Tante Fredrika," many of them called her, (which means "Aunt Fredrika,") and her love and goodness to them were unfailing. As she grew old, she surrounded herself more and more with the young. Her mother was dead, two of her sisters had gone, and both her brothers, but she was neither lonely nor alone in the world. All the good and wise were her friends, and the poor she counted as children.

It would be impossible to tell of half the beautiful things she did—their name was legion. From the bag she always carried

full of sugar plums for babies, to the evenings she spent consulting with the teachers of her beloved seminary, every part of herself and her time was made in some way useful to others.

Six hundred little children were left destitute by the cholera, which carried off their parents. Tante Fredrika made an appeal for them, and was one of a number of ladies who stood at the doors of all the churches to receive money in their behalf. The result was a most generous subscription, enough to provide for every child until of age to take care of itself.

The asylum for the deaf and dumb—or "Silent School," as it is called—needed money. Miss Bremer wrote a letter "To the talking children of Sweden from the children of the Silent School;" and at once funds enough poured in to set them at ease. She was the originator of the charity known as the "Panones Houtenses," where ladies reduced to poverty, and too proud to beg, were sheltered and fed.

Her Christmas trees were full of good things for those whose holiday would have been vacant except for her; and under her roof was always some one sheltered, some girl struggling for an education, or some poor soul without a home elsewhere.

And so, full of good works and sweet days spent in benevolence, the quiet life, began in Finland, ran its course, and ended about five years ago, at the age of sixty-three. She died at Arsta, where so much of her youth was passed, and was buried not far from there in the family burial place, great numbers of people joining in the procession and heaping the coffin with flowers. Among the flowers was a beautiful wreath of white camellias, sent by the scholars of "The Silent School," in mute evidence of love and sorrow.

Upon the marble cross which marks Tante Fredrika's resting place, is carved, by her own request, that beautiful verse from the Bible, "When I cried unto the Lord, He delivered me out of all my trouble." I think she chose it because it reminded her of the happy years which followed a childhood that once seemed melancholy and unpromising, and crowned her with all good things.

Next time, if you care to listen, I will tell you about Miss Bremer's friend "Lotten," who, though she was not in the least a celebrated woman, deserved to be so by reason of her bright usefulness.

The groundwork of a manly character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness.

THE LITTLE ACORN.

BY M. H. K.

The little brown acorn lies under the ground
 While the wild winds of winter are blowing,
 Till the warm, gentle rain
 Calls the flowers again,
 "Up, little flowers, and be growing!"

It feels the clear sky stretching warm overhead,
 It knows that the green grass is springing;
 The fresh earth is fair,
 And through the warm air
 Homeward the swallows are winging.

So it doffs its brown cap and peeps out of the
 Eager to see and be hearing; [earth,
 It is timid and shy
 Of the crow'sfoot near by;
 Even the violets fearing.

But up from the earth, reaching into the light,
 It flourishes taller and stronger;
 The flowers fade and die
 As the summer goes by,
 And the days linger sultry and longer.

And the days change to months, and the months
 into years,
 Little children wax aged and hoary,
 Still its sturdy boughs grow,
 As the long ages go,
 Tow'ring high in their strength and their glory.

THE LITTLE HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

We are old people, my wife and I, and because we are getting too tired to go around the world looking for beautiful things, we stay at home and watch for them from our window, and it is really wonderful how many we see. To be sure, we live in the city, but right beside us is a little, green park, and across the street stands an elm tree, a great, glorious giant, that towers away up out of the dust and smoke, so that it feels every wind that blows out of the blessed country, and reaches down long, slender, graceful branches, that swing and sway, and seem as if they moved to music. We call it our tree, but I suppose it really belongs to the little brown cottage that hides away behind it. The cottage had been standing empty for months and months, with a board marked "For Sale" nailed across the door; and such a lonesome, desolate look about the closed window, it seemed as if the little house must be afraid, nights. But the tree leaned down over it, and touched the roof with its long arms, and I fancied it said, "Don't you be afraid, you little bird's

nest, see how tall and strong and wide I am; I shall stay right here and take care of you."

Almost every one who passed glanced at the empty house, and now and then one would stop and lean on the fence a minute, or even open the gate and walk around to the back yard; but nothing came of it until one morning in March, when I looked out at my window to see which way the wind was by St. Bonifacio's steeple; and I saw in a minute that the sign was taken away.

"My dear," I called to my wife, "here's great news; somebody has bought the cottage, so we're to have neighbors."

"To be sure," said my wife, coming to see for herself, and looking as pleased as could be. "I hope they'll be nice, pleasant people, with one or two children; it's so cheery to watch children at play."

We talked a great deal about it for the next few days, and made up our minds that on the whole we would have three children in the cottage, two boys and a girl. I wanted two girls and a boy, at first, but my wife said no, because one boy in a family of girls is sure to be allowed to tyrannize and domineer over his sisters; and so I gave up, because, you see, my wife generally is right about most things.

Well, first came the carpenters, and shovelled off the old, mossy shingles, and put on new ones. They made a great racket inside the house, too, but I never went over to see what they were doing, for my wife and I had planned the inside of that house just to suit ourselves, and furnished it with the most charming of furniture, and I was afraid I never should get it straight in my mind again if I saw the confusion. Then two young women swept every bit of rubbish out of doors, and two old men with carts carried it all away; and the painters came and put a coat of soft, brown paint all over the little cottage, and there it stood, ready for the new owners. They came the first of April, and brought all their furniture in two vans. Very small vans they were, and not heavily loaded, for the little house had no room to spare for useless rubbish, and never heard of such a thing as a parlor to lock away from dust and sunshine. Only a man and a woman—a pale, round-shouldered man, and a little, plump, red-cheeked, and sweet-voiced woman, who went from room to room singing like a robin as she put things to rights; down on her knees to tack a carpet, up on a chair to hang a picture, and every now and then running to the window to look up at the tree with its brown buds swelling on every small twig, or over at the prim.

little park, where the grass was getting green already.

"She's nice," I said to my wife. "I'm so glad she isn't a *capable* woman."

Cousin Stephen's wife is a "capable" woman. She comes over once in a while to set us to rights. It is very kind in her, but she has such a dreadful way of shaking things up, and smoothing them down, and straightening them out, that I always feel as if she wanted to pick me up and hang me away in a dark closet. She objects to my pleasant, open fire, because it isn't tidy, and to Rover and Tabby, and the posy pots my wife keeps in the south window; but bless you, my dear, we are old people, and we enjoy these things just as much as Mrs. Stephen does her sewing societies, and her mite societies, and her charitable fairs and donation visits, and what not. Well, it is kind of her, as I said; but when she is gone, I come out of my corner, and say,

"My dear, are you there?"

And my wife comes out of her corner, and says, "Yes, I am here."

And then she goes to take a sniff at the geranium, and turn it around into the sunshine; and Rover crawls out from under the lounge; and Tabby jumps up into the rocking chair; and then we are all comfortable again.

"They'll bring the children when the house is warm and everything settled," said my wife, presently; "children are dreadfully in the way of moving."

I thought so, too; but just after dinner a hack drove up to the gate, and the driver took out something very carefully bundled up, and carried it into the house. It was a big bundle, too, and I saw something over his shoulder that looked a little like a crutch. The round-shouldered man and the red-cheeked woman met him at the door, and the man took the bundle in his own arms, while the driver ran back and drove away.

"That must be the children," I said. "I'm afraid that is all of them; and, my dear, did you think you saw anything like a crutch?"

"I'm afraid I did," said my wife, soberly; and at the sound of her voice, Tabby jumped up in her lap and began to rub against her arms, as she often does. It's a way she has of trying to express her sympathy.

People ought to get accustomed to seeing their air castles blown down, after they have lived seventy years or more; but we took this uncommon hard until the next morning, when I looked out again to see about the wind. I always do this, because St. Bonifacio's steeple is handy, and I never

seem to feel quite comfortable in my mind till I get the wind settled all right. Well, it was the finest spring morning you could wish to see, and mild enough for May, instead of April; and the very first thing that caught my eye, as I looked out, was a bluebird in the big elm, sunning his pretty coat, and singing just as if he was out in the blessed green country. I called my wife softly, and we stood watching him together, when all at once we heard something almost as sweet as the bird's song.

"Mamma! mamma!" it called, in a sort of ecstasy, "come, quick! It's a bird—a real, live, wild bird, singing up in our tree!"

I don't know what pictures you may have seen, but I'd wager half my fortune, if I had any, that you never saw a sweeter one than was framed in one of the open windows of the little house over the way. [See *frontispiece*.] There was a sort of lounge, or bed, I couldn't really tell which, drawn close to the window, and a little fellow, about five years old, was leaning against the pillows and watching. It wasn't a sick face. I saw that in an instant; but round and rosy and plump as a baby's, with full, red lips, and glorious, dark eyes, that never moved or turned, but watched the bird with that delighted gaze, as if it was something too wonderful to be real. The mother came, presently, and looked over his shoulder, as pleased as the boy was; but when the bird flew away, she shut the window.

The next morning the bird came again, and soon after that we saw the round-shouldered man bring a ladder, and contrive, with infinite trouble, to fasten a queer, little house up in the tree.

"The birds will never build in it," I said to my wife. "In all the years we have lived here, no birds ever built in the tree."

But the birds did build in it. I think our Father sent them, for the birds and the children are His. They flew in and out of the bird house, sung and chattered and scolded, and seemed to be in twenty different minds about staying; but at last they went to work in earnest, and carried in stuff enough for two nests, I thought, before they had it finished to suit them.

But I should have told you that long before this time we were pretty well acquainted with our neighbors over the way. It began by watching the birds, sometimes exchanging a nod or a smile across the street, until, by the time the first egg was laid in the nest, it had come to be a regular thing for me to go over after breakfast to see Bernie.

There really was a crutch. I found that

out the first time; but there was nothing dreadful about it, after all. The little mother laughed, when she told me that it was only a notion of Bernie's to have a crutch, and so his father made it for him when he first got hurt.

"Then he isn't a cripple; he isn't lame for always," I said, with real delight.

"O dear, no, I hope not," said the little mother, turning pale at the thought. "It might be, I suppose, but the good Lord has been kind to us, and it's only a broken leg, and getting strong very fast. Perhaps you'd like to hear about it, sir," she went on, moving her chair to sit close by Bernie, and taking hold of his hand as she spoke.

"My husband is a watchmaker. He was brought up to it in his own country, that's Switzerland, sir, and there's few better workmen than he; only with the late hours and the early, and stooping so much over his bench, he's weak about the chest, of late years, and his head isn't altogether right at times. So last winter, when he kept in the shop evenings, I used to send little Bernie here to be with him, for fear of his spells coming on all alone there. Maybe you think such a little fellow wouldn't be of much use, but he's a wise child, sir, and then there's something promised about giving the angels charge concerning us, that I always thought was meant most for the children, else how should they ever come safe through so many snares and dangers. We lived in a bit of a room up stairs, then, and though we tried hard to lay by something against a time of need, it was only a very little we could manage to spare, and we never looked for anything like having a home of our own, sir.

"One evening—I remember it well, because we were uncommon merry at supper, and it was long before we were merry again—my husband had a letter from his brother in Switzerland, and he was talking over old times, and went away to the shop with Bernie, in great spirits, and I sat down to my sewing, thinking that, after all, things were not bad with us, so long as we had each other and the good Father. That is the last I remember, until they two, my husband and Bernie, were brought home to me in men's arms, dead, I thought, both of them, though my husband was only in one of his spells, and Bernie had fainted with pain at being moved. Well, sir, I'll not be long telling you. Of course, I only knew what they told me; but it always seems as if I must have stood right by and seen it all. My husband was taken with a fit and fell right on a street crossing, and a carriage was driving down

fast on to him. Bernie screamed and tried to call to the driver. But they say the driver was drunk. And what did this baby do but spring at the horses' heads, and actually turned them one side and saved his father from being trampled to death. He went down under their feet, though, and was drawn out with a broken leg, and just strength enough to tell the crowd where to take him and his father."

The little mother stopped to wipe away the tears that streamed over her face as she told me this, but her eyes were beautiful to see, as they rested on Bernie.

"Well, sir, as you may think, times were bad enough with us then. My husband lay sick for two weeks, and we'd the doctor for him and for Bernie, so by the time he was able to work again, every cent we'd laid by was gone. But I felt so happy that I had them both alive, that I never thought to fret."

"But what became of the driver who ran over Bernie?" I asked. "Surely he might have been made to pay for his carelessness."

"That's the strange part," said the little mother, "and I am just coming to it. You see it was a private carriage, sir, and being in the night, and no policeman near, the driver got off, and nobody could rightly swear who it was. The doctor was a fine man, and wonderful good to the poor, and it was near a month afterward that a rich lady asked him about a coachman, and told him she had just dismissed her old one for drunkenness. So the doctor inquired about it, and found, sure enough, this was the very driver who ran over Bernie. The lady remembered the night, but she was too much frightened to know the truth of the matter, and the coachman told her it was only a drunken man lying in the road that had scared the horses, and then he drove away home. The lady is a widow, with no end of money, and she came to see us herself, and sent grapes and oranges to Bernie; and she paid the doctor's bill, every cent, and we thought she was as good as an angel. But that wasn't half. She went and had this little house all fitted up nice, and gave it to us for a home—we that never looked to have a home of our own till the good Lord gave us one in heaven."

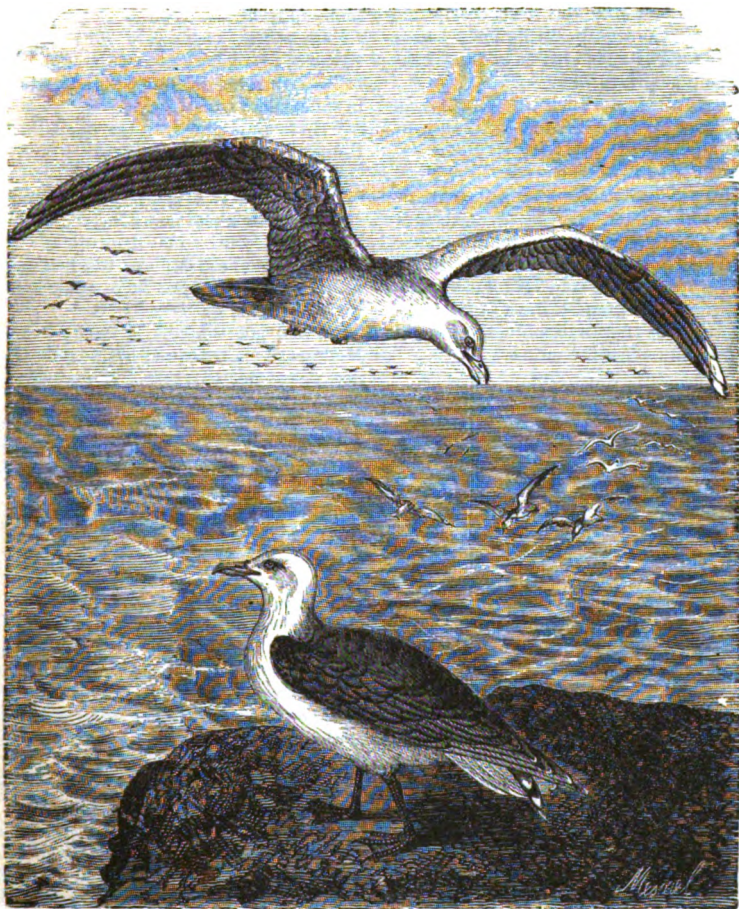
We all wiped our eyes—Bernie, and the little mother, and I, and I don't know who was the gladdest.

The bluebirds have hatched, since then, and the old ones are busy all day long filling the gaping, hungry mouths. Bernie has no use for his crutch, but I have begged it of

the little mother to hang up on my wall right under the sword that my father carried at Bunker Hill.

Back and forth between the two houses, the active little feet go dancing from morn-

ing till night, and my wife and I often wonder how we used to manage without Bernie. I can hear him now, calling from the little yard, "Grandfather, grandfather, the lilacs have blossomed!"



THE SEA GULL.

BY AN OLD NAVIGATOR.

Often, on our long voyages to India and Australia, the sea gulls bore us company for thousands of miles, circling about the ship, their rapid and tireless flight easily keeping pace with the vessel, no matter how swiftly she flew on her course. They are about the size and shape of a well-fed duck, except that their wings are much longer from tip to tip. They are easily caught by throwing overboard

a common pin fastened to a thread, and baited with the smallest portion of salt pork. If the gull is hungry, he quickly swallows the bait, and is pulled on deck, to the delight of the young midshipmen. No sooner is he on board than he becomes very sick, vainly trying to walk on his webbed feet, and soon disgorging the whole contents of his stomach, consisting of small fish and bits of fat thrown

from passing ships. Curiously enough, there are few of our sea birds that can rise from the deck of a ship; so, when we have finished our observations, he must be lifted carefully and tossed overboard. Now he is in his element, and giving a dive to wet his plumage and recover his equanimity, he is soon wheeling and circling about us, or diving for fish to replace the food of which his fit of seasickness so suddenly deprived him.

The sea gulls make their nests by myriads in the crevices of the rocks and in the sand along the coasts of Africa and on the islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans. Their eggs are quite palatable after a long voyage, but their flesh has a rank, fishy flavor, and is quite worthless. In many parts around the north of Scotland, their feathers are eagerly sought after, the down being sold for making beds. Sea gulls are also found in most of the Lakes of America, but they undoubtedly return to the sea when navigation closes.

BOMBASTES. A FABLE.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

Little Brag, or, more properly, Bombastes, was a chivalrous fairy. Clad in his famous coat of mail, fashioned from a beetle's horny shell, and armed with blade and spear, he was terrible to behold. More especially as he was wont to go about with a fierce and swaggering air, making loud boasts, and deeming himself invincible.

With sublime scorn, he looked down on the humdrum ways of his fairy kinfolk, whose task it was to watch the infant buds, to paint the unfolding leaf, to distil with rare art the perfumes of the flowers; who, at other times, danced merrily on the green-sward, to the chimes of lily bells; or, bridling the night-moth steed, followed the moon-beam's path and meteor's track.

But he—ah! he thought of nothing less than stifling the fiery-mouthed dragons of the deep; hurling from their rocky fastnesses the grim old giants of the mountains; or contending single handed with the fearful goblin of darkness, whose howl is mingled with the roar of the tempest, and whose glittering eyes fling back the lightning's glance.

Re-appearing after a brief absence, he would fill the air with the noise of his exploits. What serpents had he strangled, what monsters tamed, what hobgoblins affrighted! Why, Hercules was but a mouse beside Bombastes.

Truth to tell, he never ventured far from home. He had a little trick of starting out

with a valorous air, and, at the first alarm, hiding himself snugly in a flower bell or acorn cup, where he lay and dreamed his wonderful adventures.

On such an occasion he espied Modestus, who was kindly escorting a lost ladybug home to her little ones.

"Come on, foeman; I defy thee!" he shouted, pretending to mistake him for some monster. Modestus hastily placed his charge in safety, and warily advanced.

"Ho! Bombastes," he exclaimed, "I thought it was some madman."

"And it is well you made yourself known, or I should have crushed you into pollen," replied Little Brag, pompously. "How is it that you venture so far from home? Don't you know you are exposed to great dangers, from which my presence alone protects you?"

"I had not thought of danger," replied Modestus; "I was quite beside myself at the distress of her ladyship. It may be as you say. I have not your valor, skill, nor cunning. I am least among fairies. But it will never do to stand here talking when so many things are calling me. I hear the young leaves crying for sap, the buds for light, the roots for moisture."

"Pho! let them cry!" said Little Brag, heartlessly. "I see the King of the Mist peeping over the edge of yonder ravine. I'll chase him out of the valley."

Unfurling his fairy wings he essayed a flight up the mountain side. The King of the Mist laughed at his presumption. Steadily advancing, he caught the fairy in his moist embrace, who was glad to shrink away, with dripping plumes, to recover and dry himself.

Meantime Modestus kept quietly on his way; no blatant trumpet heralded his coming or going. Only a brighter green marked his pathway; drooping flowers looked up and smiled as he approached; all things seemed to acknowledge his gentle ministrations.

Once, with great effort, he rolled away a huge pebble that threatened to suffocate a baby oak.

"What have you been doing?" asked the mail-clad elf, with his usual haughtiness.

"Only succoring a frail infant of the forest," replied the other.

"Humph!" rejoined Little Brag; "and I have slain a giant."

"'Tis little I can do," sighed Modestus. "I wish it were more."

Again, as he sat down to rest on the mossy turf, he caught a low murmur underground

"O, how I long to rush forth from this prison house. The sea calls me; I hear her ever moaning in my dreams. I come, I come; will no one aid me?"

"Yes, that will I," cried Modestus; and he uprooted the tangled mosses; he scooped up the loose dirt with a bit of shell; he piled up the tiny rocks. Faster and faster he worked, and lo! a little rill burst forth, and trickled merrily down the hillside, singing as it went.

"What have you been doing?" asked Little Brag, the haughty.

"Only freeing a tiny fountain," answered Modestus.

"Humph! and I have put to flight an army of goblins."

Again, a gentle sigh was wafted on the night wind. Modestus listened.

"It is all over with us, my children; we will die together. I had hoped to close my eyes peacefully, and leave you to transmit my bloom and beauty to the summer."

It was a sweet violet that spoke. A wild deer, bounding through the forest, had trampled her to the earth, and she was dying.

"Nay, beautiful one," said Modestus, "let me bind up your broken stem. Your little buds are uninjured, and see, by my fairy art I will plant this thorn bush near you for protection."

"For my children's sake, thanks, gentle fairy!" and her last sigh exhaled in perfume.

In the morning the sleepy thorn bush opened her eyes, and presently exclaimed,

"Well, things are strangely turned around; there must have been an earthquake in the night."

"And what have you been doing?" asked Little Brag, mockingly.

"Only sheltering some tiny flower buds from danger," said Modestus.

"Humph! and I—I—why I have dreamed a dream. Methought I was enthroned upon a star, in mid heaven."

"Ah!" said the other, softly, "I am no dreamer; and it is little I can do; but I will strive to make that little more, and do it more perfectly."

So each continued on his separate way. Modestus ever doing what lay next him, with a beautiful, unconscious devotion. Bombastes ever blowing the trumpet of his own greatness. Till, one day, they were summoned before the fairy court.

"Tis time," said King Oberon, "that such tremendous merit as thine, Bombastes, should be rewarded. What hast thou done? Let us hear the sum of the matter."

"May it please your majesty," said Little Brag, looking scornfully around on his comrades, "ask the wild King of the Mist; the terrible goblins that dance in the whirlwind's track; the grim shadow that sits in the cavern of night—they will tell!"

"Enough of mists, and shadows, and goblins," interrupted Oberon, angrily; "what *real good* hast thou accomplished? Who or what is the wiser or the better for thy coming?"

The fairy hung his head in silence.

"Away with him," cried the king. "Hereafter, let all good fairies put their fingers in their ears, when Bombastes speaks."

"Come hither, Modestus," said the gentle voice of Titania. "Know that true greatness is allied to truth and duty. Thy humble deeds of love shall never be forgotten. When the little oak becomes a monarch tree, it will tell of thy goodness to the winds, and the winds will whisper it to the universe. When the little stream becomes a mighty river, it will sing of thy kindness to the stars, and the stars will repeat it to infinity. The flowers thou hast sheltered may perish, but thy name shall be linked with their sweetness forever." And she dismissed him with a wave of her hand.

Little Brag still lives, but where is the gentle Modestus?

MARCH.

BY L. D. NICHOLS.

Now March his power doth show—
Hark! how his east winds blow!
First rain, then dust, then snow,
Whirl through the air;
Till, like capricious child,
Weary of moods so wild,
Sends he the south wind mild,
Days warm and fair.

SOMETHING SWEET.

"Something sweet! something very sweet!" sings a lark, in the top of the tall tulip tree. For hours and hours, there he sits and sings: "Something sweet! something very sweet!" Then he looks down at me as if he would say, "Don't you wish you knew?"

Yes, dear bird, I wish I knew what it was. Is it some sweet story that you will not tell? Perhaps I can guess. Is it four little, soft birdies, all in their cozy nest, sleeping and peeping? or is it some dear heart, that warbles for you her sweetest song, and warbles and sings and says, "I love you?" Say, dear birdie, have I guessed it? w. o. c.



AMONG THE RELATIONS.

BY A. H. POE.

I've been visiting our relations. I don't mean Grandma Collin's folks, nor Uncle Pettengill's, nor none of them; it's mamma's relations in Illinois. I went by myself, only a man, one of the students that studies with papa, went with me as far as Springfield. We'd been traveling all the day before, and all that night. Pretty soon after he got off, (it wasn't quite morning yet,) the cars stopped again, and the conductor said,

"Come, little girl; this is your station." And he helped me off, and carried my traveling bag into the depot for me, and there, instead of finding grandpa, there wasn't any one except two men, and they wasn't very nice looking. I was so disappointed; and I said to the conductor,

"I was s'pecting somebody here to meet me."

The conductor said, "Well, never mind; sit still and wait a little while. They'll be along presently." And he put my traveling bag down, and went off quick.

'Twasn't much of a depot, I tell you. The lights were dim, too, but they had a good fire. I sat real still, and after a while one of the men said,

"Fur to go, sissy?"

I told him I thought 'twas about five miles; and then I was feeling so uneasy I asked, "Do you know grandpa?"

"What's his name?" said he. And I said 'twas Grandpa Harvey.

"O," said he, "I reckon it's old 'Squire Harvey. I've heered him spoken of, but I ain't acquainted. I ain't been long in these parts, myself."

Just then I heard a quick step outside, and the door opened, and there was Uncle Guy. He laughed right out, and said, "This is our little city girl, is it?"

I hadn't seen him but once before, and I was almost 'shamed when he took me up in his arms and kissed me, and carried me out and put me into the spring wagon, just as if I'd been no bigger than Robby. Then he told me to hold the lines while he got my trunk. The horses were beautiful gray ones, like papa's carriage horses, only wilder; and they jumped and pranced as if they wanted to run away. I was afraid, but I wasn't going to let Uncle Guy know; and when he came back I found I needn't have been, a bit, because he hadn't untied them yet.

It took a long time to get there. There wasn't any houses along the road at all, hardly, and it looked so cold; colder than it was. The lanes were long, and the ground was covered with little spots of ice. Uncle Guy said the horses "broke in." After a while we came to the woods. It was grandpa's maple woods; and it looked beautifully in October, Uncle Guy said, but I came a little too late. At the end of the woods there was a white house with green window blinds, and four front doors; and back of that was a red one, with white strips up and down it. That was the barn, but I didn't know it then. The yard was full of maple trees, and the grass and walks were covered with dead leaves. Uncle Guy drove up to the hitching post, and "whoaed" loud.

We got on to the porch before any of them saw us; and then 'twas Joe, first. Joe is a boy that lives there. He came from the poor house, and his mother's crazy; but he's a real good boy. He was coming out of the house, but when he saw us he ran back and cried,

"They've come! they've come!" and grandpa, and grandma, and Aunt Ollie came out and kissed and hugged me, and grandpa called me "little Irene Harvey." Irene ain't my name, it's mamma's; so I said, as loud as I could, (because grandpa can't hear easy,) "My name's Mignonette Collins."

The breakfast was good, but I don't remember much what they had, because I was so sleepy. After breakfast I went to sleep on a little trundlebed in grandma's room. Aunt Ollie said they brought 't down stairs on pur-

pose for me. It was the same one mamma used to sleep in.

When I woke up grandma was unpacking my trunk. She said there wasn't anything suit'ble; and I said, wasn't my new white silk nice enough? She asked me if I had any everyday clothes, and I showed her my blue merino, and my scarlet suit, and the others, and she said,

"Never mind, we'll manage it."

I asked grandpa what made him have a fire in the wall, and he said 'twas to keep summer all the year round. It did look splendidly, and Joe kept putting on wood.

Aunt Ollie's real old. She's fifteen; and she's just beautiful. She makes pies on Saturdays, and mops the floor. I think it's nice to make pies. There's three uncles besides Uncle Guy; but they've all got a wife, only just him, he hasn't got any.

The next day I went with grandma to a town called Pike City. It wasn't the one where I got off the cars; it's the other way from there, and the roads are better. We went in the carriage, and grandma drove her red horse. It's as gentle as can be, and its name's Susan. We went into a store where a woman was buying some black alpaca. She talked so funny it made me laugh. The man kept showing her different pieces, and she kept saying,

"I don't want crow black; I want blue black. Crow black turns brown."

Grandma bought some flannel, two kinds. She said there was a little girl in her neighborhood who needed some warm, flannel dresses, and she told me to choose; so I chose. I asked her if I might go and see the little girl sometime, and she said I might. That afternoon she began making one of the dresses, the red one. She measured it to me because she said the little girl was about my size, and they made it on the machine, she and Aunt Ollie. When it was done she tried it on me, and said,

"Now go and show grandpa."

I asked where the little girl was, and she said, "I see her." And grandpa said, "I see her."

And sure enough, it was me. Then Uncle Guy took me on his shoulder and said,

"Now, Mother Bunch, let's go and get some big, yellow bellflowers."

Let me see—that was the next day before it rained, and you'd ought to see how it rains out in Illinois; just pours and pours. That's 'cause there's so much room over the top of my grandpa's country; and the mud goes way down ever so deep of it, I s'pose there's so much dirt it can't stop. Well, a girl—her

name was Lottie Green—she invited me to her house to play with her, and I couldn't go, 'count of the rain, and the mud, and my new button gaiters. I didn't want to cry to my grandma's house, but I guess my eyes puckered up the leastest speck; and so Aunt Ollie said, "Never mind." And she went up garret and brought down some funny rubber boots she used to wear. They went right up over top of my gaiters, and most over top of me, but grandma said they were just the thing; so I took the 'breller and went, and had the splindest time. Uncle Guy was sick, with a piece of red flannel on his neck, but he made a picture of me, and I think he draws nice. My truly name is Mignonette Collins, but he called it,
PUSS IN BOOTS.

UP THE RIVER.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

Ainslee sat in the summer house, curled up on the old fashioned wooden settee. Darius and Dorothy, the tamest of the pigeons, fluttered about his head or settled on his shoulders, but a hand put up now and then for a little pat or stroke, was all the attention they could gain. A great book lay in Ainslee's lap, wherein Darius saw, or could now and then have seen, strange pictures of savages and wild animals, gorillas and lions, and all the beasts dear to a boy's heart.

Up from the foot of the hill leading to the meadow came a voice,

"Ainslee, Ainslee Barton! I say, come down here."

"What do you want? Who are you?" growled Ainslee. "I'm busy; I can't come."

"O, bother! yes you can," the voice went on, coming nearer; and Ainslee gave a shake like a big dog preparing to wake up, and laid down his book in time to see Tommy Martin's curly head looking in at the window.

"There's fun down there, I can tell you," he said. "A raft, you know; and the water isn't deep enough to hurt if we every one fell off. Come on."

"Wait till I ask mamma," Ainslee said. "I was going to take care of Bertie, but maybe he can come, too."

"No, don't bring him; he's too little. And, besides, I've got a plan. Get some cookies or something, and tell 'em you don't want to come up to dinner, and you'll see what we'll do."

Ainslee rushed in, and out again in a few moments.

"They're all gone out but grandpa, and

all he said was, 'Yes, go along, and don't get drowned.' What are you going to do, Tommy? I've got a lot of cookies."

"Well, you see," said Tommy, as they went down the hill, stopping for some harvest apples, "Samp Simmons is there, and Charley Stone; and we've each got a pole, and there's one for you, and why can't we pole along, you know, and maybe we'll find the source of Mill Brook—just like the people in books, you know."

"Oh!" said Ainslee, stopping to jump up and down. "Like Speke! I was reading about him all the morning, and the way he found the source of the Nile; through deserts and everything, and wild animals, and it took him months and months. But I don't believe we could do it in a day."

"That's just it," said Tommy, sinking his voice to a whisper. "We'll paddle 'round a while, and bymby Samp and Charley'll have to go home to dinner, and then you and I can just go along fast, you know, and when night comes we'll camp out. I've got an old blanket, and some matches, and a snare, and maybe we can catch a squirrel and roast it."

Ainslee's face fell. "But they'd be so frightened," he said.

"I know it," Tommy said, slowly; "but then just think how they'd like to know all about the source of Mill Brook. Maybe it's a big lake, that isn't in any of the geographies, and maybe there's boiling springs, or a volcano, or something. They'd tell all about it in the Journal, and then you could send it to your father."

"So I could," said Ainslee, blithering; "and he'd think I was an *exploder*, like Speke, and wouldn't he be proud?"

"Don't stand there and talk all day," shouted Charley Stone, and the two boys ran on to the mill brook. There, right between the buttonwood trees, was the deepest point in grandpa's meadow, but August heats had left only a foot or two of water, barely enough to float the raft, made of two long pieces of board, nailed on two shorter pieces. Samp and Charley, with trousers rolled up to their knees, stood ankle deep in water, while Rover ran along the bank, barking furiously.

"O, what fun!" Ainslee said, sitting down on the bank and pulling off his shoes and stockings; and in a minute he had waded to the raft, which sunk still deeper as he stepped upon it.

"Tain't big enough for four," said Sampson. "There now, I told you so." For Tommy, making a spring, tilted raft and boys over into the water.

"Now I'm wet to my skin," groaned Sampson, as he scrambled up; "and there's our dinner horn. I'll catch it if I go so, and I'll catch it if I don't go."

"You ain't wet much," Charley said, "and if you roll down your trousers, and your sleeves, and eat your dinner quick, they won't see, maybe. There's our horn, too. Now boys we'll come right back, and maybe we'll make a better raft this afternoon."

"I tell you what we will do," said Ainslee, as Charley and Sampson ran over the meadow. "There's a soap box up in the woodhouse we can have to sit on, and I'm going to get some more crackers or something, and a blanket, too. Come on, Tommy, and help me."

Ten minutes later, Ann, looking from the pantry window, saw box and bundle going down the garden path. "Ainslee's up to some new mischief," she said; and went on with her work.

Tommy kicked the box down the hill, and then carried it through the meadow to the raft—drawn up on the bank.

"I don't see how we'll do," he said, after experimenting a minute; "if I just set the box on the raft, it floats right off, and if I turn it up the other way, to hold the things, they'll get all wet."

"We'll sit down on it quick, before it can slide off," said Ainslee, suiting the action to the word. "Now put the blankets under us, Tommy. I've got cookies and crackers in all my pockets, and 'tisn't any matter if the apples do get wet."

"I'll pole," said Tommy. "I've done it with father, and you can steer;" and for some minutes Ainslee took lessons in steering with his pole, till he had found out just what to do.

"Now I'll pole like blazes," said Tommy, "for Samp'll be back, and want to go, too."

And Ainslee, sitting hard to keep the box down, watched to see if Sampson were coming, and steered with all his might. Certainly they did go ahead, just a little, and if that clump of alders could only be passed, and the smooth water beyond the meadow reached, they would really have started. Through Grandpa Walton's land, the stream was shallow, but a little farther up it deepened and widened, becoming, finally, as it wound around Sugar Loaf, almost a river. Into this deeper water, the raft at last glided, and now Ainslee, standing on the box, put his pole first one side and then the other, as he saw Tommy do, and wished that they had a dry box for Amanda.

"Don't *exploder's* wives go with 'em.

sometimes?" he began. "O, I know they do, 'cause I read about one, that had to have skin clothes before she came home. Don't you believe Amanda would like to see the source, Tommy?"

"O fudge!" said Tommy, with all a brother's disrespect. "Girls ain't any good anyhow. But, Ainslee, I say! keep right out in the middle. There comes Samp and Charley."

"Now that's mean," Sampson puffed, as, running to the bank, he saw the water was too deep to wade in. "You just pull up to shore, Tommy Martin, and let me on."

"You had it all the morning, and now, Ainslee and I are going to sail by ourselves. You can have it when we're done," said Tommy.

"We'll see, then," Sampson returned, beginning to strip off his clothes. "I can swim an' you can't, Ainslee Barton, and if I knock you off, you'll wish you'd let me come fair."

"I'll knock you," said Tommy, beginning to get angry, the more so that he knew he had no right to go away with the raft. "You're always sticking in when you aint wanted, Samp Simmons."

"Let him on," said Ainslee, whose conscience was beginning to trouble him a little as to his right to start off on such an expedition without consulting mamma.

"And spoil our fun? I won't, then," said Tommy, polling vigorously, while Sampson, already in the water, was fast reaching them.

"Go it Samp! Go it Tommy!" shouted Charley Stone; but a moment later he screamed, "Look out for the bridge!" and Tommy turned to see that they were running right into the little pier built strongly of stone, to withstand the spring freshet. The raft struck sharply against it, a nail flew out; the cross piece parted and floated quietly away. Tommy sprang to a projecting stone in the pier. Sampson, frightened, swam back to shore, and Ainslee made a leap, intended to land him by Tommy. One foot found room on the pier; the other went back to the raft, which, floating slowly away, widened the distance between the two fat legs. Ainslee tried to get a footing, caught at Tommy, and as the treacherous raft turned in to shore, rolled with him into the water. There was a moment's struggle; then the two sank, and Charley and Samp saw only a bubble or two on the dark stream.

"They're dead, they're drowned?" Charley screamed, and ran like lightning over

the meadow, to the one beyond, where old Peter Smith was mowing. But Peter, who had seen them a few moments before, and felt sure there would be trouble, was on the way already, running with great leaps to the brook side, and as Tommy and Ainslee came to the top again, caught them both in his long arms, and laid them on the bank. Tommy sat up in a moment, coughing and choking and crying all in one, but Ainslee lay still, and as old Peter bent over him, he saw a bruise, where his forehead had struck a stone in falling.

"Get home with you, Tommy Martin and the whole of ye!" old Peter roared. "Here's this boy killed with your pranks, an' I've got him to take up to the Squire dead. Get out with you!" and taking up Ainslee, Peter carried him gently through the meadow and up the hill.

Grandpa had come out to the summer house, and was sitting there half dozing, when old Peter stumbled into the garden path, and Ainslee at the same moment opened his eyes and began to cough.

"Bress de Lord," Peter said, sitting down suddenly in a flower bed, and beginning to cry. "I thought sure he was gone that time."

"What is it?" said Grandpa, with a very pale face. "What has Ainslee been doing. Is he hurt?"

"No, Grandpa," Ainslee answered, pulling himself up, and trying to stand, but feeling very weak and dizzy. "I was only going to *explode*, you know, for the head of the brook, so's to be in the paper, and send it to papa;" and here Ainslee caught at the air, and fell back into Peter's arms.

"Run for the doctor," said Grandpa, "and I will carry him in," and in a few minutes, his wet clothes were stripped off, and he was laid in his own bed.

"Goodness knows what he's done with the blankets," said Ann, "but two of 'em there was this morning, an' it's gone they both are now. It's kilt intirely he is, wid mischief."

Not "intirely," though it was a week before Ainslee could sit up, and give a full account, of the way in which he meant to have "exploded" the mill brook. Nobody scolded, for that aching head was punishment enough, and Bertie said, confidently, "He won't ever do so any more, mamma."

The charms of an attractive home are sweet indeed. We learn to love it by the attractions surrounding it, and a long familiarity and enjoyment of its pleasures.

ART AMUSEMENTS.

BY MARTHA POWELL DAVIS.

NUMBER THREE.

In accordance with Aunt Phebe's directions, the class had procured some nice French plaster, and experimented at their homes upon various fruits. She commended very highly the interest they had manifested, and said their own experiments would teach them more than whole pages of instruction without practice.

Now, for ornamental purposes, small fruits are often imitated very nicely by using glass balls, sold for that purpose. When general ideas only are aimed at, the glass balls, covered with wax, answer very well. Grapes and other berries may be made to appear so natural that no one would mistake them for any other fruit. Yet when specimens are wanted to represent different varieties of the

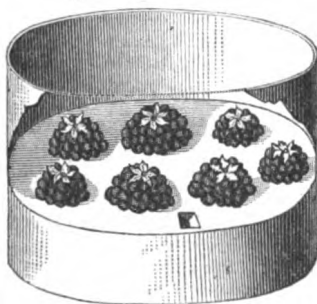


FIG. 4.

same fruit, it will be found much more accurate to take molds of the fruit itself.

Molds for small fruits are made on the same principle as those already described, except that it will be found more convenient to place several berries in the same mould, as illustrated in figure 4.

Blackberries, which are somewhat more difficult to mold than some others, may also be made as follows: Equal quantities of beeswax and rosin, say an ounce of each, and to these add one tablespoonful of lampblack; melt and mix together. Dip a knitting needle into the mixture, and let little drops of warm wax, the size of a pin's head and larger, fall on a cold plate. Do not drop them too near each other, as they should not run together, nor yet hold the dripping needle too far from the plate, as the seeds will be plumper and better shaped if they fall only a short distance. Now wrap cotton the size you wish around the end of a wire, and dip it into the black wax. With

your fingers, mold the shape of the berry, then coat it with varnish, and while it is yet wet, stick on to the berry the seed blisters, or drops, from the plate. Let the wire stem be previously dipped in green wax. The berries should be of different sizes, and the stems of varied lengths, so that the bunches may be arranged naturally. The finishing up with calyxes and leaves adds much to the appearance of the cluster.

Raspberries may be made in the same way, only color with lampblack and red lead, in different proportions, to suit the variety.

Fruit Stems.—Sometimes fruit molds are taken with the stalk remaining. Occasionally this is done with pears, cucumbers, melons, etc., when the stems are thick and chubby. The stem, in such cases, should always come where the mold parts. (See fig. 5.)

Previous to casting the fruit, a piece of wire, wrapped with cotton thread, should be

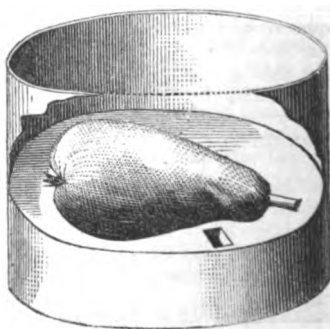


FIG. 5.

laid in the stem cavity, as at c, figure 5. This wire should extend somewhat into the fruit. The object is to strengthen the stem. Most fruits, however, are molded without the stem. Usually, then, stems are inserted after the wax fruit is cast, but it should be done before putting on the finishing touches of color.

Stems may be made of wire, covered with wax of appropriate color. Now, with a hot darning needle, make a hole in the cavity of your wax apple. Just before you insert the stem, dip its tip end into warm wax, the color of the fruit; then place the stem in the cavity quickly, and hold it there until the drop or two of wax about it, cools. The stalk will then be cemented thoroughly.

For apples, quinces, and such fruits as have woody stalks, the natural stems are always to be preferred when they can be had. Trim the real stem out nicely, and insert it the same as you would a wire one.

A natural calyx, inserted in a wax basin, is preferable to any artificial calyx. A clove, sometimes, may be used to good purpose. Heat the smaller end of this spice, and thrust into the fruit basin, the same as you did the stem into the cavity.

In molding fruits of uniform color, the varied tints are produced by mixing different qualities and quantities of coloring matter with the wax. For instance, a walnut is colored with burnt umber; an orange, with chrome yellow and vermilion; yellow tomatoes, quinces, and fruits of like shade, simply with chrome yellow. The same color will do for the groundwork of many varieties of pears, peaches, apples, and plums. Still other species and varieties may be shaded with emerald green or Paris green, or by mixing prussian blue and chrome yellow.

Various shades of purple, for grapes, plums, etc., may be made with different admixtures of flake white and purple lake. Crimson lake may be added in multiplying the tints. Some fruits when thus molded, require no after coloring. Most kinds, however, are then to be finished up with paint. For this work you will need a greater variety of colors than are used in molding. You will need brushes, also. For some purposes, thearems brushes, and for other uses, camel's hair pencils.

Now, in putting on the rosy bloom of model specimens, or their specks, splashes, and stripes, practice, guided by good judgment and taste in imitating nature, will effect more than lengthened details of instruction. You should begin with something easy. Take a peach, for example, one of the delicate kinds. Let the fruit be slightly warm. Dip a small flannel cloth in powdered carmine, and tint the cheeks of your peach. The natural, beautiful effect will gladden the recollection of this first attempt. Usually, carmine is wet with spirits of ammonia or turpentine, and distributed over the fruit with a brush. When used in this way, it gives many different shades of red and pink; and if mixed with judgment, it becomes a most useful article in waxwork.

To imitate a Rome-beauty apple, cast the fruit a greenish-yellow color. Be sure to get the shade no darker than the lightest part of the apple. Now wet the fruit with ammonia, and before it dries, apply the mixed carmine with a brush, just as you think best, after examining the natural specimen. The moisture will cause the carmine to shade off irregularly. While the fruit is yet wet, the bright-yellow spots may be produced with chrome yellow.

In casting sections of fruit, as half melons, half pears, etc., the color of the inner flesh, being the lighter, is usually imitated. Thus the flesh of apples, peaches, cherries, and plums, is often white, or white tinged with yellow or pink; and, if molded thus, the peeling will require to be differently colored. Appropriate shades will readily be suggested to the intelligent learner; and he will perceive at once that a brush must be used judiciously to effect the purpose. It will be found, also, that much of natural beauty may be added to the inner flesh by a little delicate pencilling, as indicated at figure 6.

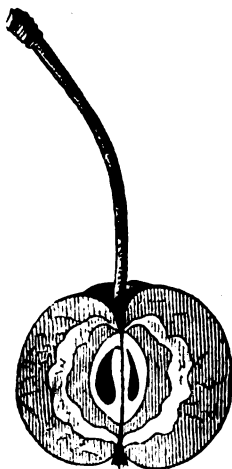


FIG. 6.

Seeds may be fastened in with varnish, or with balsam fir. If a natural seed is used, be sure to select one that fits perfectly. When the seeds are molded separately, they should be colored in the wax.

In casting a walnut, fill the kernel side of the mold with cream-colored wax, and let it become almost cold. Then nearly fill the shell side with brown wax. Now fit the mold together quickly, and move it about. When quite cold, remove the mold, and you will have a curious specimen of artistic skill.

"Now, children," said auntie, "when you practice what you have learned to-day, you must remember that most of the colors referred to are poison, therefore be very careful where you keep them when not in use."

The world is filled with debates, contentions, and diversities of opinions; and no matter what cause you espouse, or what course you pursue, either in civil or religious life, it will have its enemies.

OUR HEAVENLY CROWN.

BY E.

'Tis told
That grains of gold
God scattereth among
The sands of life, our path along;
And we these grains must gather, one by one,
To form our glorious, our own immortal crown.

Our crown
Hath richer grown
For every little grain
Our willing, patient labors gain.
Gather then while life's swift moments wing,
Who fails to glean, will ne'er be crownéd king.

THE HALF-WAY RIDE TIM DIDN'T GET.

BY ANNIE SMITH.

John Doe and Richard Roe (Jack and Dick for short) stood harnessed to the big wagon.

"Mother!" called Farmer Brown, to his wife, as he stood holding a pail of cool water for thirsty Dick to drink, "give us plenty of drink to-day; it's goin' to be uncommon warm, I reckon."

The voice came in through the kitchen window to the busy little woman, as she stood at the table, spreading great slices of brown bread with yellow, June butter, and putting cold ham between them.

"Don't worry 'bout that, 'Zekel; don't I always give you a plenty of everything?" she said, sending him a happy little laugh back through the window again.

"Aunt Sally, Rat and I are going to take some baskets to pick berries in, if we find any," said Tim, coming in with his pants tucked into his boots.

"Rat" was Tim's short for Henrietta, his little cousin's name. "Rettie," everybody else said, but Tim said Rat because he liked "to see her face get red," he said.

She was a shy, little thing, and Tim was a head taller; he was just from the city, too, so she held her peace and blushed, that was all.

"Uncle Ze," as Tim called him, was going to the marsh to cut hay. Rettie and Tim were going with him, to have "such fun," they said. What "such fun" means, I suppose all little boys and girls know.

Aunt Sally packed the lunch in a shining, six-quart milkpan.

"Two quarts apiece for uncle and me, one for Rat, 'cause she's little, and one to feed snakes with," said Tim, stretching himself out full length on the hay Uncle Ze had put

in the back part of the wagon, "for the youngsters to ride on."

"Where's your manners, you young city chap, that you didn't help your cousin in first, eh?" said Uncle Ze, laughing and bounding Rettie in beside him.

Tim scrambled up, and made a little, round place in the hay with both hands.

"Here, Cutty-ca-dar-cutt, here's your nest;" and he dumped her down in it.

Then the jar of ice water was brought out, and off they started, Aunt Sally standing in the door and holding a milkpan up between her eyes and the sun.

It was five miles to the marsh, and most of the way lay through dark, cool, pine woods—Rettie's special delight. Out from the hot sunshine into the coolness and shadow, was like going from arithmetic into fairy tales, to her. She never liked to talk, then, only to sit still and think, and take in all the beauty of sound and odor, that only those who have been in the pine woods know anything about.

"What makes your eyes so big, Rat?" said Tim; "they shine like great moons, here in the dark."

"Rettie's eyes always has that look in 'em, when she goes through this 'ere patch of wood," said her father, turning around to look at her.

She looked up at him and smiled.

Tim took off his hat, stood up, and wiped the perspiration off his face.

"Whew! it's nice and cool here, anyway," he said.

That was just the difference between these two—Rettie saw and felt the poetry; Tim, only the comfort and fun. Rettie's great, blue eyes were full of dreams; Tim's were wide awake, looking out for good chances to play tricks.

"There, Tim, did you ever see a nicer sight than that?" said Uncle Ze, pointing down.

"No, sir, never did, in all my born days," said Tim, stretching up.

They had stopped on the brow of a hill, and right below lay the marsh, a wide, level stretch of land, fairly flooded with sunlight. Dark woods made a rich bordering round about it, and the tall grass, that swayed with the moving of the air above it, made it seem like living, breathing beauty.

"I should think it would make God real happy to think He knows how to make so many beautiful things," said Rettie, slowly, as they drove down the hill. She didn't know how her eyes shone when she said it.

"Uncle Ze, how much do you expect to get a ton for that hay?" said practical Tim.

All the morning, Uncle Ze mowed steadily in the hot sun, stopping only to take breath, and walk over to the big tree, where the water stood, for a drink.

Rettie and Tim hunted in the woods for berries, the sound of Uncle Ze's scythe coming to them faintly as they wandered around. At last they heard the dinner horn, and scampered back to the big tree.

There, under that leafy shadow, a dinner was eaten that was "fit for a king," Uncle Ze said.

"Smacking good bread and butter this is!" said Tim, with his mouth half full of it. "Aunt Sally 's prime."

And so they laughed and chatted over the goodies till they all disappeared, and Uncle Ze whetted his scythe to go to work again. Then Rettie and Tim went back to the woods, and plenty of fun, they had, too. Tim would bend down tender, young saplings for Rettie to swing on, and then, while she was having a good time, he put burs ("stick tights" he called them) all over the inside of her sunbonnet.

"I was only mixing your bitter and sweet for you," he said, afterward, helping her pick them out of her hair.

When he hadn't anything else to do, he'd go and get a drink. "Ham makes a fellow so thirsty," he said. And once he poured half a cupful down Rettie's back.

After a while they went back to the tree together. Rettie folded up her father's coat for a pillow, and lay down to read fairy stories. Tim went around hunting out long grass stems, and then came and sat down by her, "to tickle her nose," he said, "so she'd think she was in Fairy land."

Presently, Uncle Ze came for another drink, looking very warm and tired.

"Well, children, how goes it?" he said, lifting the cover of the jar. "Not a bit of water left! who drank the last?" he asked, sternly.

"Nobody," said Tim; "the last went down Rat's back."

"You young scalawag!" said Uncle Ze, walking over to him. "What do you s'pose I'm goin' to do here without water, eh? and another whole hour's mowin' in the sun! You deserve to go thirsty for a week, to l'arn you better!" And giving him a last shake, that made his teeth chatter, he strode off.

Tim didn't tickle Rettie any more.

When they were getting into the wagon, an hour after, to go home, Tim was suddenly stopped in his mounting by Uncle Ze's grip on the seat of his trousers.

"Young man, I rather guess you're 'lected

to walk half way home, to-night; mind you keep up a terrible thinkin', too."

"O, father, I don't believe Timmy meant to, one bit," pleaded Rettie's little, low voice.

Tim put his hands in his pockets and began to whistle Yankee Doodle, and Uncle Ze climbed in, put his coat on, and drove off—drove rather fast, too, saying he "was afraid the 'little mother' 'd be waitin' supper." So Tim had to trot pretty fast to keep up.

Poor Rettie, her little, tender heart was deeply touched with a sense of Tim's sufferings. In imagination she saw his feet blistered and swollen, and her small body ached all over in sympathy with his. It was a tear-wet little face that went through the twilight of the pine woods, then.

At last, half way home, Uncle Ze reined up, and ordered Timothy to jump in. In he jumped, with the same grin on his face there had been all the time.

Rettie crept up to him in deep sympathy. "Timmy, do you feel very, very tired?" she whispered, in her most anxious tone.

"O, get along with you," said Tim, laughing; "who wants to be pitted by a Rat!"

Cutty-ca-dar-cut crept back to her nest, thinking, in her heart, "I'm going to ask God, this very night, to please make Timmy be a little better boy!"

And a very earnest little prayer it was that went up in Tim's behalf, a few hours later, from Rettie's little, grieved heart.

Tim was out in the kitchen, getting a drink of water before he went to bed.

"Don't know as I blame the old gentleman much, after all; 'tis kind o' hard to be thirsty," he said, as he put the dipper down.

LADYBIRDS.

My Dear Little Corporal: No doubt you have often taken upon your hand the pretty, little, pink-and-black-spotted beetle called the ladybird, or ladybug, and after admiring its beauty to your satisfaction, attempted to hasten its flight by the alarming information,

"Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will burn!"

Do you know how that curious couplet came into use? Its origin is probably this: In England and other European countries, the ladybird larvae, or young, feed principally upon the aphides, or plant lice, which infest the hop vines; and when, in spite of the efforts of the ladybirds, these aphides multiply excessively in the hop gardens, the usual remedy is to let a fire run through the latter, and thus burn up leaves, plant lice, ladybird

larvæ, and all. It was their acquaintance with this practice, which, many generations ago, suggested to the children of those countries the warning lines now so familiar on both sides of the ocean.

The ladybirds, although such small and inconspicuous insects, have received very great distinction and honor. Their very names—"Ladybird," "Ladybug," "Our Lady's Key Maid," "Lady Cow," etc., are designed to recall their dedication to the Virgin Mary, and by many of the associations and superstitions connected with them, which prevail in northern Europe, we are reminded of the worship of the "sacred beetles" by the ancient Egyptians.

They are relied upon to foretell various kinds of happiness and prosperity, by the circumstances under which they are seen, or the manner in which they take flight after certain mysterious words have been repeated over them. In Germany, where they are great favorites, they are usually connected with the weather. Mr. Cowan, in a very entertaining book called "The Curious History of Insects," tells us that at Vienna, the children throw them into the air crying,

"Little birdie, birdie,
Fly to Marybrun
And bring us a fine sun."

Marybrun being a town not far distant from the Austrian capital, where there was an image of the Virgin supposed to be capable of working miracles, the little beetles were sent, with all faith in their powers, to solicit good weather from their patroness in behalf of the "merry Viennese."

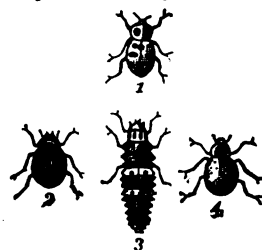
Everywhere in Europe, it is considered a good omen to see ladybirds, and extremely unlucky to kill them. (How daring the professional bug hunters must be in those countries!) In earlier times, they were also much used in medicine. There was no remedy, we are told, for toothache, equal to ladybirds; one or two of them being crushed and placed in the hollow of the aching tooth, were said to relieve the pain instantly.

The predictions made by means of these beetles regarding the crops, have a foundation in well-known facts; for their aid is often invaluable in destroying the insect foes of certain grains, fruits and vegetables, and if the ladybirds are numerous, it is quite safe to foretell that they will keep the plants clear of aphides and the like, and consequently the harvest will be abundant in proportion. Within the last few years they have been discovered to be the most formidable enemy of our destructive Colorado potato beetle.

There are, in all, about one thousand different species of ladybirds, and as they are, for the most part cannibals, it will be seen that they rid us every year of vast numbers

of insect pests. Their larvæ are very voracious, ugly-looking, little creatures, in color dark brown or black, spotted with orange, and roughened with small tubercles and spines. When full grown, they are rather more than one-third of an inch in length, and are very active in securing their prey and eluding capture. Figure 3, in the accompanying illustration, may be taken as a type of the larvæ of several of the best-known species. When ready to undergo transformation, the larva fastens itself at one end, with some gluey substance, to a stem or leaf; the larva skin then gradually wrinkles up and hardens, and is retained as a protection to the pupa within. It does not long remain quiescent, for the beetle issues in seven or eight days. It is in the perfect state that they pass the winter, sheltering under loose bark of trees, in crevices of buildings and fences, under fallen leaves, etc.

In the spring, as soon as the herbage appears, and plant lice and potato beetles begin



Colors.—Fig. 1, pink and black. Fig. 2, brown, black, and white. Fig. 3, black and orange. Fig. 4, dull red and black.

their depredations, the ladybirds are ready for a fresh attack. Thus we see that aside from their beauty, there are good reasons why they should be guarded from injury and treated with consideration.

In our illustration, fig. 1, at the top, represents, somewhat magnified, the ladybird with which we are all of us most familiar. Its scientific name is *Hippodamia maculata*. Fig. 4, on the right of the larva, is its nearest relative, *H. convergens*. Fig. 2, is the smooth, brown ladybird, *Coccinella murata*, often seen in the fall on composite plants.

Besides their other distinctions, ladybirds are among the few insects that have had the honor of stirring the poetic fancy, owing probably to the superstitions which attracted attention to them. Hurdis devoted quite a long dialogue in one of his dramas to the description of the appearance and virtues of a ladybird; and Southey immortalized the same insect under the name of the "Burnie Bee," in two fine stanzas, with which I will close this little history.

"Back o'er thy shoulders throw thy ruby shards.
With many a tiny coal-black freckle decked;
My watchful eye thy loitering saunter guards.
My ready hand thy footsteps shall protect.

"So shall the fairy train, by glowworm light,
With rainbow flata thy folding pennons fret,
Thy scaly breast in deepest azure dight.
Thy burnished armor decked with glister jet."

MARIE ESTELLE.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL, {
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, } EDITORS.

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1871.

GREETING.

If the new editor came to the hosts of THE CORPORAL's army as a stranger, she could hardly hope for a very cordial greeting. But it was her good fortune to assist in equipping the vallant little soldier for his very first march, and she has stood by him ever since, to hail every triumph, and welcome every new recruit; and she has been proud to claim a part of the love of his great army as it has marched in, rank after rank, from the north and the south, from the east and the west.

Perhaps she cannot claim to have loved him so well and served him so devotedly as Mr. Sewell, whose whole zeal, and energy, and enthusiasm, have been for six years devoted to his welfare, and to whose untiring efforts and self-sacrifice THE CORPORAL is indebted for every step of his rapid promotion. But since, by Mr. Sewell's resignation of his post, a change of leadership is made necessary, she feels no hesitancy in saying that no one could take up the work with more hearty interest in its success.

There will be no "change of base" in this army. We stand by our old position, and as we first undertook to do battle for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, we propose to *fight it out on that line* to the end.

Soldiers of the Grand Army! can we still count on your allegiance?

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

USE YOUR EYES.

How many of our little readers know how the birds sleep? They are shy of taking their naps in public, and are not often caught nodding by daylight; but any one whose eyes are sharp enough to peer under the shadows of leaves and in the quietest nooks of the great sheltering trees, may sometimes see one there in the summer evening, or very, very early of a summer morning, his feathers shaken out, and his feet curled up out of sight, and his head tucked away under his wings, until the lithe little creature looks like nothing but a bunch

of dusky feathers. Hold your breath as you watch him, for with the smallest sound the head darts out, the round eyes are wide open and alert, the wings quiver, and with a sudden flutter the bird is gone. Or you may sometimes see the mother bird in brooding-time, watching you warily over the edge of her nest, the head so drawn down into the feathers that the beak seems to spring directly from between the wings—perhaps she sleeps, but her vigilance seems unremitting. Or if you live in the city where you know little of the bird-time and blossom-time of the country, you may still have watched your pet in his gilded cage, make himself into a fuzzy little ball of yellow feathers, and settle down to sleep in his swinging cradle. Yes, I am sure you all know about this, and so I should like to have heard the shout that would have gone up, if some scores of the black eyes and blue could have looked over my shoulder at a picture I saw lately—a picture by an artist too, and in some of its features very charming. But there were two sleeping birdies, and how do you think they took their naps? Why, the mother hung her head over the edge of the nest in a position no bird ever assumed, unless it was a chicken, after its neck had been wrung by the cook, while her mate stood up upon a neighboring twig at the utmost height of his very long legs, and leaned against the tree sidewise, like a drunken loafer against a lamp-post. It was so funny THE CORPORAL laughed until the tears came into his eyes, and wondered what the birds that sleep in the oak trees of summer nights would say to the picture; and I thought I would advise the boys and girls to keep their eyes open, and find out just how all these little creatures live and move and have their being—it may be worth while some time to know just how a bird sleeps.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

No manuscript should be sent which does not bear upon it the author's name and address. It is *not sufficient* that it be sent in the letter accompanying, as the letters and manuscripts are often accidentally separated or reach us at different times.

All rejected manuscripts will be returned to their authors, when these directions are complied with, and stamps enclosed for return postage.

Be careful to write proper names distinctly. The general connection gives some clue to almost anything else, no matter how blindly it is written, but it is an imposition on a

compositor to expect him to decipher a tangle of hieroglyphics, forming a proper name, to which he has not the smallest clue.

Sign your own name distinctly. I have before me a manuscript upon which, and the letter accompanying, the author's name is *three times* given, in each case, an unintelligible scrawl.

Sign your proper prefix—Miss, Mrs. or Mr.—and save us the dilemma of addressing a young lady as “J. Smith, Esq.,” or a gentleman as “Dear Madam.”

WHAT LABOR CAN DO.

“So that is iron ore,” I said, looking from my window in the palace car on the great trucks loaded with dirty lumps of reddish brown.

I thought of the glitter of the red gold, imprisoned among the beautiful crystals of quartz—of the white sheen of the silver ore, and the fiery gleam of the copper, and I added, half to myself, it is very ugly looking stuff.

“No, it is not very beautiful,” said my friend, “but do you know what labor can do for it? I suppose a pound of that stuff is worth less than half a cent, and half of that is the cost of digging and bringing it from the mines. And when the ore has been through the smelting furnace, and is pig-iron, it is only worth from 3 to 10 cents. But put your pound of pig-iron through all the processes of rolling, and purifying, and tempering, and polishing, and manufacturing, until it comes out in watch springs, and what do you suppose it is worth? Why, something over *sixteen thousand dollars*—about fifty times as much as a pound of gold! Mind you, not the smallest atom has been added to the material, and the increase of value is only what labor has done for it. Isn't it wonderful?”

“Yes,” I said, “that is wonderful; I must tell my boys and girls of that. It makes me think of what education and training and culture can do for the roughest and rudest, only the “pound of iron” must be there to begin with. And I shall tell them not to judge of a thing by what it looks like, but by what it is good for.

It is utterly impossible to reach any decision in regard to the Vowel Game, in season for the present number. We go to press near the first of February, and manuscripts are pouring in upon us up to the very last day of grace. Our eager little workers must wait until April.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Any books noticed or advertised in *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, will be sent by us, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

From D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, we have two new volumes of their prize series: *THE JUDGE'S SON*, by Mrs. E. D. KENDALL; *BUILDING STONES*, by Mrs. JULIA P. BALLARD. Both these volumes are valuable additions to a really excellent series; that by Mrs. Ballard in particular, entering a field which it seems to us should be the special province of Sunday-school literature to cultivate—the living truths of the Bible, by which our children are to be built up into Christian symmetry.

From the same publishers, *THE BAD GIRL*, a book of no merit or probability.

For sale by Am. Tract Society, Chicago.

The readers of *THE CORPORAL* will be glad to know that Adams, Blackmer & Lyon have issued a *BOOK OF QUEER STORIES*, by their old friend EDWARD EGGLESTON. Many of these stories originally appeared in this magazine. Simon and the Garuly, after being read and re-read by our juvenile critics for the last three years, is still as good as new. Price 75 cents.

Already, with the dreariest winter prospect out of doors, the catalogues of the seedmen and florists begin to arrive, as reminders that spring is at hand.

From James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., we have an “*Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide*,” that surpasses in completeness and profuse illustrations, the issues of former years, which seemed hardly possible.

Henderson & Fleming, New York, have also published a large and handsome catalogue.

Both these establishments are old and reliable.

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Prudy's Pocket.

Among the good things which have found their way to the Pocket is the following letter, from a friend in Indiana, which Prudy feels sure will be read with interest:

"In the November number of *THE CORPORAL* mention is made of a wonderful grape vine in California. Knox County, Indiana, had, until a few years ago, its vegetable wonder, a pear tree. The origin of the California grape vine and the Indiana pear tree were so much alike that I have thought it worth while to make a statement of the facts. Between seventy and eighty years ago, a young Spanish girl broke from a vine by the roadside a switch, with which to control and urge forward her refractory pony. When she reached her home she stuck it into the moist earth. It took root and grew, and became probably the largest grape vine in the world. Near seventy years ago, Mrs. Ocletree, having occasion to ride on horseback from Vincennes to her home, near Shaker Prairie, some fifteen miles away, broke from a pear tree a sprout, with which to urge forward her horse. When she reached home she stuck it into the moist earth. It grew, and became, so far as history tells, the largest pear tree in the world. More than fifty feet high, sixty feet across its branches, and near fifteen feet in circumference, two feet from the ground. It bore, in a single year, one hundred and twenty bushels of pears. From one of the limbs, of which there were five or six of nearly equal size, had been cut a saw log eight feet long, and sixteen inches in diameter—unfortunately the log, after having been cut, although perfectly sound, was left to rot with the body on the ground. Five years ago my uncle, Dr. Freeland, from whom I have obtained the material facts in this case, saw this prostrate wonder, and the stump from which it had been broken, from the roots of which a sprout had grown to the height of from fifteen to twenty feet, well filled with not very good pears. Who of the children of *THE CORPORAL* can tell where the argument is recorded in favor of a principle of which this last growth is a proof?"

ARRIE FREELAND.

Our young friend, Lemuel Allen, whom many of the Corporal's army will remember, wishes to return thanks to the friends who have so kindly sent pleasant letters to cheer his hours of pain and sickness.

Iowa Institution for the education of the Blind.
"I take this opportunity to express the thanks

of this Institution for the great benefit you have conferred on us by sending your valuable magazine to us during the past year. Our blind children wait with solicitude for *THE CORPORAL*, and sit with smiles and tears to listen to its stories. I have been accustomed to read it evenings until finished, and they often beg a longer reading. One little fellow, blind from birth, says, every month, 'CORPORAL come! Good! Anything about little Tommy?' Many of our experiences about the blind would please and interest your little readers."

A little boy at Prudy's elbow says, "O, ask her to tell us about 'em, and if they can truly see with their fingers." By the way, somebody has suggested learning the deaf-and-dumb alphabet as a rainy-day amusement for children, who find a deal of fun in learning to talk with their fingers.

Bear Creek, Wis. "Dear Prudy: I send you some pressed leaves which sister and I gathered in the fall. I have tried to get up a club, but did not have very good luck. I don't think the young folks here love to read as well as I do."

The leaves are unusually pretty, and of a great variety of shapes and colors. Prudy means to arrange them for a transparency on glass.

Here's a nice, little, printed letter, from an eight-year-old, in *Economy*, Ind.:

"Dear Prudy: I have six dolls, and one of them was three years old the first of this month."

What an aged doll! But Prudy knows of one that was *thirty-two years* old, and then mysteriously disappeared. She was made of leather, stuffed with wool, and, though her complexion was nothing to boast of, her form was elegant, and her disposition proof against all abuse. She survived the discipline of at least a dozen mothers and stepmothers, and her strange disappearance is still a matter of wonder and regret.

Auburn, N. Y. "Dear Prudy: We have dialogues or compositions once in three weeks, in our school, and we have hard work to find any that are nice for us girls. Now, if you would only put one in every number of *THE CORPORAL*, we would be ever so much obliged to you."

If Mattie and her friends will write to Mr. Sewell for *The School Festival*, Prudy thinks they will find plenty of nice dialogues.

Alexandria, La. "I live in the country, two miles from town. I have a little pony that follows me about wherever I go. Every morning he carries my brother and me to school. My brother reads *THE CORPORAL* every night, and I like it so well I can hardly wait for the next number."

Thomaston, Ill. "I want to tell you that my parents are both deaf mutes. They were educated at Indianapolis six or eight years, and can read and write, but cannot speak or hear. My father is a farmer, and can tend from 25 to 75 acres of land. They have a large family of children, and we can all hear and talk. My baby sister is only a year and ten months old, but she can talk to her parents by signs. You would laugh to see her do it."

Isn't that a nice letter?

Salem, N. J. "Dear Prudy: I am a little boy

seven years old, and I have stood at the head of my class a whole week. To-night I played snow ball with two little girls coming home from school. We have got a yellow and white kitty named Gen. Grant. He weighs eleven pounds, and he is the nicest kitty you ever saw; he won't scratch anybody. I paid for THE CORPORAL this year with my own money."

Burlington Flats, N. Y. "Dear Prudy: My great-grandma lives with us, and in a few days she will be ninety-nine years old. She wears such a funny pocket—I wonder if Prudy's is like it. She wears it on the left side, and it is tied around her waist with tape, woven by her own hands. Last fall she knit me two pairs of nice socks, and last spring she made two muslin caps for herself."

Prudy thinks that dear grandmother must have a young heart, and hopes to hear of her hundredth birthday next year.

Big Springs, Iowa. "Dear Prudy: I think you have a real nice pocket, and the boys and girls must like you real well, or they would not write you so many letters. I write to my big sister, sometimes, and she scolds me because I make so many mistakes in my grammar, but I will try hard not to have any in this. I try real hard to be good, but sometimes it is pretty hard work. If I make a good, smart man when I grow up, I am coming to see you, but if I make a bad man, I shall be ashamed to see anybody."

Prudy shall expect to see that boy without fail.

Falls Church, Va. "I have been reading Abbott's Life of Napoleon, and I think I have found out why our magazine is called THE LITTLE CORPORAL. It is because it is fighting against the wrong, just as the 'Little Corporal' at the head of the French army did in his day. You see Napoleon is my hero, and papa thinks I am right, but I am not quite sure about mamma. She admits he was great, but I am afraid she thinks he was not good."

Prudy must agree most heartily with mamma, for, though there is a great deal to admire in the character of Napoleon, we can say nothing better of him than that he was a proud, ambitious, unscrupulous man, who acknowledged no God but destiny.

Santa Barbara, Cal. "Dear Prudy: I am eleven years old. I was born with only one hand, and I want you to tell me if you think I can learn to play the piano. I do so much want to, and ma thinks I can learn. I think you must know most everything, and won't you please tell me?"

People have learned to do wonderful things without so much as one hand. Nellie. There was a famous Frenchman who could paint and draw very nicely, using his toes for fingers. And Prudy knows a gentleman who, with only one hand, can do up the most troublesome packages neatly and quickly, tying the string so rapidly you can hardly follow the motion of his fingers. If Nellie has patience, and ingenuity, and musical taste, she can doubtless learn to play simple melodies and accompaniments.

Elkhorn, Wis. "I have two parrots and a cat, and sometimes they are very funny. One day, while the cat was asleep, one of the parrots came slyly up and bit his tail. The cat howled and jumped on a chair, while the parrot laughed very loud. 'Ha, ha, ha.' After a while he concluded to try it again, so he crept up to the chair, climbed to the first round, and was just going to

bite the tail that hung over, when puss gave him such a rap on the head that it made him yell with pain. Then the parrot on the perch, who had been looking on very soberly, thought it was his turn to laugh, and he laughed, 'O, ho! ha, ha, ha.' And seemed wonderfully pleased to think his mate was so nicely come up with."

Milton Station, Iowa. "My name is Millie. My father is a minister, and doesn't have very much money, so it took my sister and me a long time to get enough to pay for THE CORPORAL. It took all my money but one cent, and every bit of Sallie's money. Father gave us each back fifteen cents, and we intend to save that and add to it until the time comes for 1872."

We have a letter from the mother of two of our little readers who have died during the past year.

FRANKIE BROOKS, died at Gatesville, June 26, 1870.

SHERMAN BROOKS, died at Gatesville, June 28, 1870.

We assure the sorrowing mother of our sympathy in her heavy bereavement, but cannot publish the lines enclosed.

To this list of little soldiers transferred to the army above, we add one more name, which has just reached us:

MARY J. NOBLE, Benton. Sept. 28, 1870. 11 years, 11 months.

"Dear Prudy: My brother and I have a big dog named Sailor, and we have a little cutter that we hitch him up in, and my little sister is as happy as a queen when she rides in it. We think it would be nice fun to hitch up our dog team and drive over to Chicago. So, if Lake Michigan freezes hard enough, you may see two boys coming with a black dog and a home-made cutter to make Prudy a visit. I wish you would write those folks a letter that don't pay their debts, for George and me gathered grass seed enough to pay for THE CORPORAL and now we can't get our money. I say it is too bad; don't you?"

Altogether too bad.

Middletown, Conn. "One day last summer, when we were at grandpa's, my little brother Eddie had on his wide straw hat, and a lady who was passing accidentally knocked it off from his head. He picked it up, and looked at her a minute, and then said to her, 'Did you uncase youse'f for knottin' off my hat?'"

From *Fond du Lac* we have a mother's account of her little boy, only eight years old, who has been at school but nine months, yet has *five studies*. Prudy wants to say to that mother, "don't do it!" Because your child learns rapidly don't let him be sacrificed to gratify your own or his teacher's vanity. He has no business to have five studies. Why, young men in college are only allowed *three*, and how do you suppose Nature is going to make a man out of a little, restless, undeveloped animal, while you drain the system of all its vital forces to keep up those *five studies*. Let your boy read, spell, and write a little, and run, and shout, and frolic in the free air a great deal, or there is every probability that we may have to write him sadly on our list as "transferred."

Private Queer's



THE VOWEL GAME.

Private Queer is in despair. For some weeks he has been acting in such a strange way that the Corporal thought seriously of setting a guard over him, and even whispered confidentially to Prudy that he was afraid Private Queer was not quite right in his wits; at any rate, he was a deal queerer than ever. He seemed greatly worried about his knapsack, which was full to bursting; and one day, when he was looking over a fresh arrival, the Corporal heard him exclaim,

"My goodness! here's some more of it—I believe they mean to drive me crazy. There's no mercy in them."

"What's the trouble, comrade?" asked the Corporal, cheerfully.

"Trouble enough, I should say," replied the Private; "it's nothing but trouble, ever since you started the children on that vowel game of yours."

"Why," said the Corporal, "you astonish me, sir. Here is a letter saying, 'I consider the game has been worth a term of schooling to my children,' and I have scores of just such letters."

"Ah! yes," said Private, "It's wonderfully improving to the children, no doubt of that, and capital fun, besides; but just think of me, sir. I have to read this stuff by the bushel, and I've been at it for weeks, sir; yes, and for months, and it gets worse all the time, till my brain is getting so topey-turvy I can't sleep of nights, sir. Just look here, will you, '2,100 words; over 3,000 o's, and no other vowel.' How's a man going to stand that, and five hundred more just as bad?"

The Corporal tried his best to soothe the Private, and promised to help him all he could. So the Corporal helped, and Prudy helped, and everybody about the office helped, and, though they thought it good fun for a while, they all began to grow queer in their wits, too, and you can hear them muttering to themselves, "500 a's, and no other vowel—800 e's, and no other vowel!"

CASSANDRA AND LABAN.

A DRAMA THAT ALL CATS CAN ACT.

Aminda Abram has a cat at Balaklava, Alabama, that Hannan, Aminda's mamma, calls Cassandra,

that can catch fat rats, and scratch a black Madagascar's hand as hard as sharp glass. That cat walks a yard and a half, and has a crump, and falls flat as a chalk mark. At that Cassandra calls Laban, Allan Adam's cat. Laban tramps as fast as a smart cat can, and grats Cassandra a hand, and that glad cat stands at last. Cassandra pats Laban's back and asks that all shall call that a grand cat.

All cats can act as scamps. Cassandra and Laban attack Grandma Abram's yarn ball, and that madam stamps and calls, scat! As a papal ban that shaft falls, and can a cat stand that? As a bat raps a ball and that falls afar, Cassandra and Laban pack and strap a knapsack, and staff at hand, start and walk apart as fast and as far as cats can. Cassandra at Arkansas halts. Laban halts at Canada. And at that far land Laban has a rat stand.

All Alabama cats want a Magna Charta, and ask that Laban shall march back and ask that Grant shall grant that. Laban tramps and pats Grant's back and asks that that grand man shall grant a Magna Charta; and Grant, as Grant can, grants that.

Cassandra plants back-tracks, and calls a grand mask ball at Balaklava, and has a brass band. At that ball all hands had a waltz, and sang a psalm. Cassandra had a small jackall mask, and a black alpaca sack. Laban had a hat, drab pants, and all a cat's traps. At last Laban stands, raps a pan, and asks that all cats shall thank Grant, and at that all clap hands and stamp.—[*curtus Falls.*]

ABNER BLAISDELL.

310 words, 336 a's, and no other vowel.

CLEMENT DEXTER WEDES ESTELLE THE SHEPHERDESS.

Clement well, well remembers

When erst he met Estelle,
Where pendent evergreens were seen,
Where sleek sheep flecked the dell.

He sees her feed her sheep there,
The sheep they knew her well;
She knelt, she petted gentle ewes,
The shepherdess Estelle.

When Even bent her dew gems,
He left the sheltered dell,
The nestled sheep, the evergreens,
The shepherdess Estelle.

He went where dwelt the Jewess
Esther, the jewelled belle,
Perfect she seemed ere Clement met
The shepherdess Estelle.

Esther, the Jewess, her sweet eyes
Her keen speech ne'er repelled;
Gems decked her red, red tresses, yet,
Clement heedless beheld.

He sees the sheep, the evergreen,
He sees the velvet dell.
He sees the dress, the jet, jet tress;
The shepherdess Estelle.

He seeks the scene serene, where
Fresh breezes sweep, oh! well!!
He seeks, he plucks, *yes, he seeks,*
The shepherdess Estelle.

Clement met Estelle, erst, when
September's crescent glowed,
He wedded her, the elf, elf queen
December's tempests blew.

L. HOWARD, JR.

161 words, 366 e's, and no other vowel.

No. 3.—CHARADE.

I am a word of two syllables. My first is the common abbreviation of a boy's name; my second is a very useful implement in general use in waters where fish abound; and my whole is the name of the monk who first invented glass, in England, A. D. 664.

F. R. F.

No. 4.—CHARADE.

I am composed of three syllables. My first and second form the name of one famous in Bible History; my third is a personal pronoun; and my whole was a celebrated Jewish historian and antiquary.

F. R. F.

No. 5.—INITIAL ENIGMA.

NINETEEN SCRIPTURE CITIES.

1. A city of a king and priest who had no lineage,
2. A city where beloved John died of a great old age.
3. A city where Apollos dwelt, mighty and eloquent,
4. A city where by Festus sent, a great apostle went.
5. A city where St. Paul abode, and labored with his hands,
6. A city from which Abraham went, to seek the promised land.
7. A city where St. Paul was born, where he for refuge fled,
8. A city whereto Abraham came to weep for Sarah, dead.
9. A city near the wilderness, where Jesus went away,
10. A wicked city of the plain, destroyed in one sad day.
11. A city where more wine was found when first supply had failed,
12. A city where St. Paul once touched, when he from Coos sailed.
13. A city where Paul and Barabas from persecution came,
14. A city where Lydia heard Paul the things of God proclaim.
15. A city from which Hiram came, when he for Solomon wrought,
16. A city of the Chaldees, whence Abraham first was brought.
17. A city, with its suburbs, to Merari's children given,
18. A city that once heard a song, sung by the host of heaven.
19. A city to which St. John wrote the second of the seven.

Now you must do, these names to find, if you will learn them well.
The thing that their initials, found, to you will plainly tell.

M. B. C. S.

No. 6.—CHARADE.

My first is a sound your lips never must own;
My second, O, that is a donkey's tone;
My third you never must make your face;
And my whole is a quiet and pleasant place,
Where wisdom and wit you can always find,
If to open their caskets you feel inclined.

M. B. C. S.

No. 7.—FRENCH PUZZLE.

Je ne suis pas ce que je suis, car si j'étais ce que je suis, je ne serais pas ce que je suis. F. R. P.

No. 8.—HIDDEN GEOGRAPHY.

1. An overseer, fashion. An eastern city.
2. Wine, earth. A northeastern city.
3. For cows, for horses. A county in Massachusetts.
4. To travel on, to see with, earth. An eastern state.
5. A girl, her alister, to drink, eat it. A southern state.
6. A girl, a French coin, a grain. A western state.

M. B. C. S.

No. 9.—CHARADE.

I am a word of two syllables, of which the first is the object of universal desire; my second is four-fifths of the French word for world; and my whole is the name of a southern city much spoken of during our late war.

F. R. F.

A CONUNDRUM.

Why ought the Emperor Napoleon to have ridden in a coach on September 3d?
Because he had such a great fall from his Sedan.

No. 10.—A PICTURE STORY.—A DREAM.



The Reading will be given in the next number.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

JOHN E. MILLER,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

No. 9 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE on THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

A Special Offer.

The publisher of THE LITTLE CORPORAL offers to send—free by mail—to every subscriber who sends \$1.50 for the full year 1871, and requests it at the time of subscribing, one copy of our superb steel line engraving

THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.

This has been the most popular premium that ever has been offered. It was engraved expressly for us, and has received the highest commendations from the leading artists in the land. Now, boys and girls, begin the work anew, as the offer of this picture will aid you much in getting names to your clubs. Remember, every subscriber gets the picture, and the names will count on your club for a premium besides.

RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.—We continue the offer made last month, and will send a copy of the \$6 chromo for two subscribers and \$2 in cash besides.

OUR NEW PREMIUMS.

BOOKS.—We offer as a premium—*Highways and Hedges*, by Emily Huntington Miller. This is one of a prize series published by the Massachusetts S. S. Society. It is one of the best stories Mrs. Miller has ever written, and will prove a desirable premium. We also offer *Little Women* and *An Old Fashioned Girl*, by Louisa M. Alcott; and several other popular and interesting books.

SILVER-PLATED WARE.—We desire to continue our plated ware premiums to forks and spoons; though if any one has been working for any other article, if they will write and inform us what it is, we will give them the terms. We have put these premiums very low, and it will offer a chance for every family to have a set of silver-plated forks and spoons.

ELGIN WATCHES.—We have made some changes in the number of subscribers required to obtain one of these elegant watches. A good and reliable timekeeper is certainly now within the reach of every boy or girl that reads THE CORPORAL.

FIELD CROQUET.—The most popular game for out-door amusement ever invented is Bradley's Field Croquet. We have put these so low, that it offers a rare chance for every family to obtain one. Sent by express either

from Chicago, or from the factory at Springfield, Mass.

DOLLAR STEAM ENGINE.—We bought one of these for a Christmas present for the little folks at home, and it has furnished them an endless source of amusement and instruction. We have given it a thorough test and found it perfectly safe. Given for two subscribers sent at one time and 30 cents to pay postage.

EMERSON'S BINDER.—Every one who takes THE CORPORAL should carefully preserve each number. We have found nothing better to do this than Emerson's Binder. Sent for two subscribers, or THE CORPORAL one year and the Binder for two dollars, sent at one time.

THE CORPORAL IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

We are sending THE CORPORAL to a number of Sunday Schools at reduced rates, when taken in large quantities. Though not strictly a Sunday School magazine, yet THE CORPORAL's mission is, as its beautiful motto indicates, to fight against Wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, and thus furnishes reading matter eminently suitable for the Sunday School scholar or teacher.

SOMETHING TO DO.

I want an active, energetic Agent in every town and neighborhood to canvass for our beautiful Chromo, "Red Ridinghood and the Wolf." A good chance to earn from three to ten dollars a day. For terms, address JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, Chicago, Ill.

FROM ALFRED L. SEWELL.

TO OLD FRIENDS AND NEW: After having worked with you and for you, as God gave me ability, for nearly six years, as Editor and Publisher of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, I have disposed of my pecuniary interest in that magazine to my late partner, Mr. MILLER. He succeeds the late firm as publisher of THE CORPORAL, while I, having purchased his interest in "THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL," succeed said firm as publishers of THE FESTIVAL.

I have formed a co-partnership with Mr. ISAAC W. HENDERSON, under the firm name of SEWELL & HENDERSON, in the BOOK MANUFACTURING business in Chicago. We own and operate the largest complete establishment of the kind in this city. We manufacture Blank Books of all kinds, for Banks, Merchants, and others. We do a large Book Binding business—new editions of books and pamphlets in all styles, as well as magazines, from large editions to single volumes. We fill orders for all kinds of Book and Business Printing. Those who cannot visit us in Chicago may write us, by mail, and their letters will be promptly answered.

We also publish THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL, under the firm name of ALFRED L. SEWELL & Co. Price fifty cents a year. Single numbers fifteen cents. Back numbers can also be sent from the beginning, January, 1870. Our place of business is at 80 Washington street, corner of Dearborn street. In writing to us please add to the address "Publishers of THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL, Chicago, Ill." See advertisement on 2d page of CORPORAL cover.

Sincerely, ALFRED L. SEWELL.

"GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., the N. Y. Advertising Agents, have the monopoly of space and location in many hundred newspapers, and know by their experience just where to invest money to the best advantage."—*Berkshire Courier*.

PREMIUM LIST, REVISED.

Read Carefully this entire Page, as Important Changes have been made in the Number of Subscribers required to obtain some of the Premiums—also, New and Elegant Articles added.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Hereafter all subscribers who send us \$1.50 for the full year 1871, and who shall request it at the time of subscribing, will receive free by mail one copy of the superb steel line engraving, *THE HEAVENLY CHURCHES*, and books of less price than five dollars are sent *POST PAID at our cost*.

We deliver all other Premiums (except Organs, Sewing Machines, etc.) at our office, free of charge, and will send them by mail, (when they are such articles as can go by mail), when the claimants send stamps to prepay postage. All that cannot go by mail may be sent by express, receivers paying express charges on same. Organs etc. are sent by express or railroad freight from the factories, the receivers paying freight charges.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

In every case names must be accompanied by the regular subscription price, *one dollar and a half a year*.

For two names we send, post paid, either of the following: One copy of our Pocket Scripture Atlas, cloth, gilt, Price 75 cents; or, the School Edition of Reed's Drawing Lessons.

For three names we send, post paid, either of the following: Mrs. Miller's "The Royal Road to Fortune," (price \$1.50); large edition of "Reed's Drawing Lessons," (price \$1.50); either of the fine steel engravings, "Babe of Bethlehem," or "From Shore to Shore," (price of each \$2.00).

For four names the beautiful steel engraving "Sunshine and Shadow," (price \$3); Craig's Microscope, see another item.

All the engravings are sent by mail, on strong rollers, and are warranted to reach our patrons in good order.

For five names, (they need not all be sent at one time), *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* free for one year.

OUR CHROMOS OF RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.—The large size, (18x24 inches, same size as the original painting, for which we paid the artist, Mr. Beard, one thousand dollars,) price \$10, sent by express for a club of ten names; and the smaller size, which is just as good a chromo, (13x18 inches, price \$6, by mail, post paid, for a club of six names. Or you may send six names and \$2 besides for the larger one; or two names and \$2 besides for the smaller one.

For eight names the beautiful chromo "Morning Prayer," (11x15 inches, price \$6,) mounted, sent by mail, postpaid. The same for five names and \$2 besides.

ORGAN PREMIUMS.—Parlor and church Organs of fine different makers are sent as premiums, as follows: (We name here only one, low-priced instrument from each maker. Larger and higher priced ones can be sent at proportionate rates):

Peloubet, Pelton & Co.'s Organ—Price \$150, for 134 subscribers, or for 30 subscribers and \$65 besides.

Essey's Organ—Price \$140, for 144 subscribers, or for 30 subscribers and \$75 besides.

Smith's (American) Organ—Price \$155, for 160 subscribers, or for 30 subscribers and \$80 besides.

Prince & Co.'s Organ—Price \$130, for 140 subscribers, or for 30 subscribers and \$70 besides.

Mason & Hamlin's Organ—Price \$125, for 144 subscribers, or for 30 subscribers and \$75 besides.

Many prefer to send more than 30 names: some send from 100 to 150 names. In such cases the cash payment is, of course, reduced. Address us for further particulars. Schools and churches can easily comply with these terms, if they take hold of the matter with a will to do it. Many private individuals have received organs as premiums; others may do the same.

CRAIG'S MICROSCOPES.—One of the celebrated Craig Microscopes will be given for a club of four names. Postage 25 cents.

FIELD CROQUET.—From Milton, Bradley & Co. No. 1.—Price \$6.00, for six subscribers, or for two names at \$1.50 each and \$3.00 besides.

No. 2.—Price \$9.00, for nine subscribers, or for two names at \$1.50 each, and \$6.00 besides. Sent by express from Chicago, or Springfield, Mass.

DOLLAR STREAM ENGINE.—(From Colby & Bros.) price \$1.00, for two names at \$1.50 each, sent at one time. Postage 30 cents.

EMERSON'S BINDER.—*LITTLE CORPORAL* size, price 60 cents, for two subscribers at \$1.50 each, or *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* for one year and the Binder for \$2.00, sent at one time.

WATCHES.—We have a new, premium Watch, made especially for us by the Elgin Watch Co. Three numbers, all put up in fine, coin silver hunting cases.

No. 1.—Price \$35, for a club of 34 names at \$1.50 each, or for a club of ten, and \$15 besides.

No. 2.—Price \$85, for a club of 22 names at \$1.50, or for 10 subscribers and \$15 cash besides.

No. 3. Price \$50, for a club of 30 subscribers at \$1.50, or for 10 subscribers and \$15 besides. Watches are sent by express.

SILVER-PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS.—Rogers & Bro.'s best double plated.

Tea Spoons.—For 8 names one dozen Tea Spoons, price \$4.75; one half dozen for 5 subscribers.

Table Spoons.—One dozen Table Spoons, price \$10, for 16 names; one half dozen for 9 names.

Table Forks.—One dozen, price \$15, for 14 names; one half dozen 8 names.

We offer one of COLBY'S Celebrated Patent Clothes Wringers, price \$1.50, for every club of seven subscribers to *THE CORPORAL*. See advertisement.

SHERMAN'S Improved Clothes Wringer. (see advertisement in this Number of our magazine), is sent for same number of subscribers to *THE CORPORAL*.

Both these Premiums sent by express either from Chicago or from New York City, if you so request when you claim the premium.

IN CLUB WITH OTHER PERIODICALS.

We also offer *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* in club with other magazines, etc., for one year, at the prices named below for both: *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, and

Harper's Magazine.....	\$4.65	N. Y. Weekly Tribune.....	3.00
Harper's Weekly.....	4.35	Prairie Farmer.....	3.00
Harper's Bazar.....	4.65	Western Rural.....	3.00
Atlantic Monthly.....	4.65	Rural New Yorker.....	3.00
Galaxy.....	4.65	Nash's Toledo Blade.....	2.50
Hearth and Home.....	3.35	Children's Hour.....	2.50
Lippincott's Magazine.....	4.65	Nursery.....	2.50
Sunday S. Workman.....	2.35	Am. Agriculturist.....	2.50
Overland Monthly.....	4.65	The School Festival.....	1.50
Phrenological Journal.....	3.55	National S. S. Teacher.....	2.50
Godey's Lady's Bazaar.....	3.35	The Mother's Journal.....	2.50
Peterson's Magazine.....	\$3.00	Chicago Weekly Post.....	2.50
The Advance.....	3.35	Chl. Weekly Journal.....	3.00

BOOK PREMIUMS.

Besides our own books, named above, the following books will be sent, by us, postpaid, for the number of subscribers to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* named below each title.

4—Homespun, or Five and Twenty Years ago.....	1.75
4—Esop's Fables, Cloth, gilt.....	2.25
4—Milton's Paradise Lost, Cloth, gilt.....	1.75
4—Swiss Family Robinson, Illustrated.....	2.00
5—Dr. Hooker's Child's Book of Nature.....	1.75
5—DuChailu's Wild Life.....	1.75
5—Robinson Crusoe, Illustrated.....	2.00
5—Tenny's Natural History of Animals.....	2.00

The following six books by Jean Ingelow.....	5.00
9—Songs of Seven.....	1.50
4—Studies for Stories, Illustrated.....	1.50
4—Stories told to a Child.....	1.75
3—A Sister's Bye-hours.....	1.25
3—Mopes, the Fairy.....	1.25
5—Jean Ingelow's Poems.....	2.25
6—Little Women, by Louisa M. Alcott, 2 vols.....	3.00
4—An Old-fashioned Girl, By Louisa M. Alcott.....	1.50
4—Moth and Rust, Hoyt's Prize Series.....	1.65
5—Both Sides of the Street, Hoyt's Prize Series.....	1.50
4—Highway and Hedges, Emily H. Miller.....	1.50
4—Shining Hours, By Paul Moraine.....	1.50

Any of the above books sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of price given above.



EASTER SPORTS.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG ; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XII.—APRIL, 1871.—NO. 4.

THE HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

CHAPTER IV.



CARY HOUSTON was up in the garret of his uncle's farmhouse. It was almost dark, and the other "hands" were crowding around the dingy tin basin out upon the little porch, each clamorous for his turn to wash, before going in to supper.

The fumes of boiled cabbage and the smoke of pork frying to cinders came up the narrow stairs and filled the low, garret chamber. Cary was eagerly reading a little, curly-scribbled, girlish letter in the faint gleam of dying sunshine that came through the "hole in the garret."

"Dear, precious Cary," the letter began. "If you *won't* write to me, you see I *will* write to you anyhow. Whenever I'm sorry, I like to tell you all about it, and when I'm glad, I always want you to know that, too. I did tell you once about the place we have to live in, didn't I? About the vinegar making and the sickening, steamy smell, and about the German people who won't be friendly, and have such a mystery about them that we are almost afraid to be so near. Don't you want to know what we are doing in all these long, lonesome days? O, we are all so hungry to see you! Well, mother sews and sews, from dawn till deep in the night; and Jerry goes to school, and Cap runs away whenever she gets a chance, and I do ironing for people—you ought to see how beautiful the room looks when I have great clouds of delicate, shining linen floating over all the chairs, in the afternoon, when it's all clear and quiet, and the sun shines through the green leaves at the win-

dow—and I keep whittling and whittling whenever I have a spare minute and a bit of nice wood, and I do love it, if I am a girl. Cary, why couldn't I make things to sell? Seems to me some of my little carved knick-knacks are beautiful enough to make anybody want them. The other day a man gave Jerry a big goods box, for washing windows, and Jerry gave it to me, and I am making a stand out of it. A stand just big enough to hold a lady's pet books and her little bit of fine sewing, and a vase of flowers. I use father's tools—you know he taught me how to use them long ago, just for the oddity of it—and I have made the top smooth as glass, with little pendants all around—fine as frost-work, mother says. Don't think we have forgotten the one great sorrow of our lives. But the dear Lord is helping us to bear it. Please, Cary, do write and tell us about you, and don't be afraid to write just as you feel, if it's ever so gloomy. Only you mustn't feel angry with God. I can guess what you've suffered. It must be harder for you to bear than for any of us; going away from us all as you did—but you must ask God to help you. Ask Him to help you love Him, it is so sweet. I do love Him, and it makes life seem so fresh and glad for me, in spite of all the troubles. Sometimes I begin to feel blind and gloomy, but I beg for help and struggle my way out. I can't write any more; it's getting to be such a long letter. But some of these things I've been writing last are always easier to write than to tell; I don't know why, do you?"

Then of course there was much love sent, and kisses from everybody, and Ban's name signed with a funny little scrawl, besides a long printed postscript from Jerry that told about Jolly.

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Cary folded the letter, tucked it into his trunk, and sat down on the dusty floor, wondering if he could write them a letter and not make it cross. It seemed as though if he once began, it would just write itself; how surly, and passionate, and exacting, his uncle was; how his Aunt Matilda whined, and found fault with him whenever he came in her sight; how he didn't always keep his own ill temper down, and said useless, vexing things, himself, often and often.

It hadn't been his business to herd sheep more than a few days.

"You're such a big fellow," his uncle had said, seeing his broad shoulders and large hands, "you could do a man's work; I can get some smaller chap for a herder. Grown-up hands are the hardest to get." And a man's rough work Cary had done, ever since.

"Bannie'd want to know if I'm studying any," he said to himself; and she'd put on some of her heroic airs, and say 'a brave, determined boy would find some time to study.' I'd like to know where he'd find it. If there's a minute I'm in the house between meal times and bed time, Aunt Matilda has me carrying in water, or sends me to split wood, or makes me 'walk with' that cross baby, and if I hint gently that I'd rather not, or diplomatically keep out of the way, she's offended and tells Uncle Reuben a sad tale. I hate to write long strings of woeful stories like that, and I won't, and I can't write real jolly letters when there's nothing jolly going on."

There was a scraping of chairs over the naked floor in the room below, and then a rattling of knives and plates, and a woman's complaining voice called out at the foot of the stairs, "Cary, what are you poked away up there for? Haven't you got sense enough to come down to supper?"

Cary was sure he was quite hungry enough, and he soon hastened down the stairs. A little, thin, freckled-faced girl was waiting on the table as well as she could, for such a company of hungry, impatient men.

"Only one pie to cut," she said, when one of them asked for a second piece, "Mrs. West said I might put on the other" for the looks. There aint any more pork in the skillet. One piece was left this morning, and she said I needn't cook so many slices to-night."

Reuben West had not come in to supper. He stood out by the big road gate that led into the barnyard, talking with a slouching, ragged creature, who would not hold up his head, and yet leered into the man's face now and then with a knowing wink.

"If you would just work the week out, maybe I could pay you the whole of it, then," said Mr. West, with a good deal of anxiety showing in his sun-burnt face.

"But I won't," the other answered, without looking up. "A fortnight ago I wanted to leave, and then you 'lowed if I stayed on awhile you could pay me the hull of my wages, and now harvestin' is over and I ain't paid yet. You was to give me wages and board, and I swow I ain't never had no board. Corn bread and burnt bacon and clabber won't do me day in and day out. There's that feller what come from out east. He's some relation to you, ain't he? I s'pose he works for nothing. But I ain't relation. And I can't stay till after thrashin'. As for stayin' till corn cuttin' I'll be hanged first."

"Then tramp," cried Reuben West, "and I never will pay you."

The "hand" drew a long breath, and shouldered his little bundle of old clothes. "I didn't s'pose you would," he said, "and I am glad to be away from you. But if you git any hands for your corn cuttin' you'll be cuter than I think, for I'm bound to write your title clear over the hull country."

That was all he had to say. It was growing late, so he sauntered along down the black road with his bundle over his shoulder, and the man by the gate looked after him with his brows puckered into an angry frown.

The old, intense desire of his youth to be rich and make a dazzling display in the world had led his life into sadly tangled ways. When he seemed to himself to be building up he had many times discovered in bitterness of heart that he was only pulling down. When he had felt sure that rich treasures were grasped safely in his hand, he opened his fingers and beheld an empty palm. And there he lived, at last, in a little cramped farm house, with a great farm stretching away upon all sides of it, hardly able to furnish his table comfortably, or keep the necessary supply of help. True, he did manage to keep an elegant carriage and two fine horses, and his wife had a row of rich silks hanging behind the door in the spare bedroom, but that was small glory when hired men complained that they couldn't do a good day's work upon such empty stomachs.

"I dare say Cary Houston growls with the rest," he muttered, as he walked slowly through the barnyard. "Nobody likes to work for me."

After supper the hired men went trooping up into the little, hot garret, where, as

usual, they told vulgar jokes and stories till they fell asleep upon their hard beds. Cary hated their talk. He liked downright honest fun, but not filthy vulgarity, and he had a habit of wandering out of the house, in the evening, away down the road, over the fields, or out into the barnyard where the cows lay breathing great contented breaths, while they chewed. He loved all animals, and these, he knew, suffered daily abuse. He sauntered out to the barnyard that night, pondering over his letter, and the cows were there, as usual, resting silent and satisfied, as though they were thinking wise, good, patient thoughts in the quietness among the brooding shadows, after all the trouble and anger of milking time.

"If they could only speak," said Cary, seating himself upon an overturned trough, "I'd rather talk with them than anybody else round here." Then the old story about the cattle at Christmas time came into his head, and he tried to think how they would look upon their knees in the dim hushed night with their eyes turned toward the east. They'd be transfigured, it seemed to him, with even their rough horns grown radiant, and their eyes shining with that one new strange gleam of soul light, while their voices went up in a murmur, mournful and beseeching, telling God of the stripes and wounds they received from human hands. And yet, they'd not forget to give thanks for daily food and drink, and for the calm rest that came to them at night. Cary wished he could believe the strange, old legend. He liked to think the quiet cows were saying to themselves, "Another time of speech is yet before us; then we shall speak to the Father, and He will hear our wrongs."

Far away the prairie stretched out of the shadows and was lost in white, ghostly mists. Cary had seen a picture long ago of something a nation of heathens believed in, an awful, white space, where wavered, and wandered, and waited, souls of the dead, with dumb faces and fair, drifting hands. He walked out to the gate, by and by, and stood there looking over at the wavering mists beyond the far-reaching shadows, and thought of the picture of souls.

"I don't see who could believe *that*," he said, almost aloud, "that God lets the souls of the dead wander and wait in some cold, empty space till He's ready to gather 'em all in to be judged. If He's good and loving as Mrs. Silk used to tell us, he wouldn't keep the ones He loves in suspense so long. He'd want to take them right home to rest and be

glad. I wish Bannie'd told me just how she came to love Him. I s'pose she asked Him to help her. That's what she told me to do. But somehow it isn't so easy for me. I'm so cross and ugly and ungrateful all the time. The Lord'll have to make me over completely, and put love into me, and set me going right." Cary half laughed after he thought that—not that he felt irreverent, but because he was conscious that it was rather a mean, selfish way, for him to turn the whole work over to God, and then just go on being surly and hard hearted, and placidly lay the blame all on God if it wasn't done. But it was growing late, and he had to rise very early in the morning, so presently he went back to the house. The little mite of a freckled-faced girl was sitting in the kitchen doorway. It seemed to Cary that she didn't look much bigger than little Cap; but she was a good deal older.

"I just got Mrs. West's baby to sleep," she said, as she made room for Cary to pass through; "she's been asleep this two hours. I had to do that hull washin' to-day. Mrs. West says a young girl like me is a heap stouter than a woman that has the sick headache every week of her life. She's always took with headache on washin' day, early in the morning before breakfast. No matter what day of the week washin' comes, its just the same. I ache so, I'm too stiff to move. But to-morrow I'll have to iron. I wish every one of the hands would leave, I hate to do all the work for the hull set. I'm hungry, too. There wasn't a speck of anything but dishes left on the table for me. I don't care if Mrs. West is your aunt, she don't treat you any better'n she does me. She used to tell—yes, she told it right before the hands—that Reuben had a nephew coming out here to stay this summer, a great, good-for-nothing boy who was just a burden to his sick father. *You*, she meant. And now your father's dead, she says they'll keep you just out of charity, and let you work for your clo's and board. That's the way I'm doing."

Cary hurried up stairs, not at all anxious to hear any more of her tales. He had heard enough to make his cheeks turn hot already. "I wish the little minx had kept her mouth shut," he said, as he tumbled down among the old quilts, with the snoring sleepers.

The "little minx" waited till he was up stairs and all was quiet. Then she uncurlled herself stiffly, and tiptoed into Mrs. West's pantry. There was the pie that had been "set on for the looks." She touched it in

the dark as she moved her hands along the shelf. "I made it myself, and I know it's good," muttered the child; "I put in lots of sugar when she wasn't looking, and spice, too. If I eat it now she'll think the rats got it, and just scold because I left it uncovered. Or if she don't believe it was the rats at all, I'll say 'I heard Cary in the pantry a long time last night, after he came in,' and she'll lay the blame on him. I guess they wouldn't dare whip him, and she would whip me if she knew." And so she stood chuckling over her cunning, while she feasted in the dark.

It was hardly dawn when Cary awoke after that evening of lonely pondering, out in the shadows. He was a sound sleeper, and often did not wake till the rest were stirring around him, so that this morning he congratulated himself. His first impulse was to hurry softly down stairs, and call the dogs for a wild frolic over the fields. Then he remembered his promise to Ban, and how he had grumbled at home because he was obliged to stay out of school. It put him in very ill humor, but he resolved to deny himself the pleasure of that grand frolic, and presently, with a book under his arm, hastened out into a cool, quiet hiding place, where he could study without molestation, till the usual time came for him to get out of bed and do his share of the morning's work before breakfast. The time came much too soon. He had only solved one problem and was absorbed in unraveling another, when he heard somebody calling him at the house. "Bother!" he muttered, "I don't see that it's any use for me to try to be anybody." But he felt ashamed of the whining words in a minute, and said to himself, "There you are again, old Cain! Keep down! Ban never complains, and she's had just as vexing a time as I have, too."

Reuben West was out on the porch washing his hands, just as Cary came to the house.

"I didn't send for you to come out west and mope over books," he said, rubbing his fingers so vigorously with the coarse towel that the joints cracked. "That's always the way with folks' poor relations. They don't have any gratitude for favors, and never feel under any obligations. Now that your father's dead and hasn't left a cent, you may be thankful if I take you for a hand and let you work for board and clothes. You couldn't expect your mother to support you."

"My mother never'll have to support me," said Cary, his face growing white under his

old straw hat; "and I've worked my very best for you ever since I've been here, Uncle Reuben. But I don't mean to stay and work for board and clothes, for anybody. I might work that way, year in and year out, like the horses and mules for feed and harness, but that would be horrible. You know it would."

"I don't know any such thing," returned his uncle. "You look here. When I was a young fellow I was bound to be rich. I'd have given my right arm to own a million, and live a gorgeous, dazzling life. But somehow things have kep' going against me, and I stand here to-day a disappointed, discouraged man. You'd better keep out of the struggle and stay here and work, and have your daily bread, and let books alone, and not set your head on anything above you."

He seemed almost in earnest, and he had confessed frankly to the boy what perhaps he would not have confessed to any one else, that he was disappointed and discouraged and had grasped too madly after fortune.

Cary's heart was wounded and angry, but he was softened with a little touch of sympathy when he heard that bitter confession.

"Uncle Reuben," said he, "I don't grudge the work I do for you this summer; but I don't want to be treated like a boy taken out of the poorhouse, and I don't want to be scolded and whined at continually. One reason is, that I don't want my ugly temper stirred up, and another is, that I don't think I deserve it." He had half a mind to reproach his uncle for the hard, false words his Aunt Matilda had spoken of him, but he thought, "It would be telling tales, and I won't notice it. The little minx that told me would have to suffer something awful for it, so I'll just shut my mouth." Then he put his book away and hurried out to his work, while his uncle busied himself with tasks of his own.

"Sade," called Aunt Matilda, from the pantry to the little girl, who was helping get breakfast, "where did you put that pie?"

"Right on the shelf, where you told me to put it," answered Sade.

"It isn't there now," said Aunt Matilda, "and I know the rats couldn't have taken it. It's eaten off too clean, without any bits scattered round on the shelf. I would'n't wonder at all, now, if some of the hands had slipped in here and got it."

Sade came to the pantry door, nodding and whispering, and said, "I'll tell you, Mrs.

West, only don't you be offended. I heard Cary fumbling round in here a long time last night after he came in, and I dare say he just thought you wouldn't care, 'cause he was relation, and he ate it up."

Aunt Matilda came out of the pantry with a bitter little laugh. "I dare say he did," she said. "I've watched that boy, myself. To see the way he eats at the table! I never saw such an appetite. He's just so hungry every meal. I b'lieve he could eat a whole pan of pone himself. I think we've got the meanest set of hands in the world, anyhow. I haven't forgotten that day when old Mrs. Hathaway and her daughter, from Philadelphia, came here to spend the afternoon. I got an elegant supper, and when the folks got up from the first table, there was preserves left, and jelly cake, and sweet pickles, and light biscuit, and I hated to take them off the table right before Mrs. Hathaway, and I did think when the hands sat down they might be a little bit modest; but they just kept chuckling and winking at each other, and ate up every speck of the cake and preserves. That was before Mister Cary got here. But I'll make him ashamed of that little pie performance. I'll ta't him with it right before Reuben and all the hands. If there's anything Reuben hates its such little trickeries. It'll make him awful mad, and I hate to see him in his fits, but I want the conceit taken out of that boy."

When breakfast was ready, Sade loaded herself with Mrs. West's cross, fat baby and prudently wandered off out of hearing. The men sat down to breakfast moody and hungry, with Mrs. West at the head of the table. Aunt Matilda crimped her lips into a sarcastic, amused smile, while she poured the cups of muddy coffee, as if some very facetious thoughts were working in her mind. When the coffee was all poured and her own plate well filled, she looked at Cary, and remarked, in her sweetest tone of voice, "It's a fine thing to live with one's relations!"

"Why?" growled her husband, thinking some fresh instance of Cary's wickedness had come to light—something even worse than wandering off with books early in the morning.

"Relations don't care how much boys eat," she went on, still looking at Cary. "It's delightful for poor, sickly aunts to drudge and cook and bake, day after day, so that boys can even stand and eat in the pantry at night, after everybody else is in bed."

Cary dropped his knife and fork. It

seemed as if that last mouthful of potato would choke him. He looked at those smiling eyes with a savage impulse in his fists, as if he would like to strike with all his might.

"I'd like to know what you mean, Aunt Matilda," he said, in a broken voice, like a big boy trying hard to choke down great, rising sobs.

"Maybe you can tell me who slipped into the pantry last night, and ate up a whole apple pie baked in a long pan," was the answer.

"Not I!" said Cary, speaking strangely loud, though he tried hard to be calm. "There was somebody else up besides me when I came in;" and then he blushed with shame and anger at his own sudden impulse to lay the blame on that miserable, weary, hungry, little slave of a girl.

"Well, did you hear any one else in the pantry?" continued his questioner.

"No, I didn't," cried Cary, "and I never touched that pie. Now, you can say what you please, and believe me or not believe me."

He didn't dare sit there any longer. The "Calm in him" was growing so wild and strong, and it seemed as if his head was all in a whirl and his eyes half blind. The brown faces of the men steadily eating while they listened, seemed only a row of vague, wooden faces. He did not look at his uncle. The woman thought that her husband kept strangely quiet. She did not see him clutching for his long carriage whip that stood in the corner behind him; did not see that he grasped it and held it upon his knee under the table with his trembling hand clasp it very near the thick handle.

"You own up, now," he said to Cary, "before you dare to leave this room. You shan't stand up and contradict my wife right to her face. She knows what she is saying."

It was hard to be so coolly accused of a sneaking meanness that he never committed, and it didn't quite seem to Cary that he ought to listen to such insults calmly. But he straightened himself up, and said once again, "Uncle Reuben, I did not take that pie, I never saw it after I left the table."

"You!" cried his uncle, darting from his seat toward Cary, "You, take that!" and the whip laid a long, bloody bruise across the boy's face.

Reuben West did not sit down again, but strode out to the barn, after the old, moody fashion of his passionate youth.

"Now, it's no matter what I do," Cary

whispered, and crept up into the garret chamber, with his knees weak and his heart faint and sick.

The men rose quickly and went out silent and frowning, as if disgusted, ashamed, and afraid.

"I'd have some sort of revenge," said Pierre Leveck, a big, yellow-faced boy from a miserable little village familiarly called Frenchtown. He and his particular chum and comrade were walking slowly down the lane on the way to their work. "I'd lame all the horses," he continued, "or poison the cows, or go over to old Urb Hollise's some night for one of his sheep that's got the foot rot, and set it running in old West's herd. There's plenty of things he could do and not have proved on him either. I wouldn't stand as witness, myself, if I'd see the performance with my own eyes."

"Nor I," said the other, "and none of us would. I'd leave the place to-morrow, if I had my wages. That Houston boy ain't any sneak. He never shirks work, and he's strong, too, and does more in a day for old West than you or I—don't know any better, you see. And if he does smuggle time to spell out of books, he earns it, I say."

[To be continued.]

BENNY'S STUMP.

BY RUTH WARRINGTON.

Benny was a city boy, and the city he lived in was New York. His father was a mason, and had not much money to give Benny for candy or toys, or much to give Benny's mother for his clothes. For this reason Benny's trousers were patched with several different colors, and sometimes not patched at all, and his jacket was quite apt to have a fringe about the bottom, and windows for his elbows to look through, as well as doors for his hands. And all Benny's "fun" was in the streets and parks.

He liked the parks best, for they were pleasanter than the streets, and not as dusty. The earth was softer to his bare feet, for he seldom wore shoes, and the green grass was like the pot of pansies sister Sue had before she died. Then the fountain with its clear water was his, as much as anybody's, and he sometimes would spare a few crumbs of his bread for the flashing gold fish in the basin. And the sparrows were always there, and in such a fuss. They were like little brown balls with two sticks for legs, and when Benny sat quite still, they would come close to him, chattering and pecking on the ground. If the sun was hot in summer, the

trees were a nice shade, and the yellow dandelions in the grass were almost as good as the birds. With a few dandelions and some sand, he could have a garden of his own, and with a switch, he could ride all around the park, and not see anything as fine as his.

Everything was like the stories his father told him in the evening when Benny sat on his knees, as he smoked his pipe. His father had told him how he was a farmer's son, and had lived in the country where the grass grew by the roadside, and you could have filled your arms with dandelions in a minute. There were birds that sang, and sweet hay in the fields to tumble in, and O, plenty of apples. There were no streets with hard stones, but it was like a large park, with here and there a white house, and a barnyard with horses, cows, and hens and chickens. Benny would listen until he fell asleep and was waked up to go to bed, and the next day he would go to the park, and think how that country looked, when his father was a boy like him.

In the park where Benny went the most, the one he called "my park," was an old stump. That was Benny's favorite spot, and there he sat curling or braiding his dandelion stalks for ornaments for his horse's head, (that was his own head, you know,) and there, too, he used to take naps in the warm days. That stump was in his garden, and sometimes it was a house, and sometimes a barn; in fact, you never saw a nicer stump, for it would be anything.

How the stump came there, Benny wondered; and he would sit by it, and pat it, and ask it to tell, "just in a whisper," how it came there. Then when he put his ear close to it to hear the whisper, everything would be still, and the stump would not tell. There were no other stumps in the park, and this one was away in a corner near an old pump which was not used. The grass did not grow very near it, but that was better for Benny's garden, for he needed the stump in that, as I have told you.

In the winter and spring, Benny went to school, and learned to spell from a ragged spelling book, but in the hot summer days he was in the park all day. Sometimes his mother wanted him to do an errand, but as soon as he could, he would get back to his stump, and in the afternoons of school days, he would tell it all the trouble of the hot schoolroom.

One very hot day in August, Benny came to the stump and jumping on it, cried,

"Are you never going to tell me where you came from? Now say where."

"Yes, I'll tell you, and show you something, too," replied a voice, so high up that Benny looked to see, and found he was not on the stump, but in the arms of a great, brown giant. But he had a pleasant face, and laughed so merrily, though very loud, that Benny did not feel frightened, but said, "Well, go on, I'm ready."

So they went swiftly down, down, Benny could not tell where, for it was very dark, and they went so fast he put his arms around the giant's neck, lest he should fall. The giant's long beard had a pleasant smell like the grass, and as they went down, Benny heard a sound like the wind in the leaves of a tree. At last they stopped, and Benny saw they were in a large cave, that had many passages, and was quite light enough to see, but not at all like sunlight. There were the oddest people down there, all busy about something. They were all brown—everything was brown. Some of them were making long tubes which they blew out of their mouths, and others would take hold of the end until three or four had hold of one, and they would pull them until they were very slender. Then they would put the small end of the tubes into a well, and many of them would take hold of the other end, and run up the way Benny and the giant came down.

There were different piles of brown earth, Benny thought, and these strange people making from them things that looked like all kinds of vegetables, beets, carrots, turnips, potatoes, only they were very small, and all brown. There were some making flowers, and folding them up into small parcels; some making trees, and folding them up; one put a little tree into an apple seed; another, a whole vine into a bean; and another, ever so many ears of corn, with their husks and tassels of silk, into one kernel.

Benny looked at the giant, and he laughed and said, "You did not know I came from such a funny place, did you?"

"No," said Benny; "I did not. Are you really the stump, or what are you?"

Then the giant sank out of sight, and there was the stump close by Benny, and it was the same stump, for there was the mark in the side where somebody had cut a piece out. Benny stood on it, and again it was the giant, and had Benny in its arms.

"Why, where do you go to?" said Benny. "How can you make yourself so small?"

"O, that's nothing," said the giant. "I'll do something better than that."

He set Benny down, and said, "Look!" Benny looked, and saw several of the brown

people making an acorn. They rolled it and shaped it, cutting the dents in the cup with their teeth, and when it was finished a voice inside of it said, "Look!" So Benny looked in, and there was the giant, only then he was not a giant at all, but a small dwarf. Benny turned around, and the giant was really gone, only the little man in the acorn left.

"Is that you?" asked Benny; and behind him, the voice, high up, said, "Yes, it's I." And there was the giant again, and the acorn was empty.

Then the brown people ran up into the acorn, and the giant took Benny in his arms, and they went up, until Benny found himself on the stump again. But before he could jump off, the old stump grew into a beautiful, green tree, and Benny was in the top of it. He seemed very near to the blue sky, and thought the face in the sun smiled at him. It was an oak tree, Benny knew, for there were acorns on it, and he had some acorns at home, which Sister Sue got one day, when she was sick, and rode in the cars to see if it would make her any better.

Benny had never been in a tree before, for the policemen in the parks would not let him climb into the trees. But he had often lain on the gravel, with his head in the grass, and looked up into the trees, and wondered how the birds felt up so high, and what made the leaves rustle and whisper together, and whether the sky was really close enough to touch with your hands.

As Benny sat in the tree he looked up, and the sky had white clouds piled up like mountains covered with snow, and there were lines like streets, only they were blue, and did not go straight, but wound in and out between the sun and the white mountains. And then he looked down, and saw nothing but green leaves and the brown branches; and just then a bunch of acorns dropped off, and one of those brown people from below popped out and covered up the hole, and then disappeared again. But opposite him, sitting astride the stem of a leaf, was a little man in green jacket and trousers, who seemed to be rubbing the leaf, but often he would stop and make strange faces at Benny. Then, when Benny looked at him, he laughed, and cocking his hat on one side of his head he began to dance on the leaf.

"What are you doing?" asked Benny.

"What are you doing?" replied the little man; and then he stood on his head on the leaf.

"Where do you live? and what's your name?" asked Benny, again.

"In that knot hole behind you. Ching-a-ling," replied the little man.

Benny looked behind him into the knot hole, and saw it was a little room, with a bed and chair, and there was the door to a cupboard in the side.

"Was it dinner time when you came up?" said Ching-a-ling, rubbing away on the leaf.

"We'd had dinner," said Benny.

"Do you eat spiders?" asked Ching-a-ling, suddenly pausing in his rubbing, and coming quite close to Benny.

Benny jumped back a little way and answered,

"No; why?"

"Because Mr. Sparrow does, and Daddy Long Legs has a lovely daughter." Then Ching-a-ling turned a somersault and landed on Benny's toe, where he stood on one foot.

"Well, you're odd," said Benny.

"Not a bit," said Ching-a-ling. "She has the smallest eyes you ever saw, and her legs are just like hairs; and I think you're sitting on her house, for she lives under that loose piece of bark near my knot hole."

Benny jumped up, thus upsetting Ching-a-ling, and there was a loose piece of bark, and on the edge sat a spider, darning a cobweb.

"There, is she not pretty?" asked Ching-a-ling.

"Her eyes are small," said Benny, gravely.

"She will live with me, some day," said Ching-a-ling, absently, rubbing Benny's toes as he had the leaf. But he had some rough instrument in his hand, and Benny started, and drew away his foot.

"O, I thought that was the leaf," Ching-a-ling said. "You see I rub them smooth, and then I varnish them, which keeps out the rain."

"Do you do all the leaves?" asked Benny.

"Only those on this bough; other men like me attend to other boughs," replied Ching-a-ling; and he went to work and rubbed and varnished until everything shone.

Benny watched him for a while, and then he heard a sound like running water. By him was a place where a leaf had fallen off, and Benny could look inside the limb. He saw that it was filled with white tubes, and in those flowed a beautiful liquid, not quite like water, and where two branches joined was a well, and many of these tubes had one end in the well, and then the other part lay along the branches. At the wells were little men who pumped, and some had buckets, which they drew up full of this liquid, and carried to a place where a bough had been broken off by the wind. Then other little men brought pails of white earth, and some

strips of green bark, which was soft and fine, and they made a paste of the white earth and the liquid, and mended the place, and covered it with the bark. And there were little, fine tubes all along the backs of the leaves, where the liquid ran and turned green.

Then Benny looked around, and on each bough was a little man like Ching-a-ling, and each one had a little pail of varnish strapped to his waist, and if a twig was broken off, they blew a whistle, and others came and mended it, as Benny saw them mending the place where the bough was broken off. Then a robin with a long worm in its bill flew into the leaves, by Benny's head, and he heard the twitter of the little ones in the nest. After they were fed, the robin looked over at Benny, with its bright, black eyes, and said,

"Have you seen my birdies?"

"No," said Benny.

"Well, I have five, and they leave the nest to-morrow, so you had better look now."

The nest was very smooth inside, with gray and black horsehairs nicely woven in, and a piece of wool in the bottom. But the five little, brown, feather balls, with the tiniest red breasts, and largest open mouths, were prettier still. One of them sat on the edge of the nest, and quite looked down on his brothers below, but they pecked his toes until he fell back into the bottom of the nest.

"Do you always live here?" asked Benny of the robin.

"No; when the snow comes I live near some house, for all the birds go out of town, then, except the sparrows and chickadees."

Then the robin tucked in the little ones' heads, and told them to go to sleep; and, before she flew away, she said to Benny,

"I have heard that some people eat robins; tell me, is that true?"

"I think not," said Benny. "I never ate any."

And the robin's mate flew up for her, and they both went to get their supper.

Ching-a-ling called to Benny to come and have some supper with him; and they had white honey in acorn cups, and little, round "cheeses," picked fresh from their leaves, and plums on plates made of sugar. Ching-a-ling told Benny to put his plate into his pocket—that he always gave the plate to the person who used it. Benny thought it would be nice enough to eat, but he put it in his pocket. And Ching-a-ling bade Benny good night, for it was getting dark, and the stars were twinkling out one by one, two by two,

three by three, and sometimes whole companies of them together.

Benny became very sleepy, and the robin had come back, and was on her nest, but the little men inside the tree were as busy as ever. And Benny leaned his head against a bough, and it seemed like the giant's shoulder, and he thought the leaves on his cheek were like the giant's beard. And the moon was a beautiful lady, who stooped and stroked his face with her white hand and he slept, and had a dream.

He dreamed that he was in a large field, where there were a great many trees. One of them was an oak tree, and it was the largest tree there. Benny dreamed that he climbed into the oak tree, and that while he was there some men came with axes and ropes to cut the tree down. They put the

ropes around the tree, and raised their axes to cut it, when Benny cried out,

"O, don't cut down this beautiful tree. I love this tree." And, as he said that, he awoke.

He was surprised to find he was not up in the tree, but that he was sitting on his old stump in the park. He rubbed his eyes and looked around. It was evening, the lamps were lighted in the streets close by, and he was hungry. The people who went through the park walked fast, for it was late, and they wanted to get home.

"Is that really where you came from, old stump, dear old stump?" asked Benny, as he patted it good night, for he must go home. And he leaned his cheek against the stump, and thought it whispered, O, so softly,

"Yes, little Benny."



APRIL SHOWERS.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Bleak and bare, in the morning gray,
Lie the uplands and hills to-day;
Over their tops the clouds hang low,
Black and heavy with rain and snow.

Here and there, by the sheltering wall,
Grow and brighten the grasses small;
Here and there on the larch are seen
Slender tassels of softest green.

Over the brook the alders swing
Tawny blossoms to greet the spring;

Thickly gemming their branches low,
Yellow catkins the willows show.

Beautiful tokens! all in vain,
Down from the black cloud slants the rain;
Deep in the earth, beneath our feet,
Warm as summer the pulses beat.

You may count their throbbing in streams that
With rush and ripple from silent sleep, [leap,
In the flash of wings through the maples bare,
And the bluebird's note on the morning air.

GIRLS OF THE FAR NORTH.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

No. 2.—LOTTEN VENNERBERG.

Who would like to go with me on a short journey to Stockholm?

Dear! what a rush! It's like taking charge of a caravan. Jimmy seizes his cap, tall Jack is out of sight already, and Agnes, Emma, small Bess, and even baby May with her innocent blue eyes, are getting their things on as fast as ever they can. Well, darlings, you shall all go, only, as the steamboats would ask ever and ever so much for carrying us over, and papa and mamma might feel badly at having their pets away for six long months, perhaps we had better make the trip on paper. It doesn't cost nearly so much, and, besides, we can get home at any moment we like, which will be a great comfort.

Let us play that we have got across the Atlantic, because it is so tiresome to be seasick a week or more. And now we have gone up the Skagger Rack and down the Categat, (which you have read about in the geography,) and we are on the Baltic Sea. Those islands to the right and left are Oland and Gottland, and now we come to the Skaengard, which you see is a little strait, full of islands, and right before us is Stockholm.

What does Jack say? "that is more than half water?" So it is. The whole city is built on islands, some larger and some smaller, some higher and some lower, some with trees and some without. And that is what makes it so beautiful—these blue, winding waters among the streets and gardens and houses. Every man, woman, and child in Stockholm can have a view and a sniff of salt air without going far from his own door, and that causes it to be the healthy city it is.

"I don't see how they got about," remarks Jimmy.

O, but you will pretty soon. Just count how many bridges there are to tie the different parts of the town together. And the boats! Why, the water is full of them—white sails and yellow sails and steam tugs. Are not these last droll little things? and don't they puff about exactly like a fat boy who has been running till he is quite out of breath? And did you ever see such pretty row boats as those, with women to row them? They are Dalcallan peasant women—handsome, strong creatures. Stockholm is full of them. Their dresses are very pretty, Emma thinks, but very queer. We have nothing like them in this country. Blue

petticoats, white waists, gay aprons striped in all colors, and red caps, with tassels, on their heads. If it were winter, they would be wearing sheepskin jackets, with the wool turned out, to keep them warm.

Let us get into one of the boats and be rowed over to that quarter where there are so many handsome houses. This is the "Norrmalm," or north suburb, where the rich and fashionable people live. Almost all these grand dwellings have three or four families in each of them. Each family has a floor with nice sitting rooms and bedrooms, and a neat kitchen with a *curtained* stove, which, when not in use, is hidden away. Wonderful cooking goes on in these kitchens—all sorts of delicious bread are made, and rusks, tea cakes, biscuits, and bun loaves, which are thought so good that once, when the little princess and her brothers were talking about heaven, and one of them asked her, "When the Lord Almighty is hungry, do the angels bring Him bread?" she replied with great energy, "Dear me, no! not bread, but bun loaf!" Wonderful soups are made there, too—nettle soup, fish soup, almond soup—none of which we have on our tables. Capital pastry and tarts, and a thousand and one dishes composed of milk and cream, for which Stockholm people have a passion. Nobody thinks of using anything but rich cream in their coffee, and the coffee-pot is boiling most of the time. It would seem as if Arabia itself were not big enough to supply Sweden with all it wants of this universal beverage.

The young ladies of the family do a great deal of this dainty cooking, which is taught them as part of their education. And when I think of the bad things we sometimes have to swallow in the United States, I can't help wishing it were a part of our girls' education, also.

They are industrious creatures, these Swedish maidens, and find time to do a great deal, both for themselves and other people. They read and study and sew and knit, and make home bright, besides going to balls and parties, and dancing, like other young ladies, and having the best of times. Let us peep into the pleasant parlor before we leave the house. The warm weather is at hand, so the double sashes are taken down. If we had come a little sooner, we should have found each window sill a tiny garden, with beds of cotton batting stuck full of moss, evergreen twigs and barberries. Pretty soon the midsummer celebration will be here, and then each room will be turned into a bower of green branches and boughs of birch made

gay with wild flowers. The Swedes have a great many of these simple festivals, birthdays, saints' days, and the like, and are always inventing little treats and surprises for each other, which cost hardly anything, and add largely to the sum of general cheerfulness and gaiety.

Here is the market; let us stop a moment.

"O," squeaks Jack, "what is that funny thing?"

That, Jack, is a bin full of bread. We never before saw bread in a bin, did we? "Knäckebröd," it is called. No Stockholm housekeeper would think she could live without it. It is a sort of thin, crisp cracker, you see, very sweet and brown, with a hole in the middle to string it up by. That house servant, who is going off there with her basket of meat and vegetables, has fifteen or twenty of these knäckebröd swinging from her finger. It is the day's supply for the family with whom she lives.

Those fir twigs tied in bunches, that Agnes is puzzling over, are used instead of brooms to sweep the houses with. They wear out soon, so a new one must be had every day or two. That heap of greens is young nettle tops for soup. They are considered one of the spring delicacies, as spinach is with us. There is plenty of spinach, too, you see, and splendid potatoes. Everyone eats potatoes. The king has his served in a silver vase, "un-fingered," as it is called; that is, with their skins on.

Here is a jolly old peasant, selling ginger-bread and bull's eyes to children. Her little girl, there behind her, looks just like another little, old woman, doesn't she, in that funny dress and cap? exactly like her mother!

If it were Sunday, and we should go into the churches, we should find all the ministers in town preaching from the same text. They are obliged to do this by law; and for every holiday there is a regularly-appointed passage of Scripture.

Here comes a grand carriage with four horses, and "XV" gilded on the panel. All the people pull off their hats as it rolls by, for the king is inside. His home is the grand palace in the middle of the city, and he and his family go about a great deal, and are very much beloved. When the princess and her governess go out to walk, the people in the street whisper, "there goes Lilla Princessan," or, "our little princess;" and many bright smiles and respectful bows are bestowed on the sweet, young girl.

But we mustn't go all over Stockholm yet, delightful as the walk would be, but stop awhile in the "Norrmalm," for here it was

that Lotten Vennberg lived—that friend of Miss Bremer's that I promised to tell you about. She was a good deal younger than dear "Tante Fredrika," whose story you so lately listened to.

When a little girl, Lotten was rather lazy, with a hasty temper and untidy habits. She would leave her things about the room, and rumple up her bureau drawers in a way to vex particular housekeepers. The pet of a wealthy family, and the darling of her father, it wouldn't have been strange if she had grown up a selfish, indolent woman, like hundreds more, just taking care of her own comforts, and thinking little of other people's. But even in those early days, there was something in her that gave sign of better things.

Once, a poor servant lad cut his knee terribly. They sent for the doctor, but he couldn't come, and they didn't know what to do. So Lotten undertook the case. She must have had a "knack," as people say, for surgery, for she tied up and dressed the cut as skillfully as any old nurse, and afterward took such good care of the wounded boy that he very soon got well and was able to go back to his work.

Another time, she heard of a lad who was afflicted with a fearful disease, which the doctor said could be cured, only it would cost a great deal of money. "No such word as fail," became Lotten's motto in after life, and she seems even then to have begun to spell it, for her immediate resolution was, the necessary sum must be raised. She set out bravely to beg from everyone she knew, and as Stockholm people are very kind hearted, she had but little trouble in collecting, with what she could spare herself, all that was needed. And the consequence was, the poor fellow was cured of his disease.

These were but little things, taking only a few hours' trouble and thought, but they showed what was within the child. As she grew older, her excellent mother took the greatest pains to correct her faults, and had the reward of seeing them gradually disappear. Lotten grew tidy and careful, good humored and active; and her sweet and merry disposition made her a great favorite at school, where she always had some shy little one under her care and protection.

Once, in the country on a midsummer's eve, she and some other girls were trying an old charm, which consists of breaking eggs into wine glasses and setting them away till the next day, to see what sort of figure would form on the surface. None of the other girls

found any figures on their eggs, but on Lotten's was the shape of a crown.

"Heaven knows what sort of a queen you will make, dear Lotten," said her young friends to her.

"I shall be one in the queen's almshouse," she answered, laughing.

If any of that playful party had been "mediums," as we say in this country, they might perhaps have seen in the air above Lotten's head, a sort of spiritual crown, which was getting ready to rest upon it; for she was indeed a queen among women.

And so, with struggles of temper and fights against laziness, in the cheerful, well-to-do Swedish household, she grew up.

Emma says I have no business to call my stories *Girls of the North*, for they always grow up right away.

Why, so they do, darling; but then that is just the way it goes in real life. The little girls of to-day will be women before we know it, and then the only question is, what sort of women they shall be? And I thought my girls, Emma and Agnes and the rest, would like the stories all the better if they could realize that the good women they tell about were once young, also, like themselves.

Emma seems satisfied. She says, "Yes, I think so, too." So we will go on with Lotten, who is "little Lotten" no longer.

She has grown into a tall lady, with a dignified figure and bright, pleasant manners. She talks, and tells amusing stories, and seems always happy. I will tell you why. It is because she has so much to do. Busy people are always the happiest. Besides going to parties, and being the most attentive daughter and sister in the world, and the kindest niece and cousin and friend, she has ever so many hours a day set aside for working for the poor. At first it was an hour or two; then, as she saw more and more of the want about her, it grew to be all her mornings and half her afternoons besides. And it isn't the poor only that she works for—she finds time for the rich as well; and I can tell you that rich people often stand in as much need of help and sympathy as if they had not a penny in the world. She is always doing.

The way she finds time for so much, is by using all those small fractions of moments—ten minutes, five minutes, odd half hours, which other people waste without knowing it. One thing fits into another. See her on her way to some family in distress—first she dives into one shop to get an amusing book for a poor, melancholy soul who needs cheering; then into another for a few yards of

trimming, which a friend was in distress about; then for a few minutes she stops to brighten up somebody's sick room with a few kind words. Nothing was too great or too small for her loving spirit.

"The Universal Atlas," she was once called, for she carried the whole world upon her shoulders. All Stockholm claimed her as their own. The queen was her friend, and consulted her about all her charitable work. The merchants poured money into her purse to be used for the poor. The police knew her, and counted her as a helper to the law, for in the darkest dens and alleys, and among the worst and wickedest men, her name had influence, and could often bring good out of evil. And the poor—they loved her best of all. "She is on our side," they would say; "she is our champion." And they trusted her implicitly, though she never humored them, and always told them the plain truth.

Every morning she had her hours of business, when she received all sorts of applicants, and her judgment was so good, and her knowledge of the poor and their circumstances so thorough, that she was hardly ever deceived. Then in the afternoon, she would go out to look into cases, or, if need were, to beg money from the rich. The merchants were never sorry to see her come in, for—and mark this, girls, in case it ever comes to you to do such work—"she brought a clear head, stated her business at once, had a cheerful way of looking at things, and made no attempt to work on people's feelings!" She said "thank you," always, when asked to do a favor, as if she were the person obliged. "All the benevolent institutions in Stockholm she was familiar with; she understood the legal bearings of every question; remembered where everybody lived; and was at once a post-office directory, an almanac, and an official gazette."

"It wasn't necessary that a person should stand before her with an empty cupboard and starving children, to excite her sympathy. She knew and felt the untold sorrow and the silent suffering, and did not wait to be appealed to with sighs and tears."

And all this incessant occupation did not prevent her from going into society a great deal, and enjoying it very much. People used to wonder that she could find time to accept so many invitations to parties. Handsomely dressed, and looking ten times happier and brighter than other people, who had not half so much to do, she was the life of the company, and wherever she went told such amusing, warm-hearted stories,

that she was sure to come away with a warm woollen shawl for some old woman troubled with rheumatism, or having, in the easiest, merriest way possible, provided for life for some orphan child.

She had a faith that good actions bring with them their own reward. Once, when she took two young girls to a concert, she stopped so long to look after a little business for a poor lady named Froken Segersall, that they found every seat in the house occupied. But Miss Vennberg only smiled and said, "Froken Segersall will be sure to find us places, as it is she who has detained us." And sure enough, up came an usher with a little bench, and the two young ladies were seated. But Lotten perched herself upon a window sill, declaring that if it were necessary she should sit down, she was sure Froken Segersall would provide a chair. And sure enough, the chair came a few seconds later, and she seated herself comfortably, observing, "There, I knew kind Froken would not desert us."

After a time, changes took place in the circumstances of the family, and they lost a part of their property. Lotten had not nearly so much of her own to give away, as formerly. But then she had all Stockholm to draw from, and whenever she appealed for aid, aid was sure to come. Miss Bremer says that "whenever it is a question of amusement or of charity, the Swedes can always find money." Lotten found it so. Now and then it might happen that a case of destitution came up when she had nothing to spare and the rich would be hard hearted, and then she would send her silver to the pawnbrokers, trusting to be able to redeem it as time went on. It was after one of these "pawnings" that Tante Fredrika's Christmas tree bore the figure of a droll, little market woman, with a poem addressed to Miss Vennberg in one hand, and in the other a beautiful silver spoon, marked with her name.

"Welcome, my Lotten," she would say, her face radiant with joy, as her friend appeared at the door. These good women loved each other dearly. They first met at that time I told you of when ladies stood at the church doors to receive subscriptions for the orphans of the cholera season; and from that moment they went hand in hand in all good works.

It was not written that this sweet and benevolent being should have a long life. When not more than forty-five years of age, a strange disease came on—a disease hardly

ever known—and after a few months' illness she died, quietly and peacefully, with her friends around her. While she was sick, the king sent her a present of a beautiful gold medal he had caused to be struck for her. It had "For Praiseworthy Deeds" engraved upon it, and was meant to be worn upon a blue ribbon, as a sort of decoration. But a better kind of decoration was hers—that of a loving, purified spirit, ready for heaven.

The sun shone the day she was buried, and a vast crowd of persons gathered to see the funeral go by. The poor and the aged were there; lame people on sticks and crutches; little children, crying bitterly; all the host of those she had loved and helped. Scarcely an eye was dry. They heaped flowers upon the grave, and left her there to rest; but her name is cherished in Stockholm to this day, and always will be.

The queen erected to her memory what Miss Bremer calls "a loving monument," in the shape of a fund, known as "Lotten Vennberg's Fund for the Needy." This sum of money, to which the queen and many others subscribed, is kept at interest, and the income is used to help along all the good works Lotten was interested in, such as the Children's Hospital and the Home for the Sick. Poor and respectable families who have fallen into want, are also aided by it. So, just as long as there are poverty and sickness in Stockholm, so long the name of this kind and merciful woman will be remembered, which will be forever, for you know who said, "The poor ye have always with you."

Don't think it too sad an ending to the story, that Lotten should die. A beautiful death is the fit end to such beautiful living, and the life beyond is most beautiful of all.

Still, to comfort one or two sad faces in my party, I will mention that all of my "Girls" are not dead. Some are living in Stockholm to this day. And as Jimmy is swallowing long yawns, and Baby May says she is "real tired," I think we had better go to the inn and take a good night's sleep before seeing anything more.

Isn't it a clean, tidy place, with its shining furniture, and sand-covered floor all swept with the broom into patterns? The hearth is chalked all over with shapes of stars and crosses, and a little clock is ticking in the corner.

Here, walter, fetch supper, right away. We will have pancakes and bilberry jam; and tell the chambermaid to have beds made ready at once for all these sleepy boys and girls. Good night, dear children.

RIGHT.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Never be a coward
 In the cause of right;
 Be a valiant soldier
 In the world's good fight.
 In the fight with meanness
 With the giant Wrong,
 For God, for right, for justice,
 Battle hard and long.

Let the truth be dearer
 To your heart of heart,
 Than the richest prizes
 Of the mint or mart.

Let the right be stronger
 To control your hand,
 Than all the gifts of honor
 At the world's command.

Let the call of justice
 And of sacred truth,
 Nerve your arm of valor,
 Fire your heart of youth.

In each day's endeavor,
 By the world unknown,
 Prove yourself a hero,
 God will see alone.

God, who loves well doing,
 And rewardeth all
 Who, with dauntless spirit,
 Answer to His call.

HOW STATUES ARE MADE.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

To Tom, Dick, and Harry, and those "sad romps," their sisters:

Do you know that I believe in mud pies? It is a dreadful thing to say, and I suppose all the washerwomen in the country would snatch their clothes sticks and rush out of their steamy kitchens in pursuit of me, if they knew it! but they don't read *THE CORPORAL*, poor things, and of course you'll never tell. I'm afraid your mothers won't thank me for it, either, and I prize their good opinion above rubies; but this is an age of "convictions," "reforms," and such like, and I've made up my mind to stand up for mud pies, let what will come of it.

(By the way, let me tell you a secret. I mean, some time, to have a private confab with those nice mothers of yours, about this matter of your plays, and to spread out before them my "theory"—you know it isn't fashionable to be without one, now-a-days—that these same plays are something out of which more might be made.)

Now I'll explain to you why I believe in the pies, the "recipe" for which is hidden

away in your wise young brains, and which are "done brown" in the sun's matchless bake oven; and why I wish that in your woodshed or back yard, there was a heap of clay, and that you were each tied up in a tow apron and given "the freedom of the place." It is because I believe in statuary and in sculptors; because I think this whit-tling Yankee nation might carve a great name for itself in art.

Last winter, when I was in Italy, I went to many studios. I saw Hiram Powers' "Fisher Boy" listening to the song of a shell, and Harriet Hosmer's dear, little "Puck" sitting on a mushroom, without even bending its soft stalk, and watched these sculptors, of whom America is justly proud, as their magic touch changed lumps of clay to forms of grace and beauty. And while watching, my thoughts flew homeward, over the sea, to you, young gentlemen, and to the bright-eyed girls who share your plays, and I wondered if among you there were not many a Hiram Powers and Harriet Hosmer? many who might graduate from mud pies into a course of drawing, from that to a school of design, and so on, until your hands could mold what your lively fancies might suggest? To tell the truth, I was the more absorbed in this idea because I have been accustomed to the modest belief that I might have been a sculptor (or sculptress, if that suits anybody better,) myself! But you see the trouble was that my course of study ended with the a b c of the plastic art—that is, with those same pies. And yet that's not quite fair; that's not paying a just tribute to the memory of the "Forest Home Academy of Fine Arts," over which, at the age of thirteen, I was privileged to preside, and where I read my first and last "Inaugural" (to an audience composed of mother and Mary and our dog Fido.) No indeed, for I proceeded from pies to the higher art of molding candlesticks in clay, and then a whole "set of dishes" for our playhouse, and then, passing from the useful to the fine arts, had modeled a head of that same Fido, which certainly struck me as a miracle of skill and genius, and of which he showed his admiration with a heartiness that unhappily belongs to dogs alone. But now "circumstances stepped in"—this time on two legs—and dragged me from my heap of clay to the dead level of making a "sampler," and going to school. May the same Sir "Circumstances" (the most meddlesome personage I ever met) deal more kindly with you!

I am not fatalist enough to believe that if we have a Hiram Powers among us, he will

be sure to show himself. It is for us to help, and not to hinder, the day of his appearing.

Let me proceed to some account of how statues are made—that is, as far as they are “made” at all; for even a child knows that what is best in them is as uncatchable as sunshine, and as unmakeable as a June sky. Let me take you to Carrara, a pretty town not far from Florence, Italy, whose encircling hills are solid marble. As I write, a fragment, that I picked up there, lies on my table. If I should offer it to you, I am sure you would break your teeth on it, supposing it a lump of sugar, it is so white and glistening. These hills are scooped like a half-used bag of flour, for so many centuries have men been blasting and prying out their marble. It looks strange to see a thing so precious in our eyes, so freely used. Even little, one-story houses, have marble fronts; the streets are paved with it; and the hitching posts shine like our mantel pieces. Some day you'll go to Italy; at least I advise you to intend and expect it, for that will increase your chances more than you are yet wise enough to see. And when you do go, don't fail to visit beautiful Carrara. The town is full of studios and sculptors, and has an Academy of Fine Arts, where many a famous artist has gone to school.

There was one young Italian whom I liked best of all I saw, because he was the most talented of all, and because he told me he was a republican. You know that is a very winning word to American ears, and it grows dearer when one hears it in some far-off land. This young man had been invited by the lovely Princess Marguerita, who will some day be Queen of United Italy, and who is as good as she is handsome, to make her portrait bust. He had visited her palace and begun his work, and she had given him her photograph, from which and from memory he was going to finish it. He had a lump of clay on a sort of shelf before him, which with his hands he had modeled to the size and form he wished, using, also, a small scraper of wood and another of ivory, for the more delicate touches. This had been the patient work of weeks and months. It was curious to see hair and eyes, delicate lace and costly jewels, all done in clay; but so perfect was the work, that if it could only last, the sculptor's choice would be to keep it always thus, just as his fingers left it. But after a while, you know, clay crumbles and falls to pieces. So what is to be done for “rare, pale Margaret?”

Well, when the clay bust is perfectly hard and dry, it will be carefully covered with a

sort of dough made of plaster of Paris and water, which will be pressed into every little line and crevice on its surface. When this dries, it is gently sliced open, as you would split an English walnut. The clay inside of it, which corresponds to the kernel of the nut, is picked out, and there, you see, is a perfect mold of the bust, in two halves. These halves are now fitted nicely together, and a liquid is poured in, which, being composed of water with plaster stirred into it, soon hardens into a smooth, white substance, and receives from the mold in which it lies, every line and curve that the mold took from the clay bust. So now we have a “plaster cast,” as it is called, and dozens of which you have seen carried about on a huge tray upon the head of some wandering Italian, for sale.

The next time you see this familiar sight, just try to explain to the little boy walking beside you, how the pretty casts are made.

Well, here is our Princess Marguerita in plaster. Her condition is certainly much improved, for she will last perhaps a century in this form. But what is a hundred years for a statue's life? Why, away in Egypt, I have seen many that were four thousand years old, and were smooth and glistening yet, only the poor things had invariably lost their noses! Besides, we must have some material more beautiful than plaster, and which will not be at the mercy of every blunderer that passes. Leave the princess as she is, and the tragedy of her destruction is foretold in these two words, “crack! smash!”

One more transformation is necessary. Our young republican must get his statue into the safe shelter of Carrara marble, the finest and purest that can be found. Now how do you “guess” this is to be accomplished? Yankees that you are, you couldn't tell till your young heads were gray. This last process is not, indeed, easy to explain; but I will do my best, and you must do your best to understand, and just remember that every such effort “stretches” your mind, as gymnastics do your muscles; and I don't know what better thing can happen to any of us, than to get our minds stretched. First, the sculptor chooses a block of marble as perfect as he can find, without blue streaks or yellow spots. He pays a round price for this, you may be sure. Mozier, one of our best sculptors at Rome, showed me a block about as long and wide as your fourteen-year-old brother, for which he gave \$500 at Carrara. Then he looks about for one of these handsome young fellows that abound here, with clothes all powdered over with marble dust,

and paper caps on their heads—one who hasn't talent enough to be a sculptor, but has good, sturdy arms and knows how to handle the mallet and chisel, and him he sets at work. Our genius, who went to visit the princess and modeled her bust in clay, has no idea of spending his valuable time chipping away at this stubborn block of marble. He wants to work up the statue of some other princess, or to shape some of the lovely fancies that throng upon his brain.

Let's watch his strong-armed substitute. He has a sort of wooden post, a little taller than the plaster cast, with a broad foot to make it stand securely, and ever so many pieces of wood attached to it, like the arms of a sign post, only in such a way that they will slide up and down, and can be fastened at any height he pleases. These arms are made to open and shut, like old-fashioned clothes bars, and inches and parts of an inch are marked upon them with great care. He draws a square upon the floor around the plaster cast, and another of the same size around the block of marble. Now he takes the machine with the sliding arms, which we will call a gauge, sets it down before the cast, just even with the line he drew, shuts its arms till they touch the shoulders on each side, and fastens them firmly, that they may keep just that measurement. Then he sets the gauge before his block of marble and chips away at it, taking off bit after bit, until, when the gauge sits on the line before the marble, these arms shall just touch its two sides. Thus he gets the exact width of the statue. In the same way he marks the width of the head, and so on of every measurement, even the smallest, so that there can be no mistake, and at last the marble is an exact copy of the plaster, as that was of the clay.

That was a beautiful comparison of Hawthorne, in which he said the clay represents life; the plaster, death; the marble, resurrection.

This last process is very slow, years often being spent in getting the measurements, "rough hewing" the statue, and finally smoothing and polishing it, until labor can add nothing to its perfection.

Persons who know little of art are very likely to be more impressed by the "marvelous button holes," "wonderful shoe strings," and "astonishing jewelry" of a fine statue, than by the *idea* that it embodies, and their admiration of the sculptor would be much less, if they knew that these details were worked out by men whom he employs at so much a day.

It is very droll to watch these men pounding away at an unfinished statue, blocking it out, as one might say. I have seen a poor Venus lying like a log under the ax, and such a shower of marble chips filling the air around her as to make the illusion painfully complete. At one stage of their progress statues are covered all over with dots, made by penciled measurements on little bumps as large as the end of your finger, where the marble has not been chiseled down, but left as a guide from point to point. I remember seeing, in the *Museo di Laterano*, at Rome, these same conical spots on a statue left unfinished by some forgotten artist, as long ago as when our Saviour was on earth, showing that the same method was then employed.

The funniest thing that I have seen in statue making is the bronze foundry at Munich; a famous place, of which one should not lightly speak. From it have come all our gigantic American illustrations of the plastic art, from Rodger's big "door," at Washington, to Harriet Hosmer's big "Tom Benton," at St. Louis. There I saw dear President Lincoln packed in clay, his lengthy legs being cast separately; his big, awkward "cravat" having a mold all to itself, filled to the brim with liquid bronze; the "Emancipation Proclamation," and the hand that held it, in another. Rodger's two great monuments in memory of the war, one ordered by Michigan, the other by Rhode Island, were being cast, in separate sections. There was a splendid "Boy in Blue," (only he was in bronze,) who had suffered amputation at the waist from those cruel foundry-men, and such a scraping and combing down as he was getting from their rasps, files, and other unmusical instruments, was pitiful to see, and unendurable to hear. There stood a brave sailor, with broad collar and wide trousers, whose arms were "in pack," close by, and whose honest eyes were being polished off with sand paper; while, not far off, a tremendous figure of "America Triumphant," was lying in a sand pit, while a burly workman was arranging her luxuriant tresses with a chisel and file.

I hope one thing I saw at this foundry was not prophetic of the manner in which you lively young Americans will receive my talk about "How Statues are made." Three times a gentleman within earshot of me explained the process of casting in bronze to the lady on his arm; three times she looked stupid and he vexed, and they walked off, as discontented a pair as "Johnnie Sands" and "Betty Hague," of poetic memory.

APRIL.

BY L. D. NICHOLS.

Now melts the snow upon the hills,
 Unnumbered foaming, sparkling rills
 Come singing, tumbling down.
 Thro' balmy days and sudden showers
 We'll search the woods for early flowers,
 'Neath last year's leaves so brown.
 Oh! blissful hours of coming spring,
 After rude winter's frown!

SPRING'S SYMPHONY.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

Slowly fades the year's long night, as northward
 winds the sun;
 Slowly breaks the year's fair morn, Spring's glad
 song is begun.

Listen to the quick, harsh cawing of the sleek,
 black crow,
 Seeking food upon the hills and in the meadows
 low.

Hearken to the "honk" of wild geese, swiftly
 flying forth.
 A wedge-shaped fleet the thin air cleaving toward
 the silent north.

Hear the cheery robin, singing where bright
 buds abound,
 Winding notes in pretty tangles of delicious
 sound.

Hearken to the rain drops dripping during April
 showers,
 Brightening the fair, sweet faces of the first-born
 flowers.

Hear the softly-waning patter as the low clouds
 pass;
 Look, and see the sunbeams hunting gems among
 the grass.

Listen to the brooklet's babble, as it seeks the
 main,
 Laughing that its form is growing plethoric with
 rain.

Listen to the lowing cattle hastening to the mead,
 Where, upon the sweet, new grass they eagerly
 will feed.

Hearken to the plowman's whistle, as he rives
 the sod,
 Dreaming of the coming harvest, promised him
 of God.

Hark, to Nature's full-voiced anthem, strange yet
 sweet accord,
 All the earth is gladly giving praises to the
 Lord?

Now, O heart, hast thou no strain to swell this
 Minstrelsy?
 Lift thy voice in loftier praise and crown Spring's
 Symphony.

HAL REED'S NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

BY MRS. E. E. PRENTISS.

"I say Bob Jones, are you going to make
 calls on Monday?" cried John Sampson.

"Of course I am. Me and Aldrich are go-
 ing to hire a carriage and make ever so
 many."

This announcement was received with
 mingled shouts of amusement and derision.

"I suppose your carriage is a wheelbar-
 row!" cried one boy.

"And I suppose yours is a pumpkin," re-
 torted Aldrich.

"I made twenty-five calls, last year," pur-
 sued Bob Jones. "And this year I've got a
 list of fifty."

So the talk went on as the boys of Mr.
 Hammond's school gathered around the
 stove at recess, as the year 1870 was drawing
 to a close. It may not be known to all our
 young readers, that it is a time-honored cus-
 tom in the city of New York, for ladies to
 put on their best bibs and tuckers on New
 Year's day, and receive visits from the gen-
 tlemen of their acquaintance, and that some
 boys join in the fun.

"I should think you would be afraid to
 go," said a timid little voice.

"Afraid? What of? That somebody
 would eat us up? Why, there's no danger
 of that. They'll be too busy eating boned
 turkey and pickled oysters, and drinking
 wine."

This speech proceeded from one of the
 elder boys, Hal's admiration and terror,
 George Collins.

"They won't get any wine at our house,"
 said Aldrich. "My father can afford to buy
 wine by the hoghead, but he says he shan't
 do it. And my mother says it's a sin and a
 shame to tempt us young men to drink."

"Us young men! If that isn't a good one!"
 exclaimed Collins. "Puss feels his boots,
 doesn't he?"

"And his carriage," suggested Bob.

An angry discussion would have followed,
 but the bell rang, and the exercises of school
 were resumed.

That evening, little Hal Reed, whose head
 was already full of the subject, sat and
 listened to his elder brothers, as they
 laughed and joked over their lists, till he
 began to wish he could make calls, too, and
 taking out his pencil he began to write on
 the fly leaf of his French reader.

"Hallo, Hal, what are you about, young-
 ster?" exclaimed his brother, suddenly.

"I'm making out my list," returned Hal.

"Well, I hope you'll let mother know her baby's going out."

"I am not a baby, and besides, mamma said I might go. Only she advises me to go with one of you."

"Pshaw, you can't go with me; you would run your legs off;" quoth our eldest.

"I couldn't think of your tugging round with me, either," pronounced another.

"I am afraid to go alone."

A laugh was the only answer, as the elder brothers went on with their lists.

Hal's heart swelled with pain, of which they had not the least idea. They were not unkind young men, these big brothers of his, but they looked upon him as little more than a baby, created for their amusement, and to be the butt of their practical jokes. He was a delicate, sensitive little fellow, who had come into the family long after boys and girls had done coming there, and had, naturally, been his mother's pet and companion. The idea of "Nancy's" making New Year's calls! For by this name they thoughtlessly called him, when they wanted to bring a blush to his cheek and a tear to his eye, while either of them would have knocked down any other boy who undertook to torment him.

"I am glad you are going to make a few calls, Hal," said his mother, when he showed her his list. "It will be a manly effort to conquer your shyness, and we always get our reward when we try to improve."

"But Dick and Fred say I am a baby."

"Yes, I know. But the best way to cure them of that trick is to act like a courageous boy. Somebody has said, that he who has not where to lay his head, often suffers less than he who does not know where to put his hands! Now before that awkward age comes to you, I'd like you to begin to go about among people whose manners are refined, and whose hearts kind, and who will receive your little visits in such a way as to relieve your embarrassment."

"But what shall I say?"

"O, you needn't say much. You can wish everybody a Happy New Year; then they'll ask you how much you've skated this winter, where you go to school, and what you study. By that time you should take yourself off. Don't get up and say 'I guess I must go now,' but in the midst of a sentence shake hands and bow yourself out."

"In the midst of what they're saying to me?"

"O no; in the midst of one of your own speeches. For instance, while you're saying 'yes, I study French, and German, and

Latin, this year,' take leave; it will be as easy as possible."

So it seemed, while the kind voice of his mother assured him that it would be, and Hal went to bed full of his schemes. The first day of 1871, as everybody knows, fell on Sunday, but on Monday its ceremonies and festivities were in full force. Flowers, and fruit, and game, and all sorts of good things flew into people's houses; gentlemen arrayed themselves in their best style, and ladies adorned themselves in silk, in satin, in muslin, in pearls, in diamonds, and sat in state. Hal started for his first call at twelve o'clock, assuring his mother that he should be home by two. She was not receiving calls herself, so she brushed his hair and tied his bow with her own hands.

"Beautiful little fellow," she said to herself, "but too sensitive, too shy. I hope he'll get through without much discomfort." And then she went to sit by Hal's papa, who was shut up with a lame foot, and tried to make the long day seem short to him.

"I'll go to the worst place first, and have it over with," thought Hal. "Mrs. Joy has got at least a dozen big girls, ladies, I suppose I ought to say, and it's perfectly dreadful to have so many stare at you at once."

He rang the bell, gave his name to the servant, who asked for it, and was announced, in a loud voice as "Master Reed!"

He felt himself enter, on two shaking legs, a brilliantly lighted parlor, (some New Yorkers prefer the glare of gas to the pure light of day), and standing before a perfect flower bed of gay, laughing girls.

"Don't expect anything sensible from me, General Armstrong," one of them was saying. "I hung up my soul on the nail from which I took my dress when I prepared myself for the day, and there it will have to stay, poor thing, till midnight. I can talk of the weather, however, just as well without as with it, and of the state of the streets, whether wet or dry. Ah! here's my little friend, Hal Reed! How d'ye do, my dear? Mother?"

And she looked at her mother, as much as to say, "Do take the child off my hands, General Armstrong is admiring me so."

"Mother" took pity on her daughter and patronized Hal, and then in a few minutes, as visitors thronged in, forgot him. Now was the time for him to slip out, but how was he to go? She hadn't asked him if he were studying French, and German, and Latin, and his mother had told him to take leave in the midst of his reply to that sentence. Some of the guests swept out to the

dining room, where a table was spread with every conceivable and every inconceivable good thing, and he was swept there with them, and helped to whatever he chose. Then he was swept back by the tide, but not into the street; then he didn't dare to go till he had taken leave, and leave he didn't dare to take. There was a lull in the rush of visitors, and he sat down upon a sofa hoping that now his chance for beating a retreat would come. Mrs. Joy patronized him again. Miss Joy asked him about the skating, Miss Eliza joked him about his new coat, Miss Juliet asked why he didn't come with one of his brothers.

"You had better ask him why he does not go," whispered one. "A nice little fellow, but rather a bore just now."

In desperation he let himself be swept to the dining room again, but that proved a dreary place, since he was no longer hungry, and the waiter regarded him with mild surprise. And now he is back in the parlor, again, and is squeezing himself into the smallest possible place on the sofa. Mrs. Joy begins to feel for him, and asks him where he goes to school, but before he has time to answer, other guests arrive, and he is forgotten. One hour passed, two, three, four; he had eaten till he could contain no more and never wished to eat again; he was hot and cold, and red and white; he fancied that everybody knew how long he had been there, and was thinking him a fool. Tears were standing in his blue eyes when Miss Amanda Joy made a desperate effort to get rid of him.

"You are not making many calls to-day, are you, dear?" quoth she.

"No, not many," returned Hal, and tried to look at ease and to keep back those tears. O, if somebody would only throw him out of the window!

Miss Amanda left him in despair, and Miss Charlotte came to the rescue.

"I see your papa, or some kind friend has given you a watch for a holiday gift," she said, in her sweetest voice. "Does it keep good time?"

"I guess it does," stammered the poor boy, taking it from his pocket.

"Four o'clock, and going on toward five!" was what it said to him, as he looked it in the face.

"I never shall go! I shall stay always! was his wretched thought. "O, how do the other people get away? I'll listen."

"Good morning, Miss Joy. I've had a delightful visit. I shall live upon it till next year."

"I couldn't say that, for I've had a dreadful time," thought Hal.

"Good morning, ladies. One is tempted, in seeing you, to wish New Year's Day might last forever."

"It has lasted forever," said Hal. "O, if I ever get home, I'll never go anywhere again, as long as I live."

"Well, Nancy, how many calls have you made?" cried a familiar voice close to his ear.

"O, Dick, is that you!" whispered an abject little figure, in joyful relief. "I've only made one call, and that's here. I've been here ever since a little after twelve. How shall I take leave? Do get me out somehow?"

Dick did get him out "somehow." He took the unfortunate child by the shoulders, marched him from the room, and forth into the street, and returned to the presence of the Misses Joy, looking like a man who had been saying wicked words, which, however, it is not to be supposed he did.

Poor Hal made his way home as fast as his young legs could carry him, rushed up stairs to his mother, and threw himself, crying, into her arms.

"O, I've had an awful time, mamma," he replied to her anxious questions. "Awful! I've been at Mrs. Joy's all this time!"

"Why, Hal, have you lost your senses?" she exclaimed.

"I've either lost them, or else never had any. Mamma, can't we move out of town, or something? For I'm sure I don't want Mrs. Joy to see me any more, and I never want to see her again as long as I live."

"Don't cry so, but tell me all about it, poor child."

"O, it's too dreadful to tell! I've been there all this time, and whenever the people went out to take refreshments, I went, and I shan't ever want anything to eat again—never!"

"But I don't understand why you staid so long. And what could have possessed you to eat so much?"

"Why, mamma, you said people would ask me if I studied Latin, and French, and German, this year, and while I was saying yes, I must jump up and take leave. And nobody asked me that, and I couldn't go, and couldn't. And I thought I must go to the table whenever the others did."

"You poor child!" said his mother, hardly able to keep from laughing. "But never mind. Mrs. Joy and the young ladies know that you are a shy little boy, and will overlook your mistakes, and very soon forget

all about you. And another time I will see that you go with one of your brothers."

"O, I never shall dare to make calls again. I never want to go anywhere or see anybody again."

"On the contrary, if I were you, I would make another effort to conquer this shyness. Suppose you run over to see Mrs. Green by and by, when you get rested. She understands little boys, and will make it easy for you."

This little appeal to Hal's self-respect did more for him than any condolence could have done. Mamma did not think him a fool, if other people did. After an hour or two of rest, his hair was brushed and his bow tied to perfection, and he actually started on a fresh expedition. Mrs. Green received him with great cordiality, told him amusing little incidents of the day, and wound up by asking if he studied Latin, French and German this year, as he did last. He bowed himself out while replying to this question, and went home a happy boy. He never knew what a ludicrous account of his adventures had preceded his visit, nor how, in writing it, his mother had asked her friend, Mrs. Green, to help her timid boy to take leave.

As to the Misses Joy, they amused and mystified all their friends, that evening, by declaring that a very handsome young gentleman had been so fascinated by their charms, as to spend five hours gazing at them.

AN OLD WOMAN'S DREAM.

BY B. E. K.

I am sitting to-night in the shadows,
Thinking of days that are gone,
Till I'm back again thro' the dim, old years,
When the magic spell was on.
'Tis the bright, sunny hour of childhood,
I care not for work or book,
For the glimpses I have of the future,
Wear a dim and misty look.
Now and then I can catch, thro' the glintings,
The smiles of the coming years,
For the fancies which flit before me
Are never of sorrow or tears.
And I think of my childhood's sunrise,
With its tiny waves of gold,
That will widen and deepen in brightness
As my face grows wrinkled and old.
I wonder if when I am wiser
I shall cherish the days of yore?
Shall I turn to their story with gladness,
And dwell on it o'er and o'er?
Now, the dreams of the past are all vanished,
And the autumn days are nigh,
Still I watch for the glory and brightness
Of my childhood's sunset sky.

ACROSS THE GULF OF MEXICO, AND UP THE RIO GRANDE.

BY A. E. H.

A steamship sailed across the Gulf, from New Orleans to Mexico. It was in the balmy autumn days of November, when the air was soft, and the sun shone bright in the southern country, though it was cheerless and cold in the north. A lady, who loves children, came from Chicago, and was a passenger in the ship. She saw many strange sights, and heard many new sounds; and so, at last, she determined to tell the northern girls and boys, something of her great journey.

As she walked through the sunny streets of New Orleans, on her way to the wharf where the steamship lay, she saw hundreds of black men, rolling huge cotton bales into the great storerooms along the shore; little colored boys were loaded with baskets of oranges; flowers bloomed in every garden, and tasteful bouquets were offered for sale at the corners of the streets; donkeys, driven tandem, and harnessed with ropes instead of leather, looked odd to her northern eyes, and seeing these strange things, she wished, with all her heart, for the companionship of some of the little friends she had left behind, that they might see them, and enjoy them, too.

She stepped upon the plank, of which one end rested on the wharf, and the other end on the deck of the ship, and then, stooping a trifle, through a little doorway, she found herself in a narrow hall, with many doors, leading to state rooms, on each side. Then, all at once, she was in a long, narrow room, with tables in the center, laid for supper; and last of all, she was in her own tiny state room, resting upon her own bed, which hung, like a shelf, against the wall.

In the morning, when the anchor was lifted, and the steamship sailed slowly down the Mississippi, the lady went out upon the deck, to see the beautiful country lying upon each side of the river. The handsome residences of the planters, with the tiny, whitewashed houses of the colored laborers and their families clustered about them, looked quite like miniature villages, as there were sometimes thirty workmen's houses on a single plantation. The sugar cane was ripe, just ready for grinding, and its delicate, light-green, as the sunlight struck it, contrasted beautifully with the dark, rich tints of the orange leaves, which sheltered the golden fruit hanging from the thorny branches. At the top of the banana trees, the heavy, red-brown fruit, and the long pods of seeds, seemed just

ready to gather. The willows, overhanging the banks, dipped gracefully into the flowing river, and looking over the prairie, the lady saw a plain, brown church, with the humble, colored congregation, in Sunday dress, coming out, and gazing at the steamer, ere they should quietly walk home.

Thus, with the soft wind gently sighing; with the musical rhythm of the water falling from the wheels; with the sun hung low in the western sky; the good ship sailed between Forts Phillips and Jackson, where the dear flag was flying, and the guns were still planted, as though to guard the way. The lady breathed a prayer of thankfulness, while she marveled greatly, that it had been possible for Faragut to pass between! And then, as the light died away, entirely, and the sun sank away behind the water, the ship sailed through the delta, and was fairly launched upon the bosom of the gulf.

For five days and nights of sunshine and of storm, did the good ship ride upon the waves. In the pleasant days, the lady sat and watched the never-tiring gulls, as they circled about, uttering their wonderful, shrill cries. She loved to see them rock upon the waves when it was calm, and she enjoyed their vigorous dashes and flights, when the storm was not too fierce. Then the great salt billows, crowned with surf, came sweeping up, broke against the ship's side, and receding, were overwhelmed by others in their turn. When the storm subsided, the porpoises came rolling to the surface, and the little flying fish sprang up and spread their wings to the sunlight, while the lady wished, again, for the dear little boys and girls, who would have shouted for joy.

When the fifth day was ended, and the silence of twilight had settled down over land and sea, the passengers all went down into the hold of the ship, and walked out, across a plank, on to the deck of a small steamer that had come to take them up the wonderful Rio Grande.

When the lady first lay down in her state room, she thought she should never sleep, for the engine of the little steamer made such a puffing and blowing! But she did sleep, at last, and morning found her out on the tiny deck, wondering at the narrow, crooked, turbid, rapid Rio Grande. On one side lay the broad prairies of Texas; on the other, the *sabanas* of Mexico! The jackals, built of mesquite wood, and thatched with the leaves of sugar cane, were such tiny houses, that they looked like toys. They were sometimes surrounded by a brush fence, with an enclosure, in the rear, for branding cattle, and

were often built in a grove of tall palmetto trees, whose lofty, leaf-crowned summits added much to the picturesqueness of the scene. The cacti were numerous; ebony and Spanish-dagger trees abounded; little, dusky, half-dressed, Mexican children came running to the banks to see the steamer, and their black eyes danced, and their white teeth gleamed, as they shouted and laughed from the shore. Long-horned cattle drank greedily from the lagoons on either side of the sinuous stream; the grass waved in the breeze; Mexican eagles, black and white, flew over into the freedom of Texas trees and marshes; and finally, the little steamer blew her whistle, rung her bell, and put into port, where the wharf was crowded with dusky faces, under broad sombreros.

But the lady saw many among them who knew and loved her; and as the children came flocking around her, her heart was glad.

LAUREL DALE.—A TRUE STORY.

BY SAMUEL HARRIES DADDOW.

I shall never forget dear, old Laurel Dale, where the happiest days of my childhood were passed, and where my father made iron for the blacksmiths of the valley, and the jolly Dutch farmers, whose well-tilled farms clustered along the sunny slopes, and beneath the broken peaks of the Blue Ridge.

I loved to hear the ponderous forge hammer pounding the glowing "bloom," and to watch the forgermen making iron. To see old Dan! sprinkle the pulverized iron ore, from the stamping mill, over the hot, charcoal fires, while the hissing air from the "water bellows" blew the amber flames roaring up the chimney of the forge.

Beautiful streams of liquid cinder ran like golden ribbons out of the fires, quietly and sluggishly, down the bank. But lo! see it plunge into the stream below. O, then the sight was grand. The waters hissed and boiled, and the steam rushed up in great, blinding clouds. Then we would often get such delightfully-fantastic pieces of "sea-foam glass," and white, and blue, and green, and yellow cinders, which made the prettiest playhouse ornaments for Mollie and Gracie.

I think, however, the grandest sight was when old Uncle Dan—Black Dan some folks called him, because he was a colored man—dragged out the great masses of glowing and sparkling iron from his fire, and, with his big tongs, lifted the hot bloom on the anvil, while Ike would draw the fume gate,

and let the pent-up water, rushing and foaming, into the immense forge wheel.

In a moment the ponderous wheel would commence to revolve, and the hammer to strike quick and heavy blows on the white-hot iron. Great drops of sweat would roll down Uncle Dan's dusky face, as he turned the weighty iron mass from side to side and from end to end, while the bright sparks flew about like showers of golden stars, and the heat was so intense that I could not venture near, and the noise so deafening that scarce a word could be heard.

But soon the clashing of the hammer, and the surging of the water wheel would cease, and Uncle Dan had his iron cut up into convenient sizes to be hammered at leisure into wagon tires, plow shares, harrow teeth, nail rods, etc.

I would like to talk a long time about the fine times we had in fishing for trout, in the deep pool, with its darkling rocks, that lay beneath the falls of the forge dam. What splendid, speckled beauties we caught under the bridge, and in the shadow of the grand, old trees in the meadow, where the fish found such nice hiding places under the roots that saved the shelving banks.

Indeed, I must hurry on, and tell how terribly frightened we were that afternoon when Seth and Silas Sturdy had that fearful race for their lives, inside the forge wheel, all because of

JOE STURDY'S FUN.

After many years of faithful service, the old wheel at the forge "gave out," as Uncle Dan said, not because its timbers were not sound and strong, but because the water of Laurel Creek became, year after year, less in volume, as the woodmen and charcoal burners cut the forest trees that shaded its mountain springs. And now, during a dry fall, the old wheel could not be made to work the great forge hammer.

But the carpenters had been preparing to build a new wheel for a long time. A mighty oak log formed the main shaft, and many great pine trees were cut, to make the new wheel twenty-four feet high, and, my pa says, eight feet wide, which would be more powerful than the old breast wheel, and yet use much less water.

When the great wheel was set up it looked as big as a house, and just as nice, with its smooth, white boards, without paint or polish. Pa gave us liberty, when he was there himself, to run around inside. It was grand fun, as the great wheel revolved above our heads and dipped in the water below our feet. Eight little boys and girls could run

abreast, by keeping close together, and the faster we ran the faster we made the wheel go round.

We were delighted with the sport, and would have enjoyed it very often, had we not been told never to go into the wheel without permission, on account of the danger; and it was, perhaps, fortunate that our instructions were so positive.

One fine afternoon, before the wheel was put to work hammering iron, but after its completion, while Silas Sturdy was home from school, he formed a party for a picnic under the great maples, by the big spring, in sight of the forge.

During a temporary lull in our amusement, when we were debating what to do next, some one suggested the sport of turning the forge wheel. And, as no one was there to prevent it, all the gay party, boys and girls, little and big, except myself, were soon inside of it, marching in a body with its steady, onward motion.

But, in the excitement, no one noticed little Sue Sturdy, who, tired and out of breath with trying to keep up with the others, sat down to rest. She was instantly carried up on the inside of the wheel, but soon came rolling down again, nearly under the feet of her older sisters. Her cries quickly hushed the laughing and excited party, who stopped the wheel as soon as they could, and all, except Seth and Silas, got out to condole with little Sue, and try to still her lamentations.

THE RACE FOR LIFE.

Joe Sturdy soon made up his mind that Sue was more frightened than hurt; and, in a moment of thoughtlessness, he drew down the gate and let the water on, for the fun of seeing his big brothers "double quick" around with the wheel.

With a shriek of despair and a look of terror, Silas sprang forward and braced himself for the terrible ordeal. He knew the danger, but hoped that some one would soon close the gate.

Seth was dashed to the bottom of the wheel, by the unexpected suddenness of the start, but being active and strong, he soon regained his feet, and joined his brother in that awful race for life.

Poor Joe was paralyzed, and, for a few minutes, could neither think nor act. The fearful consequences of his rash folly rushed upon him with overwhelming force, as in bewildered excitement, he strove to close the gate, and called wildly for help. But the girls, in their haste and ignorance, only detached the handle—a temporary pole—from

the end of the gate lever, and all seemed lost. No one could replace it, and, for the moment, the poor boys were left to their fate.

Silas Sturdy's affianced bride, pretty Callie Waters, beheld, with white lips and stony eyes, her noble lover struggling manfully for life. For a moment her blood seemed turned to ice, and even hope was giving place to despair; but, suddenly falling on her knees, with clasped hands and tearful, beseeching eyes, she prayed for help with agonizing earnestness.

In the meantime, the two young men were taxed to their utmost to keep on their feet, and follow the swift motion of the flying wheel. They could not spring out. The great arms were too numerous, and passed too swiftly, to allow any opportunity of escape.

The water rushed furiously on the whirling wheel; faster and faster it seemed to revolve, to the terrified gaze of the young men's sisters, who stood like statues, chilled, as it were, to stone, by the terrible scene.

AUNT JANE CALLS FOR HELP.

During all this excitement, which might have occupied two or three minutes, I stood looking on, as much terrified as the rest, but at length I thought of running for some one to stop the wheel, and started off at full speed for home.

A glance at the wheel, as I left, made me shudder, and lent wings to my feet. Seth and Silas could scarcely keep on their legs by the utmost exertion. If they once missed their footing, or lost their presence of mind, nothing less than a fearful death seemed to await them. They would be carried up to the top of the wheel, and dashed down again to the bottom, with every revolution; or, if caught between the arms and the frame, they would be instantly crushed to pieces.

"O, Aunt Jane! the wheel's going, and they'll all be killed," was all I had breath to say to my aunt, who was the first one I met.

But this was enough; in a moment the old lady was going over the hill, the nearest way to the forge, with the speed of a deer. On its top, overlooking the forge, she caught a glimpse of the wheel, and saw Silas fall from the top, apparently dead.

She stopped suddenly. The terrible situation was too clear to her mind, and she knew it would be impossible for her to help by going farther, though she did not know but some of her own children might be inside of the wheel. But, raising her voice to its highest pitch, she cried for help with all her might.

UNCLE DAN TO THE RESCUE.

Standing on the highest ground in the vale, she continued to yell with all her strength, glancing in every direction for the help she expected. In a few moments she saw Uncle Dan open his cabin door and put out his woolly head to listen. The old man was not slow to rush to her assistance; without hat or shoes he jumped the fences, and, in a few minutes, passed by Aunt Jane on his way to the forge.

She had told him, in short, sharp sentences, as he ran toward her, the nature of the trouble, and he soon saw, himself, the water rushing over the wheel. He did not stop to think. He saw, at a glance, that the handle which regulated the gate was gone, and he knew it would be useless to attempt to stop the water in the ordinary way. But his wits did not leave him. He caught up a large stone, and made his way carefully, but rapidly, along the top of the flume, stepping from beam to beam, over the deep and rushing water, as nimbly as a boy of sixteen, rather than a man of sixty.

The moment he reached the end of the flume, over the wheel, he sprang on the gate, and pounded it down with the big stone he carried. The opening through which the water poured was gradually closed. In a few seconds the speed of the wheel was checked, and Silas, who had not fallen to the bottom, as Aunt Jane supposed, but had clutched one of the arms with the energy of despair, and thus revolved with the wheel, now crawled out, more dead than alive.

In the mean time, Seth had fallen exhausted, but Callie Waters immediately sprang into the wheel, notwithstanding the danger, as it still slowly moved round, to keep him from rolling between the arms and the frame.

It was a heroic act, and required all her activity and presence of mind to keep herself from falling, and Seth from being crushed.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

By this time I had returned with pa and ma, who had Silas immediately carried to the big spring, where they sprinkled his face with cold water, as he lay in a swoon, with his head on Callie's lap. He soon recovered, and felt thankful, happy, and comparatively easy, notwithstanding his bruised and tired limbs; while Callie's sweet sympathy made the moments delicious, and the life which he had despaired of again delightful.

Uncle Dan had succeeded in stopping the wheel a moment before our arrival, and Seth had been taken out by Callie and his sisters,

and was left in their care. He was not seriously hurt, but thoroughly exhausted, having run for nearly fifteen minutes, with all his energies taxed to their utmost endurance, his mind, and heart, and soul joining in the maddening effort to escape destruction.

When Silas and the party entered the wheel, at first, I felt it very hard indeed to obey my father. I thought they had delightful fun, and deemed myself an unfortunate little boy in being excluded from the best part of the amusement. The girls called me frequently, and said I was a coward, and was afraid to get into the wheel.

But I could not disobey, and was about to go home, with a heavy heart, when Joe Sturdy raised the gate.

O, how glad I was then that the temptation had been resisted. Joe was laid in bed with delirious fever, and for a long time it was doubtful whether or not he would recover his scattered senses, or be of sound mind. He was a changed boy, and never more indulged in foolish pranks to have a little fun!

ART AMUSEMENTS.

BY MARTHA POWELL DAVIS.

NUMBER FOUR.

The children came, this bright afternoon, in full glee, displaying many evidences of success. They had acquired considerable proficiency in putting on the scarlet hues of ripeness, and some of their fruits looked very natural. A few of the class, however, had run into the too common error of imitating only the brilliant colors of certain fruits, leaving out all imperfections and blemishes.

Aunt Phebe took occasion to impress on their minds how necessary it is for the artist to follow nature in her varied freaks and side issues; how much of genuine naturalness may be given by imitating a decayed or worm-eaten spot. For this purpose you need somber colors—umber, usually, for decay, and umber shaded with black, for darker blemishes.

The place of decay will be indicated by a flattened or indented mark on the fruit, if the mold has been taken over specimens containing such spots, which is often quite desirable.

Beginners should avoid stiffness and affected precision. Auntie had often produced a pleasing result in the following way: Mix the colors you wish to use, with spirits of turpentine; make the paint quite thin; then wet the wax fruit, also, with turpentine. Dip

a common tinting brush in the paint, hold it a distance from the fruit, and pass a knitting needle quickly across the brush, so as to spurt the paint, which will settle irregularly on the fruit, and the color will shade off lighter toward the edges of the spots. The main color of the fruit is usually quite different from these specks. The groundwork should be put on first, and should be quite dry; for care must be taken not to injure the first paint when the after tinting is done.

Different artists use different means to accomplish the same end; yet each, to succeed, must be true to nature.

First, on a scrap of paper, try the colors, and if the shade does not suit you, modify it. In painting, do not be discouraged if you do not produce just what you want at the first



FIG. 7.

touch. It is by working line over line, very carefully, that you will at last succeed. Begin with your shades quite light; for, if the first colors are too dark, the fault is hard to remedy; but if the shades are too light, they may easily be deepened.

A glossy finish is sometimes required for certain varieties of apples, cherries, oranges, lemons, chestnuts, the seeds of apples, pears, etc. For such things, the finishing touch should be a coat of mastic varnish. Other fruits have a downy finish, or bloom, as plums, peaches, grapes, quinces, etc. To impart this beautiful coating of bloom, you will need flock of various colors, which may be procured at the paper stainers; or, you may make white flock many useful tints by mixing with it powdered colors—as blue, for plums; and purplish blue, for grapes. For

a buff-colored bloom, mix chrome yellow with white flock. A greenish tinge may be given by adding chrome green. You may manufacture flock that will answer a very good purpose, by cutting woollen cloth, of the color you wish, very fine, and then sift the cuttings. Arrow root is useful for some purposes. The flock may be dusted over fruit from a thin muslin bag, or, better still, from a paper box with perforated cover, in the same way that a cook discharges pepper from a pepper box.

Eddie Wells and Susie Bliss had each brought to the class some very nicely-shaped blackberries, of different sizes. They wished the teacher to examine them, and help to arrange them into bunches. The children had used quite fine wire for the stems, which was an advantage, as the thorns could be fastened on without appearing clumsy. This is done by cutting into short lengths very fine wire covered with cotton. Confine each piece by wrapping and tying three-fourths of its length to the main stem, and leave a short part turned out to represent the thorn,



FIG. 8.

as in figure 7. The whole stem should then be dipped in green wax, after which the thorns may be tapered to a point by delicately molding the wax with the fingers.

It is necessary to put thorns on a few of the stems only, as many of the stalks will be hid when the berries are finally arranged into bunches.

Calyxes and leaves are cut from sheets of green wax. Lay a folded newspaper smoothly on a table, and on the clean paper spread a sheet of wax. Then take a pattern for a guide, and cut the wax with a large needle, running the needle's point close to the edge of the pattern. (See calyx, fig. 8; and leaf, fig. 9.) They should each vary in size as the natural cluster will indicate.

"Ho! ho! I wish I could make bunches look so natural," said Eddie, as he stood at a distance, viewing his berries delightedly, after the teacher had arranged them into clusters. "They are just like the Lawtons, I declare!"

"Mine look like wild berries," said Susie; they are too small for tame ones, but they look real good, don't they? I should like to see how strawberries are made. I think they are nicer than blackberries. I wonder if they can be fixed as perfect?"

"I have molds here," returned the teacher, "the class may try that experiment the very next thing, if they wish."

"Strawberries, strawberries," responded the whole school in a breath.

So the white wax was put on the stove to warm, and enough scarlet lake was added to make a clear strawberry tint. As several plaster molds were furnished, a number of the girls commenced the work. When a few



FIG. 9.

berries were molded, the seeds were painted a bright yellow. This was easily done, as the seed cavity is indicated very plainly when the molds are perfect. Green wire stems were then fastened in with balsam fir, heated and colored, like the berries. A calyx then completed each berry. When the bunches were finished and ornamented with leaves, the fruit was pronounced "good enough to eat!"

"The teacher's cluster is the best, though," said one; and then many of the scholars began to compare their own arrangement of berries with Aunt Phebe's.

"See my bunch; how ugly! how stiff!"

exclaimed little Mary Belle. "Who ever saw strawberries growing straight up like that?" and the tears flowed, as she looked at her cluster in despair.

"O, they can soon be changed," said auntie; and she bent the stems into graceful and natural curves.

Smiles soon played on Mary's cheeks, and drove the sorry tears away. "See here," she said, "my bunch is all right now. See how the berries droop! They are ripe enough to fall off."

Stems for grapes may be quite short, as the cluster is compact. Much of the beauty of this fruit consists in attaining that clear, semi-transparency which characterizes the real fruit. Be careful to use pure white wax, and color it with the best quality of purple lake, varied with blue in proportion to suit the variety. In forming a bunch, tie the stem of each berry to the main stalk with green thread, commencing at the bottom. The smaller berries are usually at the lower part of the bunch. Lastly, dust the grapes with purplish or blue flock. Experience and practice will soon dictate how and to what extent this finishing touch must be given. White grapes should be a light, yellowish green, dusted with arrowroot.

Currants may be colored with carmine, scarlet or dark purple, as the variety indicates. White ones are tinged slightly with yellow. Natural currants hang more loosely on the stalk than grapes, and the wax imitations should be arranged accordingly. From fifteen to twenty berries make a good-sized bunch. The little, dark calyx, opposite the stem, may be counterfeited very exactly, by fastening on a tiny bit of brown or black wool. Finish the berries with a coat of clear varnish.

For grapes and currants, many persons will prefer to use glass balls; and, indeed, they are very convenient, for with them you may make berries truly beautiful and ornamental. Select, for grapes, bulbs of proper size. Cut green wire stalks to correspond, and fasten a stem tightly into the hole of each ball. Melt wax and color it to represent the variety, then dip each bulb in quickly, and immediately turn the stem downward, so that the extra drop of wax, while cooling, will settle around the stem. Thus the wire will be fastened in more perfectly; and if the drop be allowed to congeal in any other place, it will spoil the shape of the grape. When all the balls have been dipped, they may be arranged in clusters and finished with flock, in the same way as those molded entirely of wax.

Glass balls for currants are smaller, but are managed similarly to grapes.

Recapitulation and General Remarks.

At this juncture, the class was called upon to report the difficulties they had met with.

Some had been troubled by wax sticking to the molds. Others complained that their molds seemed inclined to crumble.

In consideration of these, and some other perplexities, auntie concluded to reconsider several important items, which should be thoroughly familiar, before coming to the manipulation of flowers.

Plaster must be used promptly, after it is mixed, as it hardens very soon. It is then worthless. If, by a short delay, your mixture hardens only partially, and you think to remedy it by adding more water, you will find your mistake, as your mold will be soft and porous. The fine seams and grainings which should mark the mold so beautifully, are liable to break off at the first touch.

Before making a plaster mold of any object, remember to oil the object; and, also, oil the edges of each division of the mold, where the next division is expected to touch it. Remember to let each part set perfectly, too, before the next division is poured on.

Never neglect to soak the molds in warm water before wax objects are cast in them. This is done to prevent the wax from sticking to the mold, and the reason for using *warm* water, is so keep the wax from hardening too soon. When the mold is too cold, if it is large, the wax will form into ridges. If it is small, the wax will congeal before it is distributed over the mold.

Wax should be melted by a slow and gentle heat, and never allowed to become hotter than boiling water. If it is heated much above this, the wax is apt to bubble, and holes in the fruit will be the consequence. Very hot wax is likely to stick to the mold; and coloring matter changes hue by becoming too hot.

Small molds, as for some of the small fruits, should be made with a hole, where the melted wax may be poured in, and thus the fruit may be cast solid. The orifice must be made in the mold before the plaster is set; as, of course, it cannot be done afterward.

An orifice, left thus, is very convenient, too, if you wish to cast plaster toys, etc. When plaster objects are desired, they may be made just as easily as wax ones. Oil the inside of the mold, instead of wetting it as for wax. Let the plaster mixture be quite thin, so as to pour easily into the orifice of the mold.

NEWS OF SPRING.

BY MRS. ELLEN F. LATTIMORE.

O, I've had news of Spring, to-day !
 It came in the oddest, funnest way—
 You couldn't guess in ever so long ;
 You might try and try, and still be wrong.
 I was sleeping as sound as sound could be,
 When a black crow flew to the nearest tree ;
 The air was cold and wet with sleet,
 The ground lay white beneath his feet,
 But don't you think, this dear old crow
 Had come from the south, where there is no snow,
 To wake me with his loud "Caw ! caw !"
 Which means, they say, it's going to thaw ;
 Then flew away on his treeless wing ;
 He'd told me all he knew of Spring.

GETTING UP STAIRS.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

Hi ! the baby is getting up stairs,
 One step, two steps, three steps, slow.
 Down she comes with a thump, thump, thump,
 Mamma kisses the little, blue bump.
 Higher next time will the baby go,
 Mother love watches her, high or low.
 Life's a continual climbing of stairs ;
 What if too eager ones tumble and fall ?
 Up again, try again, wiser each time,
 Safely at last shall the brave feet climb.
 Fear not to follow the rallying call,
 God's dear love watches over us all.

BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS.

BY MRS. PARIZADE V. HATHAWAY.

The last days of March bring the song sparrow. From the point of his bill to the tip of his tail he is six and a half inches long. His head is brownish red and gray ; his back rufous, with dark brown and gray stripes ; his breast is white streaked with brown, and has a brown spot in the center. He loves the willows and vines along the creeks and rivers.

I hear him sing at nearly all hours of the day in spring and early summer. When thus employed, his throat swells and puffs out like the bellows of a musical instrument. "Ese, ese, ki-i-i-kiss-kiss-her !" sings a sweet, clear voice. "Kiss, kiss, ki-i-i-will !" responds another a little farther off. "Chee-chee, qui-se-se-se-sa-sweet !" warbles a third, while a fourth gives vent to his rapture in "Spik, spik, e-chi-chi-chi-a-sweet-skip-skip." These are some of the love songs of the song sparrow. The lady song sparrows open their feather-capped ears, and flitting from bush to bush, chipper over the merits of their suitors, and by the middle of April each one has

chosen herself a mate that she thinks the tiptop singer, and housekeeping begins.

"Chip ! chip ! where shall we put the nest ?" "Chip ! chip ! in a tuft of grass, or in the branches of a meadow sweet bush. There the blue jays and hawks will not see us, and the cat will have hard work to find us." Both birds go to work, and a nest is soon made of grass and weeds, and lined with fine grass and sometimes horsehairs. In this nest Mrs. Song Sparrow lays four or five eggs. They are blueish or grayish white, spotted with brown, quite thickly at the large end.

I have heard the song sparrow sing at midnight in May, when the female is sitting. A good many birds which sing in the daytime, make music at night, also, in the season of mating and sitting. Their hearts are so full of joy then, that even the midnight hour and the rising moon must be saluted with song.

I have heard the song sparrow singing less boldly, but very sweetly, on sunny days among the falling leaves of October.

This bird rears two broods in a season. He lives upon seeds and insects. He helps us by eating the seeds of noxious weeds. His young, like the young of all other small birds while in the nest, are fed entirely upon worms and soft, perfect insects. A single pair of sparrows, when they have a nestful of little ones, will destroy four or five hundred insects in a day.

The second week of April, I welcome the field sparrow. He haunts the more open woodlands and the hazel brush. He is smaller than the song sparrow. His crown is rich rufous red ; back, rufous, striped with black ; breast, yellowish white, and his bill and feet are beautifully tinted with red. His tail is long and brown, and there are two white bands across each wing.

He sings, at intervals, from the earliest dawn until the last fading twilight. "E-er, e-er, e-er, tiv-chiv-chiv-chi-i-i, tinkles out of some oak, and walking up slyly, I see that his bill is wide open, and his head upturned. His whole body vibrates with the vibrations of his song. Toward the close of the strain, the volume of tone decreases, dying away like the sound of a machine that is running down. In May and June, in the hush of night I often hear "E-er, e-er, te-de-de-de-chip-chip-dear-dear," chanted so softly and plaintively that I think my little friend is singing in his dreams. It is a sweet sound to hear in the still night.

The mates are very loving to each other, and are hardly ever seen out of each other's company. If, when they are hopping on the ground, the male finds a choice morsel, with

a gentle note he calls and invites her to partake. In the season of nesting, he brings her worms, which she accepts with great apparent delight. The nest is constructed of stiff, dry grass, and lined with horsehairs. In it will be found three or four small, grayish-white eggs spotted with brown and lavender. I often approach Mrs. Field Sparrow so closely when she is on her nest, that I can almost touch her with my hand, she, meantime, watching me with anxious eyes that look like round, black beads. As soon as the young leave the nest, which is usually placed upon the ground, the parents call them into the thick bushes, and, after a week or two of comparative silence, one may hear all day long the affectionate chipping of the parents and the "Te-ip-teep" of the little ones. The young resemble the old birds quite closely, only their breasts are streaked, and their bills are brown instead of red.

The sultry July days come, the great song season of the birds is over, the chief minstrels hop quietly about hardly indulging in even a chip, but the little field sparrow with wings drooping and bill apart from heat, still chants his simple strain. Like the song sparrow, he lives upon seeds and insects.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

BY W. O. C.

Then there was the first steamboat. I heard 'Squire Jones say that he went all the way down to Albany to see it. It was a little, fussy thing; and by a great deal of puffing and blowing, and a great deal of fretting and stewing, it went all the way from New York to Albany in *four days*. Wasn't that smart? Now, you can start on a fine morning from New York, and sail into Albany before sundown the same day. That's the way the world goes ahead.

If you should see Robert Fulton's first steamboat, going up the Hudson river to-day, you would think it only some funny little plaything, got up by schoolboys.

When Robert Fulton started from New York that day, the last thing he heard was, "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" Most of the people thought him crazy; and some thought him a fool. That wasn't a great many years ago; for it was when 'Squire Jones was a young man and he's alive yet. If Robert Fulton could come along now, he might just say to those merry New Yorkers. "What about steamboats *now*, gentlemen?" What do you suppose they would say?

HOW THE POEM IS BORN.

BY JOEL BENTON.

Little Madge, metaphysical, cunning, and sly,
Puts questions that puzzle one's wits for reply.
Now turns up her blue eyes, bright as the morn,
And asks me to tell how a poem is born.

"I have learned where the daisies and buttercups grow,"

She says, "and the ways of the robin I know;
But the verses which charm by their musical chime,"

Who makes them so pretty, and rounds them with rhyme?

"Do they fall on the paper, as snowflakes fall,
When they whiten the meadow and cornice the wall?

Who marshals their fancies just where they belong,

While the couplets pair off for the palpitant song?"

O, curious Madge, to this planet of prose
How the poem first came I can only suppose:
Perhaps on some zephyr, whose wing never tires,
Or borne from the sky on invisible wires.

There are legends which say that the musical birds

In jubilant moments break forth into words:
When the bobolink soars in his holiday time.
He goes up in a rhythmical fountain of rhyme.

But if love more than skill makes a judge of the art,

I should say that true poems arise from the heart;
And truly that world would be very forlorn.
Where song is unknown, and no poem is born.

TELL ME.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

Tell me how the bluebird sings,
Balanced high on yonder tree,
Flinging to the hungry winds
All its grief or ecstasy.

Tell me how the cherries grow,
Nodding by the window pane;
Gathering from day and night
Nectared juice and crimson stain.

Tell me how the tints are caught
In the bosom of the shell.
Tell me what the perfume means,
Breathing in the lily bell.

Tell me how the sunbeam shines,
How the crystal's form is wrought,
How electric currents move,
Tell how thought responds to thought.

Who shall tell me what I ask?
Who the lights and depths may see,
So to lift the veil that hides
Nature's primal touch from man?

Language vainly seeks to teach
This celestial range of arts;
"Tell me!" is the ceaseless cry,
Rising from unanswered hearts.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL,
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, } EDITORS.

CHICAGO, APRIL, 1871.

EASTER SPORTS.

To many of our young readers, the frontispiece will need no explanation; but in some localities the old-fashioned sports of Easter have almost passed from memory, or are only rehearsed by the chimney corner, when the old folks tell the youngsters "When I was a boy." A hen is generally supposed to have less sense than almost any biped, but even the hens, in those good, old times, must have kept a dim tradition of Easter, and marked its approach by the incessant raids upon their nests, and the swiftness with which even an incipient cackle brought a boy, rushing from some unexpected corner, to pounce upon the pearly treasure and bear it away—not to the house; and this must have puzzled the hens—but to some safe place of concealment, where, day by day, the pile grew in size, and was counted over with exultant eyes; white, cream color, buff, ochre—what did the boy want of them? was he going to set? crawled the hen, with her head on one side.

But when Easter came, and the eggs were borne in triumph to the house, each child hoping to have outdone the other in the number of his spoils, then by the aid of dye stuffs, flannel, and gay-colored calico, they were transformed into such wonderful complexions that poor biddy would have been at a still greater loss to account for them. Eggs boiled with logwood, or madder, or onion peelings, came out purple, or red, or yellow, and all mysteriously marked with figures and letters and cabalistic characters. It is awful for a dyspeptic to reflect on the number of hard-boiled eggs that are annually devoured in homage to this festival; for in many localities it is still observed in the same way. And we were shown, last summer, an Easter egg many years old, which came from Switzerland, and bore upon a wood-colored ground the most exquisite etchings in pure white of a Swiss chalet, and several landscapes.

For the benefit of the young folks, we will state that our greatest success in this work of art has been attained by coloring the eggs

in extract of madder, and then drawing upon them with a new steel pen dipped in a strong solution of oxalic acid. The acid removes the color and leaves the designs in white. Don't forget, however, that the oxalic acid is deadly poison, and be careful how you use it. A teaspoonful may be put in a cup, two or three spoonfuls of water poured on it, and as soon as you have finished your drawing, the remainder should be thrown away, and the cup immediately washed.

As for the boys in our picture, they have come to the next step in the sport—"cracking" the eggs. The philosophers assure us that action and reaction are equal; so if you hold your egg firmly in your hand, and your friend strikes it a quick blow on the point with his, the result should be that *both* will be broken, or *neither*. It does not always turn out so, however, and the chance of escape adds excitement to the sport, and great is the glory of having an egg that has "cracked" a dozen others and escaped without a wound. There's a chance here, as in almost any sport, for dishonesty; and, if we can read the faces in the picture rightly, there is a little roguery going on there. The big boy with a basket is evidently a "sharper"—you can see it in his face—and very likely his famous egg is turned out of wood, while his little comrade shows, by his anxious look, that he rather expects to get the worst of it, and almost wishes he had not risked his last egg. The faces of the group are well worth studying, and it is not the fault of the artist that in printing his picture the whole thing was reversed, and the boys made left-handed.

A TALK WITH MY BOYS.

I have two minds about you, boys. I mean you older ones, from ten to fifteen, or thereabouts. Sometimes I meet you on the streets, and you bow to me pleasantly, and your faces look so bright and manly, that I say to myself, "What grand, noble men they will make!" Or I see you at my home, or in your own homes, and you are gentlemanly and thoughtful, and I feel proud of you, and I know your mothers do, too. And then, perhaps the very next day, I see you shouting and laughing at a poor dog that is fairly frantic with terror at some dreadful thing tied to his tail; or, worse yet, I see you abusing and tyrannizing over some unlucky little mate, who doesn't happen to be as strong as you are, and can only resent your abuse by impotent rage, which seems to you vastly amusing. It is *such fun* to pelt

a poor, little wretch with snowballs, every one of which goes straight as an arrow to its mark, while his fly wildly in every direction but the right. It is *such fun* to throw a little fellow head foremost into a snowdrift, or catch him by the ends of his scarf and whirl him around until he is half strangled, and then let him drop like a bullet to the ground. It is *such fun* to run off with his ball; to split his top with a well-aimed "peg;" to send his marbles flying into a dirty puddle; to make, in a thousand ways, his life such a burden to him, that he never goes upon the street without looking nervously around to see if you are in sight.

I tell you, boys, when I see such things as these, and I have seen them for years and years, then I change my mind, and think you must have, somewhere in your natures, a streak of cowardice, and ruffianism, and meanness. Mean! Why there are no words in the English language strong enough to tell how mean it seems to me. You, who ought to be the defenders of everything weak, and unfortunate, and defenceless, whose very strength should make you gentle, and who should scorn anything so cowardly as finding pleasure in seeing others suffer, I wish I could make you feel how dastardly it all is, and how far below even the beginning of a true manhood.

The trouble is with *boy sentiment*, against which the boldest hardly dare transgress, and which is all very well, as far as it goes. The greatest bully on the playground would not venture deliberately to assault and flog a little fellow half his own size. The chivalry of all his mates would be roused to defend the weaker, and the chances are that the big tyrant would be soundly thrashed. But these smaller tyrannies the boys' code of morals does not touch; and so little by little he grows careless of the sufferings of others, and seeks his own amusement regardless of the pain of such insignificant animals as dogs, kittens, and small boys.

If you want to know what the result of all this will be, just read the paper published by the Illinois Humane Society, and see what the result has been. See what cruelties are daily and hourly inflicted, in all our cities and towns and villages, upon dumb, helpless creatures, that can only plead for mercy with their sad, pitiful eyes, and yet of all the thousands who see, few care to interfere. Do you suppose these things, that make you clench your hands to read, would be possible, if in every young heart had been carefully developed a sentiment of noble chivalry which should make of the boy a crusader

against meanness and cruelty in every form, whether small or great?

I wish I could enroll you all as Knights of the Legion of Honor, sworn, like good King Arthur and his brave Knights of the Round Table, to draw swords only in a good and holy cause, to be "fearless as men, gentle as women, and pure as the saints of the Lord."

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the article in this number entitled "Birds and Their Ways," and we hope that in every region where THE CORPORAL goes, keen, young eyes will make their own observations on the merry little visitants whose habits are so well worth noting. Yesterday, (the sixth of March,) we heard our first robin, singing in the early morning of a warm, moist day. There are traditions of bluebirds, but we have not verified them with our own eyes or ears. By the time this reaches our readers, there will be early matinees given by quartet clubs of rare performers in almost every clump and thicket, and, in many localities, preparations for housebuilding will be quietly going on.

We wish especially to commend the articles on "Art Amusements" to the attention of our readers. They are very carefully prepared, and great pains have been taken to make the directions so full and explicit that there will be no difficulty in carrying them out, and acquiring the beautiful art of making these perfect imitations of the blossoms and fruits of summer. We advise our young friends to join Aunt Phebe's class, and experiment with them.

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- Prudy's Pocket.

The first letter that came to hand this month contained a present for Prudy, the very prettiest baby picture that can be imagined, of little Rissie Goodell's twin sisters. Prudy never gets tired of looking at them, and feels as if she wanted to take them right in her arms and hug them, especially the little, dark-eyed beauty, which she feels sure must be "the very prettiest one, that went to God."

Thank you Rissie; and this reminds Prudy of something she meant to ask the boys and girls of the Corporal's army. She wants pictures enough of all her little friends to fill the very biggest album she can find in the city of Chicago. Who will send pictures for Prudy's album. She has a few to start it; a noble-looking little soldier, from *Brooklyn, Iowa*, that came this month, and several that have been sent before. We give, below, a letter from the son of a missionary in Umsundugi, Africa:

Umsundugi, Africa. "Dear Prudy: Having seen in your pocket a letter from a missionary's child in China, it reminded me that I had not performed my duty in thanking Mr. Sewell for his kindness in sending us *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. I hereby take this opportunity of doing so, and shall also give a brief account of the country in which we live. We live fifteen miles from the beautiful Indian Ocean, which bounds Natal on the east. The Draakenberg mountains bound it on the west. Port Natal was discovered by Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese navigator, in 1487, and was so named by him from the occurrence of his having discovered it on Christmas day. Although in a temperate climate, the country produces tropical fruits, so, if you came here, I could show you sugar-cane fields, and coffee plantations; oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, and grandadillas. When the coffee trees are in blossom they are very pretty, the branches being covered with white blossoms, have the appearance of snow. We have no navigable rivers. Our mountains are high table lands, very pretty to look at, but not so grand as those we read about, beyond the Mississippi. Not long since you mentioned the diamonds which have been discovered, lying on the top of the ground; they are now found beneath the surface. It is reported that there are 9,000 diggers at work; very many have gone from Natal. Some report to have been successful. The Transvaal lies on

our western border. I could tell you marvelous stories of the diamonds which have been found, but I am afraid it would take up too much room in your pocket. S. F. MELLENS."

Butterville, Ind. "Dear Prudy: I want to know why you don't put your picture in *THE CORPORAL*, when we all want to see it so much? And are you going to have any more about Tommy in the paper? or Kitty Clover, that went to the Cricket Country? Isn't Tommy Bancroft your little boy? and aren't you Mrs. Miller? and how much do you charge for a photograph? Do please to answer my questions."

Stop, and catch your breath, Eda, and let me think. 1st. Prudy doesn't make the pictures for *THE CORPORAL*, and the man who does make them always tries to get something pretty. 2d. Yes, there will be more about Tommy in the *May CORPORAL*; and we'll see about Kitty Clover. 3d. Tommy Bancroft is Prudy's little boy because she discovered him; and, if the children keep on guessing, Prudy will forget who she is. Last month the weight of evidence seemed to be in favor of Mrs. Sewell; this month Grace Greenwood has the majority. 4th. Prudy isn't in the photograph business.

Battle Creek, Mich. "Dear Prudy: I am ten years old, and have never been to school, but I learn at home, and I send one of my compositions for your pocket."

A TRUE STORY ABOUT OUR COLT.

His name is Nobby. He is very knowing, and full of mischief. One day the girls were playing in the back yard, and Nobby got out and chased them. They were afraid, and climbed on a hay stack, to get out of his way. He came and knocked down the ladder, and then ran off, leaving them to slide down the side of the stack. A wooden horse had been left down by the pond, and Nobby took it in his mouth and brought it to one of the men at the barn. Once a hoe was left by the fence, and Nobby reached over and took it, and carried it down the lane to his pasture.

A very good composition, Master Frank.

Ida, who does not date her letter, apologizes for her penmanship by saying,

"I cannot write very well, for I am left handed, but grandma told me to do the best I could, and so I did. My papa sent me a dollar to do what I chose with, and so I sent for *THE CORPORAL*."

From *Dexter, Iowa*, Flora sends a very interesting letter, though not so neatly written as the left-handed one.

"I have just returned from a tour to the Rocky Mountains, where I spent six months. In sight of snow all the time. I went up the mountains so high I could look down on the clouds. Pa bought me a beautiful Rocky Mountain pony, of our guide. He is gray, and very swift, and very gentle. He will shake hands with me, and eat cake and apples out of my hand. He can climb mountains that I should be afraid to climb on foot, and leap over the ditches that are used to water the fields and gardens, for they do not have rain in Colorado as we do in the States. I can ride him on the full lope, for I am eleven years old, and have been used to riding since I was eight."

Cressline, Ohio. "My little cousin and I thought we would write you a letter. We like *THE CORPORAL* so well that we are lonesome from the time that we read one number till the next comes. Nelly is six years old, and me

seven. Our little baby brother is only two years old, but he holds out his chubby hands to see the pictures. We want to write something that would interest you, and don't know what to write. Our papas keep store. We go to school every day. We had to look in Mr. Webster's big book to see how to spell some of the words, and some of them mamma told us. This is the first letter we wrote. From Nellie and her cousin."

It would be a very cross old Prudy who wasn't pleased and interested with so nice a letter as that.

Boston, Mass. "I read that story about the toy nation, that Frank and Milly had, and I thought it was so nice I should like to have one. So my grandmother let me have the front attic to make it in, and I went to work at once to carry up the toys that I needed. I made a royal palace out of my baby house, a printing office of a large box, a prison, with bars like a real one, a hotel, and a fort. Then I made a store, a church, a park, with a little pond, and a log cabin; a large town hall, with a saloon over it, and, last of all, a square in the middle, with the houses all clustering around it; and that is all my nation. I don't suppose it was as good as Frank's and Milly's was, but I think I like it as well as they did theirs."

If Nelly's nation is as neatly and carefully ordered as her letter, Prudy feels sure it must be a nice place to live, even if it is in a garret.

Pensacola, Fla. "Dear Prudy: I am a little girl eleven years old. I take THE CORPORAL, and I think he is the jolliest, nicest, and sweetest little fellow in the world; don't you? Ain't you Mrs. Miller's daughter? If you, and Mr. Sewell, and Mrs. Miller ever come this way, please come and see us. I have the best grandma there ever was; she is just like a fairy. And I have a big brother away at college; he is just like Nelson. What has become of Tommy Bancroft? I have a sister married in Tennessee. I am going to make you a book mark. Good bye. EMMA."

Lansing, Iowa. "Dear Prudy: My little sister Millie, who is only five years old, knit a pair of wristers for papa's birthday present, and now she is knitting some for grandpa. Don't you think she is doing pretty well, for a little girl."

Yes, indeed.

And here is another smart one:

WEST BROOKFIELD, VT., JAN. 5TH.
"DEAR PRUDY: I AM A LITTLE GIRL SIX YEARS OLD NEXT FEB. FIFTH DAY. I HAVE NEVER BEEN TO SCHOOL. BUT I HAVE READ THE FIRST READER THROUGH THREE TIMES, AND THE SECOND READER TWICE. I HAVE PIECED EIGHTY-ONE BLOCKS FOR A BEDQUILT. I AM LEARNING TO KNIT. I LIKE THE LITTLE CORPORAL MUCH. PLEASE PUT THIS IN YOUR POCKET. NELLIE E. BOLTON."

Madison, Ind. "Dear Prudy: This is my third subscription to THE CORPORAL, and I earned the money myself. I am only seven years old, and mamma will have to copy my letter for me, for I cannot write very well. I like Prudy's Pocket best of all THE CORPORAL, because Prudy always answers the children just as if she used to be a little girl herself. If you print my letter please put my name to it. MARY C. WOOD."

Two little brothers in Genoa, N. Y., saved

pumpkin seeds enough to pay for their paper; and a little girl earned hers by sewing carpet rags at five cents a pound. A boy in *Stdney, Iowa*, caught a mink in a steel trap, and sold the skin for the subscription price.

Bethany, Ohio. "I do want to tell you how I got my money. I had half a dollar in my savings bank, and I went to the slaughter house, got one hundred bladders, blew them up, and sold them at the store for one cent apiece. They didn't cost me anything, so I made a dollar. Isn't that pretty well for a nine-year-old."

Pretty well; but it makes Prudy's lungs ache to think of that "blowing up." She wonders if Frank had any breath left, and what the "store folks" wanted of the bladders.

"I have pretty hard work to get subscribers, but I read about the mouse that nibbled his way through the mountain, so I mean to keep nibbling until I get my premium."

That's a brave little mouse for you!

Pleasant Ridge, Ohio. "Dear Prudy: I sold one of my turkeys for \$1.50, to pay for THE CORPORAL; gave one to Aunt Maggie and one to Aunt Mary for their Christmas dinners; kept one for my ma, and sold two for \$1.50 each, so I have three dollars. I am trying to get a watch for a premium, and I have sent thirty subscribers already."

Prudy wants to tell all the children about a little fellow two years and four months old, who climbed yesterday upon her writing desk, took possession of pen and paper, and began to scribble away, talking all the time to himself, in this fashion:

"George meddle? no. Good Georgie, mind; Georgie w'te 'tory; Georgie w'te letter. Write letter 'Anta Claus. Yet ma'am, 'Anta Claus, poor Georgie got no candy, 'tall 'tall."

It is perhaps needless to add that the pathos of that appeal to Santa Claus brought a reinforcement to the little fellow's supply of candy.

Wellsboro, Pa. "Dear Prudy: While stopping in this place for a short time, there came to the door, one day, a timid little girl with a bunch of beautiful flowers. The note was addressed to "W. O. C." It said, "From a little girl who loves to read THE CORPORAL. The flowers were very sweet, but I think they must have been meant for Prudy. W. O. C."

Prudy thanks W. O. C., but she does not claim a patent right on all the love of all the children, but is content to share it with the other workers, among whom W. O. C. holds a high rank. Is not this so, little folks?

Fort Gibson, Ind. Ter. "Messrs. Sewell & Miller: This letter is for Prudy, for I am a little girl, and don't like to write to gentlemen. Perhaps, dear Prudy, you don't get any letters from Indian girls or boys. My papa and mamma are Cherokees, so I am one, too, and we live on the Arkansas River, near Ft. Gibson. I have three brothers, and they all love to have mamma read THE CORPORAL. When a new number comes, mamma reads a piece every evening until we get through. This money belongs to us three, so this year I will let Johnny receive it, besides, he never had anything come to him from the post office, and I think he will be proud, and try to learn to read better."

Private Quer's



THE VOWEL GAME.

We are ready, at last, to announce the successful competitors for the vowel prizes, which, it will be remembered, were offered for the best, most intelligent, and longest articles or stories, containing no contractions, and making use of but one vowel each. After a great deal of careful examination, by several judges, the following are decided to have won:

1. "Amasa MacLanahan's Farm and Walhalla Hall." 884 words, 1321 vowels. EDWARD L. BURGESS, Panama, N. Y.
2. "Bees; self sketched." 962 words, over 2,000 vowels. "BECK," Newport, R. I.
3. "Miss Higgins' first Night in Mississippi." 865 words, over 1,200 vowels. MINNIE D. BATEMAN, Painesville, O.
4. "School Sports." 664 words, 841 vowels. "PERSE VERANCE," Galesburg, Ill.
5. "Rum's Humbug Fun." 408 words, 484 vowels. "JOSEPHINE," Cleveland, Ohio.

We cannot give the space to publish all of these entire, but will use a part, at least, of each one.

And now, to the thousands of disappointed workers, we can only say, you have done bravely. We have been perfectly astonished at the length and excellence of many of the articles sent, and feel sure their preparation must have been a great benefit to the young writers.

A great many ask to know the faults of their articles, and, as personal answers are impossible, we can only give a few of the more prominent causes of failure.

1st. Use of contractions; "isn't," "twere," "can't," etc.; and of w and y when not allowable.

2. Joining in close connection verbs of past and present tense. We do not require strict adherence to the rules of grammatical construction, yet, of two articles, equal in other respects, we give the preference to that having the fewest violations.

3. Bad spelling; in some cases *very* bad.

4. Long lists of disconnected words, all dependent upon one verb, or qualifying one noun.

5. Unnecessary and ungrammatical repetition of the subject, simply to add to the length of the sentence; as, for instance, in a *very* long article nearly every line contained the subject, "Poor, old, forlorn Solomon."

6. The use of *that*, for *who*, or *which*. In many cases *which*, and *that*, are used interchangeably, and the choice is simply a matter of taste. But when we say "That that that man had that sat at Alabama," etc., instead of "That *which* that man had *who* sat at Alabama," it is neither sensible nor grammatical.

We made a few discoveries in the course of our

examinations, which may be of interest. U is the most difficult vowel to manage, only one or two articles of any considerable length being sent on that vowel. The O articles, as a general rule, were the most senseless, and the longest; but the E's gave the highest ratio of vowels to the number of words.

The similarity of articles on the same letter was very amusing, no less than seven telling the story of "Estelle, the gentle shepherdess," one of which histories was inserted last month, by mistake, instead of another Estelle, which was free from the blunders so easily seen in the one published.

AMASA MACLANAHAN'S FARM AND WALHALLA HALL.

Amasa MacLanahan has a grand farm and a grand hall at Canasaraeta, and calls that hall Walhalla. Walhalla Hall stands aback, and tall tanaracks and catalpas stand as watch and ward, and flank all paths and walks. Grass plats, and a grand arch, and standard plants, as amaranth, balsams, callas, and cannas, charm all at Walhalla yard. Dark, damask arras, and fragrant garlands hang at Walhalla Hall, and Argand and astral lamps, as stars, flash afar. Amasa, a tall, dark, stalwart man, talks fast, and walks fast, and grasps cash fast, and all call Amasa MacLanahan a fast, smart man. Bland Madam Barbara MacLanahan has vast tact, and a knack at all arts, and attracts and charms all at Walhalla Hall. Madam Barbara's garb was black alpaca, and madam had a warm astrachan sack and hat, and a flash sash and scarf.

Amasa, a tall, frank lass, and Anna Amanda, and smart lads, Abraham and Barnabas Amasa's lads, smart chaps, transact all hard farm tasks; drag, and plant, and thrash, and amass vast stacks at Amasa's barnyard, and card flax, and drag sand and marl, as all smart farm lads can. As sharp, fall blasts waft past Walhalla Hall, Abraham and Barnabas attach Amasa's nags and calash, and wrap Madam Barbara and Anna Amanda as warm as Agatha and Alsieka wrap can, and snap a lash at Amasa's fast span, and dash past Amasa's grand park, and back at dark.

Abraham MacLanahan was a gallant lad, and cards Amasa's fast nags, dark Fan and black Dan, as Fan and Dan stand at stalls at Amasa MacLanahan's warm barn. Abraham has a smart, black nag, a small calash, and warm lap wraps, at Amasa's barn; and Amasa awards Abraham a grand Walhalm watch, and warrants that at all hazards Abraham can amass cash as fast as Amasa has. Glad Abraham thanks Amasa, and plans that papa's rash warrant shall stand fast.

At dark, farm tasks past, astral lamps flash, and papa and mamma and all chat, and Abraham and Barnabas draft maps, and charts, and flags, and plan traps, anagrams, and penagrams; and Grandpa MacLanahan, a gallant tar, calls back all past hap, and naval yarns.

Anna Amanda had a harp, and sang psalms, and chants, and ballads, glad and sad. And Anna was an arch lass, apt at small talk, as was Madam Barbara, Anna's mamma. Anna Amanda has a smart, black cat, Anna calls Blackball. Anna's cat can catch rats at Amasa's barn, and snatch balls, and snarl grandma's yarn.

Agatha VanAldamar, Amasa MacLanahan's ward, was a sad lass, lank and tart, a laggard at all tasks, and backward at grammar. Wan Agatha has catarrh and asthma, and talks crank and at haphazard. Agatha was a rash madcap; and Agatha's madcap pranks at last start Amasa's wrath. Agatha, mad at Amasa's sharp sarcasms, stamps, and snaps, and snarls, and alarms Madam Barbara, and Anna Amanda stands aghast. As Agatha's mad spasms calm, Amasa grasps Agatha's arm, and warns Agatha that madcap pranks shall lack all warrant at Walhalla Hall. Agatha has vast cash at Canasaraeta bank, and that was all Agatha's charm; and that can catch gallants and sparks. Grand beards at vacant barracks at Canasaraeta, and tract and charm Agatha, and Anna Amanda, and all Walhalla.

Caspar Chapman, a farm hand, was a bad man, a blatant scamp, and an arrant rascal. Apt at flagrant claptrop, and at mad bacchanal acts, Caspar was a slack hand at all farm tasks. Sabbath, Papal mases, and altars at Canasaraeta attract Caspar, and all Amasa's farm hands. Caspar drank Malaga, and schnaps, and tap-lash. At last, Caspar's bad acts alarm Amasa; and, as Caspar acts as bad as a man can, Amasa warns, and barks, "Pack and start." "Alas! slack!" gasps Caspar, as Amasa talks. At dark, Caspar ranacks all Walhalla, and grabs what cash Amasa had at hand, and tramps. At last, Caspar, that sharp landshark, stabs a man, and hangs.

Amasa MacLanahan's farm has a small tract flat land, and a stagnant marsh. Grass stands rank and

tall at Walhalla Farm. Canasaraeta Branch ran past Amasa MacLanahan's farm, and had a small tail and a grand cataract. Tail shagbarks, hardbacks, and hackmatacks, and fragrant sassafras flank Walhalla Falls; and tall and sharp crags, as hard as adamant, and dark trapstrata hang aslant at that vast chasm. Amasa's lads, Abraham and Barnabas, catch black bass, carp, and shad, and clams, at Canasaraeta Branch, and splash and dash planks and small rafts as far as Walhalla Falls.

Fast cars pass Walhalla Farm; and Amasa's farm hands pack bags and sacks, and cart all, and stand at track as cars halt. Amasa has vast cash at Canasaraeta bank, and Walhalla Farm grants all that cash, and all a man can want. What a man wants, that a farm grants; and a grand "Sam" has vast vacant lands, and can grant all lads a farm. What a charm has a farm.

E. B., of New York.

84 words, 1321 s's, and no other vowel.

ALPHABET SENTENCE.

The best alphabet sentence which we have received is the following, which fulfils all the conditions laid down by Mr. Sewell:

Vidocq Skwarbz flung Jer Phyxht.

SARAH E. HAGAMAN, Wassonville, Iowa.

No. 11.—CHARADE.

I am composed of eight letters. My first, second, third, and fourth, make part of a lady's dress; my fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth, form an article of defense for many animals; and my whole may be found on the map of South America.

F. R. F.

No. 12.—CHARADE.

If you transpose the five letters that spell the name of a small animal, highly prized for his fur, they will give you the name of a town in Switzerland, where the clock, are always kept an hour too fast, in memory of a conspiracy designed to murder the magistrate, and which was discovered in consequence of an error in the town clock, which struck an hour too soon.

F. R. F.

No. 13.—A PICTURE STORY.—HOW WILLIE PITIED THE OLD HORSE.



The Reading will be given in the next number.

W. G. C.

ANSWERS TO CHARADE, ETC., MAR. NO.

No. 3.—*Charade*.—Ben-net. No. 4.—*Charade*.—Joseph-us. No. 5.—*Initial Enigma*.—Salem, Ephesus, Alexandria, Rome, Corinth, Haran, Tarsus, Hebron, Ephraim, Sodom, Cana, Rhodes, Iconium, Philippi, Tyre, Ur, Rinnnon, Ephrata, Smyrna; Search the Scriptures. No. 6.—*Charade*.—Lie-bray-wry (library). No. 7.—*French Puzzle*.—Boy and his dog. The puzzle consists in the play upon the word *suite*, which is the first person singular of the present tense, indicative mood, both of the verb *sire* (to be), and *sinore* (to follow). It seems, when not keeping this fact in view, to be a flat contradiction in terms; but understanding this twofold meaning of *suite*, the solution is plain. The dog says, "I am not what I follow; for if I were what I follow, I should not be what I am." It is considered by the French very ingenious, and puzzles many a good French scholar, at first glance. No. 8.—*Hidden Geography*.—Boston, Portland, Barnstable, Rhode Island, Mississippi, Missouri. No. 9.—*Charade*.—Richmond.

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY NO. 10.

(SEE MARCH NUMBER.)

One evening a youngster, we'll call Master Ned, A wonderful tale in a fairy book read— How Jack, with his hatchet, went climbing so high On a magical bean stalk quite up to the sky. Then he went off to bed, and he dream'd that he found A big yellow flower growing out of the ground; And taking his seat with the greatest of care, The blossom shot upward straight into the air. "Bow, wow!" said old Rover; said Neddy, "Goo-bye," As he rose o'er the fence, and the steeple so high; And the man-in-the-moon, as he came into view, Looked over his shoulder to ask, "Who are you?" "Good evening, old fellow," the youngster he cried, "I'd take it quite kind if you'd give me a ride." "Come on!" said the man-in-the-moon, with a grin, "My boat is right here, if you'll only jump in." But the wicked old cheat, when Neddy was in, Turned keel in the air, and upset in a minute. Down, down through the night, what a horrible way! But he came to the ground at the breaking of day, And found, as he waked, he had tumbled from bed, And lay on the floor with a bump on his head.

Johnny.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

JOHN E. MILLER,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

No. 9 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

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Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us without any loss.

Registered letters, under the new system, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money, where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe the Registry fee as well as postage, must be paid in stamps, at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it. Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending one dollar and a half or less, you may send greenbacks at our risk; where more than that sum is sent, either of above ways will be safe.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

The month of April is a good time to canvass for subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Those who have not yet completed their clubs, should do so at once, and claim their Premiums.

Subscriptions may begin with the April number, but be particular and tell us so when you write; for if nothing is said to the contrary, we always send the back numbers from January.

A Special Offer.

The publisher of THE LITTLE CORPORAL offers to send—free by mail—to every subscriber who sends \$1.50 for the full year 1871, and requests it at the time of subscribing, one copy of our superb steel line engraving THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.

This has been the most popular premium that ever has been offered. It was engraved expressly for us, and has received the highest commendations from the leading artists in the land. Now, boys and girls, begin the work anew, as the offer of this picture will aid you much in getting names to your clubs. Remember, every subscriber gets the picture, and the names will count on your club for a premium besides.

RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.—We continue the offer made last month, and will send a copy of the \$6 chromo for two subscribers and \$2 in cash besides.

OUR NEW PREMIUMS.

BOOKS.—We offer as a premium—*Highways and Hedges*, by Emily Huntington Miller. This is one of a prize series published by the Massachusetts S. S. Society. It is one of the best stories Mrs. Miller has ever written, and will prove a desirable premium. We also offer *Little Women* and *An Old Fashioned Girl*, by Louisa M. Alcott; and several other popular and interesting books.

SILVER-PLATED WARE.—We desire to confine our plated ware premiums to *forks* and *spoons*; though if any one has been working for any other article, if they will write and inform us what it is, we will give them the terms. We have put these premiums very low, and it will offer a chance for every family to have a set of silver-plated forks and spoons.

ELGIN WATCHES.—We have made some changes in the number of subscribers required to obtain one of these elegant watches. A good and reliable timekeeper is certainly now within the reach of every boy or girl that reads THE CORPORAL.

FIELD CROQUET.—The most popular game for out-door amusement ever invented is Bradley's Field Croquet. We have put these so low, that it offers a rare chance for every family to obtain one. Sent by express either from Chicago, or from the factory at Springfield, Mass.

DOLLAR STEAM ENGINE.—We bought one of these for a Christmas present for the little folks at home, and it has furnished them an endless source of amusement and instruction. We have given it a thorough test and found it perfectly safe. Given for two subscribers sent at one time and 30 cents to pay postage.

EMERSON'S BINDER.—Every one who takes THE CORPORAL should carefully preserve each number. We have found nothing better to do this than Emerson's Binder. Sent for two subscribers, or THE CORPORAL one year and the Binder for two dollars, sent at one time.

THE PRIZE STORY.

Manuscripts offered in competition for the \$500 prize, will be received up to the first of August. All interested in the matter are invited to send for a circular containing full particulars.

THE CORPORAL IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

We are sending THE CORPORAL to a number of Sunday Schools at reduced rates, when taken in large quantities. Though not strictly a Sunday School magazine, yet THE CORPORAL's mission is, as its beautiful motto indicates, to fight against Wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, and thus furnishes reading matter eminently suitable for the Sunday School scholar or teacher.

THE PITTSBURGH (PA.) Leader says: "The firm of Geo. P. Rowell & Co. is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business *scientifically* and *systematically* in such a way; that is, to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

PREMIUM LIST, REVISED.

Read Carefully this entire Page, as Important Changes have been made in the Number of Subscribers required to obtain some of the Premiums—also, New and Elegant Articles added.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Hereafter all subscribers who send us \$1.50 for the full year 1871, and who shall request it at the time of subscribing, will receive free by mail one copy of the superb steel line engraving, **THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS.**

All premium engravings, and books of less price than five dollars are sent **POST PAID at our cost.**

We deliver all other Premiums (except Organs, Sewing Machines, etc.) at our office, free of charge, and will send them by mail, (when they are such articles as can go by mail), when the claimants send stamps to prepay postage. All that cannot go by mail may be sent by express, receivers paying express charges on same. Organs etc. are sent by express or railroad freight from the factories, the receivers paying freight charges.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

In every case names must be accompanied by the regular subscription price, *one dollar and a half a year.*

For two names we send, post paid, either of the following: One copy of our Pocket Scripture Atlas, cloth, gilt, Price 75 cents; or, the School Edition of Reed's Drawing Lessons.

For three names we send, post paid, either of the following: Mrs. Miller's "The Royal Road to Fortune," (price \$1.50); large edition of "Reed's Drawing Lessons," (price \$1.50); either of the fine steel engravings, "Babe of Bethlehem," or "From Shore to shore," (price of each \$2.00).

For four names the beautiful steel engraving "Sunshine and Shadow," (price \$3); Craig's Microscope, see another item.

All the engravings are sent by mail, on strong rollers, and are warranted to reach our patrons in good order.

For five names, (they need not all be sent at one time), **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** free for one year.

OUR CHROMOS OF RED RIDINGHOOD AND THE WOLF.—The large size, (18x24 inches, same size as the original painting, for which we paid the artist, Mr. Beard, one thousand dollars,) price \$10, sent by express for a club of ten names; and the smaller size, which is just as good a chromo, (13x18 inches,) price \$6, by mail, post paid, for a club of six names. Or you may send six names and \$2 besides for the larger one or two names and \$2 besides for the smaller one.

For eight names the beautiful chromo "Morning Prayer," (11x15 inches, price \$6,) mounted, sent by mail, postpaid. The same for five names and \$2 besides.

ORGAN PREMIUMS.—Parlor and church Organs of five different makers are sent as premiums, as follows: (We name here only one, low-priced instrument from each maker. Larger and higher priced ones can be sent at proportionate rates):

Peloubet, Pelton & Co.'s Organ—Price \$130, for 134 subscribers, or for 30 subscribers and \$66 besides.

Estey's Organ—Price \$140, for 144 subscribers, or for 30 subscribers and \$75 besides.

Smith's (American) Organ—Price \$155, for 160 subscribers, or for 30 subscribers and \$80 besides.

Prince & Co.'s Organ—Price \$180, for 180 subscribers, or for 30 subscribers and \$70 besides.

Mason & Hamlin's Organ—Price \$125, for 144 subscribers, or for 30 subscribers and \$75 besides.

Many prefer to send more than 30 names; some send from 100 to 150 names. In such cases the cash payment is, of course, reduced. Address us for further particulars. Schools and churches can easily comply with these terms, if they take hold of the matter with a will to do it. Many private individuals have received organs as premiums; others may do the same.

CRAIG'S MICROSCOPES.—One of the celebrated Craig Microscopes will be given for a club of four names. Postage 25 cents.

FIELD CROQUET.—From Milton, Bradley & Co. No. 1.—Price \$6.00, for six subscribers, or for two names at \$1.50 each and \$3.00 besides.

No. 2.—Price \$3.00, for nine subscribers, or for two names at \$1.50 each, and \$6.00 besides. Sent by express from Chicago, or Springfield, Mass.

DOLLAR STEAM ENGINE.—(From Colby & Bros.) price \$1.00, for two names at \$1.50 each, sent at one time. Postage 30 cents.

EMERSON'S BINDER.—**LITTLE CORPORAL** size, price 60 cents, for two subscribers at \$1.50 each, or **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** for one year and the Binder for \$2.00, sent at one time.

WATCHES.—We have a new, premium Watch, made especially for us by Hight Watch Co. Three numbers, all put up in fine, coin silver hunting cases.

No. 1.—Price \$35, for a club of 24 names at \$1.50 each, or for a club of ten, and \$18 besides.

No. 2.—Price \$33, for a club of 22 names at \$1.50, or for 10 subscribers and \$16 cash besides.

No. 3. Price \$30, for a club of 20 subscribers at \$1.50, or for 10 subscribers and \$13 besides. Watches are sent by express.

SILVER-PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS.—Rogers & Bro.'s best double plated.

Tea Spoons.—For 8 names one dozen Tea Spoons, price \$4.75; one half dozen for 5 subscribers.

Table Spoons.—one dozen Table Spoons, price \$10, for 16 names; one half dozen for 9 names.

Table Forks.—One dozen, price \$10, for 16 names; one half dozen 9 names.

We offer one of COLBY'S Celebrated Patent Cloth Wringers, price \$7.50, for every club of seven subscribers to **THE CORPORAL.** See advertisement.

SHERMAN'S Improved Clothes Wringer. (see advertisement in this Number of our magazine), is sent for same number of subscribers to **THE CORPORAL.**

Both these Premiums sent by express either from Chicago or from New York City, if you so request when you claim the premium.

IN CLUB WITH OTHER PERIODICALS.

We also offer **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** in club with other magazines, etc., for one year, at the prices named below for both: **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, and

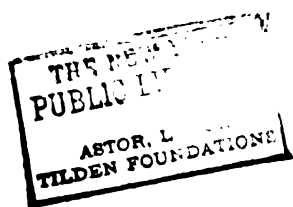
Harper's Magazine.....	\$4.65	N.Y. Weekly Tribune.....	3.00
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Harper's Bazar.....	4.65	Western Rural.....	3.00
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Galaxy.....	4.65	Nash's Toledo Blade.....	2.50
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Overland Monthly.....	4.65	The School Festival.....	1.50
Phrenological Journ'l.....	3.65	National S. S. Teacher.....	2.35
Godey's Lady's Book.....	3.25	The Mother's Journal.....	3.00
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BOOK PREMIUMS.

Besides our own books, named above, the following books will be sent, by us, postpaid, for the number of subscribers to **THE LITTLE CORPORAL** named before each title.

	Price.
4—Homepun, or Five and Twenty Years ago.....	1.75
5—Ezra's Rabies. Cloth, gilt.....	1.75
4—Milton's Paradise Lost. Cloth, gilt.....	1.75
4—Swiss Family Robinson. Illustrated.....	1.50
5—Dr. Hooker's Child's Book of Nature.....	2.00
5—DuChallu's Wild Life.....	1.75
5—Robinson Crusoe. Illustrated.....	1.75
5—Tenny's Natural History of Animals.....	2.00
The following six books by John Ingelow.....	
9—Songs of Seven. Elegantly Illustrated, gilt.....	5.00
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3—A Sister's Bye-hours.....	1.25
3—Mopsa, the Fairy.....	1.25
5—Jean Ingelow's Poems.....	2.25
6—Little Women. By Louisa M. Alcott. 2 vols.....	3.00
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5—Moth and Rust. Hoyt's Prize Series.....	1.65
5—Both Sides of the Street. Hoyt's Prize Series.....	1.65
4—Highway and Hedges. Emily H. Miller.....	1.50
4—Shining Hours. By Paul Moraine.....	1.50

Any of the above books sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of price given above.





THE GARDENER.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG ; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XII.—MAY, 1871.—NO. 5.

A VISIT TO ROBIN-DOWN.

BY RUTH WARRINGTON.



MAMMA, is this Fourth of July?" asked Ellie, taking her chin off the back of the seat, and patting her mother's arm.

"No, dear," replied her mother; "why do you ask?"

"Because we are going to grandma's," said Ellie.

"It is to make you well, Ellie," said Dora. "Papa said so, yesterday."

"But we always go at Fourth of July," said Ellie, "and I have no torpedocs;" and she turned around again and looked through the car.

The car was nearly full, and Ellie had examined every one in it, so that when she looked at the tall girl with curls, she felt as if she knew her; and the only change she saw, was that the baby, who had been asleep so long, was awake now, and was eating a cracker. Her mother was leaning back, with her eyes closed, and Ellie laid her head on the back of the seat, and felt very tired. She had been sick—so sick that once papa had held her in his arms all night, and the doctor did not go home until morning. She was much better now, for then she was too weak to stand. Papa put them on the boat last night, and they had ridden in the cars all day, and Ellie would have cried in a few minutes, but that the engine bell began to ring, and Dora jumped up and said,

"Is this grandma's, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," said her mother; and she took down the bags and gave Dora the lunch basket.

"Come, Ellie, no tears; there, take mamma's shawl."

The cars were slowly running into the sta-

tion, and when they were opposite the platform, the conductor lifted Dora and Ellie down, and there was a tall man with a rough coat, bowing and holding out his hand for the bags.

"How are they, David?" asked the mother.

"Well, Mis' Parker. You're right welcome," said the tall man.

A stage coach was standing by the wooden platform which was on two sides of the station, and two farmers' wagons were near it. At the other side of the station house was a carryall, with a brown horse attached to it.

"There is Rex," cried Dora, running and patting the nose of the brown horse.

"May I give him a cracker, mamma?" asked Dora; and on receiving a nod from Mrs. Parker, she fumbled in the lunch basket and found a cracker for Rex. He pointed down his ears as he took it, and looked at Ellie as if he thought she ought to come and see him, too. But David had put Ellie and the bags into the carryall, and they were waiting for Dora.

"Well, Miss Dora, you remember old friends, don't you?" said David.

"Yes," said Dora. "Has the white hen any chickens?"

"Not yet," replied David; and getting into his place, they trotted briskly away.

Past the post office, the store, and the church, through the long street to a little shaded road, Rex trotted with the carryall and the children. Ellie sat up and looked out, and when they came in sight of a large house, with a graveled road leading to the door, she clapped her hands and said,

"There is grandma!"

"Yes," said Dora, "and there are the lilac bushes, and Aunt Sue;" and she shook the lunch basket so hard that the cover came

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off, and the crackers and cakes rolled about the carryall.

Rex stopped at the door of his own accord, and Dora and Ellie were kissed, and Aunt Sue patted Ellie's cheeks, and said,

"We must have some roses here."

"Early roses, Sue," said Mrs. Parker; and they all went up to the rooms Mrs. Parker and the children were going to occupy.

There was one large room with a big bed, and a little room, opening from it, with a cot and a little washstand, with a blue bowl and pitcher.

"This is for me," said Dora, "laying her hat on the white spread."

"Yes," said Aunt Sue; "and I will show you how to make your own bed."

When the dust of the journey had been washed away, they all went down to the sitting room, and in a few minutes, Kate, the servant, brought in the tea. There were nice broiled chicken, and eggs, and brown and white bread, and honey, and "Grandma's cookies," as Dora called the white cakes with sugar on the top. But best of all was the milk; and Dora declared she would have only bread and milk for breakfast every day.

Soon after tea, Ellie's eyes began to close, and she was put to bed, while Dora had permission to run out for a little while. She ran out at the front door and swung on the gate.

The house was large and low, with rooms on both sides of the door. The porch was built out, and vines and trees covered it with green. Rooms had been added at different times, and there were odd, little windows, with latticed panes and no shutters. Vines crept all over the house, and two or three robins were flying in and out among the vines and lilac bushes.

As Dora swung on the gate, she could just see the fence with pickets on the top which shut in the garden at the back of the house. On the other side, she could see the corner of the barn, and hear Rex stamping in his stable. But she was tired, and was glad when Mrs. Parker called her to put her to bed; and she and Ellie slept so soundly that they did not know when their mother came to bed, and they hardly moved until the next morning.

When Dora looked out of the window, in the morning, it was raining. Patter, patter, great drops, and not a bird in sight.

"O dear!" said Dora, "how hard it does rain!"

"Never mind," called Mrs. Parker, from the front room. "Come and get your clover-blossom dress."

Dora's "clover-blossom dress" was one with little leaves on it, to which she had given that name.

The bread and milk for breakfast was very satisfactory, and afterward Dora helped Aunt Sue put up the cups and saucers, and then Aunt Sue showed her how to make her bed. But Ellie was too small to do such things, and grandma called her and gave her a roll of pieces of calico. The sitting room had a bay window, and Ellie sat down on the floor in this window, and unrolled the pieces. There were many colors and patterns, and when Dora came down from making her bed, she found Ellie still looking at the pieces. But they would not be interesting all day, and after dinner, Dora went to her mother and told her she did not know what to do. They did not want any of the toys they had brought from home, and Aunt Sue got the photograph album for them to look at. Dora brought two little benches, and she and Ellie sat down and began to examine the pictures. Grandma, with her white cap and black dress, was knitting by a low table. Her gray curls clustered around her face, as they did in the picture in the parlor, where they were black. Mrs. Parker sat near her, sewing, and talking with her. Aunt Sue sat by the window, with a brown basket stand by her side, mending some stockings.

Dora and Ellie looked at the pictures until they came to a soldier. He stood looking at them, with one hand on his sword.

"Who is that?" said Ellie.

"That is Uncle Robert," replied Dora.

"Where is he?" said Ella.

"He was killed," replied Dora, softly.

"Who killed him?" said Ellie, opening her blue eyes very wide.

"A soldier shot him, and he fell under a tree," said Dora. "But we mustn't talk about it, or Aunt Sue will cry."

"Is that the reason she wears a black dress?" asked Ellie.

"Yes, Ellie," said Aunt Sue, looking up. "Come, and I will tell you about the Uncle Robert whom you never saw."

Then they brought their benches to Aunt Sue, and she took Ellie in her lap, and Dora held her hand, while she talked to them.

She told them how bright and handsome Uncle Robert was, and how he loved the robins. How they would light on his head, and fearlessly gather crumbs from the ground at his feet. How he called the house Robin-Down, which means robin's meadow, because he said the robins were there before any house was built, and that places ought to be named from the first settlers. How, when

the war came, he left his quiet home, and went to the battle field, because, he said, all brave men ought to go. How he escaped the bullets so many times, and at last, (here Aunt Sue's voice trembled,) one pierced his heart, and as the sun was setting, he fell beneath an oak tree, and never led his men again.

It was becoming dark, when Aunt Sue finished speaking, and Ellie looked up into her face and saw her eyes were full of tears.

"Never mind, Aunt Sue," she said, gently putting her arms around her neck, "it's nicer up in heaven, you know."

"Here is one of Uncle Robert's robins," said Dora; and a robin lighted on the window sill, and then flew back into a tree.

Aunt Sue kissed them both, and went to see about tea.

The next day was clear, and in the afternoon Mrs. Parker put on Ellie's coat, hood, and leggins, and told Dora that they might go out and play. Dora showed Ellie the flower beds, though nothing was up yet but the crocuses and jumping Johnnies, and then they went into the vegetable garden to find David. They went through the back door, and soon saw David near the fence, with a pile of sticks by him.

"What are you doing, David?" said Dora, running over to him.

"Planting pea brush," said David.

"Dora looked at the little pea vines that were straggling into sight, and then she picked up one of the sticks, and standing opposite to him, said,

"I will hand them to you, and so I can help you."

Ellie put her hands into her pockets and looked at David as he planted the brush.

"Why do you call it brush?" said Dora; they look like sticks."

"Because they are brush, Miss Dora," said David. "These little twigs are for the vines to hold to."

"Would they fall?" asked Dora.

"Yes," said David; "they need holding up; and I think we'll have some good peas here."

"There is a robin, Dora," said Ellie. "It just jumped over Kate's towels."

"I wish it would go on that pot," said Dora. "Ellie, do you think the robins remember Uncle Robert?"

Dora's great delight, after that, was in the pea vines. She had helped plant the brush, and every day she visited the vines to see the blossoms, which David said were coming.

"What are they like, David?" she asked.

"O, they're just pea blossoms," said David.

Ellie thought the vines were strange because they were alive. They were not one bit like Rex, and he was alive. But she and Dora watched the vines, and the brown, dead sticks were being covered with delicate, green leaves, and Ellie's cheeks were getting more plump and rosy every day.

One afternoon, grandma and Mrs. Parker and Ellie went for a drive, and Dora, as usual, went to examine the pea vines. She found little, pale buds, encased in green, and when Ellie came home, she had the pleasant news for her. Day by day the buds became larger, and one bright morning Dora and Ellie found fair, white blossoms, with a little, "such a bit," as Ellie said, of fragrance.

"They grow so fast, they will soon be as tall as you," said Dora to Ellie; and each day after that Ellie was measured with the pea vines to see which was growing the faster. It was easy to measure, for the vines grew close about the brush, and Ellie stood beside them while Dora measured.

"I do not think they are just pea blossoms," said Dora. "They are fairies, for they are changing their dresses."

And the blossoms were changing into slim pea pods, and the pea pods began to swell, and Ellie laughed as she held them in her hand, and said,

"They are getting fat, too."

"Yes," said David, "and one of these days we will have peas."

"To eat?" said Ellie.

"Yes," replied David.

"Dora," said Ellie, as they walked to the house, "I did not know we were going to eat those peas. And you said they were fairies; can we eat fairies?"

The day had come when Dora and Ellie were to go home, for papa wanted to see his little girls, and Ellie was quite well and strong, now. They were to leave grandma's after dinner, and while their mother was packing, Dora and Ellie went out to bid the pea vines goodbye. They found David out there with a basket.

"What are you doing, David?" asked Dora.

"I am looking to see if any of the peas are full enough to use," replied David.

David found a pod here and there which was well filled, and he soon had quite a pile in his basket.

"O dear!" said Dora, "we will not have any pea vines at home."

"Yes you can," said David.

"Papa has not any garden," said Dora.

"Have your garden in the house," replied David. "Take a glass and put some cotton

in it, keep it wet, and I will give you some peas to put in the cotton. Then you will have as fine a pea vine as any little lady might wish."

Dora and Ellie helped Kate shell the peas, and when they sat down to dinner in their traveling dresses, they ate some with great relish.

"Goodbye, robins, goodbye!" cried Ellie, as they got into the carryall; and Dora ran back to give Aunt Sue another hug.

When they got to the station, David waited until the cars came, and then he helped them on board. As the engine whistled for the train to start, he came to the window where Dora was sitting, and said,

"I was near forgetting your peas, Miss Dora."

He gave Dora as many as she could hold in her hand, and stepped back, for the cars were moving.

Dora called out "thank you," and "good-bye," and the last thing she and Ellie saw, as the train moved rapidly away, was David getting into the carryall.

"BIRDS CANNOT COUNT."

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

Six eggs there were, in the nest of the bird,
Under four brown wings' protection.

"Now birds cannot count," said John, "I've heard."

And so, without saying another word,
He took one for his collection.

Five eggs there were in the robin's nest;
Karl knew from John's direction.

"As birds cannot count," said Karl, "'tis best
To take one of these, to go with the rest
Of the kinds in my collection."

Four eggs there were in the nest on the tree.
Said Dick, "Upon reflection,
As birds cannot count, I think it will be
No harm to them, and just right for me,
To take one for my collection."

Three eggs there were in that harassed nest.
And I don't know what connection
There was to the thoughts in the poor birds'
breasts,
If birds cannot count; but they left the rest
For anybody's collection.

Oh! egg collectors, don't you suppose
You might have some slight objection,
Though you should forget how to count, if
those
Who look at your treasures, should, as they
chose.
Each take one from your collection?

THE HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

CHAPTER V.

Once, in that long, weary morning, Sade's lean, little face appeared at the top of the stairs; no one else seemed to remember that Cary Houston existed.

"Hadn't you better come down and wash your face?" she asked; and added, "I guess there's some liniment on the bureau."

Cary was looking out the window, and sat with his back toward her. He didn't look around, and just said "Well," very quietly, not as if he would heed her suggestions, but merely to be rid of her.

Far across the prairie stretched roads that he had learned well, leading to poor, little Frenchtown, to Clear Forks, and to Stockville, the large town where Cary had left the cars in the spring, and waited wearily and vainly for his uncle to meet him, till at last he was obliged to start alone and walk the whole distance to his uncle's house, seventeen miles, along a muddy, lonely prairie road. His feet were sorely blistered, and he was hungry and tired, when he reached the bleak, gray house, at dusk; but only a flimsy excuse was offered for the neglect he had suffered. There was no sympathy and no regrets.

"They needed all the horses just now," they had said, "and they thought likely if he couldn't hire a team, maybe he could get a lift, now and then, along the way."

But he had forgiven and forgotten all that, till this bitter morning, when his heart was seething with angry recollections of every stinging word and unjust suspicion.

"If I could stand it to blister my feet getting here, I can stand it to blister 'em getting away," he thought; "only I'd hate to run off, or go off at all till my time's up. I'd feel likesome miserable little whelp whipped from my uncle's door. But I'd like to be at home. 'Twould do me good just to feel Cap's arms around my neck. I dare say they think I'm having jolly times out here. And Ban is busy and blithe as a bird, and mother's contented. It seems more as if father wanted me than anybody else. That's what he said last, they told me, too. I can't make it seem as if he's dead. It seems as if I'd like to be there to have a talk with him. He believed in me, father did. And I like to have folks act as if they thought I was made of good, honest stuff, and as if they had some hopes of me."

The bruise on his face ached and throbbed. It was a great, swollen ridge, now. He hap-

pened to touch his knee with it, as he bent his head, and the pain made him feel so ashamed, and humiliated, and angry, cowering there among the ragged, old bedquilts.

"I might take some revenge," he muttered, by and by; "I don't know how—some way."

Then the lessons he had heard long ago, upon the Sabbath, from his sweet, wise teacher, came up before him, and he remembered that one morning, after a tender talk, when the boys were listening, hushed and thrilled, she said,

"Dear boys, there is no victory so beautiful and grand as a moral victory; no revenge sweeter than the revenge Christ prayed for, Father forgive them."

He remembered the stillness of that little, sunshiny class room, with her voice rippling through it in soft music, and how grandly in some distant part of the dear old church rang the children's "Song of Victory," till the boys, with the far-off, triumphal melody in their ears, felt as if it would be glorious indeed to "forgive as Christ forgave."

"I won't stay here, snarled up in these old quilts," he said to himself, presently. "I'll go down and go to work. God help me, whatever wicked, wrong thing is done sha'n't be done by me. I'll march straight ahead."

In a moment he came down stairs, and walked through the kitchen with firm, ringing steps. The little girl was playing with the baby upon the porch, and his Aunt Matilda was out feeding the chickens. Cary bathed his face, and started on his way out to work. It wasn't so easy to forgive as he had thought. The great welt across his face burned and stung as he walked, and made him clinch his big, hot hands, in spite of himself.

Pierre Leveck had just been up to the barn for a piece of leather to mend a break in the mule's harness, and he joined Cary, on his way back to his work.

"Going to work with that bloody furrer over your face?" he inquired.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Then you're a bigger fool than ever I took you to be," said Pierre. "I'd have revenge, if 'twas me. Why, don't you know you could?" lowering his voice here, and peering eagerly at Cary from under his old hat. "There ain't a hand on the place what don't hate old West; and they'd be glad. Nobody'd tell. Most likely it would be laid on to Maurice Heller, him that left the other night, you know. He's made big threats on old West. You could set a match to the

barn some night, before he takes his grain off to grind. You could cut the cows' throats, or set the foot rot going in his sheep. There's plenty of such work done for mean skulks like old West, what's got everybody's ill will."

Cary had longed for revenge in a wild, vague way; he could never have determined what terrible thing to do. He was angry at his uncle still, but those low, half-hissed suggestions of evil things that he might do for revenge, sounded like fresh insults.

"Don't say such things to me, Pierre Leveck," he said, with his voice in a quiver, "never again, if you meet me a thousand times. I'm glad I've got your good will, and the good will of the other hands; and I don't deserve this," touching his face, "but that kind of revenge wouldn't suit me."

They walked in silence a few steps. Pierre Leveck was puzzled. He had never heard of the "best revenge."

"Must be you want something bigger," he said, presently, hardly above his breath; "I don't blame you, neither. Hang me if a man could strike my face like that and I not burn his house, and barn, too, or do worse."

"Don't speak to me of such dirty business!" cried Cary. "I tell you I hate it as much as I do the cut on my face. Do you think I'd do such things? I wish you wouldn't speak to me at all, now. I don't just know what I want. I'd rather be alone."

The "hand" had reached the spot where he was obliged to leave Cary's path, and he turned away with a short laugh, muttering,

"He's a sweet one. His mother ought to be feeding him with a spoon yet, the great coward. 'Not speak to him of such dirty business.' O, I understand. He's afraid."

"If God ever is going to help me, I wish He'd do it now," said Cary, to himself, as he went on alone down the lane, with his throat aching, and hot tears welling up to his eyes. "It isn't babyish to ask Him for help. I believe I've always had a kind of feeling that it was. But the grandest and strongest must have His help, she used to say."

And Cary asked God then, with broken sobs and earnest longing, in the midst of his bitter pain, for the help he needed. It was not a prayer such as people call "powerful," in prayer meeting; not graceful, like the minister's prayer, after the heart-lifting hymn; but just a few homely, broken words, without even a single Thee or Thou, straightforward as a hungry child asking for bread.

Reuben West was trimming a hedge. He

had not spoken to a human being since he had struck Cary, and would not even trust himself to drive a team, so fearful and ashamed was he of the evil spirit within him.

"I s'pose that boy'll run off and go home, now, he muttered, as he worked; "and a pretty tale he'll tell. Nobody'll make any allowance for my temper. Hang the miserable pie! I don't suppose he did take it, after all. Much more like that Sade to do it. I wish Matilda'd set a better table. I believe she skimps more than she needs to. We won't get rich that way, and it isn't a way that suits me."

Suddenly he heard steps near him, and turned and saw Cary standing with outstretched hand.

"Uncle Reuben," he said, "I've had a big fight this morning. I fought with myself. It seemed as if I must have some sort of revenge on you, and as if I should hate you with my whole soul as long as I lived. But I knew all the time I was on the wrong track, and at last I just begged God to help me out. And He has. I'd a good deal rather love you than hate you, Uncle Reuben, and I've come to say that I want peace between us. I don't take back what I said about the pie, because it was true; and I want you to believe in me, Uncle Reuben, as a boy who loves God—I do, this very morning—and wants to be a man."

"Well," said Reuben West, without looking up, "I s'pose you'll want to go off home, and tell 'em all how I—how I treated you."

"No," said Cary, "I won't. I'll stay here till my time's up, in the fall. Only, Uncle Reuben, I don't want to think you're suspecting me all the time of going against your interests, shirking work, talking about you behind your back, and the like."

"Well, I won't," said Reuben West, a sudden generous emotion moistening his eyes and softening his voice. "Most boys would have gone racing over the country with a pack of terrible tales about me, some true and some not true, or done something wicked here on the place that would only have brought them to shame. I don't know what made Matilda suspect you; some of Sade's tales, likely. I think she—that she's mistaken, and I'm sorry for what I did. There, now, you're satisfied, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Cary, radiantly; and without waiting for any further talk marched back to his work.

"I don't think Cary ever touched that pie," declared Mr. West, at dinner, "and I desire to make him a public apology. What's more, if anybody's hungry after

meals, let him go to the pantry and get what he likes. I'll have a good table set, if I lose the whole farm."

One day, soon after noon, a plain, low, comfortable carriage stopped at the gate, and old Mrs. Hathaway alighted, followed by a little girl. Aunt Matilda appeared at the door, smiling and bland, as if she had not just been scolding and fretting in the kitchen like a very shrew.

"Thee will think I am a very frequent visitor," said the old lady, as she stood in the "best room," slowly untying the strings of her bonnet with her smooth, fair hands. "But I have so many hours with nothing important to do, and I know thee is busy, and cannot return my visits regularly, so I keep coming, without thinking of ceremony."

After this apologetic little speech, she seated the little girl in a chair very near her own, smoothed every wrinkle out of the child's white apron, and continued.

"Esther has gone back to Philadelphia. She has never been satisfied in the west. She said it thundered so hard out here she couldn't endure it. But I couldn't spare my little Ruth, even to her mother, and you're not afraid of the thunder, are you, dear? I'm very lonesome as it is. Simeon, my son, is at home, but thee knows he's sick, and what time he is able to do anything he will be poring over books. It irks him greatly to be kept from his beloved 'work,' as he calls it. As for Ell, [her husband,] he thinks of nothing and sees nothing but the farm, for days together."

Mrs. West, having discovered Cary's nice, neatly-bound schoolbooks in his trunk, had taken the liberty to bring them down to ornament her table, in the parlor. The good Quaker lady, after a little season of bland silence, observed them, and remarked,

"Thee has some new books, I see. Ah! they're schoolbooks, and one is a work on geology. Simeon loves geology. His 'lair,' as he calls it, is sadly strewn with great, dirty-looking stones, of all shapes and colors. Were these thy books in thy school days, Matilda?"

"No," replied Mrs. West, secretly annoyed at being obliged to confess their real ownership, "they're Cary Houston's. Though what he loaded his trunk with them for, when he was just coming out here to work, I can't see."

Mrs. Hathaway was a book lover herself. She sat daintily fingering Cary's clean volumes, taking affectionate, curious, little peeps into them as she talked.

"It speaks well for thy nephew," she said; "I like to see a boy sipping his book at every spare minute. That is what he brought them for, very likely, for the sake of the precious spare minutes. I must send him something choice to read. Most school books are only skeletons, after all. I must send him something that's real, rich, juicy meat. Simon will be glad to lend his 'Footprints of the Creator,' and I will add 'Young's Night Thoughts,' and several files of the *Philadelphia Reflector*, which contain delightful sermons."

The demure little girl was beginning to draw long breaths, watching the butterflies in the sunshine, as if, in a minute, she would dart out after them, in spite of all restraint.

"Doesn't thee think it's time for me to take some fresh air, grandmother?" she piped out, by and by, without unfolding the dimpled hand in her lap; and her grandmother smoothed the curls on the little, brown head, settled the round comb more securely, and said,

"Well, perhaps it is. Thee must keep thy sunbonnet on, and thy fingers out of dirt."

"I will mind thee," said the little one; "and I'll gather thee a nosegay," standing prim and pleased while her bonnet was being tied.

A "nosegay" was her favorite thankoffering, and she accordingly promised it now, although the yard around Mrs. West's house was barren of blossoms as a desert.

Poor Sade, wearily doing the churning out on the back porch, looked after the child with longing eyes, as she flitted here and there, trying vainly to secure the great, jewel-like butterflies.

"There's plenty of hot water in the tea-kettle," she reminded herself, presently, "and if I put some in here the butter'll come quicker. I don't care if it does make the butter white. Mrs. West does it sometimes, herself."

After this expedient, and a little vigorous churning, the butter did come, in marvelously short time, clinging in white, curdled ridges around the dasher. And, as Sade had washed the dinner dishes, and swept out the crumbs, she considered herself at liberty to take a little play spell. Not that Mrs. West couldn't have found something for her to do, but Sade didn't wait for that. She hastily tied on her sunbonnet, carried the baby out of the pantry, where he was industriously scooping sugar from a box on a low shelf, and hurried, with him in her arms, out into the yard.

"Here, Sissy," she said, softly, beckoning to Ruth.

The busy little girl did not hear her at first, and Sade stood wearily waiting a moment in the path. Then she walked up to Ruth and said, coaxingly,

"Sissy, don't let's stay here in this old yard; 'tain't nice. The barn's lots nicer. The carriage stands there, between the stalls and the hay loft. We can climb in it, and play ridin' to Clear Forks to trade. We'll buy new tablecloths, and a new bureau, and a red merino dress for the baby. Mr. West's out on the farm somewhere, and he'll never know we've been in it, 'cause we won't turn the cushions over, nor nothin'."

"I like to be out doors best," said Ruth. "Thee could take me to a creek, some place, couldn't thee? It's so nice to watch the water. Grandmother takes me to the creek, sometimes. We like to hear the water talk."

Sade was satisfied to go anywhere, away from work and away from the house, and she knew where a bright little stream curved through the farm. They started immediately, and soon reached a nook among the thick willows, where the water lay deep, and cool, and dark, with just a few twinkles of sunlight upon it, here and there.

"There aren't any cows here," said Ruth. "Grandmother an' I like to see cows standing in the clear water, with their shadows under 'em, like they are in the picture that hangs over our mantel."

"I ain't much of a cow body," said Sade, queerly, probably meaning that she had never discovered anything picturesque about those useful animals; "but I like posies. There's some nice ones sticking out of the bank down there, now. You lay down flat and reach for some. I've got to hold the baby, you know."

Ruth was delighted. "So they are nice," she cried, lying down and eagerly reaching over the bank. "There's more pretty blue ones, 'way down most to the water," she continued; "I think I can reach them, too, maybe. If thee sees me tumbling over thee will please lay down the baby and catch me by the heels, won't thee?"

Sade obligingly promised, and the child stretched herself far over the bank. Her hands were soon filled; just one more bright cluster, and she would be satisfied. But she lost her balance, and fell into the water with a wild cry. Sade did drop the baby, but only stood there screaming.

"O, somebody, come here quick! I'll fall in, too, if I reach over. O my, my! I

know Mrs. West'll kill me now, or else Mrs. Hathaway, 'cause I coaxed her off."

It happened that Cary was at work only a little distance from them, and had been screened from their sight by the thick growth of small trees. He heard Ruth's one, agonized cry, and Sade's frantic shouts, and came hurrying to the rescue. It was easy work for him to draw her from the water, and he only laughed, at first, saying, as he lifted her into his arms,

"Here you come, little water bird."

But he grew serious in a minute, thinking what might have been, as he looked at the lily face, with its closed eyes.

Ruth was only frightened. She soon revived, after Cary had carried her to the house, but immediately took herself off into a nice, sound nap, after the manner of children badly frightened or sorely fatigued. But the loving old Quaker lady would believe nothing but that she had been in the very gates of death. She held both Cary's hands in hers while she thanked him again and again, till he was ashamed, and would gladly have escaped back to his work.

"Never mind about the work," she said, making him be seated. "Thy uncle can spare thee to talk to a lonely old woman, who does not often see company. Thee loves thy books dearly, doesn't thee? I see they keep thee company even so far from home. Too many boys love only racing, and betting, and hunting."

"Well, I love horses and hunting, too," said Cary, rather bluntly, yet with unusual sunshine in his face, after hearing the gracious, friendly talk.

"But not the other," pursued Mrs. Hathaway. "And thee doesn't go to Frenchtown on the Sabbath."

Frenchtown was a notorious resort for all the ignorant and vicious from miles around. Especially upon the Sabbath it was the scene of wicked revelry. Church services, Sabbath school, or even day school, were unknown in the midst of its recklessness and squalor. It had long grieved Mrs. Hathaway to know this. She felt as if she would be "accountable" for witnessing it so many years and making no more earnest efforts to effect a change.

"I wish some strong, determined young man would open a school there," she told Cary. "He might do a world of good. Simeon—thee knows he's not one of the Friends any more, but a hot-blooded preacher, who will sing and shout, and I am not sorry, either—Simeon would preach there, if he had strength, though the doctor forbids

him thinking of such a thing. I think they would be glad, at least the women and children. But nobody has courage to go in their midst. If thee only could—but thee's just a boy."

"I'd love it, if I could," said Cary, earnestly.

It had seemed, ever since that morning when he walked praying down the long lane, that he must be telling and teaching somebody how God had helped him, and was giving him such strength and peace, day by day, as he had never dreamed of before.

"Well, thee couldn't preach," answered the old lady, smiling affectionately, "but thee might teach. And that would be the surest way to begin with these people, after all, I think."

"I can't do it, though," said Cary, with sudden sadness. "I've promised to work for Uncle Reuben till fall, and hands are scarce."

But the old lady had a hope that the one great wish of her serene life might soon begin to be realized, and she declared that she could persuade Eli to let one of his hired men take Cary's place, working for Mr. West.

"Thee shall make thy home at our house," she went on, in her enthusiasm, "for I am sure we can arrange it—Eli can surely do that much for the Lord. And thy salary I will pay out of my own purse, at least as much as thee earns on the farm, if they will not raise it at Frenchtown. Then, thee can take my own horse, or Simeon's, and ride to school every morning; and I will give thee a good lunch, in a big basket, and thee can come home early in the afternoon, and rest a little, and study with Simeon. Simeon has the fullest education—he got it at Yale—and thee can have plenty of books to read."

"It would be glorious!" said Cary, bringing his doubled fist down on his knee. But, remembering his work, and his promise to his uncle to be diligent and faithful, he excused himself, presently, with the hope, in his inmost heart, that she would make some "arrangements" with "Eli" and his uncle, which would lead him to such a new, busy, golden life.

He was gladdened by a great surprise, in the afternoon, after the early supper, before Mrs. Hathaway went away. She had talked with his Uncle Reuben, and whoever she talked with, for a particular purpose, was generally quite sure, in a very few moments, to find himself exactly of her way of thinking. So it wasn't so very strange, after all, when, presently, he declared that he

wished Cary would try to do something "Cary has the right sort of grit in him, too," for Frenchtown, for it was the pest of the whole country, and needed a missionary. he added, confidently.

[To be continued.]



THE FISHING PARTY.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

Captain Gladden was riding by on old Morgan, and Lily was bringing in a basket of chips from the woodhouse, when he hailed her with,

"Come her, Diddle; I've got a letter for you, from a young gentleman who lives down at my house."

Lily dropped the basket, and skipped to the gate with a very bright face, to receive her letter. I followed her into the dining-room, and peeped over her shoulder, and read with her. It was from little, nine-year-old Johnny, and read thus:

"*Dear friend Diddle:* I take my pen in hand to inform you that, if the snow is all gone off by next Saturday, I think we had better go a-fishing. Martin's boys caught nine, last Friday, and there was a good bit of snow on our west roof, and at the end of the barn, and on the hillside, where pap planted peach trees. I wish the snow would hurry and go off; I never wanted to go fishing so badly in all my blessed life. I can find plenty of bait in our barnyard. Martin's boys caught two suckers, and a little, wee pumpkin seed, and the rest were silver sides. Old Nell has a little colt; pap says I may call

it mine, but when it gets big it will be his horse. You needn't fetch the mattock or the bait can. I have both all ready and waiting. Some hot apple sauce got spilt on our white kitten's head; it didn't get out of the way. I think the wind is in the south, this morning. Mother says south wind is good to melt snow. Tod Martin says little wee teenty pumpkin seed fish make as good bait as fish worms. But pap is just going, and old Morg is whickering and biting the bar post. Be all ready by Saturday. Your friend and good wisher,

JOHN LYMAN GLADDEN.

"P. S. If you see my red scarf hung out on our portico any time in the forenoon, next Saturday, then you come right down, for the weather will do and the fish will bite.

JOHNNY."

Saturday was a windy, chilly day, and I was uneasy for fear the signal would float from my neighbor's portico, and I knew if it did I should have to let Lily go, lest Johnny should lose faith in his little playmate. Just two fields were between our homes, and a well-trodden path lay across them, and the top rails of the fences, where we climbed

over, were worn as smooth as though they had been polished.

About ten o'clock, I was busy sweeping around the front door, when I heard a jubilant clapping of one pair of little, girl hands, from an up-stairs window above me. Immediately I looked over my shoulder down to the captain's house, and there, with a waving flirt, that was quite like a cordial beckoning, I saw the crimson scarf cutting capers in the chilly wind.

I was very sorry indeed, but I thought the sore disappointment of not catching any fish that day might teach the children a good lesson, because there is good in everything, if we only find it. So I bundled her all up in a hood and a woolen shawl, not forgetting her little red mittens, and started her off with her line and pole, trusting to the tact of Johnny's mother in getting them out of the scrape, or, rather, keeping them from getting into it.

The captain's fine, gothic residence, with its many wings, stood in a beautiful grove of sugar trees, on a gentle knoll at the roadside, while the background was a range of wooded hills, high, and wild, and picturesque. Just the very home to gladden one's heart, and fill it with satisfaction and thankfulness. The creek lay at the foot of the range of hills.

About four o'clock, the little, flying form of the fisher girl came up across the fields. A small, bright, tin pail was in her hand, instead of the fishing tackle she had taken with her. I met her at the gate, saying,

"Why in the world didn't you string your fish on a willow switch, the way you always do. I never saw any body carry their fish in a pail before."

"O," she said, quite out of breath, "why, we went and fished, and fished, and fished, and the wind blew, and the breath off the creek was as chill as December, and poor Johnny coughed, and his teeth chattered, and my nose got purple with the cold, and Johnny said the fish hadn't got up at all, but were staying down at the bottom of the creek where it was warm and still, and that maybe they were resting or asleep; and maybe we'd better wait until next Saturday. So we picked out a splendid place just for our own private fishing ground, down at the bend, by two old, gnarly sycamores. It's a very quiet place, and Johnny says they bite gloriously there. And now just guess what's in my pail."

And she flipped it round behind her, under her shawl, and looked up at me, her round, rosy face all aglow with excitement.

"O, I guess Johnny gave you a half dozen turkey eggs, to set under old Noodle," said I, amused at the joyful expression of her face.

"No; better than that," and her eyes twinkled.

"Did he give you goose eggs? Duck? Poland? pop corn? new honey? candy? hazelnuts? butternuts?"

Each time she shook her head for no, and then said, her white teeth all glowing like pearls, so hard was her laughter,

"That good 'Becca, Johnny's mother, said it was too bad that we should be disappointed, and she gave us for our own very selves two royal quarts of home-made molasses, to do as we pleased with. O, we just leaped and jumped, we were so delighted, and then don't you think she told us we might invite Abe and Hattie and Rube Chapel in the afternoon; and stir it off, or make wax of it, as we pleased, and that she was going up to Grandpa Gladden's, and wouldn't be home till evening, and Lide was busy fixing the curtains in the parlor, 'cause Anne was coming that night, and Sally might join with us, and we should have the whole kitchen to ourselves. O, we did have so much fun! While Sally watched the molasses, we played caravan. I was a lady, and rode in a coach, and Abe was my coachman; and we had a band wagon—just two chairs lashed together and turned down, you know—and we had the funniest kind of music.

"We tied up the two cats and the two dogs, and had them for camels, in the caravan, and we hunted up all the old dolls we could find, and brought them out. Then we took pillows, and tied a string around one, and made an old grandee, and put Mr. Gladden's hat on it; and took another and tied two strings around it, one to make a neck, and one a waist, and that was the grandee's wife, and she wore Mrs. Gladden's black velvet, fine, Sunday bonnet.

"Rube Chapel was an elephant, and he carried the two chubby grandees on his back in a box, with a silk shawl spread over it, to make it look like a—a pavillion or something. When we went to cool our maple wax, why, to make it real windy, we had to run from the out door oven in through the long hall, and into the dining room, and the length of it, and then across the kitchen out to the back porch, and from one end of it clear to the other, as swiftly as we could run, all six of us. O, it was grand exercise, and, after we had cooled it, we all said we would take a taste home to our folks. Now did you ever see nicer maple wax than this?

Sally's Aunt Lisle showed her how to make it this way."

At last the right kind of a day came, in which to go fishing with Johnny, and Sally, and the three little cousins, Hattie, Abe, and Rube. It was very fine weather; the sky was just as blue, and looked so far off, like the summer sky always does. A few fleecy, white clouds, that looked airy as great puffs of smoke, lay up lightly, and had golden edges, that seemed to sparkle in the yellow sunshine.

Lily took the mattock, and went down below the garden, where the ground is rich, and dug some fish worms, and put them in an old can, with the end torn off, and laid a damp bit of sod on top to keep them in. Then she wore a faded dress and apron, and the sack that she wears warm days, when she scrubs the porch and portico. Instead of the wide, sundown hat, I tucked her curls up inside of an old bonnet, that she could draw about her face, and neck, and ears, if the mosquitoes annoyed her. An extra line, and a half dozen hooks and sinkers, in a little box, in her pocket, and she was ready to start. She went down past Uncle Eben's, for the three little cousins. Sally Gladden had to finish the churning before she could go, and Hattie volunteered to stay and help her, and let the others go on.

They went right to the place they had preëempted. Johnny and Rube baited their hooks and flung them in, while Abe was putting the bait on his and Lily's. In less than two minutes Johnny hailed out, in regular, jolly, boy style,

"Bully for me! I feel a big nibble. I believe he's swallowing hook, and line, and pole, and wants the boy, too. O, I shouldn't wonder if I'd caught a twenty-pound bass."

And he dug his toes into the ground, and braced himself, just as you see him in the picture, and lifted his pole slowly, gently, and found, to his dismay, that he had caught an old snag of a grape vine; or, rather, that it had caught him badly.

His line was wound all through and through it. Rube and Lily were making big eyes, expecting to see the twenty-pound bass come wriggling up out of the water, when he lifted up the vine. Abe helped him get his hook and line loose, and told him that old Uncle Joe Jones said one would always have good luck every time the line was thrown in, if the baited hook was rubbed with a bit of calamus root. Abe said he didn't believe it, but he had some in his pocket, and it was no harm to try it.

Lily told Abe it was such a pity to hurt

the worms, stripping them on the hook the usual way, that he might just stick hers on by the two ends, and let the loop hang, to tempt the fish. Abe laughed, and told her she never could catch a fish with the hook so insecurely baited as that way. While they were fussing about, they tipped the can over, and Rube said the worms were all walking off as fast as they could; and they had so much getting ready to do, that they agreed to sit a little distance apart, and then report success to each other. Abe went out into the creek, on an old heap of driftwood; Johnny sat under the crooked sycamore; Rube by the buckeye tree; and the girls scattered along within good speaking distance. But that would never do for little girls, and they soon got to talking, and drew near together.

There was a swampy place behind them, full of flags, and rank, high grass, and the broad, glistening leaves of the wild cabbage. It was very pretty to look over into it, and see the wild things growing greenly and luxuriantly, and in such variety. Nearer to them the sod was a mat of wild violets, blue, and purple, and white, and yellow; some with strong stems, and flowers quite like little cups; while over their heads, on the swaying limb of an old, drooping elm, hung the ingenious nest of the sweet-voiced oriole. It hung like a pouch or pocket, with two or three strings, and, when the bird alighted near it, it had a brilliant, glittering, green bug in its bill, that it had brought home to tea. Lily said she thought, at first, that it was an emerald, so beautifully did it sparkle in the afternoon sunshine.

The oriole was acquainted with the children, and seemed to know they had been well brought up, and did not have the wish in their hearts to molest her, or touch her cunning nest. The head and upper part of the back and wings were jetty black, the lower part of the back and whole under parts were bright orange, deepening into vermillion; a band of gold or orange ran down the back, and the tail was a mixture of the colors of black and gold.

No little girls could fish very well while the jolly, coquettish, little, flirting oriole flipped in and out among the hanging branches, occasionally alighting on the rim of the nest and taking a good swing backward and forward, as children do on the big, clean, barn floor, while a stout rope is fastened to the dusty beam overhead. She would tip her jaunty little head sideways, and whistle at them, kind of mischievous, like a good-natured plow boy. The notes were very

clear and mellow, and would frequently whip off into a rising inflection, that seemed to say, "Do you, girls? do you?"

There is always one lucky one, when children go fishing; but this time they were all a little lucky. The girls, in spite of their chatter, caught several lovely little silver sides, and just before sunset, when the mosquitoes began to bite savagely, the fish followed their example. It was no use to talk of going home. Rube had found a place where he caught black and white suckers. They do not nibble or tickle at the bait, but pull steadily. Johnny, as if to make up for his first, unlucky bite, drew out a great, eely-looking cat fish, that flounced and wriggled about in the air, and looked, as it lay on the bank, as if it had a fierce moustache on either side. It weighed about three pounds, and was the great catch of the day.

When the sun went down behind Sammy White's big hill, the musical old frogs, with no two voices alike, commenced halling each other, from their hiding places, under the willows and alders, and from among tufty bunches of grass; and some sat out in the shallow water, and opened their mouths, and hawnked and hawnked in a very entertaining way.

Then the wild ducks came whirring down in flocks, and seeking resting places for the night. They all flew at one time, as unitedly as if on one pair of wings, and the children said it meant they were all of one mind, and were agreed. They looked very pretty; their breasts were so plump, and the white showed so prettily under their soft wings, and they let their yellow legs hang when they flew, just as though they were floating on water. It must be a hard-hearted boy who could steal up slyly and shoot such a harmless and beautiful bird as the wild duck is.

In the swamp, where the pond-lily leaves lay on the still water, and where the fringe of wild cabbage hemmed in and hid the size of the pond, there seemed to rise up from it a great little concert of wee frog music. The girls said that was the old creek frogs' nursery, where they kept their babies till they were big enough to be taken into the deep water in safety.

But the concert among the big frogs in the creek was the most amusing. An old, hoarse-voiced fellow squatted his fat, tough body on the side of a slanting stone, over in the creek, and sang dolorously through his nose.

Another crawled out of the mud, ten rods above, and sang alto; there wasn't much ring to his voice, but he did the best he could. Across the creek, in under the end of an old canoe, that lay half rotted and overgrown with a rank, brambly, bristling vine, peeped out a dark-green head, that split itself half open in pouring forth a strain that, in frogdom, would be pronounced ecstatic. The girls said he was an old bachelor who lived by himself; that the German family in the village had eaten his betrothed, and his heart was broken, though his lute was inspired.

A whippoorwill alighted on the old buck-eye, and broke out into a plaintive song. The children all kept still and listened. They had never been so near to one before, although they frequently alight on house tops, and roof trees, and garden palings. The song was pitiful, and maybe that was what made Abe say,

"O, Hattie, do let me just whiz a stone up into the tree, and scare him. You see he don't know that there's anybody about—it would be so funny."

Hat turned her head, and whispered, in a solemn, motherly way, her disapproval, in the earnest words,

"Why, you—Augustus Abraham!"

"He needn't be so particular to punctuate, just for us," said Sally, laughing. "Do you see? he puts in a comma after whippoorwill, every time; and once in a while he dabs down a semicolon, or a dash."

And then the girls got to laughing. When one is close to that kind of a bird, a little cluck can be heard between notes, and it was this to which Sally referred. It is really quite like punctuation.

When it began to grow dark, the fireflies came flitting about among the bushes, just like real sparks. O, they did look so pretty. Their flight sometimes would make a glowing thread, that was like a fine streak of flame, or harmless lightning.

At last the boys started home, but very tardily; the fishing was good, and they hated to leave it; but Diddle said they all needed their good suppers of bread and milk. They had thirty-nine fish, altogether. That was very well, because they did not fish all the time; they had stories to tell and stories to listen to. They were very happy, after having spent such a pleasant and profitable afternoon together, and they resolved to go again, the next Saturday afternoon. Maybe I will tell about it, sometime.

BED TIME.

BY FANNY M. BARTON.

Come hither, my little ones,
Higher to me;
The stars are out, and the moon
Rides full and free.
The birdies are fast asleep,
In the linden tree;
Come hither, my little ones,
Hither to me.

I heard the motherly hens,
An hour ago,
Stepping up and down the walk,
Stately and slow,
Say to the downy heads,
Plain as could be,
"Come hither, my little ones,
Hither to me."

Come hither, my pretty one,
Hither to me;
All little things are asleep,
On land or sea;
Some on no mother's breast
May pillow the head,
Yet they all sweetly sleep;
God puts them to bed.

TOMMY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

BY PRUDY.

"A regular party, you know, Tommy," said mamma, dipping her gold pen, and smoothing down the sheet of note paper before her.

"Yes, I know," said Tommy, who was sliding down the arm of the lounge; "you have tickets like you do to the *musement* to see the monkeys."

"These are the tickets," said mamma, showing Tommy a pile of dainty little notes, on pale rose-colored paper, with a splendid great B at the top. "Now you must tell me the names of the people you want to invite, and I'll put them on the envelopes."

Tommy gave one last slide, and came and stood by his mamma.

"May I sell the tickets?" he asked eagerly.

"O, we don't sell them," said mamma, "these are *invitations*, and you send them to the people."

"I fink they'd ought to pay," said Tommy. "Nobody can't come to my party 'thout they pay."

"Well," said mamma, "never mind that now; who shall I put down first?"

"We-e-ll," said Tommy very deliberately, "le's ask grandma."

"Yes," said mamma, "I think she would like to come."

"An' Mr. Mike, down to the grocery. He gaved me a stick of candy oncet, for nothing."

"But Tommy," said mamma, "this is to be a children's party, and you mustn't invite grown folks."

"Mustn't I?" said Tommy. "Well, I wish't I knew that boy's name that sold me that red ink; I wouldn't ask him, would you, mamma?"

"No, you must only ask people of your acquaintance. There's Callie Trumbull, and Gracie Dean, and Sidney Lush, and Charlie Howard; you want them, don't you?"

"Yes, and, and, *Billy*; I'm 'quainted of him, I guess I wouldn't ask Billy, would you mamma?" said Tommy, watching his mamma's face like a wary politician.

"No," said mamma decidedly, "you can't ask Billy;" and then she made out the list herself.

That very afternoon mamma and Tommy went out in the carriage to deliver the invitations, which to Tommy was no small part of the pleasure. John drove from house to house, and while mamma sat in the carriage, Tommy ran up the steps, rang the bell, and left his invitations. He was very firm in his conviction that he ought to ask twenty-five cents for a "ticket," but finally yielded the point, when he found he *must*.

It was to be a real sensible party, for Tommy's mamma was a great deal too wise to rob the little children of their bright eyes and rosy cheeks by keeping them out of their beds and feasting them with dainties, hours after they should have been asleep. So the invitations were all given for three o'clock, and as it was charming summer weather, the tables were spread in the yard, under the shade of the great oak trees.

Even before three, some of the impatient little guests made their appearance, the first clang of the door bell sending Tommy into an ecstasy of delight.

"I don't want you to *entertain* my comp'ny," he said to mamma, and forthwith took his position in the parlor, with only little Totty to help him receive. Totty wasn't much of a talker, and at the very first arrival she hid behind a big easy chair, from which her lovely little golden head peeped out like a wee birdie from a nest.

Grandma was taking a nap after her long ride from the farm; mamma and Aunt Alice were busy with the bouquets and wreaths for the table; so for a while the children were left to themselves, and sat in state around the room, looking shyly at each other and

talking in solemn whispers. Little Joey Webster made a sudden plunge from his corner, and said "Boo!" to Totty, which caused a small giggle in the company, but his sister Nell held up her finger and cried "Sh-sh Joey," as if they had been at a funeral. I don't know how long this would have lasted if Robbie Marsh had not brought his new jumping jack in his pocket, and pulled it out and set it going. There was a rush for Robbie's corner, and in a moment the whole company of prim little people were laughing and talking merrily. Then more children came, and more and more, till they swarmed all over the house, and out into the yard, and you would have thought a troop of fairies had taken possession. What do you suppose they played? Well, there were two swings with basket chairs, so that nobody could fall out, and there was a new croquet set, and then Uncle Jim was perfectly splendid. Why, he and Aunt Alice knew more games than ever were heard of, and I do believe they made some of them up on purpose. So they romped and laughed and had a real jolly time, all but two or three poor little things, whose *mammas* had dressed them up so very nicely they did not dare to stir for fear of spoiling their beautiful clothes, or staining their white satin slippers.

They were playing "King Charles' Troops" when papa and mamma came to say that supper was ready. Uncle Jim began to marshal them two and two, when Tommy stoutly objected to taking the lead with little Totty.

"I want to go with *my beau*," said Tommy. "Lulu Taylor said we must go with our beaux; mamma, mamma, who is my beau?"

Callie Trumbull volunteered to go with Tommy, and as she was the biggest girl there, he finally consented, and soon the happy company was ranged on either side of the long table, looking with eager eyes at the wonderful pyramids of pink and white ice-cream, the great luscious strawberries glowing in their crystal dishes, the biscuits and the sandwiches, the tarts and the cakes without number, the nuts and candies and raisins. The children behaved grandly, every blessed little soul of them, much better than I have seen grown up children behave on such occasions.

One tiny little morsel of a girl, whom Uncle Jim was helping to strawberries, asked, in a quivering whisper,

"Mr. Bancroft, when does it let out?"

"What?" asked Uncle Jim, not quite understanding.

"O, the party, when does it let out?" said the midget.

"O, you can stay just as long as you please," said Uncle Jim.

"Goodey! then I mean to stay most all night," laughed the little girl.

When the children were eating their nuts and candies, somebody put little Dot Leonard up on the table, and she stood up as straight and stiff as a candy image and said some funny little verses about Tommy, and everybody laughed and clapped their hands, and made a great fuss over Dotty.

"You ought to make a speech, Tommy," said Uncle Jim.

"What shall I say it about?" asked Tommy, who rather liked the idea; "I know Humpty Dumpty, and another verse."

"O, you must thank the children for coming to your party, and say you hope they have had a good time," suggested Uncle Jim; and then he put Tommy on the table very quickly, for fear mamma would interfere, and Tommy looked about him like a lord, and began,

"Fank you very much for coming to my party, but you couldn't come 'thout I sended you the tickets. I'm glad you had a good time, and if there's any ice-cream left my mamma's goin' to send some to Billy. My papa buyed the birf-day cake to the city, but mamma and Aunt Alice made all the rest, and squirted the crinkles round the edge wid a squirter full of frostn'. That's all. Take me down, Uncle Jim."

Mamma scolded Uncle Jim, but she laughed, too, and I know she thought it was funny.

By and by the carriages began to come for the little folks, and a few of the more independent went off alone.

"Don't you want some of the older ones to go with you, Harry?" asked papa, as a little fellow came up to take his leave.

"O, no," said Harry. "Why I ain't afraid when it's as dark as a pitch."

But presently the little hero came back, saying, in a confidential whisper,

"Mr. Bancroft, I am *kinder 'fraid of June bugs*," so he waited for company.

When they were all gone, and Tommy stood at the door watching the last carriage whirling down the street, Uncle Jim plected him up and asked,

"Well, Tommy Trotter, how do you like birthday parties?"

"I fink its nice," sighed Tommy, wearily laying his head on Uncle Jim's shoulder. Presently he lifted it up to say, with sudden animation,

"Uncle Jim, wouldn't I had lots of money if they'd all paid?"

MAY FLOWERS.

BY ELLEN PORTER CHAMPION.

Where clinging mosses creep,
Where winter berries peep,
From earth's brown bosom,
Oft, 'neath half-melting snow,
The timid garlands grow,
Daintiest blossom.

All vain their hiding here,
Curtained by leaflets here
From mortals' knowing,
For odors sweet betray
Haunt of each blushing spray;
Incense on breath of May,
To heaven going.

EATING SALT.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

In Western Asia, one who eats of a chieftain's salt, is ever after entitled to his friendship and protection.

In Eastern and Southern Asia, the same is true of the betel or Areca nut, a highly astringent fruit, that is chewed with tobacco, *chunám* and *serie* leaf, by all classes and both sexes, from morning till night, without intermission, except at meal times. Whenever a neighbor steps in, or even a stranger calls, he is always invited to partake of the betel, handed around by the host or hostess; and one who has thus partaken, need never fear treachery or injury of any sort from his host. Neither would the guest, if an oriental, ever so far violate the usages of his country, as to wrong, in the slightest particular, the man whose hospitality he had shared. Having eaten together, they are henceforth bound to each other in indissoluble bonds of sacred friendship.

It is thus very easy for a stranger or traveler to secure the protection of the rulers of oriental lands, by presenting himself at the chieftain's table, taking shelter under his roof, and accepting the hospitality which is always and everywhere, throughout the East, proffered to strangers and foreigners. To such an extent is this principle carried by the Arabs and some other nations, that even if a dumb animal were to take refuge under the shade of their tents, they would esteem it dishonorable to yield it up to its pursuers; while blood is often spilt, and wealth squandered like water, in the maintenance of this obligation.

A story is related of Bahram Goo, afterward king of Persia, which serves to illustrate how deeply interwoven with the strongest impulses of an Arab's nature, is his sense

of obligation to protect, with his very life, if need be, whatever has fled to him for refuge. Prince Bahram, while a young man, passed much of his time in Arabia, roaming over its deserts and plains, and occasionally seeking amusement in the chase. He, one day, while thus engaged, encountered a doe, so wonderfully swift of foot, that the Prince, though mounted on an Arab steed of remarkable fleetness, could never get within shot of her. The chase lasted for several hours, till the poor, frightened animal, faint with heat, and half dead with fatigue, fled in despair to an encampment of Arabs, and cowered down in one of the tents. Her pursuer followed at full speed, and reining up at the door of the tent, called to the occupant to give up the deer.

"The arrow that is now set in your bow, must first go through my heart," said the indignant Arab; "and even then, you will scarce escape the vengeance of my people. You may take my horse that stands outside the door, if you will, or anything else that belongs to me; but not a hair of this doe shall you touch whilst I live to protect her. *When did an Arab ever betray his guest?*"

And looking scornfully upon the man who had supposed him capable of such an act of baseness, the indignant Arab folded his arms, and in sullen silence awaited the result.

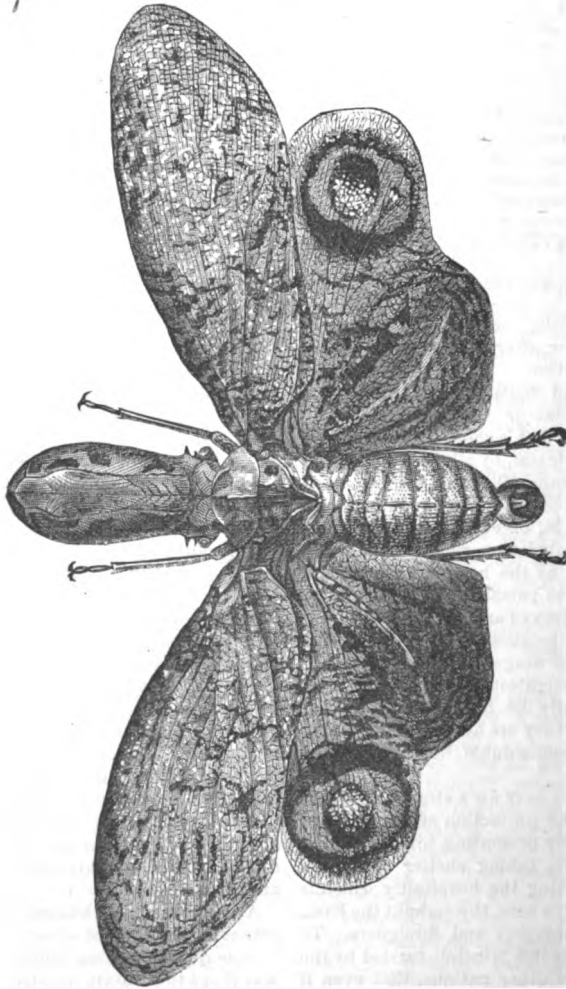
Prince Bahram, recollecting the habits of the people, and admiring the courage and humanity of the hospitable chief, turned away and departed without any further effort to obtain possession of the doe; and when he afterward succeeded to the throne of Persia, he sent for this Arab, and placed him in a position of honor near his own person, feeling assured that one who would so nobly defend the rights of a dumb animal, might well be trusted with weightier responsibilities.

A still more remarkable instance of the restraining influence of this custom, and the disgrace that would attach to its non-observance, has been related to me.

A Persian robber having effected an entrance to the palace of his sovereign, collected a large quantity of valuables with which he was about to decamp, when his foot accidentally struck against something that lay in his way. Pausing, he stooped and picked up the article, which felt cold and hard to his touch; and being unable, in the dim light of the kitchen hall through which he was passing, to see what it was, he raised it to his lips to ascertain. His rage and disappointment may be imagined when he found it was a lump of salt he had so unguardedly tasted. Having thus partaken of salt under that roof, he re-

garded himself as pledged, by the laws of hospitality, to inflict no injury upon any of its inmates; and he departed empty handed, as he came, leaving all the valuables he had so carefully collected, piled up in the hall,

where they were found in the morning, by the astonished household. Long afterward, the robber revealed the whole story to his prince, who received him into his service, and kept him ever after, near his person.



THE LANTERN FLY.

BY GERALD NORTH.

Almost all our little readers have seen, on warm summer nights, the meadows fairly flashing with the tiny lights of myriads of fire-flies—"lightning bugs," we youngsters used to call them. And many of you have seen the humble little glow-worm, creeping quietly along in the grass, with his soft,

steady light just revealing to close observation the dusky little traveler. He seems a sober, steady fellow, and always has the air of being on his way home from some benevolent association, not at all like the giddy, dancing fire-flies, who are evidently out on a lark.

Wonderful stories are told of the fireflies of some tropical countries, that have such a dazzling splendor, that the poor folk use them as lamps, and the fine ladies wear them as jewels on their ball dresses, and they even tell of a hard-hearted bird that sticks them for gas-lights on the mud walls of its nest.

Most wonderful of all this class of insects, is the lantern fly, a native of South America, which has a most remarkable, and, one would think, inconvenient head, being equal in length to three quarters of its body. But this seemingly awkward appendage serves the winged traveler as a veritable lantern, from which, at certain seasons of the year, he can send out such streams of phosphorescent light, that the rich valleys of Gulana are illuminated as if by lightning flashes. This property of the lantern fly was first discovered by a lady, M^{lle} Sybille de Mérian, whose book on the "Insects of Surinam" has been published in three different languages. She was a native of Bâle, and was the daughter and sister of celebrated engravers. She was full of enthusiasm for the study of natural history, and left Germany to visit the magnificent collection of plants in Holland, many of which she painted with admirable skill. Finally, at the age of fifty-four, she set out for America to study the marvels of nature in the tropical regions, where they display the greatest splendor.

During the two years of her residence at Surinam, she made a large collection of drawings and paintings, and was the first to introduce art into natural history.

If the young girls, who complain of having nothing to do that is worth living for, would read her beautiful book, they might learn from it how much they might accomplish with the time that is either unoccupied, or devoted to useless employments. To study nature ought to give more satisfaction, and certainly is more ennobling to the mind, than doing a little poor embroidery. Here is what our Sybille says of the lantern fly.

"Some Indians having one day brought me a great number of lantern flies, I shut them in a large box, not knowing then that they gave light at night. Hearing a noise, I sprang out of bed and had a candle brought. I very soon discovered that the noise proceeded from the box, which I hurriedly opened, but, alarmed at seeing emerging from it a flame, or, more correctly, as many flames as there were insects, I at first let it fall. Having recovered from my astonishment, I caught all my insects again, and admired this singular property of theirs."

SING, BIRDIE.

BY DAVID D. HUDSON.

Birdie in the apple tree,
Where the rosy blossoms swing,
Sing a pretty song to me.
Sing, birdie, sing.

Sing about your little nest,
Just as round as any ring,
Made to fit your little breast.
Sing, birdie, sing.

Sing about the freckled eggs,
Sheltered 'neath your speckled wing;
Four such smooth and cunning eggs.
Sing, birdie, sing.

Sing about the baby birds,
Which some sunny day will bring;
Tell me all the pretty words
You will sing your baby birds.
Sing, birdie, sing.

MAY HAMILTON'S PIANO.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"I don't believe there's anything in the whole world so hard as learning to play on the piano!" exclaimed May Hamilton, throwing herself on to the lounge, and looking just ready to cry.

"Is it particularly hard to-day?" asked mamma.

"Well, no; only I wanted to learn that new piece to play in school to-morrow, and I've practiced till I'm tired, and I can't get it perfect."

"You haven't practiced it as long as the men had to practice, who made your piano," said grandpa, quietly.

"Why, do men have to practice?" asked May, incredulously.

"Of course they do. You don't suppose a man could make such a beautiful thing as a piano, without years of practice, do you? Anyone who does a thing well, head work, or hand work, has to practice a long time. You're merely educating your fingers."

"Well, I never thought of that," said May, "but I do believe it's harder to learn to play, than to learn to make one."

"That's because you don't know how hard it is to make one, while you do know how hard it is to play," said grandpa. "Can you form any idea now, of how many men and machines have worked, years, that you might have a perfect piano?"

"I guess—about—a hundred," said May, determined to guess enough any way.

Grandpa smiled.

"Let's see if we can find out," he said,

"by seeing the different operations it goes through, and the things it is made of."

"It's made of wood," said May.

"Yes, partly; how many kinds of wood do you imagine are in it?"

"Perhaps two or three," answered May.

"There are nearly twenty different kinds of wood," said grandpa, "and only one or two of them grow in our country."

"Where do they grow?" asked May, astonished.

"All over the world, from Norway to Brazil."

"I don't see why they have to get so many kinds of wood," said May.

"Probably not," replied grandpa; "but the men who have been practicing so many years, have found that the wood used for the cover, won't do for the keys, and the wood put into the frame, would be utterly unsuitable for the sounding board. By thousands of trials they have found out exactly what kind of wood is best for each part. Now, May, you must remember that each of these twenty kinds of wood, has to be cut down, in the country where it grew, sawed into boards or planks, hauled to the sea shore, and sent by vessels to our country."

"That would use up the hundred men, I guess," said May.

"Yes, and even then it isn't ready for use. It has a long process of drying to go through. They pile the boards up, and leave them for years."

"They must be dry enough then," said May.

"Indeed they're not. They have to spend four months in a fiery place, called a steam drying room, to take out the last spark of a desire to warp. But there's something else in your piano besides wood."

"What else?" asked May.

"Well, in the first place, there's leather. There are nine or ten kinds of leather used."

"O, grandpa!"

"It's true, and I can show them to you. Now nine or ten animals, buffaloes, calves, seals, and so forth, have met their deaths, for your pleasure. Nine or ten hunters have been fitted out with guns, and other weapons, have gone out, killed their animals, taken off the skins, dried them, and sold them to the leather maker. The leather maker has cured, and tanned them, and sold them to the piano maker."

"O dear! how many, many men you have told, grandpa!"

"Yes, and now we have only got to the metals."

"Metals!" said May, with dismay.

"Yes, there are five or six metals. Each one must have taken a small army of men, to get the ore out of the ground, melt it up, separate it from rocks and dirt. Then come the iron foundries, the brass workers, the wire drawers, the copper men—I can't even guess how many."

"That must be all, grandpa."

"Do you think so? Where's the felt to cover the hammers, the woolen cloth?"

"O grandpa!" interrupted May, "are all those in?"

"Yes, and you must remember the woolen cloth comes from wool on a sheep's back, and goes through, I don't know how many hands, before it gets into cloth."

"Well," said May, "I don't believe we shall ever be able to count the men."

"Nor I," said grandpa, "especially as we haven't got all our materials together."

"What! not yet?"

"No; do you want wooden keys to your piano?"

"Indeed I don't."

"Then we must have elephant hunters, and the ivory brought to our piano factory; and glue, and beeswax—you'd count the bees as workmen, wouldn't you?"

"Of course!" said May, laughing. "What a funny idea!"

"Then, to go on with our list, there's emery, oil, putty, powder, and lots of other things that I can't remember."

"I think you can remember enough," said Mrs. Hamilton.

"But when all these materials are cut, and gathered, and cured, and melted, and drawn, and woven, and spun, and got into the factory, the real piano making is not yet begun. In large factories, there are five or six hundred men, and machines that do the work of five or six hundred more. There are steam engines doing the work of two or three hundred horses. And all these men, and all these machines, can only make ten pianos a day."

"O dear! what a sight of work it is!" exclaimed May.

"Yes," said mamma quietly, "I think it is harder than to learn a new piece to play, even."

May blushed a little, and grandpa went on. "Did you ever notice how the piano is built inside?"

"No," said May, "I never did."

"Well, let us open it." And grandpa went to the instrument, lifted the cover and rested it back against the wall.

"There May, at the bottom of the case is

a frame of planks glued together very solid and tight. It is four or five inches thick, and is made so strong to endure the terrible pull of the wires."

"Do the wires pull?" asked May.

"I should think they did; they would pull that iron frame to bits in an instant, but for the wood to which it is screwed. The iron frame, you see, is quite thin, and, by the way, it is a great deal of work to get this frame ready. It has to be cast, and then lots of holes bored in it, then Japanned, and then baked."

"Baked! grandpa," exclaimed May.

"Yes, baked; you didn't think your piano had been baked, did you? Then it is bronzed and gilded. Over that, you see, is the sounding board, the most important thing in the whole instrument."

"Somebody calls it the 'soul of the piano,'" said Mrs. Hamilton.

"It is a thin piece of wood," said grandpa, "right under the strings. And then comes the action. That's the machinery by which the little hammers are made to strike the wires. Strike one, May."

May struck a key.

"Did you see that little hammer fly up, hit the wire a tap, and then go back?" asked grandpa.

"Not very well," said May.

"I'll touch a key, while you look in," said mamma.

So mamma sat down, and touched one key after another. May stood looking in, perfectly delighted to see the busy hammers each striking its own wire, and then dropping back. But when Mrs. Hamilton played a tune, with both hands, and set the hammers to working rapidly, May fairly screamed with laughter.

"How they do jump around! I never knew that's the way they fly up when I'm playing!"

"Even when the works are all in," said grandpa, closing the piano at last, and going back to his arm chair, "it isn't near done."

"Why, what more is there?" asked May.

"It has to be polished."

"That don't take long, does it?"

"It takes months; because they want to get such a beautiful polish, and one that will last forever. First the case is made smooth with sand paper. Then it is varnished, and left eight days to harden. Next, a workman takes a tool and scrapes off all the varnish, except what has got into the pores of the wood."

"What's that for, grandpa?"

"To make a good, solid foundation for the

polish. Then it is varnished again, and again scraped off. Then it is varnished again, and not scraped off this time, but allowed eight days to harden. After this, it is varnished four or five more times, each coat having eight days to dry. When all is done and dry, the workman finishes it up with his bare hands."

"I shouldn't think that would polish it."

"Well, it does, and better, as a finish, than anything else. I don't believe you can guess how many different trades there are in making parts of the piano."

"I know I can't. How many are there?"

"There are over forty. If you had lived when Mrs. Washington was a little girl, you wouldn't have had such a splendid piano as you have."

"Why not, grandpa?"

"Because they were not made. The best they could make then was called a 'spinet.' The strings were struck by pieces of quill, instead of hammers. It had but few octaves, and its case was rough and unpolished. The legs were square—in the kitchen table style—and the sound was simply a horrible twang."

"I'm glad I didn't live then," said May. "I'd rather have a piano."

"If you had lived in Queen Elizabeth's time, you would have been still worse off. She had only what was called a 'Virginal.' And it was merely a box of strings, on four legs. Yet it was the best Queen Elizabeth had. It has taken hundreds of years, and thousands of experiments, to make the piano."

"Well grandpa," said May, laughing, yet blushing, too, "I guess I'll have to own up, that it is harder to make a piano, than to learn to play; and now I'm rested, I guess I'll give it another hour;" and she seated herself and opened her music to practice.

"I'm sure I shall keep thinking, all the time, what a nice dance those poor little hammers are having. I wonder if they get tired, too?"

TOM HUDSON'S MOTTO.

BY CAPTAIN SAM.

The city of Chattanooga lies in a curve of the Tennessee River, upon pleasant knolls, from which one can see long stretches of the river; or, looking south, there is a fine view down the beautiful Chattooga valley. Upon every other side, the great hills encompass it, like surly jailers, with "old Lookout Mountain" as chief turnkey.

Between these great, frowning ridges lie pleasant valleys, sometimes very narrow, but often widening out so that large, handsome farms can be made in them. In nearly all of them are pretty brooks of clear, dancing water, singing merrily over gravelly bottoms, often zigzagging from side to side of the valley, as if unwilling to leave the beautiful place.

How I should like to head a company of your boys and girls to go down there on a raiding expedition after a merry, good time! Wouldn't we have a good time, though, camping out in the woods! What lots of adventures we might have, roaming among those great, rocky hills, exploring deep caves, and tracing to its source, with all the zest of Bruce following up the Nile, some swift-running, mountain stream, with quaint Indian name, that here pitches over a sheer fall into a dark, quiet pool, and again glides swiftly over a smooth, rock bottom, under the shade of great trees upon the steep hill-sides. Then, when evening put an end to our rambles and adventures, we would make a bright camp fire, and sitting around it, soldier fashion, hear long stories of adventures by sea and land, and with laughter and singing of old home songs, make the grand woods ring again, until it was time to turn in for the night. Of course, the girls would always prefer to sleep in their tent; but we boys, on clear, soft nights, would wrap our blankets round us, and bivouac under the shining stars. And O, how bright and new we should feel as we sprang up from our pine-straw beds in the morning!

It was in one of these narrow, secluded valleys that I have referred to, where Tom Hudson lived, the hero of the story which I gathered from the simple country people while in command of an outlying picket post near the scene of his exploit. He was born and always lived in this quiet, out-of-the-way spot.

Robust and hearty, as all these young mountaineers are, as soon as he could well walk at all, he was rambling among the great hills that shut in the little valley, with his two older brothers, and by the time he was ten years old, he could handle a light rifle as dexterously as the rest of them.

But, poor fellow, his happy hunting days were suddenly brought to a close. For, one day, having shot a gray eagle, it lodged in its fall on a ledge away up on the face of a precipitous cliff. Too proud of his achievement to willingly allow his game to escape him, he attempted to clamber up to the ledge. He missed his footing and fell, stun-

ned and maimed, doomed to be a cripple and an invalid for life. Poor Tom, it was hard for him to bear. He had enjoyed his wild life among the mountains and woods so much, and now it was all, all over. In place of the bright, ruddy, sturdy, active lad, he was now pale faced, weak, and lame—the flash in his dark-brown eyes, the only outward evidence of the fire within him.

He had hoped to be such a great man; to do so much; to help everybody whom he loved; about which he had often talked; but now this was all spoiled, and instead of being in a fair way to help everybody, he was a burden, as he fancied, to his friends. Though he chafed and fretted a good deal to himself, it was seldom he troubled anyone else with his grief.

His old grandfather was a great help to him, and used to say to him, when Tom was mourning over his inability to do anything of any account, "Do what you can, Tom; do what you can, and maybe God 'll make it of some account." The old man's words made a deep impression on Tom, so that "do what you can" rang in his ears often when he felt discouraged and ready to give up trying to do anything; and I suppose, if he had been a high-born nobleman, he would have adopted the phrase as his motto, and have had "Do what you can" engraved upon his signet ring, etc. But as it was, I think he did a better thing, in having it engraved upon his heart.

Some time after Tom's hurt, the railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta was built, and passed through the valley close to his home, the road getting access to the valley by means of a long tunnel through the mountain. When the trains began to run, they were the source of perpetual wonder to the simple-minded country folk. None the less so to Tom. When he saw the great engine for the first time, in all its magnificence of shining brass and gaudy paint, it looked like the realization of all his ideas of power and strength.

But his misfortune had broken down his nerves, so he never dared stand near the track when that terrible engine rushed by. He could admire it at a distance, and long for some of the power and force in his own life, of which it seemed to be so full. When his two brothers, Ned and Joe, got employment on one of the trains, one as brakeman and the other as fireman, the despair at his own inability to ever aspire to such honorable places, almost crushed him. Such places don't seem very desirable to some of you boys, but to a simple lad like him they

were full of dignity and importance, and after Ned and Joe had made their first trip, they were considered, by all their neighbors in the valley, to be wonderful travelers.

Tom was nearly fifteen years old now, but he looked much younger, as he had grown very little since his hurt. His old grandfather, his mother, and himself, were all that made the little family at home, so he had to do many of the little chores about the house—chop wood, and feed the pigs, and such things—and though everybody liked him and pitied him, nobody suspected that he had the heart of a hero in him.

Often and often, when his brothers made short visits home, and told over what they had seen and done, the longing to be a strong man and do something great would come over him so that he would go away from everybody to hide his heartache. Then it was that his old grandfather's words would come to him, and he would come back and go to helping his mother about the little household things, and do what he could to make himself useful. And I say that was being a hero.

When he had nothing else to do, he would sometimes go up to the mouth of the tunnel, and sitting near there, watch the trains as they went in or came out. Sometimes he would venture in a little way; but, as I told you before, his nerves were affected by his accident, and though naturally a brave boy, he had grown timid now, and easily frightened, so the darkness and the awful quiet in the tunnel would soon drive him out again in terror. But for all that it had a charm for him, much like the feeling that you young folks have when you hear stories that frighten you; but you always want to hear them again. So Tom used to slip into the dark tunnel, I suppose, for the same reason.

One day he was there, and had gone in farther than usual, but becoming frightened at the fancies which his imagination conjured up, he turned round suddenly and hurried back toward the opening, when all at once a deafening crash roared in his ears, and he fell senseless, struck by the outer edge of a mass of rock that had fallen in from the roof of the tunnel.

Tom never knew how long he lay there, but when he came to his senses, he found he was desperately cut about the head, and had a great wound in his right leg, from which the blood was spurting in little jets. He knew enough to twist his handkerchief around his leg above the wound as tightly as he could draw it, and so stop this bleeding. This done, he started again toward the

mouth of the tunnel, but the blood had flowed so long that he was too weak to get along fast, and he was sore from head to foot with bruises. He saw that a great mass of rock had fallen, as he climbed painfully over it.

All at once he thought of the train that must be nearly due coming from the farther end of the tunnel. What if it should come before he could get out? He almost fainted at the horror of the thought of being penned in that dark tunnel, and the great, rushing, roaring train having to go by so close to him. You see, as most all of us do, he thought of himself first. But what about the train, with those great rocks on the track? He forgot his own danger now in dismay at his inability to roll them out of the way. Twenty men could not have moved some of them, and there was no one able to do anything like that within a mile of there, and that train must be close at hand.

"O, what shall I do? what shall I do?" cried poor Tom, as he sank to the ground in weakness and despair.

To add to his misery, it flashed on him that this train was the one Ned and Joe were on. Then, like an answer to his cry of despair, came the old man's words to his mind, "Do what you can, Tom." Without a moment's delay, he crawled over the broken rocks again, and started to go through the long, dark tunnel to reach the farther end before the train should come, and try to signal it to stop. His resolution gave him strength, so that at first he walked bravely on, but his hurts ached horribly, and his head grew dizzy.

He knew he could have reached home soon, if he had gone the other way, badly hurt though he was, and have got help for his injuries. Again he felt the hot blood streaming from his wounded leg, the exertion having loosened the bandage, but he had got now where it was too dark, and he durst not spare the time to stop and try to better it. As the blood flowed, he felt that his strength went with it; but the most disheartening thing of all was the fear that his efforts would most likely be all in vain. But he struggled bravely on, "do what you can, do what you can," still ever ringing in his ears. The end of the tunnel looked like a small, bright spot to him, very, very slowly growing larger. All this time he was getting weaker and weaker, but firmer and more resolute to reach the end in time, if possible. Often he fell on the rough road, and at last he became unable to raise himself to his feet, but undauntedly he dragged

himself along upon his hands and knees. At last the rays of daylight from the end of the tunnel reached him, and spurred his flagging strength so that he gained his feet and staggered along by the wall, out, out into the day. With that he fell, utterly exhausted, unable to raise himself again. But now he could see away down the track, and the train was in sight, thundering toward him, not more than half a mile away.

"One thing more," thought Tom, "and then I've done all I can." No thought now of his own danger, lying there on the track. He managed to strip off his jacket, which was lined with red flannel, and waved it above him with all the strength he had left. The last thing he was conscious of, was hearing the sharp whistle for brakes, and then all was blank.

The train, which was a well-filled passenger train, was stopped before reaching Tom, and thus a terrible accident was prevented.

But though they all did everything that was possible for poor Tom, his life had ebbed away through that ugly wound, and he only lived long enough to tell those grateful people, whose lives he had saved, how he did it all, and then he added, in a low whisper, "I did all I could, and God made it of some account."

It was this motto on his plain, little tombstone in the quiet valley that first drew my attention to his story. And I think, when we make our summer campaign down there, we shall want to go and plant immortelles on his grave in memory of his noble deed.

MAUDIE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

I somehow do not love the world as well,

Now that dear Maudie is not here with me.
I think the same old sweetness does not dwell
Anywhere, just as it was used to be.

Sometimes it seems as if the light wind said,

When I take walks alone in field or lane,
"Maudie's asleep, with lilies round her head,
Asleep, and will not ever wake again."

And sometimes, when a great, gold bee flits by,
Strange words seem spoken in his cheerful hum:

"The lands are all so glossy green, the sky
So beautiful; why doesn't Maudie come?"

And often, very often, I have dreams—

Wide-awake dreams, by day—of how she sees,
The flashes of the buttercups, the gleams
Of swallow, and the white-flowered elder trees.

And that she walks, an angel, by my side,

And loves me just as in the other hours.

When she would call herself my little bride.

And I would make her wreaths of elder flowers.

THE ONE-STRINGED FIDDLE.

BY THOS. K. BEECHER.

"Hel-lo! here's father's old fiddle, to be sure."

We were up in the garret. What is a house good for, without a garret? What is a garret good for, unless it has old things in it? What are old things good for, unless you can go and rummage them, and "oh!" and "ah!" about them, when it comes a rainy day?

"Well, well, here's the old fiddle. Many's the time you have played 'Merrily, oh!' and 'Hunter's Chorus,' and 'Pompey Duck-legs.' I'd been wondering what had become of you; and here you are! Well, well!"

By this time the fiddle woke up and began to want things.

"'Merrily oh?' Play 'Merrily oh!' Play on me! Make me laugh! I want something. I ain't happy."

"But," said I, "you are not ready to be played on. You have but one string, and that is a G string, green and good for nothing. There is no 'Merrily oh!' in you, and I can't get it out."

"Yah!" yelled the fiddle, "I don't like it. I don't want to be waked up. I want to be happy. Play on me. Make me merry."

"I tell you I can't play on you. You haven't strings enough. The string you have won't bear tuning."

"Yah!" said the fiddle, like a cross baby.

So I set the fiddle up on the button of its tailpiece, and put the bridge in place, and the G string, and, as near as I could guess without a tuning fork, began to strain it up. *Throom, throme, thrum, thrum.* And when it made a little noise something like music, I put the fiddle under my chin, and took the old bow and sawed away on the G string, playing a slow tune with five notes in it.

The fiddle was pleased, and said, "Do so some more."

So I played him again and again, just as you whistle to a baby to amuse him, or tell stories to little boys.

By and by the fiddle snarled out, "I'm tired of that tune. Play something else."

"But I can't play much on one string," I said. "If you will have two strings, I will play six tunes; but on one string I can't play much."

"Well, I want six tunes," said the fiddle.

"Very well, when you have two strings, you can have six tunes; and with three strings, sixty; and with four strings, six thousand—all the tunes in the world. But you are nothing but a poor, one-stringed

fiddle now. I can't do much with you unless you have more strings."

"Well, I want some more strings," said the fiddle.

At that I put the fiddle back into the barrel, and went down stairs.

"What was that noise up garret?" asked the children.

"O," said I, "I was playing on father's old, one-stringed fiddle."

"Where is it? Bring it down," they said.

So I told my boy where it was, and let him bring it down. And I heard the fiddle say, "Now this is something like. I shall see something of life. Now I'll have a good time."

And as he came into the warm parlor, he made a noise on his one string like the purring of a cat. The fiddle was contented for as much as a minute, and lay on his back on the table, looking round with its four black pegs of eyes on each side of its throat, and really seemed quiet and satisfied.

I talked with the children about the tunes that the old fiddle had played, and as long as I talked about it, the fiddle purred. Then I played the five-note tune to the children, and they said,

"Is that all?"

Then a young lady sat down at my piano, and played a splendid march. And the fiddle stopped purring, and tried to twist off behind a pile of books out of sight, and said,

"Play on me. Make noises on me like that."

"Why, I can't," said I. "Just see!"

So I opened the piano and showed the discontented fiddle more than two hundred strings in the piano, and more than eighty hammers to strike these strings. "You haven't strings enough to sound like the piano. You can't be a piano, if you try."

"Well, what can I be?"

"Only a fiddle."

"Am I a fiddle now?"

"Not much! You have but one string, and that the lowest, the G string. You need a D string, and an A string, and an E string; and when I have time I will get them for you. But nobody can make much out of you as long as you have but one string."

"Well," said the fiddle, "if I can't be a piano, I don't want to be anything."

And snap went the old, rusty, rotten G string, and down fell the bridge, and there lay the fiddle, like a sulky boy that has just thrown his book into the corner, and don't want to be a man.

"Well," said I, "some of the finest music in the world I have heard from violins. For

when a fiddle has grown up, and has four strings, and behaves itself, we call it a violin. One string is better than nothing; but if you choose to lie there, I can't do anything for you. Here, my son, take it up garret again, and put it in the barrel."

As they went up the stairs, the sound post got loose and rattled round in the bowels of the fiddle, "I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!" And so the fiddle went up stairs and was forgotten.

"Mamma, what shall I do? I don't know what to do."

"Don't you want something to eat?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, do you want to play marbles?"

"I can't play marbles."

"Well, here, take this towel, and learn to sew, and I will give you two cents if you hem the towel."

"I don't want to sew. I ain't a girl."

"Well, what do you want to do?"

"I want to do something. What shall I do?"

Then mamma burst out laughing, and said, "You are nothing but a one-stringed fiddle, and we shall have to put you in the barrel, up stairs in the garret, unless you get more strings to your fiddle. The only things you like to do is to eat and sleep; and when you have eaten yourself full, you don't want anything except something more to taste good. Now you would better get some more strings to your fiddle."

And the boy opened his big eyes, and said, "Strings to my fiddle? I wish I had 'em."

"Well," said mamma, "reading is one string. When people have learned to read, they can enjoy hours and days and weeks and years, and have gentle music every minute, and be just as happy as the days are long. Work is another string. If you learn to be a carpenter, or a mason, or a machinist, or a cabinet maker, and learn to do your work well, it will keep you contented as long as you live. Drawing is another string. If you learn to draw well with a pencil or with a pen, you can go through life and see pictures all day and draw them all night. Writing is another string. Sewing is another string, cooking is another, and making garden is another. Every time you learn to do anything, and learn to do it well, it is one more string to your fiddle. And when you have as many strings as a piano, you will have a new tune for every hour in the day. But if you have but one string, a G string—a glutton string—you will soon get through that tune, and there is no place for you ex-

cept the barrel up garret. The more you can do, the happier you will be."

"For unto everyone that hath, shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Snap! goes his one string, and off goes the fiddle to be thrown among the rubbish. "I don't care? I don't care?"

Yes, but he does care. For it is better to be a violin, full of all music, than a no-stringed fiddle, thrown away and forgotten!

ART AMUSEMENTS.

BY MARTHA POWELL DAVIS.

NUMBER FIVE.—WAX FLOWERS.

A few brief explanations of names given by botanists to the different parts of a flower, will perhaps aid the younger portion of our readers to understand Aunt Phebe's instructions; for, although she tries to be very plain, and sparing of scientific terms, a few are necessary to preserve proper distinctions in delineating the parts of a flower. For example—when she speaks of leaves, perhaps some of you may understand her to mean the leaves of the blossom, whereas leaves properly refer to the foliage of the plant, and they are usually green.

A *calyx* is the cup enclosing a blossom.

The divisions of a calyx are *sepals*.

The blossom is called the *corolla*.

The leaves of a corolla are *petals*.

The *stamens* and *pistils* or *pointals* are those threadlike parts usually in the center of the corolla.

The dust on top of the stamens is called *pollen*.

The vessels containing the pollen are termed *anthers*. These are very prominent in the lily and tulip.

Aunt Phebe never knew anyone, she remarked, to arrive at much proficiency in making wax flowers, unless acquainted with the process of sheeting wax. To be familiar with this part of the work, enables the artist to produce sheets of any required thickness, and to color them any desired tint. And then the greatest gain is, that scraps may be melted over, resheeted, and used to the best advantage. Accordingly, the first work, to-day, was to form wax sheets of many colors.

For transparent sheets, the ingredients are as follows: One pound white wax; three ounces balsam fir; one ounce sweet oil; and one ounce turpentine. Melt and mix thoroughly; add one quart hot water.

To form sheets, auntie used a cylinder of

hard wood, very smooth. It looked very much like a rolling pin, with one handle sawed off. Before using the cylinder, she soaked it well in hot soap suds, and rinsed it in clear, cold water; then, while wet, she plunged it into the vessel of melted wax already prepared, (see fig. 10,) and took it out with a quick motion.

"Ah! how will she get the wax off?" whispered the children, as they saw a complete coat surrounding the cylinder. But as auntie ran a penknife close to the lower end, and lengthwise of the wood, the question was solved; and as the process was repeated, the class seemed delighted with the clear, white sheets, and the same eager voices exclaimed, "How easy! how pretty!"

Several students then, in turn, took the cylinder, dipping it in the wax, to form

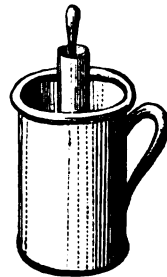


FIG. 10.

sheets, to make sure that they, too, "could do the trick."

A goodly number of semi-transparent sheets were made, as this kind is used for most flowers with thin, delicate petals, as roses, etc. For tulips, orange blossoms, jonquills, and many like flowers, an opaque white is needed. For this, add a small portion of flake, or German white, to the melted wax, before the hot water is added. In like manner, by adding green, yellow, crimson, purple, scarlet, carmine, blue, etc., etc., in different proportions, you may produce tints varied and beautiful, and these colors may again be modified by after painting. For instance, carmine on a yellow sheet will give a very different color from carmine on a white sheet. So, with the transparent, white, and colored sheets to choose from, and a good variety of paints and brushes to do your bidding, you may counterfeit almost any of nature's varied hues.

The *Rose* is a favorite flower, and contributed largely to the collection the children had brought in for imitation, therefore a few varieties were selected as guides. The petals were counted, and the shapes cut from card-

board, with the number of each size marked on the pattern.

At *a*, figure 11, are the patterns for a rose with fifty-five petals; *c* is the calyx, and *d* the stamens.

Several of the class now went to work to cut petals. They laid transparent sheets of wax on folded newspapers, and with large needles, the shapes were traced and cut very exactly.

"Remember, girls," said auntie, "to keep the sizes separate, and cut the number of each indicated by the figures on the pattern. These little brushes will do to paint with, and carmine, wet with aqua ammonia, will give you any shade of rose color."

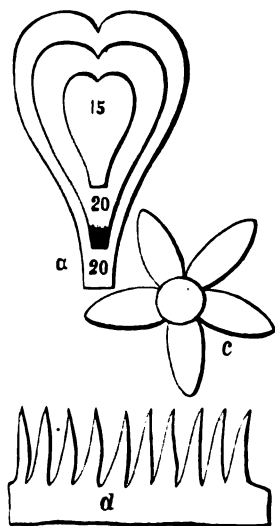


FIG. 11.

Meantime, others of the class prepared stems of green wire for the flowers and buds, and still others cut strips of yellow wax and fringed them at one edge, as at *d*, figure 11. The tips of the fringe are dipped in turpentine, and, while wet, into powdered chrome yellow. This forms the pollen.

To give the petals a natural curve, place each one, when the paint is dry, in the palm of the left hand, and press it with the right fore finger; or, if the petal is pretty wide, you may press it with the head of a curling pin, in two places, one on each side of the center, and toward its upper edge; the latter is best for a half-blown rose.

To form the flower, curl the unfringed side of the yellow wax stamens around the end of a green wire stem. Next place the petals on the wire, immediately under the stamens,

commencing with the smaller ones, then use larger, and so on, until the corolla is finished. Next the calyx is put on, which has been cut from a sheet of green.

"How can we make the buds and leaves?" inquired the girls, delighted at what they had already accomplished, and impatient to learn more.

Buds are made of wax a little more deeply colored than the rose, and formed in a conical shape on the end of a stem. A few small petals may be put on, also; then a green calyx encloses the bud at the base, covering it more or less, as its expansion determines. Roses and buds are both finished with a small oval ball of green wax, attached smoothly to the lower part of the calyx. This is the seed vessel.

Leaves of roses are composed of from three to five leaflets. Each little leaf is attached to a short stem, and these in turn fastened to a main stem with thread or silk. To make these leaves best, put together two sheets of green wax, of different shades, one to correspond with the upper and the other with the under side of the natural leaf. Lay patterns on, and cut through both sheets; put green wires of proper lengths between the double leaves, to form the fiber and stem; press the two thicknesses firmly together, and serrate the edges. Thorns may be made as already described for blackberries.

Another way, which works well for some leaves, especially those more irregular than rose leaves, is to take the exact pattern in tin, wood, or leather, and mark each unevenness of seam and fiber. This is easily done with leather, as those who have practiced leather work well know. Now take of this model pattern a plaster mold, in the same way as already delineated for fruit molds. Then, by the same model pattern, cut a leaf from a green wax sheet, lay it in the mold, and press the two halves together. The irregularities will be marked very perfectly. The wax leaf must of course be as thick as the pattern. It is best to use two thicknesses of wax, and insert a wire stem between them.

Still another way, is to dip the natural leaf into melted wax. The stems need to be strengthened with wire, to make them durable, and to do this nicely taxes the patience, perhaps, more than other methods. Yet I know ladies who keep their parlors decorated with beautiful flowers, and who prefer this way to any other. It is certainly a very convenient way to manage evergreen. Well-selected sprigs of spruce, hemlock, fir, cedar, and arbor-vitæ, simply dipped in green

wax, without further trouble, will last for years. No green is more beautiful for a bouquet; it is particularly useful to mix with flowers whose foliage is coarse and ungraceful.

Hyacinths.—"May we copy from my flowers next?" asked little Mary, displaying some pots of beautiful hyacinths. "Would they be very hard to make?" she inquired, timidly.

"O no," returned the teacher, "they are not difficult, although somewhat tedious. But many nimble fingers will make the task light."

So a few flowerets were dissected and the patterns taken. The different-sized petals are represented at *p, p, p*, figure 12. Six of the two larger sizes and three of the smallest, are needed for a full-sized floweret of a double hyacinth; and from twelve to twenty of the small flowers are usual. The shapes are cut from white, pink, or blue wax. Hyacinths

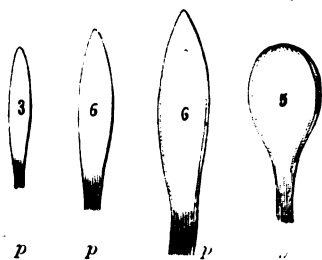


FIG. 12.

are seldom yellow. Curl each petal in imitation of the natural ones, with a curling pin; or, a pencil will do. The stems should be green, of course, but the tip ends, where the corollas are to be attached, should be covered with wax the color of the hyacinth. For a double flower, no stamens are needed; they have all developed into petals. Therefore, to form each small corolla, place around the stem the three smallest petals, then the six larger ones, and, thirdly, let the largest be placed in the intervals between the last—that is, let them break joints with the middle row. Each tier should cover the preceding one at the base, and finally all be rounded off nicely. The corolla is put in form by carefully bending the petals back. Six small petals are enough for buds, and from six to nine large ones are sufficient for flowerets only partly expanded.

To fasten the flowers together, make a wire stem six or eight inches long, quite thick at the base, and tapering until, at the top, it becomes considerably smaller. This stem may be formed of several wires, only

one or two of which extend to the top. They must be neatly bound together, and covered with green wax. Commence at the top to attach the little flowers, placing the least open ones uppermost, and those most open at the base. The little stems may be attached to the main stalk with cotton thread, carefully concealing the wrappings with wax or paint.

The Geranium.—When the hyacinths were finished, several hands were raised high, waving to and fro impatiently.

"Well, what's wanting?" said auntie.

Many claims were then eloquently made. Each one had a flower that was thought to be prettier than all the others. Some of the specimens, however, would have been quite difficult to imitate, at the first lesson, so auntie selected five of the easiest ones, and the school decided which of these should be the favored flower. The geranium owners

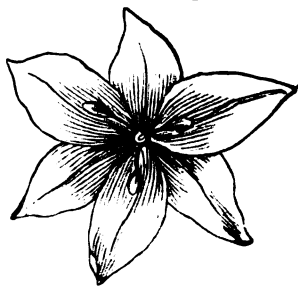


FIG. 13.

looked quite triumphant, as their various specimen flowers were called for.

The geranium is composed of a number of florets, and in this respect resembles the hyacinth. Each little flower has five petals, marked at *g*, figure 12. Here let me remind the learner that the patterns for petals must always be cut longer than we find them in nature, just enough to give room to fasten the wax to the flower stalk. In this pattern the dark portion at the base has been allowed for that purpose. The geranium calyx has five sepals, similar to that of the rose, only smaller. The stamens may be narrow strips of wax of proper color, and may be drawn together or left spreading, as indicated by the variety. The colors of this flower are various, mingling many shades of carmine, vermillion, crimson, orange crimson, scarlet, maroon, and white. The buds, in reverse to the hyacinth, droop from the base of the flower stems.

An important feature in making the geranium plant, is to imitate the leaves, which in different kinds vary much in shape and

color, some being variegated and banded with bright colors, while the groundwork is green.

The Crocus of early spring and summer, is a beautiful object in wax. It has six petals, three stamens, and a pointal. The stamens are attached at the base to the three inner petals. The shape and arrangement may be seen in figure 13. There are many varieties, all very easily counterfeited, care and practice, with suitable materials, being the only requisites.

Whole plants look best. Several were made this afternoon, with leaves complete, and placed in pots; and nothing the class did, better repayed the labor.

" 'Twas a lovely task to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day."

BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS.

BY MRS. PARIZADE V. HATHAWAY.

When the March air is warm enough for the robin, the killdeer plover, too, turns his flight toward the north. Both usually arrive about the same time, often on the same day. In the cool, moist nights, as well as by day, I hear the plover crying as he flies, "Killdeer, killdeer!" He loves the banks of creeks and rivers, and the adjacent lands, and lives upon the insects which he finds there. He often wades in the shallow waters. I remember that once, when the spring floods were high, and the water frozen over, a party of these birds were seen on the ice. They found slippery walking, and when one alighted, he often went sliding a long way. Meeting with many mishaps, they became greatly excited, and gave vent to their feelings in screams that sounded full of laughter.

The color of the killdeer upon the back, is brown, tinted with green. Beneath, he is white with a band of black around the neck and another across the breast. The rump and upper tail coverts are rufous. The wings and tail are brown, black, and white, very artistically arranged.

When the pasque flower opens its blue blossoms to the April skies, I love to walk on a certain dry hill, and along the little stream that skirts it. I am soon saluted by shrill voices, crying, "Chee-ip, chee-ip!" Half a dozen or more killdeers appear, running hither and thither. The movement of the long, slender legs is very rapid and even; the body is held stiff and horizontal, and seems to glide over the ground.

A few days later, I meet them in pairs, and

frequently, on the hill just mentioned, I find a couple which run off very quickly, looking back occasionally, calling in an anxious tone, and evidently expecting me to follow them. Ah! I think there is something very precious in the eyes of the killdeer, near by. Walking softly, and looking closely at the ground, I proceed in a direction opposite to that which the birds have taken. Here is the nest, a slight hollow in the earth, scratched by the birds, and lined with a few bits of rotten wood. In it are four cream or buff-colored eggs, spotted with brownish black. Their color harmonizes so nicely with surrounding objects, that it is one of the easiest things in the world to pass the killdeer plover's nest, and not observe it. The egg is large, rounded at one end, and pointed at the other. The pointed ends are all placed downward and inward, and touch each other at the center of the nest. Hands could not arrange the eggs more neatly.

Meantime the two birds are running around in great distress. They go a short distance, then sitting down upon the ground very closely, they extend their large, pointed wings and splendid tail, and cry "Chi-r-r-r," and flutter and quiver, as if in the agony of death. Occasionally one or both return to the nest, and, standing within three or four feet of me, I notice that the brilliant orange of their eyes, turns almost scarlet with the intensity of their excitement. When I walk away, the birds run before me, often stopping to feign distress. Fluttering a few moments, they lie perfectly still, with a watchful eye turned upon me. My close approach is the signal for them to spring up with a shrill note, and run on as before. Having led me to a safe distance, they rise into the air, cry "Killdeer!" in a voice of exultation, and return to the nest.

It is nearly a month from the time the female begins to set, before the downy little chicks appear. In a few hours after their liberation from the shell, they leave the nest, and follow their parents. Their backs are gray, with a black stripe running down the center; their breasts white, with a dark band across the upper part. When running, they often raise their stubs of wings, showing the downy lining, which is pure white. I have seen all four run close together, and the raised wings were eight little white plumes above their backs. At night, the parents each brood a part of the tender nestlings, and I have been much amused to see other killdeers run up and put their bills under them, in a most tantalizing way, as much as to say, "What have you here?" This teas-

ing provokes the male beyond endurance, and, starting up, he pursues the intruders with his long bill held defiantly straight forward. At this they pretend fright, and fly away, coming back, however, as soon as he is well settled over the chicks again.

As soon as the young are hatched, all signs that the nest has been used, are removed. I have seen them pick up the bits of shells, and drop them into the nearest water. If any accident befalls the young brood, the old birds sometimes return in a week or so, and hatch another brood in the same nest.

Late in the autumn, the killdeer fly away. Some of these birds winter in the southern States, others in South America and the islands of the sea.

THE COBBLER.

BY C. M. WARD.

Wandering up and down, one day,
I peeped in a window, over the way,
And, putting his needle through and through,
There sat the cobbler, making a shoe.

"Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too,
This is the way I make a shoe."

Over lasts of wood, his bits of leather
He stretches and fits, then sews together;
He puts his "waxed ends" through and through,
And still, as he stitches, his body goes, too.

"Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too,
This is the way I make a shoe."

Now with his hammer he giveth a tap
To the shoe, so firmly fixed in his lap;
His head it goes up, and his head it goes down,
But on his face there rests never a frown.

"Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too,
This is the way I make a shoe."

With his little sharp awl then he maketh a hole
Right thro' the upper and right thro' the sole;
He puts in one peg, or he puts in two,
And chuckles and laughs as he hammers them through!

"Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too,
This is the way I make a shoe."

Now with the hammer, and now with the stitch,
This is the way the cobbler gets rich;
For the world he cares never the whisk of a broom,

But all he wants is his elbow room.

Rat-a-tap, tap,
Tick-a-tack, too,
That is the way he maketh a shoe.

THE LOST DAY.

BY HENRY GILLMAN.

The day is gone, like a beautiful bird
That will never be caged again.
Never again will its notes be heard;
And the mist and the darkness bring pain.

Softer and sweeter it seemed to sing,
More proudly erect was its crest,
And brighter the flash of its crimson wing.
As it flew through the gate of the west.

Now one speaketh chiding. "Come out of the damp!

The dew falleth heavy," she saith;
"Unwholesome the night air blows up from the camp
Where gather the legions of Death."

My heart is gone with thee, O beautiful day,
And thoughts are bright wings to me given,
To follow thee up the golden way,
That shines like a street in heaven.

GOD'S ANGELS.

BY W. O. C.

One day, I was sitting all alone in my cottage door, thinking of some angels that I knew in the Beautiful Land. As I sat looking, there came before me, suddenly, a little shining form, like an angel, with feathers of green and gold. It stood still in the air right before me. Its little wings moved so quickly that I could hardly see them, only as they flashed in the light. There the beautiful creature stood and looked at me with his little black eye, turning first one way and then the other. It seemed to me like a beautiful little angel.

"O, it was only a little humming bird," you say. I know it was; but shall I tell you what I thought? I thought that God meant it for an angel, to cheer me; because then, my heart was sad.

WANTED, A HOME.

If all the people in want of homes advertised for them, there would be little space in our periodicals for anything else. Have you ever seen, in your daily walks, pale, gaunt-looking children wandering about the streets, or playing on sunny corners? You pitied them, perhaps, and sighed at the thought that they were homeless; that the little, tender plants were thrust out of the sheltered garden to the open moor, where every passing foot might crush them, and in the wistful eyes, that looked up to yours, you fancied you read "*Wanted, a home.*"

But did you ever think that the same yearning dwelt deep down in the heart of many a man and woman, whom you meet in stately halls, and in richly furnished homes? *No home!* J. E. M.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL,
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, } EDITORS.

CHICAGO, MAY, 1871.

ABOUT FLOWERS.

"I spent all day, yesterday, among the flowers, and you cannot think how I enjoyed it," said a lady to me, lately.

I looked at her in astonishment, for she was an invalid, who surely could not have left her sick bed, even for such a temptation as an invitation from Lady Flora herself.

"It was so lovely," she went on to explain, "with the sun shining in at my window, and my pot of primroses and vase of crocuses beside my bed, that I took my catalogue and went all through it, looking at the engravings and reading about the flowers, and marking everything that I meant to have. It was just like being in a garden, only I am afraid I have selected enough to stock an acre, everything seemed so tempting."

That is just the way I plan my garden every year, when the catalogues are first sent out by the seedsmen, and I read their summer talk, that sounds all the more delightful because it comes in the midst of our very dreariest weather. I go from page to page, and in my fancy I fill beds and borders with glowing masses of wonderful color, and train upon frames and trellises all manner of graceful twiners and climbers.

But after all, when it actually comes to planting time, I measure my garden beds, and I find they are very small; I count my spare minutes, and I find they are very few; and so with one regretful and longing look at all the beautiful things I meant to have, I go back to my old darlings that I feel quite sure of, that never once disappointed me, and that leave me nothing to wish for, when they once put in an appearance.

I am not at all sure but that these small gardens are the most satisfactory. No one gets half the possible pleasure from a garden unless it is the work of his own hands. You need to watch every step in the beautiful process of growth, from the first tiny shoot that pierces the soft earth, to the last brave blossom that defies the frosts and laughs in the face of November. You need a personal acquaintance with everyone of your flowers, until all their curious ways, their likes and

dislikes, their friends and their foes, are as familiar to you as human peculiarities. And the foes are so many, you will find that a good deal of time is required to keep your dainty darlings in order and safety. So my advice to you is to be content with a few, and do your duty by them.

If you have but a few square feet, by all means cover it first with rich, deep, velvety turf. Nothing in all the gardens of the world will give you such perpetual satisfaction as a smooth, green lawn. Then put in a few flowers sparingly, in clumps or borders, just enough to give a touch of color. If you can have a little more liberty, choose flowers of constant and generous bloom—verbenas, petunias, drummond phlox, asters, sweet alyssum, mignonette, sweet peas, stocks, balsams, candytuft, nasturtiums, and snapdragon, from which you may cut bouquets to the very latest day of autumn sunshine.

But, O you children in the country, with great dooryards and roomy gardens around your pleasant farmhouses! no brick walls to shade and blight them, no smoke and dust to stifle them; but the cool, sweet winds blowing fresh from the wheat fields and the spicy woods, and the sky full of sunshine overhead; what wonders can you do if your busy little fingers only find out the way! I know you do work wonders. I never ride through the country without marveling at the way the little children, and their busy, burdened mothers will contrive to find time and space for flowers. You can scarcely find the smallest cabin, in the smallest clearing, but that somewhere is a gay little border of flowers. Sometimes by themselves, with a rude paling of sticks and brush to keep away the chickens; sometimes smuggled in by the side of the necessary beets and onions; and sometimes only flourishing in crocks and boxes, and broken-nosed pitchers. And what you find in one garden, you will find usually throughout a neighborhood; for flower raisers are proverbially generous, and a woman who could hardly lend you a quart of flour, will divide with you her choicest dahlia, or cut you a slip of her pet geranium, without hesitation. In this way plants once rare have become as common as were the sunflowers and hollyhocks and "bouncing Bets" that straggled along the fences of almost every country house.

Flowers are good educators and safe companions for children, and the love for them, which seems an instinct in every child's heart, should be carefully encouraged and directed. Give them a few choice seeds, and with the directions which any good catalogue

contains, children will astonish their parents and delight themselves. What if the younger ones plant to-day and dig up to-morrow, and "rotate crops" in a way of their own, from pinks to potatoes, and from potatoes to peanuts, all in the course of a few days? No great harm is done, and simple digging in the dirt is infinitely more healthy than fretting.

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS.

I suppose you really love these rough, teasing brothers of yours, but don't you think you might show it a little more pleasantly? I can tell you I know all about boys. I was brought up in a house full of them. I have enough in my own house this very minute to keep things from getting dull and stupid. I know just how rough, and noisy, and heedless they are; how they forget to wipe their feet on muddy days, throw their caps and scarfs on the floor, and leave their books in the queerest places, to be hunted up in the last minute before school time. I know how they whittle on the carpets, paste kites on the chair seats, daub the table covers with paint, and spill mucilage on the bed and bureau. I know how they come in with a whoop, and clatter up stairs like so many fire engines, the moment the baby goes to sleep; and how they are always leaving the doors open, and cutting, and burning, and blowing themselves up. But for all that we could not spare them from our homes very well, could we? and isn't there something wrong in the family when sisters can call their brothers "nuisances?" Yes, that's the very word she used, and I've remembered it these half dozen years, for the speaker was a pretty, delicate girl, and I was a good deal astonished to hear her say,

"A boy in a family of girls is a perfect nuisance."

The "nuisance" came home from school, presently; a hearty, good-natured-looking boy of eleven or twelve, whistling "Kingdom Coming" with all his spare breath. He stopped suddenly as he saw me, and came forward, awkwardly enough, to speak to me, for he was evidently unaccustomed to meeting company. Unfortunately his foot came in contact with his elder sister's dress, soiling it slightly.

"You clumsy thing!" was the impatient exclamation, "you ought to be kept in a cage."

I looked from the crimson face of the "nuisance," and tried to fancy how sweetly that sister would have assured an older gentleman that it was of no consequence at all, and was entirely her own fault for taking up so much room. In an arm chair, one of the

younger sisters was curled up, examining with great interest a new magazine. An exclamation of delight brought her brother to her side, and he was soon absorbed in the engravings, looking over her shoulder.

"Wait just a second," he begged, as she was turning a page.

"O, you always want to see something," said the sister, fretfully. "I hate to have any one look over my shoulder."

So it was, from morning until night. There was not a place in that house, so far as I could see, where the boy was wanted, or a person who wanted him; and I wondered if the dear, dead mother knew how it was, and whether it would not make her heart ache, even in heaven, to see it. If the sisters walked, or rode, or sang, or played croquet, no one ever said "Come, Johnny." And I really suppose they thought he did not care for their laughing, and teasing, and snubbing, just because he was a boy, and was too brave to show that he cared. I found out another thing, too, and that was that the "nuisance" was very convenient when the pony was to be harnessed, the pitcher to be filled with cool water, a big bundle to be carried down town, or a disagreeable errand to be done: yet I never heard any one say,

"Thank you, Johnny; it was kind in you to take the trouble."

No doubt he would have stared if they had said so, but I think he would have liked it, and I think it would have helped him to remember to be polite himself.

"Why didn't you thank that boy for bringing your hat?" I asked of a pleasant little girl.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's our Tom!" as if that were reason enough for not being polite to him.

"I wish I had a sister," said a boy to his companion, in my hearing. "It must be so nice to have sisters of your own."

"That's because you don't know," said his companion. "I tell you they plague a fellow the worst way, and the bother of it is, you have to take it, because you know you dare'n't lick 'em."

That made me think of a little fellow whom I once charged with cruelty, for pulling out the long legs of a grasshopper.

"Don't hurt him," was his defense; "ain't a mite of juice in 'em. An' he don't squeal, neiver—course if it hurt him, he'd say somefin 'bout it."

These brothers of yours will not always say when you hurt them by unkind, careless words, but they feel it all the same, and it hurts in another way, by gradually chilling their love for you, and making them hard hearted, and careless of the comfort of others.

I tell you, girls, you cannot afford to lose your brothers in this way. You need them, and they need you. Many a boy has gone into bad company, and yielded to evil, degrading influences, simply because there was no stronger, purer influence at home to draw him away from it, and lift him above it. Make your brothers your companions and friends, and never be afraid or ashamed to show your love for them.



Prudy's Pocket.

Some of the letters which were left out last month were a great deal too nice to be lost, so Prudy saved them up. They will do just as well now, though most of them are dated in February, and now it is the middle of March; yet your May CORPORAL is nearly printed. Johnnie shall have a hearing first.

Jackson, Tenn. "I am the little Johnnie Campbell who subscribed for THE CORPORAL. My sister used to take *The Little Pilgrim*, and now I take THE CORPORAL. I have a new little sister, who has no name at all, but I want to call her 'Crocus,' because she came just when the crocuses blossomed. They all laughed at me the other night, because I said I wondered if Mrs. Miller knew about our baby. They did not know whom I meant, till I told them the editor of my LITTLE CORPORAL, so my ma said she would write to you and ask you. I shall be five years old soon, and I want the Heavenly Cherub picture for my little new sister. I forgot to tell you that we have seen Mr. Alfred Sewell. He came to my papa's home once, with some northern editors."

Prudy commends "Crocus" for the wee sister, only she is puzzled to know how they will manage to make a pet name of it.

Gracie Evelyn, of *New Haven*, sends a list of over one hundred words, made from Corporal, all fair and legitimate words. This should have had earlier mention, but part of Gracie's list was accidentally lost, and Prudy hoped to be able to find it, and give the exact number. And as there is little chance that any one can surpass this, we will consider this matter settled.

Chenoo, Ill. "As nobody has told about fish, I will tell you about ours. My brother Henry caught them in the creek. One of them died, but the other is very tame. It will eat meat out of your fingers, and if you have no meat it will nibble your fingers. I take lessons on the piano, of my sister Jessie. I am real sorry for that boy that lost his arm. I am left handed."

Huntington, Conn. "I am eight years old, and Jennie is ten. Our papa died four years ago. We live on a farm with mamma and grandma, near the beautiful Housatonic River. We have taken THE CORPORAL three years; we love it

dearly, and wish it came every week. We want to get three subscribers, so as to get the Royal Road to Fortune. Please to print our letter.
CARRIE AND JENNIE."

Noble, Ill. "I have never been to school, and cannot write very well, but as I have taken THE CORPORAL over three years, I was afraid you might think I did not like you very well, if I did not write you a letter, and I would not have you think that for anything. Sometime I mean to write you a real long letter."

Painesville, Ohio. "A few weeks ago our beautiful home was entirely burned up, and as I am a sick girl, and have been entirely confined to my bed for the last two years, I shall want some pictures on my wall when we go into our new house. If you will send me the Heavenly Cherubs I shall be very glad, as I did not claim my premium when I renewed my subscription. I have sent a vowel story on 'I' to Private Queer's Knapsack, and hope it will win the prize."

Minnie will not be disappointed. She has learned before this time of the success of her vowel story. Prudy saw in the paper the account of the burning of Minnie's beautiful home. It seems very sad, but the father and mother will surely say that their best treasures were not lost in the flames. About the same time Prudy learned of the burning of a little log house, belonging to some poor Swedish emigrants, in which all they had in this world, and their three little children were consumed. So almost any *bad* may have a worse.

Now comes another company to join the army of workers.

Winchester, Ill. "I earned the money for my CORPORAL by carrying water in harvest for my brother John. I have a very nice pig that I mean to sell in time for next year. I have a nice colt. My father bought me a halter for it to-day. Do please put this in your pocket."

Alice, who is seven years old, earned her money by picking up chips for her grandmother. Mark, by selling papers. Oliver, by grafting apple trees and selling them to his father.

Hebron, Iowa. "We live away out in western Iowa, between two of the greatest rivers in the continent. We have six cats, and if our cats had not died we should have had lots more. We got our money by cutting corn fodder. We are little boys, and we hope you will put this in your pocket."

Prudy has noticed that when people get about six cats they are apt to begin to die off—the cats, not the people. Not more than two could ever be induced to live at her house.

Wilson, N. Y. "My brother has taken THE CORPORAL ever since it was published. He picked up cider apples at a penny a bushel to pay for it."

DeGraff, Ohio. "Jimmie is my dear little brother; he is older than I, but I am lots the biggest. He is real good, and the sweetest little fellow I ever saw, and I do love him so. Well, Jimmie gave his whole dollar that papa gave him for a present, and I put in my money that I got for my bantam's eggs, to get THE CORPORAL, because you see we must have it, so as to know

what Tommy Bancroft is doing, and all the other nice things. We can both read *THE CORPORAL* this year, but last year we could not."

Springfield, Ga. "Enclosed find \$1.50, the hard-earned money of Charlie and his invalid Cousin Francis. This little invalid is sick nearly all the time, and can walk but little, yet he has earned his *CORPORAL* for the last three years. One year he drove the horse in a sorghum mill, earning a gallon of molasses, which he sold. Another year, when very sick, he had a pocket book given him as a reward for fortitude under severe suffering, which he has now sold to make out enough to put with his cousin's. Charlie, who is twelve, earned his money one year by filling husk beds; another, by driving horse for his papa; and this year by churning, at five cents a time."

Somehow it seems as if the little soldiers whom the great Leader has seen fit to put into the invalid corps, here on earth, did have the bravest, sweetest, truest hearts of all. Prudy sends her love to both these boys.

Atol. "I have saved my pennies to send for *THE CORPORAL*. My father has been dead five years, and my ma does washing to provide for me and my little sister."

St. Anthony, Minn. "I have found a word which is said to be the longest in our language. Will any one who takes *THE CORPORAL* pronounce it, or send a longer one if they can. It is "anthropomorphitonianiemicallation."

Is that word in common use among the people of your town, Katie?

Black Hawk. "I thought I would write to tell you what I can do. I can make sponge cake and biscuit. When my auntie is sick, I can get supper for her. I am nine years old, and I go to school, and take music lessons. We have got a Swede girl that can't talk in our language, and we had four little pigs, but they all died."

Hebron, Neb. "We live in a town just starting in the wilds of Nebraska, where we don't see much but emigrant wagons. My pa built the first house in town, but now there is a hotel, and a printing office, and several other houses being built. I am learning to do housework now, but in a year or two I hope to go back to Illinois to school."

Hyde Park, Pa. "I can't say that I like Miss Prudy very much, for she just throws my letters away after she takes out the money, and never puts them into her pocket at all. But then I get *THE CORPORAL*, and I do like that, so here is the money for it. I should have sent it sooner, but I had to earn the money first, and I go to school."

That's most too bad of you, Frank. I can tell you Prudy never sees a bit of your money; they take every cent out before they give her the letter. And there's your bit of a scolding right in the pocket.

Dayton, Oregon. "I have looked in your pocket for a whole year, and have not seen many letters from Oregon, and I have come to the conclusion that the boys and girls up here do not write, or else Mr. Corporal does not publish them, for we have plenty of boys and girls here as smart as you will find them anywhere. I earned my subscription money by knitting, and I have earned two premiums besides. Why does not Mr. Sewell tell us about the Mammoth Cave, as he promised to do."

Fair Haven, O. "We had concluded to do without our little friend this year, but we miss him so much we conclude to begin economizing somewhere else."

Bedford, O. "Our little grandson, Bertie Taylor, two and a half years old, has two grandfathers and two grandmothers, three great-grandfathers, and three great-grandmothers; in all ten grandparents living. We think this remarkable. If any persons can make a better showing let us hear from them."

Prudy doubts if it can be done.

Edith and Ellie, from *Shinton, W. Va.*, send some very creditable illustrated rebuses, for which Private Queer thanks them, but his knapsack is full to overflowing, just now. By the way, here is a letter for the Private:

"Poor Private Queer! I knew he would go crazy with that vowel game. I feel bad for him. Tell him to let me know what asylum he is going to, and I will help to support him. You must help him, Prudy, for the children's nonsense never seems to bother you much. I have a little four-year-old sister, who called the hail 'dry rain,' and when it lightened she asked if God was 'lighting his lamp.'"

Emma sends Prudy some greenhouse flowers from Nebraska. They have been in the letter so long that one cluster, which Prudy thinks is *ageratum*, seems to have ripened seed. She is going to sow it, and will tell Emma if it grows.

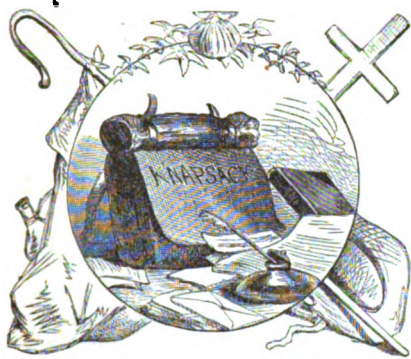
New Albany, Ind. "Our houseful of boys and girls pronounce *THE CORPORAL* 'perfect,' and Aunt Prudy 'splendid,' and their little mamma says *THE CORPORAL* is invaluable to all mammas who are like the ancient dame 'who lived in her shoe.'"

Bee Creek, Tenn. "Please find enclosed \$6.15 for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, Harper's Weekly, and one box of initial stationary, No. 2, initial T. I am a boy of 14 years old, and have taken *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* 4 years, and like it better than any other magazine. We live on the table lands of Tennessee. I tried to raise a club this year, but the boys here don't know *THE CORPORAL*, else I am sure they would send for it. Next year I will try again. We moved from Loudon, Iowa, last November. There are plenty of deer, foxes, and squirrels here, and I like the country very much, the climate is so mild. The flowers are coming up, and the peach and lilacs are budding out. The grass is getting quite green. My little sisters, Katie and Rosie, think Tommy is a very cunning little boy; they never tire hearing of him."

Woodstock, Ill. "I am seven years old, and I have taken *THE CORPORAL* one year. I like it very much. I like the picture stories and *The Hard-Fought Battle* best. I got up a club this year and got the Heavenly Cherubs. Next year I am going to try to get *Red Ridinghood* and the Wolf. I have a kitten named Harry; it comes in bed with me every morning. I hope you will put this in *THE CORPORAL*. I want to see how it will look."

Waverly, N. Y. "My brother was seven years old last Monday, and mamma brought us two little white mice in a cage for his birthday present. I wish you could see how nice they play in the evening, but they sleep all day. Is not that funny. This is my first letter. I wonder if Prudy will think this letter worth putting in her pocket."

Private Queer's



THE VQWEL GAME.

VOWEL E.

BEES, SELF-SKETCHED.—Bees scented Eden's herbs ere the fell serpent tempted Eve. Bees entered Beth-lehem ere the blessed messenger sent the shepherds where the meek Redeemer slept. Bees hold the extended west ere the peerless Penn met the Red Men. Present bees' breeds resemble the precedent. Egg engendered we rest three weeks helpless. Then we sever the web, extend feelers, shed the shell. We peep, we peer, we ken. The members freed we emerge perfect. When we creep, the elder bees greet, feed, render help. Then we seek terrene woods, fresh chess, erect-stemmed hemp, flecked speedwell, keeled vetch, deep nepenthes, resplendent wald. We reject freckled neck weed, detergent cress, severe pepper, fretted nettle, Welsh leek. When we need extended sphere, the elected empress decrees new settlements. She precedes the serfs; the serfs keep next. Then we seek the ether. We wheel, we green, we veer; we stem the breeze, we chuck speed, we descend where trees extend; the pendent elm, the excellent elder, the kerneled betel, the well-seeded beech. When expert men set benches, erect well-kept be tenements, belvederes, we rest there; else we enter dens, clefts, secret recesses, roft trees. We prefer fenced globes, where green creepers screen the sheltered shed; where petted wrens cheer, where eddies dragos stretch, where the demagogue seems serene. There well-fleeced sheep feed; there tethered withers kneel; there the gentle hen pecks the seed when her restless helpmeet becks; there mottled, crescent-necked, deep-chested steeds step the green; there the pebble-bedded creek reflects the knee-deep steers. There pebbled men wend when the vesper bell tells the even; there the temple's revered steeples send the knell when men rest; there the scenes ever express blessedness.

When settled we excrete cere pellets; wet, shred, beat, temper them. These blended, we set deep camps, extend trestle-bed streets, delve trenches, erect entrenchments, treble defenses, set vedettes. Then we fetch scented herb essence, wherever secreted. We descend fern-decked dells, where wadded greenlets nestle, where red thrashers perch; glens where tree peckers delve, where crested excreta preen. We neglect wet fens, where sedges reek, where the red-edged mere reflects the grobe. We flee tempest-vexed verges where men stretch the meshed nets, steep ledges where the heathel nests, nether roofs where rest the webbed jodel, the lesser tern. We detest merged depths, where the clever dredger gets the pecten, depressed levels where the shelled whelk creeps. Self helpers, we never neglect the empress. We extend her deepest deference, respect, reverence. We effect her be-hoos. Scepterless the empress, speechless the serfs, yet we never err except when men meddle.

Here let me tell the Kennebec bee legend. Seven men, pelt getters, detect the cleft where the bees herd; get steel wedges, levers, helvies, fell the tree, eject the bees, embezzle the feed. Three men, tree fellers, see the expelled bees dejected, perplexed, helpless. These reprehend the pelt getters' stern recklessness, express regret. Then the seven heedless men jeer the gentle three, term them "Bees' Brethren," "Bee descended." Next even, the ten men messed. There were set elk's flesh, scythed beef heels, deer's neck,

geese, smelts, weewers, beets, eggs, cheese, well-fermented beer. When the men were replete, yet ere the revels ended, the shelterless bees entered the tent, smelled the desert, tasted the beer. Then the revelers pelted the bees. The nettled bees remembered yester even's excesses, the theft, the ejection, reprehended the seven relentless pelt getters. Ere the men expected, the bees beset them, revenged themselves. Then were the checked sleeves, the velvet breeches, the pelt vests, even the hempen belts sheer meshes. The bees' keen needles entered the vestments wherever the bees rested. The men blanched. Helter skelter, pell mell went the seven. Peter Mercer Devens sneezed; Ebenezer Dexter Phelps wheezed; Egbert Etheldred Heeler wrenched the shelves; Steven Zabedee joffers "Bitted seventeen cents these bees were elves;" Ben-net Sterne Lever, the Colt, crept where the setter kneeled; the whelps yelped. Peleg Welker Meecher, the peddler, screeched, "Help me, Jezebel!" Eh! Peleg's better self sleeps elsewhere; never kens her helpmeet's extreme need. The three gentler men, the tree fellers, Herbert Reeves Levellen, Jesse Vorrren Jenckes, Hemper Bedell Lee, were exempt. Serene themselves, these three defended the froited seven. Where then the sneers, the jeers, the senseless jests? Then the Reverend Clement Berg Heber entered the tent. Meek, yet severe, he stopped where the fevered men wrestled. "Gentlemen," represented he, "yester even, when ye ferreted the bees, selfishness tempted ye. Greeted ye heretofore, left them no petition, ye heeded the bees' wretchedness, never heeded these three men's expressed regret. When the keen September breeze rent the elements, these defenceless bees expected ere December's sheeted sleet, trembled lest the tempests whelm them. The present even, these bees entered the tent, enfeebled, spent; needed refreshment. Yet, relentless, perverse, ye vexed them. Yes, ye repelled them. Were ye men to tell me, ye beer-de-mended seven. Brethren, reflect where ye err. Let these revels end. Recede ere ye be mere effete excrecences. Let the effervescent beer vessel be expelled the tent. Let the beer refresh the bees, let the keg shelter them. Remember the verses smavel Kelredge penned.

"He wendeth best, he reateth best,
The less he tasteth beer;
When he the wrached doers detest;
He meeth better cheer."

The reprehended men's reddened cheeks tell regret. The seven weep, beseech the three, kneel, beg clement, pledge better deeds. Clerks pen the pledge. Referees decree redress. Then the ten men reverse the beer vessels, let the bees feed. When the bees were refreshed, replete, the eleven men set the trevet where dense evergreens temper the western breeze, erect there the depleted keg, help the deit bees enter. There these bees dwell yet. Never thence were these eleven men—never yet were these eleven men's descendants bee pestered. Beck, of Rhode Island.

VOWEL O.

We cannot give the prize article on the vowel O, this month, owing to its length; but publish one which certainly has greater merit than anything else that was offered, but which failed of meeting the conditions laid down for the prize, by the use of the contractions "mong, thro', tho'."

WORK ON.

O, storm-tost flock, who droop forlorn,
To whom God's world looks poor or cold,
Work on, nor stop for loss nor scorn;
God thot no boon nor comfort hold
From folk who look to God's good Son.
Of blood born not,
On whom no spot
Of world-born wrong.
Lord of Hosts,
Font of good,
Rock of Troth,
Thorn-worn, cross-torn Son of God.
Donor of color, odor, bloom,
Blossoms of morn, gold pomp of noon,
Of flocks, of food,
Of noor, of wood,
Of songs of comfort, words of good.

Work on, work on, for God's world holds
Throns on throngs or poor worn folks,
Who drop forlorn on frost-cold floor,
Or go for food from door to door.
Bond folks, who long for morn,
Lost folks, of honor shorn,
Poor fool-hold folks, who mock Lord's blood,
Strong folks, who rob God's poor of food.

O, work for Lord-help flock to do!
 O, world-fond hosts from wrong to woe!
 Go forth, go forth, O, born of God,
 Hold not too strong God's boons of good.
 Drop song-soft words of comfort on
 Bosoms of "bond who long for morn."
 Scorn not to stoop to worst of folks,
 For lost folks God's Son trod thro' gloom.
 Tho' storms do roll, tho' horrors shock,
 Work on, nor stop for gloom.
 Droop not, nor sob.
 Tho' bosoms throb
 For dolor, born of toil or scorn.
 For thro' cold gloom,
 Lo! morn doth loom.
 God's morn.
 Soon, O, so soon,
 From looks of scorn,
 From wo-born sobs,
 From hot wroth words
 To fond concord,
 'Mong sons of God.
 Wroth storms roll on,
 Not long, not long.
 Lo! morn's gold broods on worn old world.
 O, flood of song,
 O, blood-won throng,
 O, long'd for morn of God. H. MYERS, of Illinois.

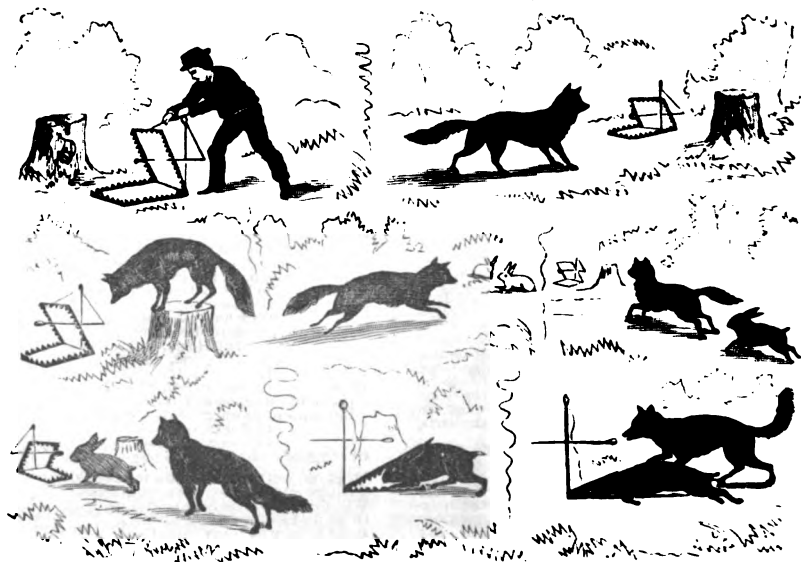
No. 14.—CHARADE.

First. Where I hang my silver curtain,
 Morning opens its golden eye;
 From my dewy bed a certain
 King mounts up the radiant sky.

Second. When I sigh the flowers tremble,
 When I breathe the leaflets sing;
 Where'er buds and birds assemble,
 I float by on unseen wing.

Both. When we join, the fogs, ascending,
 Quit the bosom of the sea.
 O'er the land their folds extending,
 Clouds envelope tower and tree.
 Then our gleaming diamonds glisten
 On the parlor window pane.
 Children pause, and look, and listen
 To the streaming of the rain. D. D. H.

No. 16.—A PICTURE STORY.—THE SLY OLD FOX. A FABLE.



The Reading will be given in the next number.

H. O. C.

No. 15.—CHARADE.

My first is a verb,
 Familiar and short;
 A person may do it.
 A hen or a court.
 My next is expressed
 By one letter or three—
 In three letters three ways—
 But one letter suits me.
 My last is a verb,
 But past in its tense;
 Guess you did it this morn,
 In the course of events.
 My whole is an adjective;
 Lawyers oft read it
 In descriptions of land,
 When they mortgage or deed it.
 Aunt Little.

ANSWERS TO CHARADE, ETC. APRIL NO.

No. 11.—Charade.—Cape Horn. No. 12.—Charade.—Basil, Sable.

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY NO. 13.

(SEE APRIL NUMBER.)

HOW WILLIE PITIED THE OLD HORSE.—An old horse had worked hard all its life, and was worn out. His strength was all gone, and he could work no longer. So they turned him out into the storm to die. Poor old horse! nobody cares for him now. The rude boys torment him, to make a little cruel sport out of his misery. They pelt him with stones, and with snow balls, chasing him along the streets. Little Willie, standing by the gate, saw the poor beast hobbling away from his pursuers. Willie's heart was touched with pity; and he held out a cracker which he had been eating, and said, "Here, poor old horse, here's something for you." The old horse seemed grateful for a mouthful, and followed his little friend through the bars and into the stable door. He looked around, and seemed to say, "This is a splendid place." And the sweet hay smelled so good. When Willie's father went into the stable, and saw the old horse standing there, eating away as hard as he could, you may guess that he was a little surprised. But when Willie told him all about it, then he was glad his little boy had so good a heart, and had done so noble a deed.

W. O. C.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

JOHN E. MILLER,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

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THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

REMOVAL.

We have removed our office to No. 6 Custom House Place, where the Corporal will be happy to receive calls from his friends. When you are on a visit to the city, or passing through, don't fail to come and see us; we are always delighted to meet our little friends, and form personal acquaintance with them. We shall open an office Register, in which we will enter the names of our visitors from abroad. We begin this register with two who have called on us in our new home—

DEWIE HILLS, Odin, Ill.

DELLA OSBORNE, Goshen, Ind.

THE PREMIUM LIST.

We have been obliged, for want of room, to leave out the List of Premiums. There has been no change in the list, and those who wish to select premiums can consult the March or April numbers. Some of you lack only one or two names to complete your clubs and secure your premiums.

If you began to work for a large club, and find you cannot raise enough names, select some smaller premium. We send no premiums until you notify us what you want, and that the required club is full.

A NEW PRIZE.

Now, boys and girls, having been encouraged with the interest you have taken in the Vowel Game, I have concluded to offer, as prizes, two copies of the Chromo of Little Red Ridinghood and the Wolf, (price \$10 each), for the best two maps of the State of Illinois; one prize for the best map drawn by a boy, and one prize for the best map drawn by a girl. The competitors shall be subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and shall be under fifteen years of age.

The maps must not exceed in size a page of THE CORPORAL, and shall contain at least ten principal cities, all the principal rivers and canals, and all the lines of railroads within the boundaries of the State.

The maps must reach us by the 15th of June, and must be accompanied by the name, age, and residence of the competitor. Of course, we depend upon the honor of our young friends to perform the work without assistance.

The award will be announced in August No.

LOST NUMBERS.

If you fail to receive THE CORPORAL for any month, let us know. The mails sometimes fail, and we want to make good all such losses. Besides this, among so many thousands, it would be strange if we did not sometimes make mistakes. Write and tell us about any errors, and we will do all that is right. THE CORPORAL's motto is the rule of his life and practice.

If you wear out your number in canvassing with it, write and tell us what number it is, and we will send a new one in its place, free of charge.

BOUND VOLUMES.

We have all the Numbers of THE CORPORAL of the old series, large size, bound in one volume, embracing every number from July, 1865, to June, 1870. This makes a book of over one thousand pages, filled with the best and choicest reading matter ever published. The serial stories are alone worth more than the entire cost of the book; besides, the other stories, poems, articles on Science, Natural History, etc., by well-known writers, are all instructive and useful. We have put these at the low price of \$5.00 each; sent by mail, postpaid, for \$5.50. Bound in cloth, with gilt title and bands.

PROGRESS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.—The energy with which the building of this great thoroughfare is being pushed forward is an added guaranty of its early completion and its wise management. We learn from the financial agents of the Road, Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., that, at the present date, the grading is nearly finished for 266 miles, from Lake Superior, through Central Minnesota, to the eastern border of Dakota. Trains are running over 130 miles of completed track; the Mississippi river is bridged at Brainerd and once more joined to the Lakes by rail, and track laying is rapidly progressing westward. By September next, trains will run to the Red river, and the grading will be far advanced toward the Great Bend of the Missouri river, central Dakota.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Any books noticed or advertised in **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, will be sent by us, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

The National Temperance Society, N. Y., send the following: **THE LAWS OF FERMENTATION**. By Rev. WILLIAM PATTON, D.D. An overwhelming mass of testimony, collated from classical and Scriptural sources, to prove that, in the good old days we read of, fermented wines were exceptional and disreputable. **TEMPERANCE TRACTS**. A bound volume of the best tracts issued by the Society, making a convenient and valuable handbook upon the subject. **THE TEMPERANCE SPEAKER**. Edited by J. N. STEARNS. A collection of poems, dialogues, and declamations, some poor enough, many good, and not a few very good indeed. **FRANK SPENCER'S RULE OF LIFE**. By JOHN KIRTON. Apparently a reprint, although not credited to the foreign publisher. The rule, "Fear God and take the consequences," is amply justified in a simple, straight-forward, and thoroughly-English tale.

From Robert Carter & Brothers, N. Y., we have the three following, also for sale by W. G. Holmes: **FRANK AUSTIN'S DIAMOND**, and **EAGLE CRAG**, by the author of "Little Katy and Jolly Jim;" being the fourth and fifth volumes of the Drayton Hall Series. Two capital stories for boys—a little sensational, perhaps, but manly, healthful and Christian. **THE LORD'S PRAYER**. By HENRY J. VAN DYKE, D.D. A scholarly but practical treatise, homiletical in method and style, and valuable as a contribution to expository, rather than to devotional, literature.

From Samuel R. Wells, N. Y., we have **THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL**. Three discourses by GEORGE JARVIS GEESE, D.D. Apparently describing the publisher's effort to rescue them from the common fate of printed sermons by putting them in cloth and gilt. Price \$1. Sold in Chicago by S. C. Griggs & Co.

A. D. F. Randolph, N. Y., furnishes the following, for sale in this city by W. G. Holmes: **EMILY DOUGLAS**. By I. R. Y. A bright, healthy, sensible book, in which everything comes out just as you want it to. Price \$1. **MAGGIE AND HER FRIENDS**. By MARY BROWN. A disjointed and carelessly-written story, with the best of lessons feebly enforced. Maggie's history is not without interest, but her friends are quite too numerous, and fill too many of the 243 small pages with very commonplace dialogue. Price 75 cents. **THE PERCY'S**. By Mrs. PRENTISS. This is a book that deserves in all respects to rank with Miss Alcott's "Little Women," while it takes a wider range, and breathes a more decidedly religious spirit. Its wholesome, Christian teaching, and fresh, cheerful pictures of home life, cannot be too highly praised. Price \$1.25. **THE STORY LIZZIE TOLD**, by the same author, is a charming little piece of child talk, full of sweetness, pathos, and *naïveté*. Paper covers. Price 35 cents. **PETERCHEN AND GRETCHEN**, translated from the German by the same author, are pleasant little people, whose childish sayings and doings are pleasantly related. The translation is faultless, and the type and binding elegant. The book is frankly stated upon the title page to be intended "for little children from four to eight." Those who are

blessed with such offspring, and not with the faculty of improvising entertaining stories for their amusement, will find this volume serviceable. No others need apply. Price \$1.25.

THE PEARL. A Singing Book for Sunday Schools, of much worth, and aiming, as it does, to bring children to their Saviour through the delightful way of singing His praises, it cannot fail to accomplish its mission. Published by S. Brainard & Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW PREMIUMS.

THE DOLLAR STEAM ENGINE for two names, at \$1.50 each, and 25 cents for postage.

A set of **FIELD CROQUET**, price \$6.00, for six names at \$1.50 each.

ONE HALF DOZ. TEA SPOONS, Rogers & Bro.'s best double-plated, for five names at \$1.50 each.

ONE HALF DOZ. TABLE FORKS, best double-plated, for 8 names at \$1.50 each.

Send for sample copy containing full Premium List.

SAYS THE MUSCATINE (IOWA) Courier: "We have done, and are still doing business with quite a number of advertising agencies throughout the country, and have no fault to find with them, but Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. give us more business than any other. Furnishing a large amount of advertising, and paying promptly, has put this house at the very head of agencies, and has made them a name for honesty, reliability, liberality, and promptness, which of itself is worth a fortune."

FIRE EXTINGUISHERS.—The Babcock Fire Extinguisher, the "Little Giant," the "Irrepressible," the "Up with the Times," the "Ever Ready," in saving millions of valuable property from the equal of "three removes," is well represented in our advertising pages this month. Knowing, from actual experience, the value of these Fire extinguishers, we cannot but recommend them to our readers.

"THE CHARM."—We gladly call attention to the advertisement of **THE CHARM**, Mr. Bliss' new Sunday-School Singing Book, which will be found on another page of this issue. If what we hear from the specimen pages be true, this advertisement is not too strong in its promises for the book. We cordially advise all who are looking for a new work of this kind, to send for a specimen copy of **The Charm**.

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ALFRED L. SEWELL.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.


FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG ; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XII.—JUNE, 1871.—NO. 6.

THE HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE.

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

CHAPTER VI. [CONCLUDED.]



DOOD Mrs. Hathaway was full of rejoicing. At last she saw a school opened in poor, neglected, half-heathen Frenchtown, with a sturdy, earnest, honest, big boy for the teacher. It wasn't very easy work, tolling day after day in that little, tumbledown cabin with such a horde of small savages; but Cary liked it, and the children liked him. It was beautiful, too, to come home at night and see the loving welcome in Mrs. Hathaway's motherly, old face.

Simeon was a hero, in Cary's eyes. Born and bred a Quaker, he yet had a rugged, impulsive nature, that could not brook Quaker restraints, and so, in his manhood, he had chosen the faith and the work he loved best, preaching, and tolling, and traveling, till he was obliged to stop and let himself gather strength.

Cary was a godsend to him. It was better than poring over books, or wrapping himself in his own learned meditations, to teach this queer, hungry-hearted boy. He dearly loved riding and hunting, and now that he was too weak to go out himself, he would make Cary take his own good horse, in the afternoons, after school, or early in the morning, and go scampering over the prairie, with dog and gun, that he might come back, if not loaded with trophies, at least full of vigor and glow, and in prime order for a season of good, hard study.

He was fond of stuffing animals, and had a rare collection of curious creatures in his "lair," peering at one like life, from among the aquaria, and strange, trailing vines,

heaps of green-growing moss, and uncouth geological specimens. He had a cunning art of preserving summer flowers, and in winter was ready at any time to present a dear friend with a bouquet of blossoms, fresh and bright as if just picked, but, in reality, just dug tenderly out of the huge box of delicate sand in which they had been buried. Cary soon acquired many of these pleasant little accomplishments; and, in his turn, was delighted to teach them to his little, half-wild pupils, who looked upon him as a person wise beyond measure, and one to be revered as well as loved.

"It's the very best way," said Simeon, to his mother. "That boy is gaining their love and interest every day. We have got a good hold in Frenchtown. I don't think I can spare him this winter. Talk about going home, to school! This is the very best school for him. I won't hear of his going home, unless it is just for a visit. I tell thee, mother, that boy has something in him."

"Has he? What is it? Does thee think it'll make him sick, Uncle Simeon?" piped out little Ruth, in alarm. But Uncle Simeon only answered with one of his ringing laughs; and her grandmother just said, softly,

"Why, it is a gift, thy uncle means, dear; good talents God has given him, and a good heart."

"The school has got to be kept up this winter," continued Simeon; "and the boy and I'll go on with the lessons and work, here at home, in the glorious, long, winter evenings, and by and by he shall go to college."

"Why, what a castle builder thee is, Simeon," interrupted his mother, yet rejoicing in her heart to hear his plans. "He cannot

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work for nothing, and what pitiful little wages I can give him from my purse would never send anybody to college."

"Bother thy wages and thy purse, mother," cried Simeon, his rugged energy not agreeing very well with the Quaker speech he always used in addressing his mother. "Does thee think thee'll pay him out of thy purse? Why that would spoil all. The Frenchtown people will pay their teacher themselves, and take pride in it. Thy benevolence would disgust them with the whole thing, immediately."

Cary consented to "work with Simeon" all winter, as that gentleman expressed it, and made up for a cruelly-long silence, by writing an ample letter to Ban and his mother, in which he told them what glowing hopes for the future filled his heart, what dear friends he had found, and what precious work to do. There was a day appointed when he was to start home for his "visit," but he did not tell them of it, remembering that Ban always liked joyful surprises, and hated waiting and suspense.

The mystery about Mrs. Houston's German neighbors was solved after a time. One night came the same sounds of moaning and crying, and a heavy fall. The fleet feet went hurrying down the stairs, as usual, but they returned alone. Then there was a light knock at the closed door that led into Mrs. Houston's room, and some one saying, in broken English,

"O, come take the little child, for the love of God. The door is not locked."

"I will come," answered Mrs. Houston, thrilled with sympathy; and she and Bannie rose and dressed. They opened the door, and entered a little, crowded room, in which were two huge beds. Upon one of these lay the poor, crying baby. Its mother writhed upon the other, while she who seemed to be her sister held her down as well as she could with her own trembling hands.

"Take the little child," she said, in a low voice, to Mrs. Houston, "home mit you. I cannot keep him. I must hold her here. I cannot find Bauer. He, only, can make her still. She is not mad always; only sometimes it comes, in the night. You can go home mit the little child, but you speak not mit anybody."

"No, I will stay," said Mrs. Houston, cradling the baby in her arms, and walking to and fro; "but you must let Bannie call somebody. It is so terrible."

But the sister shook her head; and just at that moment Bauer came up the stairs. He sulkily thanked Mrs. Houston, and the

sister quietly said, "Give me the little child."

Then Bannie and her mother gladly hurried home, the door was closed, and soon all was still. In the morning the vinegar maker proffered more information.

"That girl who goes down the stairs at night, is Mrs. Bauer's sister," he said. "It's Mrs. Bauer who takes the mad spells, and nobody but Bauer can calm her. But he isn't home much nights, and the girl won't leave her; that is, to live away from her. She could marry, and have a good home of her own. Antone Blan is always begging her to have him, and he is good and steady, and keeps an excellent bread shop; but she still says no."

"Our life seems almost golden compared with that," Bannie said to her mother, after telling her of that sad-faced German girl's faithful devotion.

"Yes," her mother answered, "but I dare say she finds rare sweetness in that very self-denial."

Mrs. Bird did not forget her promise to visit Cap's "conservatory." She came dressed in her prettiest summer suit, bringing a rare lily as a fresh gift to the little flower lover, and she was so glad to see Cap, and Cap was so glad to see her, that everybody felt "like old friends" with her, in a minute.

The clean, old stairs, all wreathed with morning glories and blossoming beans, with Cap's chubby face and flossy curls peering out of the little, bright bower at the top, she declared made her think of some quaint, lovely old nook in one of Dickens' stories; and when she spied the little fairy toy of a stand that Ban had written to Cary about, she was more eager with admiration than ever.

"Wouldn't you sell it?" she asked. "I do want it so much."

Of course Bannie would sell it; that was the very thing she wanted to do. And she was so glad and proud that she nearly cried for joy; and before she had thought much about it, she was telling Mrs. Bird how dearly she loved to "carve, and whittle, and chisel," and how she longed to be working in a little shop, and making things to sell, and that it did not seem as though it would be anything at all rude or unwomanly.

Mrs. Bird was sure that Bannie could get plenty of work to do, and plenty of pay for it, too. Every day, she said, somebody came to David Bird, begging him to make flower stands, or trellises, or pretty, little garden gates, or sets of shelves, brackets, or checkerboards; and he never could take time from

his other, bigger work. And she had often thought some girls and women might learn to make such things, and find it both pleasant and profitable, and she didn't think there'd be anything unladylike about it. Besides all this, she said that only a morning or two ago, David had mentioned, at breakfast, that his friend, Jonah Williams, wanted to leave his house, and the little shop adjoining it, and go into the country, "because he was raising a family of boys, and he didn't think a big town was the right place for 'em." And Mrs. Bird was sure that, with David's influence, his house and his shop might be obtained for the Houstons.

Several people were made happier by that little visit. First, Mrs. Houston; for Mrs. Bird had met her with cordial, womanly, yet polite sympathy, without a particle of patronage betraying itself; next, Ban, who felt like a queen, with the prospect of a pleasant, clean, little house to live in, and a real shop, where she could work and earn money; then, Cap, hovering in ecstasy over her lily; and last, but not least, Mrs. Bird herself, who was thinking, as she went home, in the tranquil, afternoon sunshine, "how much better it was than making half a dozen stiff little calls, in dark, grim parlors!" And then, she had got some new friends; real friends, not just names for one's "calling list."

And so it came to pass that Jonah Williams took his family of boys and moved out of town, and the Houstons found a cosy home in his pretty house, which was on a pleasant street, where a great many nice, friendly people lived.

There was soon plenty of work for Ban to do. Discouraged ladies, who had gone from one mechanic to another, begging them to "take just a little time from that job and make this little trellis," or "please, just this little square frame, with notches in it, for netting my tidy," were thankful to find a young girl, who both could and would do it for them, in a clean, little shop, where they could come without trailing nice dresses through dust, and shavings, and puddles of tobacco, and could find a white floor, an easy chair, a new magazine, and a bright window, graced with a pot or two of pinks and geraniums. Whenever it happened that Ban found herself puzzled how to make anything, David Bird was ready and willing to give her the needed information; and it was strange how many nice, large pieces of lumber found their way to Bannie's shop, ignominiously classed as "bits of stuff he couldn't find any use for."

It was always Ban's task to get supper. She liked to do it, and it "kept her womanly," her mother said. It was delightful to go tripping in and out of the kitchen, in the pure air, that was so delicious after breathing that hot, sickening steam of simmering vinegar all summer. Best of all that I have to tell of Bannie, she was learning to love God better every day. It did not make her moping or solemn, but kept her blithe and brave, and whenever her heart ached, thinking of the lost father who had loved her so dearly; whenever the days seemed unutterably lonely; whenever the world without that dear, homely, big brother to tease her, and be cross, and provoking, and tender, all at once; whenever life seemed to be one long, grim battle, then it was very sweet to remember that the Heavenly Father was near her always, and that He would surely "Hold her in the hollow of His hand," if she loved and trusted Him.

They had been in their new home but a little while, when Mrs. Bauer's sister and the thrifty young baker were married, and came to live just across the street. Poor Mrs. Bauer had been taken to a lunatic asylum, and her sister was taking care of the little, black-eyed baby. Bannie Houston was ever so pleased when she heard of it, and before long it happened that she and Mrs. Blau came to be firm friends, and Mrs. Blau, who was a well-educated woman, and familiar with all the best authors of her own language, gave Bannie lessons in German, and she learned so fast, and studied so hungrily, that her friend said,

"O, you will soon read. And then you shall know what poetry is. You will not want to read English more."

Ban did not quite believe that, but she kept on studying earnestly as ever.

A row of maples stood in front of the house, brightening every day in the fair, fall weather, and there was something vaguely sweet and spirit like, it seemed to Ban, in the mute wavering of their shadows over the white door step, and in upon the clean shop floor. Sometimes, while she stood at her work, busy and thoughtful, a little rustling at her feet would startle her, and, looking down, she would see a bevy of leaves quivering and shining around her, as if they had come in softly, to make her a happy little surprise, such as she loved.

She was standing so, by her smooth, white workbench, with happy yet wistful thoughts, one morning, while the bright maple leaves went fluttering over the floor around her, when a voice that was cheery, and yet had a

little trembling in it, spoke, all of a sudden, at the door.

"Yes, here is the celebrated female artisan," it said.

And she looked, and saw Cary, ever so much taller than when he went away so long ago, in the gray dawn, just as homely as ever, and just as fond of teasing, but thrilled from head to foot with the joy of coming home. For, after his first bantering words, he looked at Ban a minute, silently holding her hands, and then said, in a voice half like a sob,

"Where's mother?"

In the dusk, after that first glad day, when Ban came softly to the door of her little shop, she found him there, with his head bowed, and his hands over his face, and great tears trickling through his fingers. She knew what it meant, and came away in silence.

"I forget myself, and keep looking for father," he said to her, after that; "and it's so strange and desolate at night, and I can't sit still, but just want to walk, and walk, and listen. I've dreaded coming home, in the midst of all my longing, just for this." But he added, in a moment, shyly, as of old, "We have the comfort, though, Ban, of knowing that 'one day we shall go to him.'"

Yet the evenings were full of tender joy, when they all gathered around the cosy autumn fire, with the shadows of Cap's plants stretching far behind them over the walls and up on the ceiling, with good-natured, uncouth, little Jolly laid in his favorite place, across Jerry's bare, outstretched feet, the mother smiling over her sewing, and Cary making ridiculous pictures on the old black-board, or fashioning jumping rabbits out of his handkerchief, for the edification of Cap and the baby, while Ban read aloud some quaint German story or poem, first in the rich, rugged original, then in English, which, if not very graceful, sounded delightfully piquant to her listeners.

The days had grown brown and frosty when Cary went back to the west; back to his funny, earnest, little school, to his serene, lovely, Quaker home, to his study, and to Simeon. And Ban worked on, patient and cheery still, with even this fresh loneliness upon her.

Some one has said, "A day is as good as a thousand years, in our great, growing west." "Poor" Frenchtown faithfully struggled out of its Slough of Despond, as the years went by, and there Simeon Hathaway and

Cary Houston, bravely toiled, and prayed, and exulted. Reuben West, after many battles with self, and many cries for God's help, learned to control himself. He "needed no better talisman," he said, once, "than the scar on Cary Houston's face."

Cary did go to college, after years of hard preparatory study, and close saving of earnings, and came out crowned with honors. And when, after long lapse of time, two or three great railroads crossed each other, just at Frenchtown, people gathered there from far and near; and there a stately university was built, and the man who, when a boy, had taught the poor village children how to forget cards, and gambling, and filthy stories, and profanity, and learn spelling and arithmetic, stuffing birds and preserving flowers, was now called to occupy the president's chair.

Many who had loved him in his boyhood, were gone to rest; and surely the glorified faces of his father and mother, of Simeon and his dear old Quaker mother, looked radiantly down upon him as he stood there, at his grand inauguration.

Ban was there, a little bit of a woman, listening and watching, with serenely-shining face, and quiet, folded hands.

"That's his sister," said a fair, young girl to another beside her. "They say she's a perfect queen of a woman, and has learned ever so many languages, studying by herself, and she's been to Europe, and studied architecture; and she made the design for that splendid great church they've just built on Cedar avenue. And she used to work in a shop, and whittle away like any carpenter."

They stood together, Ban and Cary, one soft day, looking long and silently out over a wide landscape, bathed in peaceful September sunshine. Behind them stood their lovely home, where "Baby Houston" was growing up a merry girl, and Cap and Jerry always came to be glad, on "great days," like Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Ban spoke first, out of the happy hush that had come over them.

"Yes," she said, in her thankfulness, "it is 'loving God that makes life sweet, and death a triumph.'"

Many battles they had fought, these quiet, Christian hearts, since those dark days in their childhood; battles in the midst of darkness, with doubt and despair; but they had loved and trusted Him whose arm is strong, and whose heart is tender and pitiful, and had conquered.

CRADLE SONG.

BY DAVID D. HUDSON.

Come to baby, gentle sleep,
 Come to baby now;
 Let your drowsy pinions sweep
 Round his rosy brow.
 Softly close his tiny eyes,
 For his little bed;
 Charm his slumbers where he lies,
 Till the sky is red.

Make his dreamy visions blest;
 Show him fairy bowers;
 Rock him in the arms of rest,
 Like the bees on flowers;
 Jingle bells about his feet;
 Blow your elfin horn;
 With the breath of roses sweet,
 Fan his face till morn.

Kindle stars to light his dreams,
 Part the waning moon;
 Bear him over winding streams,
 On the clouds of June;
 Sail him safely while he glides
 O'er this azure sea:
 When his ship at anchor rides,
 Bring him back to me.

FRANK.

BY MRS. E. J. LAKEY.

I know very little of my hero before the tender age of two weeks, when he went to live with a gentleman who paid for this little, sprawling, creeping bit of dog flesh, the sum of five dollars in gold. His master, whom I shall call Mr. S., took him in his arms, carried him home, and setting him down in the midst of the family circle, said to his wife, "There is a dog to whose education I shall attend in person."

Mrs. S. was not at all delighted with the prospect of having a puppy about the house, to worry the cat, and do sundry other mischievous things, that little dogs are not above doing. But the puppy, whom her husband had already named "Frank," soon proved to be so superior to any she had ever seen before, she not only lost all her prejudice against him, but became his firm friend.

Frank grew apace, and from the first, gave indications of great talent and remarkable aptitude in learning to do useful things about the house. The first lesson he received, was on the subject of obedience. His master not only taught him to obey without a murmur, but that his own authority was to be the law, and superior to all others. As is generally the case, this was the most difficult thing for him to learn, and

was only done through severe suffering. From the first, Frank showed the greatest delight at the sight of a gun, and for a time he was ready to follow any man who carried one. Though this was not unnoticed nor unappreciated by Mr. S., he knew the dog must be taught that he could not serve two masters.

One day, about this time, Frank went into a terrible state of excitement, at seeing two men, armed with guns, come up to the gate. He flew about at a great rate, and was on the alert the moment they started for the field. By a sly arrangement with the men, Frank was to be coaxed to follow them for a mile, when he was to be whipped and sent home, which he seemed to understand, for, in the course of an hour, he came back in a very melancholy frame of mind, and most thoroughly humbled, when his master remonstrated with him about the folly of his course. I think, however, it took one more lesson of this kind, before he was proof against the temptation to follow a gun without express permission; but when he once learned it, he never forgot it. He was a famous hunter, and nothing afforded him so much pleasure as to see his master take down his gun; but fond as he was of field sports, he would not follow, if commanded to stay at home. Once, when, for some good reason, Mr. S. wished him to remain, he told him to lie down in a field not far from the house, and stay till he should come back, which he supposed would be in an hour or two. This must have proved a sore trial to poor Frank, for his master was detained all the afternoon, and went home at dark, forgetting that the dog was not there, and only remembering his promise to him when some one of the family inquired for him. Mr. S. went immediately to the spot, and found the faithful creature, tired and hungry enough, but true to his tacit promise to stay till called for.

On one occasion, two gentlemen came out from Chicago to hunt prairie chickens with his master. Frank did himself great credit that day, and was much praised and petted by them; but to show how little he was affected by all their fine speeches about him, I must tell you how he treated them. They came in about dark, and leaving all the game and their own guns in his care, they went to the house of his master for tea. When it was near train time, they set out for the depot without Mr. S., who, being very tired, had excused himself from going down with them, telling them to accept his share of the chickens and take them home. Presently,

as the whistle was heard, they went to get the guns and the game; but Frank objected.

"No, sirs," he seemed to say, "You can't have anything out of this buuk, unless you get the right man to identify you. I was entrusted to keep these things until called for by my master. All your flattery in the field goes for nothing, when my honor is at stake."

Nearer and faster came the train; but Frank was uncompromising, nor could they get so much as a gun or a bird, until his master came and gave the order in person.

About the first evidence of a disposition to be useful, he showed by carrying eggs, one at a time, into the house and laying them carefully at the feet of the cook. He was praised so much for this, that he finally took the responsibility of gathering the eggs. Whenever he heard a hen cackle, he would instantly start for the barn, and search until he found the egg. On one occasion, he undertook to save steps by bringing in two, whereupon one of them rolled out of his mouth and was broken. This caused him so much mortification, that he never attempted it a second time. His master taught him to fill the wood box in this way. One summer, when the wood pile consisted wholly of the small, round branches of dead trees, he told Frank to take a stick in his mouth, then, taking one in his hand, he ran and put it into the wood box. Frank followed and dropped his stick in the same place. In a little while, he learned to see if the wood box was empty, and would invariably go to work and bring in sticks enough to fill it. This he did as long as the small, round wood lasted. I have been thus particular in giving the mode of training a dog to carry in wood, because I am of the opinion, if dogs can be taught this useful trade, there will be so much more time for boys to play.

When Frank was about a year old, he made a most remarkable discovery. He found something in the barnyard, that he evidently thought too good to keep, and he instantly started for the house, where he bounced into the parlor and said, as plainly as he could by various barkings and leapings, pulling at the skirt of his mistress, and running to and fro in the most excited manner, "I've found something in the barnyard that will surprise you. Just come out with me, and I will show you the greatest curiosity you ever saw. Some funny, little things, making the queerest noise in the world, and upon my word they are not prairie chickens."

Mrs. S., attracted by his strange actions, followed him out, and, lo! a dozen young

chickens just out of the shell. Frank never could admire them sufficiently, and he seemed to feel they needed his special protection, for he would bark and threaten fight, if any one who had no right, attempted to interfere with them.

His love for cats was less marked, though he never showed any desire to hurt them, unless in some way they interfered with his comfort. The house cat he had a good deal of kindness for, but he had no confidence in her honesty, as he abundantly proved, whenever any food was left in his care, by constantly keeping his eye on her.

One morning, Mr. S. went quite early to the market, and, bringing home the meat, laid it on a table in a shed adjoining the kitchen. Puss no sooner smelled the meat, than she made up her mind to have her breakfast off one end of the beautiful steak. Frank watched her, and with a thorough contempt for her dishonorable intention, warned her, by a quick, sharp bark, that he would not permit it. He would suffer her to climb upon the table, but just as she would get her delicate nose within a few inches of the meat, he would haul her down. Not discouraged, however, the cat would jump up on the other side of the table, and try again. Frank's protestations against the theft grew louder every minute, until he attracted his master and mistress to the spot, where they watched the proceeding. About the fourth or fifth effort on kitty's part, met with the deserved retribution. Frank was so disgusted with her persistence in wrong doing, that he seized her none too gently by the back, carried her out of the house to the pig pen, and, climbing up on the top, dropped her down among the hungry pigs. Puss was too smart to let them eat her; and I suppose the dog knew this, for he manifested no surprise or displeasure, when, a few minutes after, she returned to the house.

In the fall of 1856, Frank went to Arkansas with his master and mistress. Here he distinguished himself as a hunter, and was so much valued, that Mr. S. was offered one hundred dollars in gold for him; but he would almost as soon have thought of selling any other friend.

One little instance shows how thoroughly he hated everything like deception. He was following beside his master's horse one day, on the return from a hunting expedition, when an animal he had never seen before, fell from the branches of a small tree into the path before him. The creature was to all appearance dead. Frank turned it over

once or twice, and was about to leave it, when it opened its mouth and took in a little of his under lip. Frank shook it off instantly, and a moment later crushed every bone in its body. His fury was as terrible as his hatred of "opossuming" was hearty. He left it a moment, and then went back and bruised it ever and over again, as if he said, "I'll teach you, you deceitful cub, to treat your superiors in that way."

His master, who sat on his horse almost convulsed with laughter at what to Frank was evidently no joke, now alighted, picked up the opossum, and tied it to his saddle, with the intention of taking it to the negroes, who regard it as very choice eating. But Frank no sooner discovered the wretch in so comfortable a position, than he sprang and caught it by the head and brought it to the ground, where he thrashed it until his sense of justice was satisfied.

But the saddest part of my history is yet to be told.

There came a time, when the mania for poisoning dogs was wide spread, and the town where Frank lived did not escape. But his master thought to save him, by sending him to a cousin in Kankakee, until such calamities should be ended. Frank staid, homesick enough, for a few days, and then disappeared, and has never been heard from since.

It is not at all probable that he committed suicide; but he undoubtedly set out to find his master, and either lost his way, or died in the search. For some years Mr. S. entertained a vague belief that he should find him again, but as the time went by, he abandoned all hope. His master and mistress still mourn him, and never lose a good opportunity of expatiating on his virtues. They have a likeness, taken early in his life, which is sometime to be enlarged and perhaps painted life size.

The people of Turner, too, still keep his memory green, where he is remembered as "that wonderful dog."

JUNE.

BY L. D. NICHOLS.

O, happy June, when our hearts are in tune

With all things bright and good;

When the roses bloom, and a sweet perfume

Breathes out from the fresh, green wood;

When the birds all sing, and each living thing

Feels its joy but to live and grow.

All is life and love, from the sun above

To the butterflies gay below.

WATER SILVER.

BY M. E. BANNISTER.

You never heard of *water silver*, did you? That is the meaning of the Latin name for the fluid metal we call quicksilver. I think it a very expressive name.

The richest quicksilver mines in the world, according to the old geographies, were those of Almaden, in Spain. So, when the Spaniards of Mexico found in California a mine still richer, they called it *New Almaden*.

New Almaden is in the beautiful mountains that bound the Santa Clara valley, and is about sixty miles south of San Francisco.

One bright June day, we made a picnic there, starting early, for we had fifteen miles to ride from the town of Santa Clara. But we did not *ride* quite fifteen miles, for when the hills were long and steep, we *walked* up, to rest the horses.

At last a pair of roving eyes fell on a black hole, half way up a mountain side. *That's* where we are going. A railroad track comes out of the hole, and ends at what you would call a great pile of stones. That is the ore, which is here broken into pieces about the size of your fist, and then taken in wagons a couple of miles down the road to the works. But now we are going into the mine.

Each one lights a candle, in broad daylight, and bravely marches into the tunnel. We look like a procession of Romish penitents, don't we?

There's an alarm, now, at the head of the column, and we all crowd up to the damp sides of the long, long corridor, to make way for a car of ore. How hard those two men have to push! and yet it is not a very large car. We are beginning to think it a very "long lane," when suddenly we come upon a steam engine hissing away in the dim light of a few candles; and this is the end of the tunnel. We are in the very heart of the hill, with the summit directly over us, and the mouth of the tunnel glimmering in the distance like a star. Near by is the "chapel," a small alcove in the rock, where a few candles are kept burning to propitiate the patron saint of the mine; for many of the workmen are native Mexicans, and, of course, devout Catholics.

Just before us is the perpendicular, descending shaft, looking so black and mysterious that some of the party declare they have had enough of the mine; so they "right about face," and march back toward daylight.

A young lady and gentleman who are will-

ling to perish together, step into the "old oaken bucket" that hangs in this very deep well, and the hissing engine slowly lowers them into the abyss. Before the empty bucket returns, some of us have determined to take our fate into our own hands, going down *via* the ladders.

We descend a ladder twelve or fifteen feet long, and then walk along till we see our guide disappear down a dark hole, when we follow him down another ladder, holding our candles tightly all the while. There must have been twenty of those ladders; some long, some short, some with a round missing, or one or two decayed.

Nothing but stubborn perseverance can carry us through—except the impossibility of getting back without the guide. Think of being lost, down there in the bowels of the earth!

Harry says "Guess which way is north!" But of course nobody can tell.

Pretty soon we begin to fill our pockets with "rocks." How would you like to crawl through a low passage on your hands and knees, still carrying your candle? But we are rewarded with some very rich specimens. The ore, cinnabar, is sulphuret of mercury; that is, sulphur and quicksilver chemically united. It appears like bright-red earth, only it is *very* heavy. We used some of it to paint the pale cheeks of those who were frightened out of their natural color by the ride in the bucket. The specimens we put in our pockets shone like silver, there was so much loose mercury mixed with the cinnabar.

Now we meet our friends who went down in the bucket. We are told that we can go still sixty feet deeper, but nobody wants to. We see a man coming up from there, on a ladder which consists of a single beam of wood, notched into steps. We have already encountered one such ladder, and don't care for any more. This man is a Mexican, and has a neck like a young steer. He carries a great sack of ore upon his back, fastened by a strap passing around his forehead. After he has dropped his load at our feet, we are curious to see how heavy it is; and the strongest man in our party can scarcely move it from its place. Yes, boys, he is stronger than you are likely ever to be, but he will lose his strength before long. Already there is a sickly pallor showing through the duskiness of his skin. And if he continues to work among the fumes of mercury, he will just as surely be *salivated*, as though his doctor had been dosing him with calomel, which is a preparation of this

same lively metal. Perhaps that is what makes us feel so weak and faint, and perhaps it is the excitement and fatigue of those tedious ladders. At any rate we are glad to ride up, like so much lifeless ore, in the great, dirty bucket. Up we go, two at a trip, singing the "Star Spangled Banner," as we go; then through the long, straight tunnel, and out into the sunlight.

How strange it seems, after two hours underground!

"Just look at your dress!"

"And yours!"

Sure enough! my blue merino was plentifully adorned with white spots—of sperm, interspersed with streaks of vermillion. But it's worth several dresses to see all this. Don't you think so?

There! we haven't been to the *works*! But we must go home now, for the sun sets early behind these great mountains. We will come back and see the rest, if Mr. Sewell says you would like to; for he has known you longer than I have.

VIOLETS.

BY ALICE G. FOOTE.

Where honey bees settle and hover,
And, nodding, the buttercups stand
All down thro' the grass and the clover,
Way out in the sweet meadow land,

The cattle have made them a pathway,
And, driving the oxen up through,
I've found in the dawn of the morning,
How violets dream in the dew.

While, all in the fair summer weather,
The robins sing loud in the trees,
And in the first hush o' the morning,
The red rose rocketh her bees.

Tells the brown bird, ever so softly,
To mother bird down in the nest,
He knows, by the sweetness about them,
What scarcely their hearts have confessed.

How all through the shine and the shadow,
Through the sunshine sweet, and the rain,
In the heart of each blue-eyed dreamer
A nestling sunbeam has lain.

Where the brown bees settle and hover,
And, nodding the buttercups stand,
All down thro' the knot grass and clover,
In the midst of the sweet meadow land,

The cattle have made them a pathway,
And, driving the oxen down through,
I've found, in the dawn of the evening,
The violets, dead in the dew.



APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

Up through the wood paths, with bird songs
about her.

May has come softly, the beautiful child!
Skies that were sullen and joyless without her,
Broke into sunshine above her and smiled.

Green on the uplands the wheat fields are spring-
ing,

Cowslips are shining, and daisies are white;
Thro' the still meadows the waters are singing,
Brimming with melody, flashing with light.

Blooming with clover the orchards are growing,
Flecked by the shadows that tremble and glide;
Round their gray trunks, when the west wind is
blowing,

Sways the young grass in a billowy tide.

Strong as the arms of a giant, yet tender,

See what a treasure they lift to the sky!

Take your red roses, aflame with their splendor,
We love the apple trees, robin and I.

Hark! how the oriole, flashing and glowing,
Trills his clear whistle, so mellow and wild,
Where, o'er the tops, with a lavish bestowing,
Drift upon drift, the sweet blossoms are piled.

Where is the lip that has worthily sung them?
Tinted like sea shells, or whiter than snow,
Bees, all the day, as they linger among them,
Drowsy with nectar, are murmuring low.

Pillowed beneath them, I dream, as I listen,
How the long summer above them shall shine,
Till on the boughs the ripe fruitage shall glisten,
Tawny and golden, or redder than wine.

In the bright days of the mellow September,
How we shall shout as we gather them in,
Boarding their wealth for the chilly December,
Heaping them high in the cellar and bin.

Then, when the snow in the moonlight is gleam-
ing,

Up from the darkness the apples we'll bring,
Praising their sweets, where the firelight is
beaming;

Globes of rich nectar, a poet might sing.

Tales of the Vikings our lips will be telling;

Yet, when the sagas are done, we shall say,

"Here's to the land where the summer is dwell-
ing,

Here's to the apple tree, monarch of May!"

GIRLS OF THE FAR NORTH.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

NUMBER THREE.

JEANETTE BERGLIND. Miss BEGG. JENNY LIND.

"The top of the morning" to you, dear fellow travellers. Why, what a row of bright faces! all the sleepiness and dullness of last night quite gone, and lips and cheeks as rosy as heart could wish. The sun shines, too. All promises well for our day.

What shall we have for breakfast? Baby May, remembering the bilberries of last night, shouts out "Jam!" at which the rest all laugh. But why not? This is the land of jam, and we are told to do in Rome as the Romans do. Jam it shall be, red whortleberry this time, and very good, too. Rusks and coffee, also, for coffee is an institution, here—everybody drinks it; and the Swedish rusks are famous. Put on as much butter as you like. People here are very fond of it, and are said to "bread their butter," instead of buttering their bread. And here is a pitcher full of cream, and a bowl of rich milk aplece. We shall do famously.

Having finished, and said our "thank grace," as all good Swedish children do, we will set forth. This fine street is the "Drottningens garten," or Queen street. It is the best in Stockholm, and here are all the grand shops. They are kept on rather a funny plan. Each merchant confines himself to three or four things, and half the time these things do not bear any particular relation to each other. Here, for example, ribbons are sold, but not buttons, nor sewing silk, nor trimming; and here are worsteds, but should you happen to want knitting needles, the merchant stares as if he never heard of such things. You can buy a brush in this shop, but if you wish for a comb, you must go to the "comb shop," a long way off, in the other part of the city. This store is devoted to hoop skirts, fringe, pen wipers, and china dolls' heads; and here they keep lamp oil, thread, tape, and dried fish. It is extremely puzzling, and I'm glad we have not much shopping to do. We will only lay in a stock of gingerbread, as we pass this odd little stall on the corner, for a long walk is before us, and we may be glad of lunch, by and by.

We are making for the country. Street after street, bridge after bridge, and now the houses grow scattering and far apart, and we are come to the outskirts of the city. The fields stretch far beyond; here and there a windmill waves its long arms. Late as it is, plowing is going on in that distant meadow.

Probably the old horse that draws the plow did not get his bit of the "yule goat" early enough to begin at the right time. Do you know what the "yule goat" is? We don't have him in America. He is a queer figure of dough, shaped like a goat, with long horns, which is baked at Christmas time, and then put away till spring, when every animal on the farm is expected to eat a little piece. The peasants fancy it makes horses and oxen strong and fit for labor; but I guess a little good corn would do quite as well.

There is the place we are bound for, that neat, wooden house, painted red. There is a name marked upon the fence, in black letters—*Louisa-berg*—which is the name of the queen, after whom the house is christened. But people generally call it "The Silent School." The front door is wide open. We can go in when we like, but before doing so, let us sit down upon the steps a few minutes, and I will tell you the story of *Miss Berglind*, who established the school years ago, and is its teacher.

Her parents died when she was very young, and left her, a little, pale, deformed child, quite lame, and decidedly deaf. She was sent to Manila to be educated, which is an enormous asylum for deaf and dumb persons on the shores of the Baltic. But large as it is, the number of such unfortunates in Sweden is so great that it cannot receive nearly all who apply. And admirably as it is managed, such a huge establishment cannot possibly give any of the tender care of home to its inmates. And as little *Jeanette Berglind* grew up there, the conviction that a smaller school for younger children was imperatively needed, forced itself more and more upon her mind.

To found such a school, became the great wish of her heart. But she was lame, sickly, and poor, and nothing seemed less likely than that she would ever be able to do so. Still she cherished the idea, and after she had reached the proper age for leaving Manila, she stayed on for fifteen years as a teacher, that she might acquire the necessary knowledge to manage such a school, should the chance ever come.

At last a relation died and left her a small property. Very small it was—not more than a hundred dollars. No one but herself would have thought it enough to begin with, but she did, and so she "demanded her majority"—that is, to be made of age by law, and declared competent to set up for herself. Her friends all told her that she was acting rashly, and would get into debt and danger; but she refused to listen, came to Stockholm with

her hundred dollars, and rented a little house.

Another brave, unselfish girl offered to be assistant without any recompense, except board and lodging, and still another volunteered as servant. The hundred dollars were spent in furniture and schoolbooks, and an advertisement was put into the papers, stating that deaf and dumb children would be received and instructed for very moderate terms. But none came. People did not like to be the first to try a new experiment. And again Jeanette's friends reproached her and prophesied evil. But the brave, little creature never faltered. Paying pupils not coming, she just went out and collected as many as her house would hold from among those who could not pay. They struggled on for a year, and then she gave up her house, and moved the whole flock out into the country, where we find them. By this, everybody began to see what a capital thing was doing. Pupils came and money came. The superintendent at Manila recommended the plan. Another teacher—a young deaf and dumb man—offered his services; and the government voted it a grant of money, and turned it into a state institution.

It was at the very height of their difficulties, that Tante Fredrika made the appeal I told you about—an appeal "To the Talking Children of Sweden from the Children of the Silent School." A perfect shower of money, from the length and breadth of the land, was the reply; and Miss Berglind was relieved from all her anxieties.

And now we will go in. First a narrow entry we see, with walls painted all over in green leaves and flowers, to resemble a green house. This is the schoolroom, where, while we sat talking on the steps, the dinner table has been set. The children are sitting about the room, studying away as quietly as mice, but when they see us enter, they jump up and give such a buzz of surprise, that it brings in Miss Berglind from the other room. The little ones flock round her. No wonder they love her, for, in spite of her paleness and her limp, she has the sweetest sort of a face. Some people are beautiful outside, and some inside, you know; but the inside beauty generally contrives to shine through and make a plain outside lovely.

How rosy and well the children look. It was a wise thing to bring them out of the city to the pure country air. Some of them are very smart, and can tell everything we say by watching the motions of our lips. They cackle like little chickens, and flap

their arms when they are pleased, and seem very happy and good humored.

"That's right, Agnes."

Agnes has slipped the gingerbread she bought in Queen street, into the hand of a little dumb girl, who is so evidently delighted with the gift, that at once Jimmy, Jack, and all begin to unload their pockets. Even baby May finds a baby of her own age on whom to bestow her piece. The "Silent School" becomes quite a noisy one, the children making all kinds of odd noises to express their pleasure; and now, as dinner is coming in, hot and smelling very nice, we will say goodbye to brave Miss Berglind, and take our way back again to the city.

"Where shall we go now?" asks Jack.

I think to the "Djungard," which is the Central Park of Stockholm, and a most beautiful one. We will enter by the "Blue Gate," called so for some old-time reason, probably, for there is not a bit of blue about it. Did you ever see such a park? It is the finest in Europe—stretching away for miles, with lakes, rocks, trees, carriage drives as smooth as glass, deep forest glades wild enough for squirrels and gypsies—everything you can think of. Here all Stockholm comes the summer long, to walk, and sit, and eat ices and drink coffee from the neat restaurants which dot the park here and there. There is one of them, "Hazel Mount" by name, where they make capital ice cream. Who would like some?

"I! and I! and I!" is the general shout.

Very well, you shall have it. I will treat everybody.

"Walter, twenty-two ice creams, if you please; lemon and vanilla."

I won't say another word, either, till the spoons have stopped clinking, for I know you all prefer that music to any sort of conversation.

And now, rested and cooled off, we will return to town by steamboat, for these cunning little craft are plying to and fro all day long. Isn't it nice that the Stockholm people can get to their park so easily and cheaply?

Don't hurry quite so fast up this street, for Miss Berg lives there, and I want you to know about her. We won't go in and disturb her, but just stand under the window for a minute. The police are used to seeing strangers stop and stare about, so they won't disturb us, especially as we are neither begging nor playing the hand organ.

Miss Berg was once a little girl, like the rest of us, but I fear Emma will begin laughing at me again, when I confess that I don't know much about her till she was fifty years

old! She had a dear friend who lived with her up to that time; then this friend died, and poor Miss Berg was so lonely that she didn't know what to do.

Just then, as if sent directly from God, the idea came into her head of going to Lapland and teaching the poor children there, who were dreadfully ignorant and neglected. She asked her clergyman what she ought to do? He advised her to take time for reflection, and if she found the idea staying by her, to consider it a call to duty, and to go for six months. But she said "No;" if she went at all, it should be for three years.

After thinking it over for some time, she resolved to go. It was very hard for her at first, for Lapland is a cold, dreary country. No house for a school could be had, and her scholars were so ragged and starved that it half broke her heart to see them. After a while, she put up, at her own expense, a small, stone schoolhouse, and filled the cellar with sacks of potatoes, that the poor children she taught might be sure of at least one good meal a day. They were all glad to come, and they studied eagerly. One day, the lesson would be in the Swedish tongue, and the next in the Lappish, which pleased the parents, for they liked to have strangers take an interest in their language.

Miss Berg made them study a great deal out of the Bible, and she talked much to them of our Lord Jesus Christ. Once, four of the older girls were so touched and excited by what she was saying of His great love toward us, that they jumped up of one accord, and, rushing into the middle of the room, clasped hands and cried, "We will always be the Lord's! We will belong to none other!"

"What are they doing?" cried a tiny child, running forward and trying to reach up her little hands. "Whatever it is, I'm in it! I'm in it!"

From that day those girls counted themselves as "belonging to the Lord," and in after life they proved themselves real Christians. Think what good their example may have done. We drop a little seed into the ground, but never can guess what forests may spring up.

There were lonely days and nights in that stone hut, we may be sure; especially when the winters set in with ice, and snow, and howling storms. But good Miss Berg did not falter. She staid seven years, instead of three, and her school, which she left to other hands, is still kept up. It was a beautiful way of comforting herself after trouble, wasn't it?

And now, kissing our hands to her window, (how little she guesses that we are all out here), we will move on to quite a different place—to the theater where Jenny Lind sang for the first time as a little girl. It was in a small opera, acted by the pupils of the theater, and Jenny performed the part of a beggar—such a droll, saucy, fascinating, little beggar as was never seen before.

She was only nine years old, and everybody predicted that she would become a great wonder. But after two years, her voice, which was very beautiful, suddenly grew harsh and thick, and she was forbidden to sing. It was terribly discouraging, for she was poor, and her voice was all she had. But she loved music so truly and passionately, that, though she might not sing, she studied hard all the same, learning the piano and the science of music, and training her poor, hoarse throat to all sorts of difficult movements. After four years' patience, she met with reward. All of a sudden her voice broke out again, "like a flower," more clear and brilliant than ever, and she became the most famous singer in the world.

She sang in Paris, London, and America. Everybody flocked to hear her. Flowers and gold and gifts were showered before her like a dream of fairy land. And through it all, she remained the same, sweet, womanly creature, unspolled by flattery, and unchilled by fame. She sang as the birds sing, out of her loving, happy heart, and simply as a child. Miss Bremer asked her, once, what were her thoughts on one particular evening, when she had been more than usually applauded? Her answer was that she had been remembering all the time that in the morning she had neglected to sew a string on to her cloak!

Wherever she went, she found means for helping the poor. It is said that her charities in the United States alone amounted to fifty thousand dollars.

At last she married and left the stage for a quiet and happy life at home. She lives in London, now, and is an excellent wife and mother, but Sweden still claims her as a child, and Swedish people are proud of her. She is always working for and aiding the destitute of her native land, in various ways. One year, she and her daughters sent to the "deaconesses" of Stockholm, two hundred yards of linen and woolen cloth, made by themselves.

But now the streets are growing chill and dusky, and we must be going back to the friendly inn. We will just stop one minute at this house with gaily-lighted windows, for

there is something pretty to be seen there—no other than a bride! The doors stand open, and anybody who likes goes in to have a look, while the groomsmen, with tall, silver candlesticks in hand, stand round to light her up, so that all may get a good view. No wonder she blushes, with so many pairs of eyes fixed upon her. I'm glad we have no such custom in America, aren't you?

And now, if you don't mind one more night at the hotel, we will take to-morrow for a journey to Lapland, which I think you will all like to visit. I have borrowed a "wishing carpet" from the fairies for the journey, so that it will take almost no time at all to come and go; and when we are ready, the same carpet will carry us across the Atlantic again, and land us safely at home.

SALT HAY.

BY FLORENCE AULSPAUGH.

The salt meadows are a strip of land from seven to eight miles wide, stretching for a distance of many miles along the coast of New Jersey. It is overgrown with short grass, from which the salt hay is cut. So low is this strip of country, that the tide runs over it for a distance of several miles; and this flow and ebb of the tide has made it as level as the floor.

The soil is so thin, that in walking over it, you see and feel it shaking and swaying beneath your feet. Thickly scattered over it, are openings in the earth—many having a depth of six or seven feet, and measuring four or five feet across. They diminish in size, until they become as small as an ordinary-sized wooden pail. They are full to the top with water, while floating on the surface, is a covering of dried grass and sage that the tide brings in.

So uncertain is the depth of soil beneath the salt meadows, that it is only for a distance of a mile and a half, or two, that a carriage can venture, without running the risk of going to the slimy and watery bottom beneath.

Many of the old people relate, that the part of it which will just bear the weight of a light carriage now, has been just as unsafe as that portion nearer the sea. Undoubtedly it is all settling down, to become just as firm as the inland.

It is conjectured, that what is now the salt meadow, was once the bottom of the sea, and from the comparatively short time in which the outer edge has become stable and firm, it is probable the sea has receded within the historic period.

When the grass on the salt meadows reaches its maximum growth, which is about September, the farmer watches, not the prophetic clouds that he may "make hay while the sun shines," but he must be on the field to take advantage of the ebbing tide. No sooner has it flowed off from the meadow, than they fall to their work of mowing. The grass is so hard and tough, that it requires the exercise of strong arms to bring it to the ground. When it is cut, they immediately begin raking, and prepare to stack it, not waiting for it to dry, for in a few hours the return tide would give it a soaking, carry it out into the ocean, regardless of the hungry cattle that would be wanting to eat it the next winter; but the haymakers anticipate the return of the relentless tide, and immediately fall to work and carry the hay on poles to the place of stacking.

The first thing done by these jolly haymakers, is to draw cuts, and see who is the unlucky one whose lot it is to go behind the load, for great is the fun of the foremost one, who at last succeeds, by much contriving and twisting, to beguile his unwary companions into the treacherous salt holes.

The hay being stacked, it is left until the next winter, when Jack Frost will congeal, in his icy fingers, the tide water, before it has time to get out of his reach and return again to the sea. The meadows will be frozen over. The waiting farmer then comes with his horses and wagons to gather home his hay. He drives on to the ice, which, judging from the appearance of it, is strong enough to be secure. It is hollow beneath the ice, and the rumbling of the wagons over this great drum of nature, sounds like the rolling of thunder. The wagons are racked, like those used in hauling barrels. The filling up of these goes on briskly. It is exhilarating work; occasionally, however, it is interrupted by the floundering of a horse, which has gone through the ice into a salt hole below. The attempts of the unfortunate animal to get out, only sink him deeper and deeper into the hole. He soon quietly submits himself to his fate, and he then finds his owner coming to the rescue. A rope is taken, a noose is made at one end, and it is slipped over his head. The anxious owner does not hope either to coax or lead him out. It is a question of life or death. The rope is fastened to another horse, whose work it is to draw out the unfortunate animal. He seems to comprehend it all, and begins pulling with all his might. His companion at the other end

of the rope for a moment moves not, but soon the rope begins to draw tighter and tighter around his neck; he is beginning to choke; his eyes are ready to start from their sockets, but the determined rescuer pulls on; and, in the agony of death, the horse begins to flounder, makes one more effort, jumps out, and is saved.

Sometimes, during a whole winter, the water is not frozen sufficiently to venture on, and the gathering of the hay must then be deferred until the more favorable next year.

When the farmer gets his salt hay home, he feeds it to his horses and cattle, and his surplus he spreads over his farm for manure.

MR. AND MRS. KINGFISHER.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I shall never forget a bit of instructive amusement that I had last summer. The summers in my country home are like sweet poems, from April, when the prisoned waters begin to flow, on, month by month, until even the glory of the golden October turns gray, and sere, and cold, and dies away into the gloom of November.

Perhaps thirty rods from our portico, just across the corner of the meadow, where the willows wave like plumes, and then across the narrowest end of the cornfield, and you come upon the railroad. It lies like a deeply-plowed, curving furrow, through our home farm, fourteen feet below the surface of the ground. After the repair hands have been digging freshly into the banks, I always take a walk after them to pick up curiosities. Sometimes I find petrified shells, and stones all a-crumble, as though they had been subjected to the action of water, the swash and dash of waves for centuries and centuries.

But that is not the story I want to tell.

One day I was walking along with my hat down over my eyes, my little basket heaped and heavy, my pocket feeling as if I had a brick in it, while some of the tiniest and tenderest specimens I carried in my bosom, when I heard a gratified chuckle, and the words, "I've got ye now!"

I looked up, and there, in the gravelly bank, with his heels stuck in to keep him from falling down, was my little, round-headed, ragged cousin, Jack, with both hands full of stones about the size of his fist.

"Good morning, Jacky; what are you doing?" I said, tipping back my hat.

Jack is a pretty boy, with a fat, round, baby face, and he has such a roguish little lisp, when he talks. I can't tell you with

my pen, without a good deal of trouble, just how he does talk; but if you little folks were here, I could tell you exactly. O, almost like any little, lisping boy.

"S'pose you know what all these holes in the bank are, don't you, cousin?" and he pointed to four or five smooth, round holes, in the side of the bank, pretty high up.

"No, I guess not," I said, tiptoeing my very highest; "unless the moles or rats made them."

He laughed, and the laugh rang out like a string of sleigh bells; and he surveyed me with a look that seemed to say, "My! how very green you are!"

"Did the rabbits make them, then?" I said; or the ugly copperheads or rattlesnakes?"

Jack laughed harder than ever. "No, no. Rats live in old houses and barns, and about corn cribs," said he; "and moles go a-plowing, and make cute little paths under the sod of old meadows. I can find 'em easy by the little ridges raised up close under the roots of the grasses—ha, ha! and rabbits, Rosy, live in your papa's osage hedge—hundreds of 'em. O, it's good fun to hunt 'em and dig 'em out, and see 'em scoot up in the air, and go bobbing off, jumpety jump, with their tails looking splendidly up above their backs. Snakes live in rail piles and stone heaps and thickets, where the dead leaves are heaped up, and they stretch themselves out on logs and rails and warm rocks, in the sunshine. If you want to see snakes, just go to the wintergreen hills, where sis and I went, and you'll see 'em as long as a pole, and as thick as Mr. Weaver's legs. Ugh! I'd rather do without wintergreens all my life, than go there again. I was so 'fraid the snakes had crawled over them, the wintergreens I brought home in my pockets, that I washed them in soap suds, and rinsed them and dried them with the dish towel. S'pect, though, that snakes don't travel about much. But sometimes I see where they cross the dusty road in the night. You can always tell a snake's path—it's kind o' wiggly and wriggly and winding like."

"Well, I'll know, after this," said I; "but you did not tell me what made these holes in the bank."

"Why, the kingfishers made them, and they have their nests away back in there, where nothing can touch them."

"But if that is so," said I, "and you knew of the wisdom and forethought that induced the poor birds to try to build out of the reach of bad boys and storms, and all manner of harm, how could you bear to do

anything to trouble or worry the poor things?"

"O, I thought I'd just stick a round stone in a little ways, and then you know she could tumble it out easy enough," said he, looking ashamed.

"How could she, Jack? poor thing, and nothing to work with but her little bill and her tired, awkward, little feet! not much like our strong, flexible fingers, ten of them, protected at the ends with nails, and all strung together with fine muscles, that are ready and willing to do anything we want done. Let this be the last time you ever trifle with anything of God's creation—the dear, little, wise kingfisher, only a bird, and yet knew enough to try and keep out of the way of bad boys."

Jack's little, brown hand slipped down beside him, and clutched and clutched at the stone in the mouth of the hole until he got it out, and then threw it away as far as he could send it with his strong right arm.

We talked a good while longer, and I showed him the contents of my basket, and told him what geologists said of the beautiful bit of valley in which we were sitting—that where those fertile fields were, now waving in grain, once flowed deep, wild, dark waves, a broad expanse of water.

Jacky made big eyes, and turned his head round, and looked at the hills and the tall trees and the great fields, and his mouth gradually opened, and his eyes widened, and pretty soon the boy looked as if he was all face, and all wonder and astonishment. I promised him that the next time I went to where the old antediluvian mounds were, he should go with me.

Often, when I had leisure, I would go and sit near the nest of the kingfisher, so as to see how she looked; but she never chanced to be off her nest while I was watching. O, I thought, what a lonely, dark, cheerless time she did have, away in that hole in the ground, waiting for a peep and a peck among the eggs under her warm feathers. I longed for her sake for the time when there would be a tap of a little patty against the side of the wee, white prison walls, or a bump of a bare, little head, and, with patience rewarded, she could poke her head down among her feathers, and turn her best ear and listen, and say "come out," instead of the hackneyed "come in."

I told my brothers if they ever saw her, to let me know. Rube said he had often seen Mr. Kingfisher sitting around and taking notes, and occasionally thrusting his head inside the doorway and telling her how

foolish and giddy other birds, particularly the swallows, did behave themselves. He said they did nothing but dance and flirt and coquet, and fly races and cut circles in the air, and giggle and show their teeth. He told her that though she seemed to be unseen, wasting her sweetness in the gloomy gravel bank, it was not so, and that she was better dressed and handsomer, and thousands more modest than any of those silly young mothers who went flying about and leaving their young ones at home in the care of old bachelor uncles or cross grandmothers, who never wiped their noses for them, nor combed their heads, nor sung them to sleep, nor cracked the hard-shell bugs and picked out the meat for them.

Rube said, too, that Mr. Kingfisher was undoubtedly a good provider, because he had frequently seen him on a little block outside the door, cutting up a fresh fish into sizeable pieces, as handily as any butcher's white-aproned clerk, and then smilingly carrying them in on a leaf for Mrs. Fisher a lunch.

One day, as my student brother sat in his room, up stairs, studying, he saw a kingfisher dart past his window, with a fish in his mouth. He thrust his head out, and without losing sight of it, saw it alight on the bank of the railroad close to the nest. I slipped down and peeped over the fence on the opposite side of the road, where it could not see me. Both birds were there, so I knew that the young ones were hatched.

Mr. Fisher had laid the fish down on the grass, and acted as if he were very tired. His legs were stretched out and crossed, and he leaned back and reclined on one elbow, while he occasionally drew the tip of his wing across his forehead, very much as a gentleman would his white linen handkerchief. He made the graceful motion, too, of twirling a moustache, and thridding his fingers through a beard.

Mrs. Fisher was a handsome bird. She did not look careworn, or wrinkled, or despondent; her clothing was beautiful, and as I never saw her wear any other dress, I will tell you how she was attired. The crown of her head and the coverts of her wings were of a deep, blackish green, dotted with bright azure; the back and tail of the most resplendent azure; the under side of the body a beautiful orange, while a band of the same golden tint passed from the bill beyond the eyes; beyond that, a large spot, white as foam. The tail, of a dozen feathers, perhaps, was a dark, rich, velvety blue, and the stockings a reddish yellow.

A few years ago, it was the fashion for ladies to have their bonnet ties of different colors of ribbon. She tried to follow that style, I guess, for her upper bill was black, and the lower one yellow. She was quite dressy, considering the work she was at, which was cutting up the fresh fish for the baby Fishers to dine upon. I observed that Mr. Fisher watched her trim, little feet, as she stepped now here now there, flirting her gay skirts like any fifteen-year-old girl. She cut the fish into five pieces; so I inferred that she had five children in the little nursery chamber, away back under the path that lay along the bank of the railroad.

North of us, over two miles away, is a small stream called Honey Creek, and my brother said, because the bird came from that direction, it was likely it went there for food. A student boarded with us, whose home was near Honey Creek, and as the bird went regularly, twice a day, in a northerly direction, about the same hour, the boys watched, and soon learned that the fish came from Honey Creek. My brother would observe by his watch, sometimes, the length of time it would take the bird to go and get a fish and return. Frequently it would make the trip in less than half an hour.

It would alight on the dead limb of an alder or fallen sapling, near or above the stream, and tip its head sidewise and watch sharply. When a fish would come gliding along, it would fly right up into the air, and then dive down, as straight as a bullet would fall, into the water, and wrestle around and get a good hold of the slippery victim, and come out shaking the pearly drops in every direction, while the fish would flop its head and tail, and twist and wriggle and try to get away.

The bird would reach a grassy place as soon as possible, and then would commence the process of killing the fish. It would beat it and peck it with its long, sharp bill, and thrash it on the ground, never minding how hard the fish would slap with its tail and scratch with its fins, which were like a rasping currycomb.

After the young ones became old enough to be left at home in safety, the parent birds would go together, winging their way along over hills and dales to the secluded valley, where, among the alders and willows and tall, sweet-smelling ironweed flowers, flowed the crooked, little stream of Honey Creek. O, she looked like a bunch of posies up in the air, only that she glittered so it dazzled one's eyes to behold her. In the sunshine, she was green and gold, and the black of

silken velvet could not compare with the luster of her little crown of jetty black and green, flecked with the azure of the tropical summer skies. Her pretty wing and tail feathers were the finest and richest blue I had ever seen.

We grew to watching daily for the lovers, as we called them, and we marveled at the instinct which guided them so truly. There was a wide, deep stream to the south of their nest, not more than forty rods distant, but its waters bred fevers and chills, and its airs were miasmatic, and smelled of poison; and we supposed this was the reason they did not get food there. They had no notion of seeing their little ones huddled in warm corners, with folded mullen leaves pinned over their shoulders for shawls, shaking and chattering their teeth with ague. They were too wise for that.

The little Fishers would sit out on the edge of the doorway, when left alone, and watch the trains of cars pass; and they used to think, when the whistle tooted, that it was a signal to attack them; and when the brakemen would turn their brakes, they thought they were winding up their guns, ready to shoot them! But they learned, after a while, that nobody cared for them but their father and mother. Then they would stick around on the banks like so many little wads of brown paper, doing no harm, only just growing into real, live kingfishers.

Sometimes, if they were lonely, they would play cars with the shell of a bug and the backbone of a fish; and, O, but they would chatter and laugh, and squall out like little girls! One would walk backward, and pretend that he was the locomotive, and he would double his head down and drag the fish bone along, and call it a train. Two of them would be brakemen, and one the conductor, and the bird that represented the engine would be the engineer, and do all the tooting. Frequently they would shift cars on to the side track, and unload them; again they would load, and call out orders for articles that they wanted brought on the next day's train, such as "Three barrels of salt for Humbolt K. Fisher;" or, "One hundred and sixty feet of poplar siding, two by sixteen, for Thackeray K. Fisher, of Sand Bank;" or, "One bottle of Hair Renewer, one large, double chignon, and an ivory-handled fan, for Miss Victoria Eugenia L. Fisher, of Fishers Landing;" and "Four and a half yards of extra corduroy, for Washington K. Fisher, of Fishkill, Ohio."

It was amazing, how much fun the roguish

little Fishers did have together, pretending they were people, with people's wants and wits and ways. They would use fish scales for silver currency, and old fins and tails for fans and parasols, and ivy leaves for newspapers and magazines.

I often thought that boys and girls could learn a good lesson from this little family of birds, with only a bare bit of steep gravel bank, and a long, horizontal hole in the ground for their home and playground; and yet, with no advantages, or comforts, or luxuries, as children have, they were very happy, and never grumbled nor quarreled, nor called unkind names. They never pouted because their nest was not in a flower garden, or a green cedar tree, or in a little box of a bird house, with red painted windows and a green spire on it, as more favored birdlings often have.

I have read that this kind of birds can hardly be driven away from their old haunts and sacred nesting places; that they will come back year after year, and bore long

holes in the banks with their busy, earnest, tiny bills, or have real house cleaning, and dig out and whitewash and paper, and fix up their old nursery chambers, and thus they learn to love them with an attachment quite human and tender. Such wisdom and affection, manifested by birds, appeal touchingly to our better natures. Who knows but their dear old nesting places in the gravelly banks are to them what the old homesteads are to us? The patch of closely-shorn sod near their nurseries, on which the toddling, blundering wee ones took the first step in walking, or made the first essay in flying, or cut the first little toothle, may be to them what our old homestead gardens are to us, with their lilac and rose bushes in the corners, or the bed of camomile by the stump, or the weeping willow by the gate. Who shall say? Then blessings on the birds, from the old gander, "wack-wacking" beside the meadow brook, down to the tiniest humming-bird among the morning-glory vines at our bedroom windows.

IN THE SUNSHINE.

BY GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

A deeper blue is in the sky,
And softer winds are blowing;
The white clouds lift their snows on high,
To greet the glad sun, blazing by,
And whiten and brighten and melt and die,
In the noon light warmly glowing.

Through meadows green the brooklets gleam,
The alders' gnarled roots laying;
Daisies and buttercups nod and dream,
And mosses creep from the gray rock's seam,
And tangling and dangling the wild vines stream,
Their leafy meshes waving.

In the farm-house porch, so cool and wide,
The dairy maid sings at her churning,
The cornfields stripe the brown hillside,

Where the farmer chirrups and shouts to guide
The plodding horse, with boy astride,
His careful furrows turning.

Where the reddest clover springs
The red herd roams and grazes.
The bobolink on the hazel swings,
With a shower of song and a flutter of wings,
And every wayside thicket rings,
With music's wildest mazes.

O, glad, bright hours; O, breath of balm!
O, heart, thy song upraising;
O, endless voice of the ceaseless psalm,
That all things breathe through the summer's
From mountain pine to tropic palm, [calm,
God's love forever praising.

AMONG THE RELATIONS.—No. 2.

BY A. H. POE.

I tell you it's fun to go to Uncle Lot's. I'd never heard of him before I came to grandpa's house; and when Aunt Ollie was talking about going there, I said,

"I didn't know Lot was my uncle, before."

Then Uncle Guy laughed awfully; and grandma heard him, and she said he ought to be 'shamed of himself. Then she told me that 'twasn't the same one, 'tall; and I was so mortified I didn't know what to do.

Joe whistled right out in the house, and

said, "My! six years old, and didn't know that."

And grandma told him, real cross, to go and shell corn for the chickens, and try and learn to b'have himself. Grandpa was reading the newspaper, and it kept shaking so that I 'spected he was laughing, too; and I went and put my head on grandma's lap, and cried. But Uncle Guy coaxed and coaxed, and after a while he took me to ride on his black horse.

The next day we went. Grandpa drove; and Uncle Guy said 'twas too bad for him to have to stay at home by himself, and eat a cold dinner. So I thought I'd put one of my little pies, that Aunt Ollie'd made me, under his plate; but I didn't say anything. I bit it a little, to see if 'twas good, though, first.

I sat in front, with grandpa, and saw ever so many rabbits, jumping along by the hedges. Grandpa showed me where Uncle Lot's farm began, and stopped the horses, and let me stand up on the seat, to see the house, a long way off. He said Uncle Milton and Uncle Ross had houses real near.

When we got there, Jenny came running out. She's 'most like Aunt Ollie, only littler, and her eyes are black. The gate wasn't in front of the house, but off at one side; and there was a hedge all around the yard, and it reached over the top of the gate. Aunt Ollie said 'twas real pretty in summer time. Jenny's got two little brothers named Wilbur and Gurney. They're twins, all both of 'em, and they have got brown, curly hair and blue eyes. It didn't take long to get 'quainted with them, and Gurney lent me his biggest glass marbles first thing.

Aunt Martha's the nicest kind, but she's sickly. Her eyes looked so weak I thought maybe she'd got a cold; but she didn't sneeze any. She has spells. I heard her telling grandma that she'd just got over one, but she felt so badly she was 'specting another right off. I kept looking, but there didn't any come. She talked the kindest you ever heard, nearly, and gave us cake and preserves, and let the boys have everything they wanted, and roll their wagon in the house. But I didn't think they asked quite as p'litely as they'd ought.

There was a big woman working in the kitchen. Her name was Malinda Grounds, and she was lame and cross. Gurney got in her way, while she was making the biscuits, and she looked the maddest, and said,

"Be off, or I'll baste yer jacket for yer."

Gurney laughed and made faces; but Jenny coaxed him away. Wilbur and Gurney just can't bear her, 'cause they said she wouldn't let them play in the kitchen, nor pop corn by the fire, nor anything, hardly. Jenny said she 'spected 'twas her foot made her cross.

Aunt Ollie and Jenny both helped to get dinner. 'Twas splendid, all but the boiled corn. I didn't like that; but I'd never seen any till then. Grandma asked Aunt Martha if 'twas home made, and she said yes. I thought it tasted a little like grandma's soft

soap smelled.* I smelled it once, when Aunt Ollie was washing the clothes.

O, such times as we did have, playing with the puppies, and cracking nuts, and eating apples. They had bags and bags of nuts. We went to meet the corn wagons twice, and rode in on one of them. One of the hired men is Old Mac. He's good. He made me ever so many hazelnut baskets.

But we played horse more'n anything else; and when I just couldn't run a bit longer, the boys cried. They stopped, though, when Aunt Martha got the candy out.

Jenny's got a room up stairs, next to hers, that's full of pictures. She said 'twas her sister Nellie's room. She died a long time ago, and Aunt Martha told Jenny she might make the room as beautiful as she could. The walls are covered most all over. She got nearly all the pictures out of magazines and papers; but they're real beautiful, and she framed them herself. She used most everything for the frames. Different kinds of seeds, and autumn leaves, and black thorns, and moss, and evergreens; and one is made every bit out of fish bones.

Christmas, Uncle Lot gave her the "Bare-foot Boy," in a gilt frame; and Aunt Martha's brother sent her, "Christ Stilling the Tempest," and another one called "The Sisters." In the picture one of them is an angel, guarding the other. Jenny nearly cried when she looked at it. We didn't stay there very long, 'cause the boys heard us, and came rushing up; and they wanted everything so that we had to go down.

I stayed all night, that night. I wasn't 'specting to, but Jenny wanted me to go to school with her the next day, and I thought I'd rather. Grandma said I might stay till Sunday, and visit my other relations, too; and she'd send Uncle Guy over with my clothes.

When they got ready to go home, and all of them kissed me goodbye, I wanted to go more'n I wanted to stay; but I didn't like to say so. O, such boys as Wilbur and Gurney are to play. I never was so tired before in my life, as I was that night. Aunt Martha made us take some med'cine out of a bottle, before we went to bed. 'Twas hot as pepper sauce, and I wanted to spit it out, but I was 'fraid she wouldn't like it.

The next morning they had fried sausages for breakfast. Aunt Martha always drinks tea, and Malinda Grounds broke the tea urn, and spilt the hot tea all round the table cloth. Aunt Martha was 'bout to scold, I know, but Uncle Lot said,

* Home-made hominy is made with ley.

"Never mind; accidents will happen in the best regulated families."

Uncle Lot's so kind; and he asks the same blessing at the table every time, just like grandpa.

After breakfast, Uncle Guy came. He played with me a long time; and I asked him if that pie I put under his plate wasn't good. At first he pretended he hadn't seen it, and then he said 'twas good, for it tasted just like my kisses.

A BIT OF ASTRONOMY.

BY A. E. LANDER.

I suspect that not one child in fifty, under twelve years of age, could tell me exactly how any one knows that the moon is really larger than a soup plate, or whether it is as far or farther away than Boston.

Now don't shrug your pretty shoulders, and laugh, and say I must be crazy to think you don't know that. It is not so easy a matter to know many things just right; and I hope you will not say one boastful word about your knowledge of the subject, until you have thought it over carefully, and seen how much you really know certainly. Wise men are very cautious indeed, and know what they say, and the reason for it.

No one ever comes from the moon country, to give us descriptions of it, and one has a great deal of trouble in studying it, since he cannot go there. The "man in the moon" is not at all social, either, in his ways, as you know, and I never heard of anyone getting any sort of information out of his ugly mouth. We have to learn things the best way we can, all by ourselves, one thing at a time, and that often a very long time.

I will tell you to-day about the size of the moon, and how men are able to find out exactly what its size is.

The moon is a globe, whose diameter is two thousand miles; about one fourth of that of the earth.

"Now, how," do you ask, "can one know that?"

There is a method something like this: Let us take, for example, a cent piece, which measures about an inch in diameter, and let it be placed between the eye and the moon, at any distance from the eye. It will be found, on the first trial, that the coin will appear larger than the moon; it will, in fact, completely conceal the moon from the eye, and produce what we may call a total eclipse of the moon. Let the coin be moved farther from the eye, and it will then appear smaller,

and will seem to grow less in size as its distance from the eye is increased. Let it be removed until it seems exactly to cover the moon, and neither more nor less.

If the distance from the coin to the eye be measured, it will be found to be about ten feet, or one hundred and twenty inches, or, what is the same, two hundred and forty half inches. But it is known (and the way in which that also is known I will explain to you at another time,) that the distance of the moon from the earth is about two hundred and forty thousand miles; so that it follows in this case that one thousand miles in the moon's distance is exactly what half an inch is in the coin's distance.

Now you all understand, I suppose, how, in geography, you measure a country on a map, when you know the scale of the map; if, for instance, you have the map of Illinois before you, made on a scale of fifty miles to an inch, and find, by measuring, that there are about two inches of the map from Chicago westward to the limits of the state, you would at once be able to say that the real distance between those points must be about two times fifty or about one hundred miles.

Now, in the case of measuring the distance across the moon's disk with the coin, we have found the scale to be half an inch to one thousand miles; since, then, the coin measures two half inches in diameter, the moon must measure two times one thousand miles, or two thousand miles in diameter.

WEDDINGS.

BY MRS. FANNIE H. HAZELTINE.

Eddie has had a wedding at his house. He is a little boy Nellie and I play with. It was his big sister that was married to a nice man—all but his moustache—that wasn't nice.

Eddie says a wedding is the very best time he ever had. There were lots of people there, all dressed up; but his sister looked the prettiest of them all. There were some others standing right by her, 'most as pretty.

I guess they cut down all the gardens, that room was so full of flowers. At any rate, they cut down ours, all the best of it, only Nellie's and mine; we wanted ours to keep on growing.

Eddie says his sister Minnie is a bride, now. The minister came and talked to them when they were standing up together. He had them take hold of hands, and then he

said they were husband and wife now. I don't see as they look any different from what they did before. Eddie's sister's name was Minnie Wilson before the wedding, and now he says it is Mrs. Rodgers. I don't believe it. Standing up there with that man wouldn't change her name. I shan't call her Mrs. Rodgers; I shall call her Miss Minnie, and she is Miss Minnie, and she'll be Miss Minnie.

They had ever so many nice presents, all bright and shining, and they belong to Miss Minnie. They get them at weddings, Eddie says. I mean to have my mother married, so she can have such shiny teapots and everything.

The tables were piled full of all kinds of goodies, cakes and ice creams and everything, ever so much nicer than Thanksgiving. Eddie says he had some of all of them. Nellie and I wanted to be invited. Papa and mamma and auntie were invited, but we only had some of the good things afterward.

We must have a wedding at our house; we always have whatever Eddie does. But we haven't any big sister that wants to get married. Mamma says Nellie and I ain't big enough yet, besides we want to see the fun, just as Eddie did. There's grandpa and grandma, but they are so old they won't like to dress up as grand as Miss Minnie did; besides grandma's face is wrinkled, and grandpa hasn't any moustache.

Papa and mamma say their wedding was a good while ago, and they don't want to be married again now. Then there is auntie, and Maggie, who helps in the kitchen, but they don't feel like it. O dear! I wish they did. Besides, Eddie says one of them ought to be a man.

The wedding at Eddie's house was yesterday, and we haven't had any yet. We must have one at our house this afternoon. Nellie and I are going to get up one right away. We have talked it over with Star, the barn kitty, and Miss Rosebud, the house kitty, and they are going to be married; so we shall have a wedding as well as Eddie.

We must hurry and get ready. We are going to have real 'freshments, nice ones; mamma says we may. We have invited a good many kitties. My two grandmas and auntie and Eddie are coming to the wedding. Maggie is going to be the minister.

It's going to be as soon after dinner as Nellie can get the kitty folks dressed up. Mamma says we may have cake and cream, instead of ice cream; we shall have a good many other things, and some flowers. I'm going to ask Eddie to cut down his garden,

because we want it for the wedding; I shall ask his mother to cut hers, too, because she asked my mother to cut ours.

Each kitty is to have a plate of goodies, and they are going to eat at the table. Mamma says they won't behave, if we pass things around, as they did at Eddie's. They have got to sit like people. Mamma says they won't do it; but I can manage, I guess.

Nellie and I are in such an awful hurry to begin the wedding, that we don't want any dinner; besides we aren't hungry. There goes the bell, we'll eat ever so fast, so as to have it begin.

We had so much to tell at dinner, that it took ever so long to eat. Papa and grandpa have so much to do, they can't come to the wedding, they are real sorry; but can't come any way.

Nellie is getting things to dress up the kitties, and I must go for those invited. I'll ask mamma to send the carriage for them.

Nellie has real trouble with Mr. Star; he won't stay still to have his boots blacked, or collar put on, or any thing. Well, he looks well enough of himself, without being fixed up. Rosebud stays still to be dressed. She has flowers in her hair, and a nail on; but look! Nellie, she is putting her paw through.

Eddie says people stand on two feet, and take hold of hands, when they are married. Nellie and I are going to stand behind, and hold up Star and Rosebud, so they can be married fashionable, but the rest of the cats can stand as they want to.

I do wish the minister would come. Halloo! Mr. Minister, it's time to come to the wedding. Here she comes. Now begin, Maggie. Wait! wait! Mr. Minister; how they do act! Now they are good, so begin, Maggie.

"Now, Star, take Rosebud by the hand,
As you there together stand;
And Rosebud, you may do the same,
For I'm going to change your name.
Star and Rosebud, man and wife,
May you have a happy life."

Now for 'freshments, and the fun. Eddie says we must wait on the bride first. Here, Mrs. Star, that is your name now, here is something good to eat. Here, here, Mrs. Star, you must sit down good to the table, and every one of you cats must, too. Nellie, do help me make them mind. Mamma says they will have to eat standing on the table. They look, O, so funny! eating on the table. Now, Mr. Star, you aren't polite—eaten yours all up, and now eating Mrs. Star's. Papa and mamma don't do so; here, stop splitting at her.

Here, Mrs. Star, is a wedding present, a bright, shiny, new, spandy, nice tin basin. You needn't let Mr. Star eat with you, he acts so.

Eddie says the wedding is done, now, but he says it wasn't like his. Nellie and I have had better times before. I guess company liked it, they laughed so much. I know kitties did, for they have eaten all the 'freshments. The rest of us haven't had anything good, they were so greedy. I'll open the door, and let the ten cats out; scat, scat! there, now, run home. I don't like weddings much. I don't believe I'll ever want to get married.

"CHUB."

BY A. E. WILLIAMS.

He is four years old, and lives in an alley; but he don't care for that. He's the happiest boy in America. He didn't have any clothes to speak of; only some little panties, too short, and fringed round with rags; there was a hole in his knee, too, and in the other knee, and behind; and he had one suspender, and a shirt, or it used to be, before it was patched all over, and now the patches were all wearing off, and you could see his little, black elbows. But 'twas just as convenient for him; he could turn somersaults all the better for having no shoes or hat; he'd lose them in a puddle, anyhow. I told Nan so, but she would dress him up.

"Look here, Peta," said she, after he had turned twenty somersaults, and stood on his head three minutes, "don't you want some new clothes?"

"Dunno."

"Wouldn't you like some new trowsers and a nice, warm jacket, Pete?" very coaxingly.

"I ain't Pete."

"What are you, then?"

"Chub."

"Well, then, Chub, will you have some clothes?"

"Are dey got buttons and stripes on?"

"I guess so; will you have them?"

Chub grinned; he rather liked the idea. So Nan took him into the house and gave him such a ducking—O, it makes me gasp to think of it—and blossomed him out in red stripes and brass buttons on a jacket without a patch, even. To think of that! There were pockets, he soon discovered, and buried his hands; and then he strutted, like a young rooster who had just learned how to crow. Pretty soon he slopped over; he couldn't

help it. The only way he had of showing his satisfaction at the manner in which the world was treating him, was to point his heels to the zenith. I couldn't blame him; but Nan did.

"Chub," said she, "you'll spoil your clothes doing that. Run home to your mother."

So he hung his head and ran. Pretty soon he came back.

"I want my ole clo'es," he whispered.

"But they are all rugs and dirt," said Nan. "You don't want to wear them any more, do you?"

"They'll do to flop in, please."

"That is it, Nan," said I. "You might as well try to make a ground mole happy in a bird cage, as to make that little lump of black clay at home in a 'dress up' suit every day; so give him his native rags."

Chub took them and went. Nan thought her charity poorly appreciated, but I told her to wait and see. The next Sunday, Chub marched by the house hand in hand with a white boy.

"As true as you live," said Nan, "Chub is going to the Sabbath school."

"Of course," I replied. "A boy who is able to dress well has a right to go to the Sabbath school, if he is black and little."

"Chub," said I, as he was playing on the walk, that night, "what makes you so black?"

"Was bourned so, massa."

"What, burned so?"

"Yes, massa; I was bourned so."

"O yes, you mean you were born so; and you accept your destiny graciously, I trust."

He looked as if he had not meditated on that subject very deeply, so I did not press him for an answer.

A few days after, Chub came into the house, almost before we were up, in the morning.

"Please, missus," said he, whispering mysteriously to Nan, "it's come."

"What's come?" said Nan.

"A baby, only so long," measuring with his hands, "and it came all the way without any clothes. Have you dot any more?"

Of course Nan had. She was never known to refuse to feed or clothe anybody; and, after hunting in drawers for baby things, she hurried over to see the new comer.

"It's most too 'ittle for nothin'," explained Chub, "and it don't do nothin' but squirm; but it can squeal some, 'cause it wants clo'es, yer see."

And then Chub went home, heels over head, his usual way, to see what was going

to happen next. Though the baby wasn't big enough for the dress, it surely looked better in it than being wrapped up in an old shawl. Chub never saw a baby near enough to touch it before, especially such a little, black, mite of a baby. There had been pink and white babies taking an airing in their carriages on the sidewalk, and he used to wish he might take hold and draw them. But this one was so odd he wasn't quite sure he liked it.

"It's made ofingin rubber, I dess," thought he; and he pinched one of its little black toes, to see if it would stretch. 'No; but it puckered its face up into a little black knot and squealed. Then Chub's mother slapped him; so he ran to catch up with Nan, who was going home.

"Who fetched it?" thinking of the baby, as he tugged at her dress.

"God sent it, Chub."

"Dod?"

"Yes, God, up in the sky; ain't you glad?"

"Did He frow it down?"

"No; He sent an angel to bring it, so you can have some one to play with."

"It's too 'little."

"But it will grow to be as big as you, sometime."

So Chub concluded to endure the baby, though he became very tired waiting for it to grow, and every day wanted to measure it, to see if it "hadn't dot bidden." He grew to like it very much, finally, and brought all the sour apples, and hot cookies, and candy balls, that the servant maids gave him, to feed it with.

By and by it could roll on the floor, and then it rolled out doors; and Chub made it mud pies, and brought it worms, and bugs with the wings pulled off, to "see 'em wiggle."

One day Chub's mother went out washing, leaving him to mind the baby; so he sat it under the fence with a sunflower to play with, while he went with a tin box to dig for worms, for he had found a long stick and a string, and meant to go down to the lake fishing. He was thinking whether he'd better take baby with him, or tie it to the bed post, when he heard a great noise, and saw a runaway horse come dashing madly down the alley, and there was baby, who had crawled out into the road, right in the way. On came the horse, with a heavy wagon crushing and bounding behind him. O, the poor baby! nothing could save it now.

"I s'pose it'll have to be smashed," thought Chub, running fast; but he found it wasn't, for, strange to say, the horse had leaped

over it, and the wagon had only grazed one of its little, bare toes. Chub hugged and kissed the little rubber baby, and said he "wouldn't nebber do fishin' and leab it any more." Then he took it over to see Nan, and told her how the baby "didn't dit killed." And Nan said,

"You ought to thank God, Chub, just as you learned how to do in Sunday School, and ask Him to forgive you, for it was very naughty in you to leave the baby."

So Chub prayed, and this was his prayer; "Dear Dod, Chub was naughty to do fishin' and leab de baby, but Chub's berry sowwy, and he tanks Dod tause he didn't kill baby wid de horse. Amen and den he'll be a dood boy."

TO THE DAISY

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Grow, little daisy, grow,
There's no more frost or snow,
No more the fierce winds blow.
Grow, daisy, grow.

There's none to say thee nay,
Warm is the sun of May,
And all the field is gay.
Grow, daisy, grow.

The air is full of song,
Gentle the days and long,
And naught can do thee wrong.
Grow, daisy, grow.

The night dewa tender are,
The yellow evening star
Shines in the heaven afar.
Grow, daisy, grow.

The brook is calling, too,
And, all the forest through,
Are violets, white and blue.
Grow, daisy, grow.

So long, so long we wait,
We marvel at thy fate,
Why is thy bloom so late?
Grow, daisy, grow.

ART AMUSEMENTS.

BY MARTHA POWELL DAVIS.

NUMBER SIX.—ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

The children had been much delighted with the results of their work when molding fruit, but the enthusiasm manifested now, while making flowers, was much greater. Several new members joined the class, attracted by what they had seen, and many beautiful flowers were brought in for patterns—so many that it was hard for the pupils to determine which to select for imitation.

Aunt Phebe, perceiving their indecision, said, "You had better choose the simpler flowers first, as some of you are not very perfect in this art yet. Here are orange blossoms; no flowers could be more easily made, and they are most beautiful in wax."

"Thirty stamens!" said a wee, bright-eyed girl, who was first to find the number.

"That's right," returned auntie; "and they are white, you see, like the petals. Use your thickest sheet of white wax. Cut a strip half an inch wide and an inch and one-fourth long, and fringe the edge for stamens. Cut five petals, as at O, fig. 14, and two or three green leaves, as at L, fig. 14, for each bloom. Tip the stamens with bright yellow chrome. Mold each petal into a boat shape

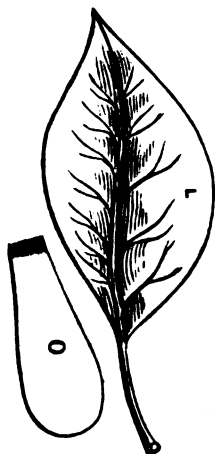


FIG. 14.

on the palm of your hand, and arrange them on a wire stem around the stamens, the same as the first tier of rose petals, only let the stamens extend up farther, so as to appear longer than rose stamens, and more prominent."

The leaves are very essential, as the bloom has an unfinished appearance without them, and in nature, the rich, ornamental green is very abundant. The leaves alternate on the stem, the first one close to the flower, the next one opposite, a little farther down, and so on.

When cutting the petals for white flowers, a sheet of white paper should be spread on the table, instead of newspaper, as printer's ink sometimes soils the wax sheets.

The Euphorbia.—Another pretty flower in wax is the euphorbia. A few specimens of this plant had been brought in, and auntie selected one variety as very nice to mix with

other flowers in forming wreaths, and such like designs. A pattern of the petals is at E, fig. 15. Two petals form the corolla of each floret, and three or four florets often complete the blossom. They are connected by short, slender stems to a main stalk, forming an umbel.

The beautiful salmon color, so common

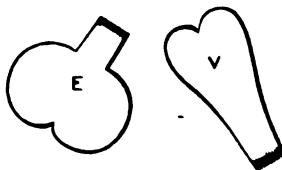


FIG. 15.

with the species cultivated in our green-houses, is made by mixing scarlet and yellow. The petals are curled in the palm of the hand, but in placing them on the stem, the curl should turn outward—just the reverse of the orange petal.

Verbenas.—The petals (V, fig. 15) should be made of white, transparent wax. The tinting is done delicately, with a camel's hair brush. It is in the characteristic coloring of these flowers that much of their beauty depends. Bend each petal back carefully, and place them on the wire just so the tip of the stem will show for a pointal. Five petals

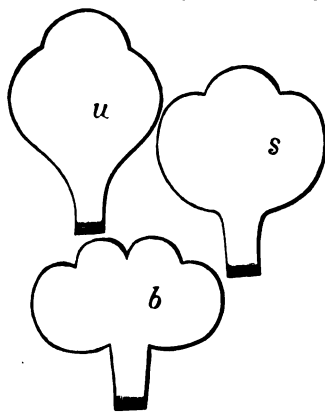


FIG. 16.

compose a single floret, and nine to twelve florets on a stem are enough for a wax flower.

The Violet has five petals, shaped at u, s, and b, fig. 16. Paint the two upper ones, u, purple, a rich, velvety color. Make the side petals, s, deep blue at the edges, shading off light toward the middle, and, at the center, a bright yellow. Make the lower one lilac at the edge, shading it in toward the center

with purple, then make a bright, golden spot with orange chrome where it joins the stem. Mold the petals by pressing them in the center and curling the edges outward. Pinch a bit of golden wax to the end of the bent wire (s, fig. 17), and press the lower petal to the under part of the bend. Next, put on the s petals, one on each side, and

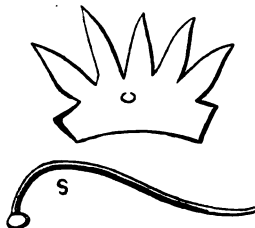


FIG. 17.

then place the upper ones at the top. Finish with the green calyx, c, at the base, under the corolla.

This programme for modeling will be changed very much in imitating the Neapolitan and other varieties of modern violets, but in imitating the old kind, no one will fail to recognize

The sweet tenant of the shade,
In purple rich and gold arrayed."

Mary Belle followed the above directions minutely, and when three or four were fin-

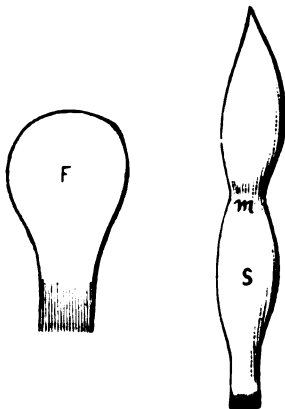


FIG. 18.

ished, "What are they?" she asked of her friends.

"Pansies," responded one.

"Johnny jump ups," said another. "How pretty they are! The most natural of anything!"

There is more than ordinary pleasure in producing something that calls out the

admiration of our friends; and little Mary had the pleasure of knowing that *her* flowers were not "born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air."

The *Fuchsia* corolla has four petals, (see f, fig. 18), and the calyx has four sepals, shaped at s, fig. 18. The calyx of this flower varies from the general rule, and instead of being green, it is sometimes white, sometimes bright scarlet or crimson. I presume you think, to look at the flower, that the calyx is part of the corolla. The variety we are to imitate this afternoon has a beautiful purple corolla, with stamens and pistil the same, and the sepals are white. (See fig. 19.)

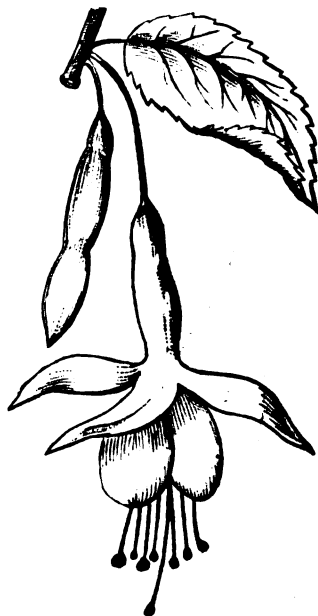


FIG. 19.

Use fine wire for the stem; color it pink for an inch or more for a pointal, while the stem part is green. Now cut eight pieces of still finer wire for stamens, and color them pink, also, and while wet, dip the tips in yellow or pink powder, for anthers. Tie the stamens to the wire with cotton thread; let the pink end, which is to be the pointal, extend one-fourth of an inch farther out than the stamens—that is, the pointal should be that much longer than the stamens. The minute ball on the pistil is made by dipping its tip in melted wax of the right color.

Wax the thread where the stamens have been fastened to the stem, in order that the corolla may stick more easily. Now **fasten**

the base of the corolla petals around the stem at this point, and then place the sepals on to break joints with the petals. They are to hang loosely over the corolla from the mark *m* to the point, while the base, from the mark downward, should coil lengthwise around the stem; and the four may be pressed into a natural tubular form with the fingers.

The leaves should be of different sizes, the larger ones of darker green than the smaller, while the buds are the same color as the sepals of the flower. The buds are easily shaped with the fingers, yet, where great accuracy is required, it is well to cast them in plaster molds, the same as fruits.

Fine wire is used for buds and blossoms, that the stems may seem weak and pendulous. Fuchsias are always drooping and graceful, and if well made, with buds and leaves properly arranged, they are hard to surpass in beauty. One kind, particularly pretty in wax, has coral red sepals, corolla pure white, double. The double corolla has eight petals.

When you are painting, if your work looks daubed and stiff, or too dark in some places and too light in others, you can scumble it down, as painters call it: that is, you can blend the light and dark with intermediate shades. A small flannel rag, moist with turpentine, is useful for this purpose.

Avoid working with your paints too wet. When they are rather dry, you will find less difficulty in concealing the markings of the brush.

FISHES AT WORK.

BY RHODA LITTLE.

In a late number of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, is an interesting description of "fishes at play." The sight was wonderful and rare, and few of those who read the account, will ever see the like; but many of us may watch fishes at work, without going to sea. For fishes *do* work, and I have often seen them.

On some parts of the Island of Aquidneck, where I live, the shores are marshy, with fresh streamlets, here and there, meandering down to the salt water.

There is one marsh in particular, at the edge of the bay, with still pools sunk in the peaty soil. These are filled partly by rain, from the clouds, and partly by the sea, that sometimes overflows them at spring tides. Coarse grass droops around their margins, forming dark, sheltered recesses among its roots; while sea lettuce, and other marine

plants, float in broad, green patches on the surface of the brackish water. Every spring, scores of little fishes find their way into these pretty lakelets, and lay their eggs, or, as we commonly say, spawn, in their quiet water.

Many an hour, from March to June, do I spend in watching their attractive ways, as, all unconscious of observers, they carry on their busy housekeeping.

My favorite, among them, is the two-spined stickleback. It is only two or three inches long, sharp nosed, straight backed, flat sided, rough tailed, and bony; with spines about it; the two upon its back as big and sharp as the prickles upon a gooseberry bush. Yet it is beautiful. Both male and female are green and brown above, and silvery below, with great, round eyes; but the male is much the handsomer of the two. His colors are deeper, and there are times when his cheeks and sides become of a brilliant red.

When the sun has shone through many long days, and the water is warm and clear, the sticklebacks know it is time to get ready a lodging for their eggs. The male finds his mate, and, side by side, the pair swim up and down, seeking a convenient place. Sometimes a whole day is spent, in searching about, and holding consultations.

At last, a spot is chosen, somewhere upon the bottom, and the male sets to work. He begins by clearing off whatever sticks, or other rubbish, may be in the way, carrying each bit to a distance. Then he takes away the sand, a mouthful at a time, until he has formed a hollow, of the size and shape of a watch crystal.

Sometimes a fragment of shell, or stone, sticks up, and the little fellow has to tug long and hard, to remove it.

When the nest is deep enough, he lines it with fronds of hollow-weed, sea lettuce, or some other smooth plant. These he cuts with his teeth, and lays the strips, one by one, strewing a little sand upon each, to keep it from being brushed aside. When the bottom of the nest is covered with a layer of strips, all lying one way, he spreads another layer across it, with all the pieces lying the other way, making a soft, even mattress. Often, he sinks down upon this bed, and presses it with his breast, fluttering his wing-like fins, much like a hen canary bird, when lining her nest.

All the while he is at work, his mate sails up and down, encouraging him by her presence, but taking no part in his toil. Every now and then, he swims swiftly toward her, and insists on her coming to see the nest.

She does so willingly, bending down, and looking at it with silent approval.

Sometimes, she wanders in search of food, and gets out of sight. He does not always miss her at once, but when he does, you should be there to see. He drops his precious piece of silky frond, no matter how carefully he has shaped it; he quits the nest, and, like one bereft of common sense, rushes wildly about, as if all his aims in life were lost. When he finds the unwitting truant, he seems to chide her, and with impetuous haste, drives her back to the scene of his labors.

Calm and serene herself, she cannot share his frenzy; but she gently gives up her own will to his, although she sees no reason for his perturbation. Then he forgets his fears, forgives the cause, and resumes his task.

Now and then he stops work for a few minutes and has a little frolic with his mate. They affect to bite each other, and lay their heads across each other's necks, like friendly horses in a field. They swim, side by side, in narrow circles; they chase each other, rising one above the other in pursuit, like swallows sporting in the air.

Two days, or more, pass thus, and at last the nest is ready, and the eggs are in it.

Then the careful stickleback makes haste to cover them. Working more mightily than ever, he brings frond after frond of some delicate water plant, and spreads over them. Crossing these as before, he takes no rest while a chink remains, through which can be seen a single egg.

He goes further, and piles on more leaves, with so ingenious a show of carelessness, that no boy or girl would ever suspect that beneath this little patch of shredded weeds, there was hidden a fish's cradle.

The stickleback's tasks are not yet ended. He has other work to do. Some rude intruder may meddle with his charge. He must not leave it.

Accordingly, he sets himself to watch. All day he sails up and down, and round about, feeding scantily upon such morsels of food as drift within his beat; never losing sight of the nest.

All night he hovers above it, even sleeping with so much wakefulness as to be roused to vehement action by the slightest stir in the water. If a strolling crab chances to slide by, he rushes headlong upon it, and bites madly at its defenceless eyes. If an eel wriggles near, he erects his horrid spines, and dashes furiously against it, threatening to rip it up with these double daggers. He darts with the speed of lightning. The

irides of his eyes, his cheeks, his sides, glow with vivid scarlet.

No foe dares resist him, but every one makes haste to quit the field.

For three weeks, this faithful sentinel keeps guard. Toward the close, his vigilance increases. He often draws very near the nest, and peers closely. Sometimes he touches it with his nose; puts down his head, as if listening.

Suddenly, he acts as if he had gone mad. He seizes the loose, outer covering, that served as a screen, and scatters the pieces right and left. He tears open the inner coverlid, that he had so carefully felted. He hangs breathless above the nest. What does he expect?

Presently, there issues from the rents, a train of fifty to a hundred tiny creatures, no bigger than midges, with filmy, transparent bodies, and wide, staring eyes.

The eggs have hatched, and these are the baby sticklebacks. They swim away, and the father's work is done.

There is something beautiful in all this toil, and watching, and anxiety, and bravery, and patience, of the little two-spined stickleback.

It is not for himself; it is wholly for others; for little ones that are to appear before him for a moment, and pass out of his sight, to be known no more.

When we see the self-devotion, that the Maker of us all has taught this humble fish, shall we waste our higher lives in self-pleasing? Let us rather learn from these lowly dwellers of the pool, that His works and His word teach the same lesson: Live for others, and not for yourselves.

RHYMES MADE AT GRANDMA'S.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

You see, grandmamma's birthday is the same as George Washington's; that is, it comes on the twenty-second of February: and she says it would be a pity not to observe such a double anniversary; so she generally makes a party, and invites Uncle Mark's family and our family. These are all the children and grandchildren she has, except Uncle Stephen and his little girl, Lucy; they live with grandma on her farm. In the summer, Cousin Lucy has calves, and lambs, and chickens, all her own, and she has all the strawberries she can eat, and carries cherry pie to school every day for her luncheon.

All the rest of us live in town, and we haven't any horse. So this year Uncle

Stephen came for us with Logic and Rhetoric, and the big green wagon. One of these horses always goes along steady, so that we children can drive it, but the other prances about a little too much to please grandma. The sober one's name is Logic, and the skippy one is Rhetoric. Queer names for horses, aren't they?

We had an elegant supper at grand-mamma's: peach marmalade, and frosted cake, and roast turkey with dressing enough to go around twice. Papa made a very polite bow to grandma and gave her his arm, then Uncle Mark took mamma, and Uncle Stephen took Aunt Carrie, that is Uncle Mark's wife—and when they were seated, we children went out just as it happened, and there was the greatest fun. Grandma looked very handsome in the new dress and cap that were her birthday presents.

But it was after supper that the poetry came. We had popped corn and made butterscotch till we wanted to rest. Butterscotch is great fun when it doesn't get scorched. Some of ours got scorched. The boys thought playing blindman's buff would rest us, but Uncle Mark said it would be too noisy for grandma, and we had better make poetry. So it was agreed that we should each write a verse—anything we pleased—and when we had finished, Uncle Mark was to read them aloud.

There were five of us: Uncle Mark's two children, Harry and little Fai, Cousin Lucy, my brother Wally, and I. But just before we commenced, Miss Angelica Potter came in, and as she is a poet already, and writes for two newspapers, we gave her a pencil, and invited her to write a verse—she called it a stanza. Of course we hated to show our rhymes along with hers, but then, you know it was all in fun.

We might get the older folks to help us a little, Uncle said; but it must be whispered very low, and no one must get more than a little smoothing over of the hard places. I tried and tried; but I couldn't think of a single word, till I opened the photograph album on the table, and found a certain picture. Then I thought of something; but mamma had to help me find words that would rhyme.

By and by, when we were all ready, Uncle Mark looked through his glasses at me and said: "Well, Miss Fanny Jane, you are the youngest of the poets; we will begin with you." O, my heart did thump so; to think of my piece being read first! You see he hadn't thought that little Fai would have anything to read, though she had been

scribbling away like the rest, pretending to make letters. But now she spoke up and said, "No, pa. I'm the youngest, and I've got a piece."

"You!" says Uncle Mark. "Well done for a six-year-old. Hand it over, pet."

But of course, when he had got it, he couldn't make any sense of her funny, little, printed letters; so he called her to come and read it.

"Yes, I will," says she. "It's only my little *nepataph* that I made last summer, when Annie Hoxie died—the washerwoman's pretty, little girl, that oosed to come and play with me in the back alley. You know one day she played, and the next day she was all dead with the croup."

"Beneath this storied marble lies
Ann Hoxie, aged seven.
Yesterday she made mud pies,
But now she's gone to heaven."

Uncle Mark made signs to us not to laugh, but we smiled very hard. Fai didn't smile a bit; she gave a great sigh, and then smoothed down her apron with her little, fat hands, and sighed again. She wanted to hear something said about her verse. Uncle Mark inquired about the first line.

"Was it all your own composition, my dear?"

And she said, "No; Annie's older sister found the first line for me in a book."

Her mamma told her that she had done very well, though writing epitaphs was hardly suited to little girls, and she might try her hand at something else next time.

Uncle read my verse next. Here it is. I had dreadful hard work with the first line, and if the Little Corporal can fix it any better, I'll be truly obliged to him.

"I wish I could be, just for to-night.
One of Mr. Longfellow's little girls;
Not the one with her arms out of sight.
But the other one, with the lovely, long curls;
Then I'd sit upon his knee,
And he'd write my poetry for me."

The next was Cousin Lucy's. I forgot to say that Lucy's mother died a good many years ago, so grandma and all of us love her dearly. But then she is so pleasant and soft in her ways, that no one could help loving her. Isn't this beautiful?

"All the red is dying
Out of the western sky,
And little, white clouds, like sheep, are lying,
Up in the pastures high."

Now comes Wally, my brother, two years older than I am. O, how they did laugh! Grandma laughed till her glasses slipped clear to the end of her nose. She said it was "so like Wally."

"There was a lady, she had three daughters.
But she didn't bring them up as she ought to;
One fainted away
Last examination day.
And they used a lot of camphor before she
was brought to."

I don't think it was quite fair to laugh at Wally so, because all the rest of us had made poetry before, but he never had tried at all. But he is so funny. The more we laughed, the better he liked it.

Harry's turn came next. He is almost fifteen. Grandma thinks he is a very gentlemanly boy, but she doesn't hear him when he plagues us girls sometimes. He is always telling me he will find a wild gazelle with silver feet, and bring it to me, for a playmate sweet; but he never has, and I don't believe he ever will. But he does part his hair beautifully, and he is very grammatical. He had been hunting in some magazines for a subject, and this is what he wrote:

"I wish I was the captain
Of a hundred thousand men;
We'd organize a club, sir,
And cross the ocean, then.
And we'd challenge such a boat race
As was never known before,
And we'd beat those Oxford fellows,
Till they couldn't see an oar."

They all cried "Bravo!" and "Hurrah!" at this, and Miss Angelica said Harry had made himself quite the lion of the evening. We had to tease her a long time before she would let Uncle Mark have her poetry. She said it had no beginning or end, and was but a waif floating on the twilight of her imagination, or something like that. But at last she gave it to him, and here it is. Wouldn't it be lovely set to music?

"The sound of her singing is sweeter to me,
With the jessamine buds drooping over,
Than the tinkling of rain on a midsummer sea,
Or the dripping of dew in the clover.
And her white, gemmy hands, as they wander
at will,
O'er my locks, growing damp with the even,
Lie cool on my brow, as the dew that distil
From the floating alembics of heaven."

It was such a pity that Uncle Mark should have made a sad blunder in reading this. But he said Miss Angelica's writing was so faint and delicate, he could hardly make it out. You see where she had written "gemmy hands," he read "gummy hands," which spoiled all the sense. But he made a nice apology—she called it the "amen honorable"—and then he read it over again right. We children all admired it, and Cousin Harry told her that "floating alembics" was magnificent. When grandma said she didn't know as she quite caught the meaning, I thought mamma and Aunt Carrie smiled a little, but Harry said good poetry was always obscure. Then Uncle Mark read a beautiful

"Ode for grandmamma's birthday," that he made himself, but it is too long to be put in this story. The meaning wasn't a bit obscure.

After Miss Angelica went away, we had prayers, and then papa and my uncles talked to grandma, and wished her many more birthdays, and she cried a little, because she was so happy; and then we all kissed her goodnight and went to bed. And next morning we had a grand breakfast—fried chicken and buckwheat cakes; and after breakfast, Uncle Stephen harnessed up Logic and Rhetoric, and took us all home. So no more this time from Fanny Jane.

BIRD BABEL.

BY ELLEN PORTER CHAMPION.

Have you heard what the robins are saying and singing.

In the yellow-fringed chestnut tree, down by the mill:

Their quaint notes untaught have a rythmical ringing:

They are rollicking fellows, so carelessly clinging
To their garlanded perches, and flirting and flinging.

'Mid the gold-tasseled chestnut boughs under the hill.

While waiting this morn, by my low casement leaning,

Their petulant jargon grew loud and more shrill.

The whimsical solo's took methods and meaning:
Eave-dropping I eat, such queer, bird secrets gleaming.

All unwittingly told, through the dim, leafy screening

Of the shady, old, chestnut tree, down by the mill.

Up piped one soprano, so bold and so knowing,
She managed the treble with cunning and skill.

"I'll tell you," she said, "where the berries are blowing,

Where peach buds are sweetest, and cherries are growing.

The seeds rich and plenty the good farmer's sowing;

We robins are outlaws, and feast where we will."

Then came a full chorus, from reeds by the river,

Now piquant, now pensive, with tenderest trill:
Is it chant of Beethoven? or Strauss with a quiver?

Such an opera burlesque from mortal lips, never!

'Tis bobolink, singing in satire forever,
Illogical, magical, charming us still.

Gay bobolink, careless of orchard buds springing,
Heeding never a berry that brightens the hill.

Ere the June roses wither, away he'll be winging,
Where the jessamine clusters like gold bells are swinging.

Where the rice fields are greenest his song will be ringing,

Though robin makes music all day by the mill.

Sing, robin, sing on, when each new morning blushes.

Come sing in my garden, and rob if you will;
Bring garrulous blackbirds and jubilant thrushes.

The timid, brown wren, from the spicy fern bushes.

The sparrow that hides her sly nest in the rushes,
Make a babel of voices, and sing as you will.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

ALFRED L. SEWELL,
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, } EDITORS.

CHICAGO, JUNE, 1871.

OUR NEW MONTHLY.

Have you seen the new monthly? Not the *Atlantic*, nor the *Pacific*, but Nature's grand issue, the *World's Pictorial*. It lies open before me as I write, a ponderous volume, bound in green and azure, and clasped with golden sunbeams. Thousands and thousands of fingers have turned the delicate pages; thousands and thousands of eyes have wandered delightedly over the glowing pictures; but to-day not a leaf is torn nor a color faded. For ages, none know how many, it has been issued fresh every month, moist and breathing of perfume, with such rare variety of contents, that, from the little child to the white-haired sage, no sound heart ever wearied of it. Not like other volumes, that drop from the press right into the hands of the rich in their palaces of brick and stone, and only wander occasionally away from towns and cities, growing old and stale by the way. Nature's great monthly comes first to all the dwellers in broad, green, country places. In fact, they never see it in town, or at best only short extracts, and pictures clipped out here and there, tantalizing hints of its peerless beauty.

Look at this picture—an orchard on a slope, the trees stooping to the weight of the great billows of bloom the spring has drifted over them. How the gray trunks show beneath, like rocks amid the sea of wavy grass that aways about their feet. Was ever a fairer foreground than that brook that creeps along through its fringe of alders, or a more exquisite background than the deep blue of the sky, shading softly upward into paleness? See the oriole among the branches. What shall we call him? a golden blossom? a little winged bundle of music and sunshine? A single glimpse of the little flashing wanderer carries my heart straight back to childhood, to the days when I sat with folded hands under the cherry tree, with the white petals fluttering down upon me, and only heard the brook below the garden wall chime, chime, as it tinkled over the pebbles, and above my head the drowsy hum of the bees, and the short, mellow note of the oriole, flashing in

and out with that low, rich trill that sounded like a quiet laugh of delight.

Why should I try to review it, this richest, most exquisite of publications? Its great, unbroken, unutterable beauty rises before me and grows upon me as I write. With a feeling akin to reverence, I turn the pages day by day; the pictures brighten toward the close, and I think how in a few days the glorious June will interpret all these sweet May prophecies in grand fulfillment.

FLOWERS FOR THE PARLOR.

There is no home so elegant in its adornings that a charm may not be added by fresh flowers, arranged with taste and skill; none so plain and humble that the lack of rich furnishings may not be forgotten, if the matchless beauty with which Nature paints and embroiders the fields and woods be transferred to its lowly rooms, for the eye to rest upon with never-wearying delight. Yet a faded and withered bouquet is an unsightly object, even in a vase of the rarest crystal; and daily care is needed to keep these frail beauties in presentable condition.

I have often wondered at finding not a solitary flower in homes where the garden was glowing with beauty, and the reason usually given has been, "It is so much trouble to keep cut flowers in order, and the water is always liable to be spilled upon something valuable." This is very true, so let me tell my lady Flora how to avoid this danger without banishing the flowers.

Take almost any kind of a dish—a glass preserve dish, a soup plate, a saucer, a common pie plate—fill it with clean sand or with soil from your garden, press it down firmly with your hands, and wet it just enough to make it pack nicely. Take a slender twig of the proper length, and plant each end firmly in your sand, making a handle; then take long twigs of myrtle, or any pretty vine, plant them beside your handle, and twine them around it until the stick is concealed. Now for your flowers, which should have stems of various lengths, and plenty of green leaves. Beginning at the outer edge, plant a border of leaves to droop over and conceal the dish, and proceed toward the center, using longer stems as you go on, and interspersing your colors skillfully, and you will find you have the semblance of an exquisite basket of flowers, which will last for days, some varieties for weeks, and may be set anywhere without danger of overturn. The sand requires an occasional moistening, and when a flower or a leaf withers, it can

be pulled out and replaced by a fresh one, without disturbing the arrangement of the rest. Try it, little folks and big folks, and you will be astonished at the beauty so easily produced. A great many short-stemmed flowers may be used in this way. Balsams, which are almost useless for bouquets, are among the most effective varieties for this style of arrangement, and will last almost indefinitely.

RAINY-DAY SPORTS.

We have letters from several subscribers, suggesting in-door plays, and among others, a lady tells us how her little boy constructed a panorama, which was a source of great amusement to the family.

"He cut from papers a great variety of pictures, which he colored with water colors, working at them on rainy days, as he felt inclined, and taking care to learn as much as possible about each one. Afterward, these were carefully pasted upon a strip of old muslin, about a foot in width, and long enough to reach twice across the room. He then knocked the bottom from a box a little wider than the cloth to which his pictures were pasted, sawed two pieces of an old rake handle just as long as the width of his box, and fastened them inside the box near the ends by bits of wire, so that they would turn around. Next, the outside of the box was covered with wall paper, the front furnished with curtains that could be drawn aside, and the ends of the strip of pictures fastened with tacks one to each roller. Then rolling it all smoothly on to one roller, the panorama was ready to exhibit. The box being placed upon a table, with someone behind it to turn the rollers, and the audience seated in front, Willie stood with a pointer in his hand, and explained each picture as it came into view."

One favorite amusement in the home we know most about, for the half hour before the lamps are lighted, is what we call "Manufacturing." Some one of the number is called upon to give an account of the way some article in the room is manufactured. He is obliged to do it in some way—if he can only tell what it is made of, he tells that, or as much more as he pleases, and then calls on someone else, choosing the article for him. Sometimes it is very instructive, and sometimes very amusing, as no one is excused on the score of ignorance from giving his account; and a little fellow recently described the making of a chair thus:

"They got the maple out of sugar trees,

and the cane grew somewhere in swamps—in India, I guess; and then they split it up, and got all kinds of funny-shaped holes, and twisted the cane around 'em."

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

We should like to see the surprise and delight which will fill thousands of bright eyes, from Maine to California, when this June number of our magazine is opened, and the children find, what they have so often asked for, a portrait of Mr. Sewell. It is a very good one, too, we can assure them, and looks exceedingly like the "venerable, old gentleman," as a dear little girl lately styled him in her letter. The friends of THE CORPORAL all know what they owe to him, as the founder, and, for nearly six years, the editor of their favorite magazine, and we are confident that we have prepared for them a very great pleasure in presenting them with this picture.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We have in our possession several MSS. whose authorship we have no means of tracing—some of them bearing fictitious names, and none of them having any address. We therefore repeat what we have already said to contributors: *Do not send MS. without putting your name and address on the MS. itself.* It is of no use to do this in a separate letter, unless it is also given on the MS., as the two often reach us at different times, and in the great amount of such matter constantly received it is impossible to connect the two.

MSS. written on both sides of the paper are entirely useless, and are never even read. If accompanied by stamps they are at once returned; otherwise they go into the waste basket.

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Prudy's Pocket.

The question about that sweetest baby seems likely never to be settled, but Prudy can tell you just which was the sweetest letter this month. It came from *North Sanford, N. Y.*, and contained—what do you think?—a cake of maple sugar. Here is the letter:

"*Dear Prudy:* Do you like maple sugar? Do the children write all the letters in Prudy's Pocket? Shall I send you some pressed leaves? I feel sorry for Cary Houston."

Prudy says yes to all the questions.

Alexandria, Mo. "I take *THE CORPORAL* and two other papers. I love my papers and magazine very much, but some people tell me it is not beneficial to young people to read so much. Please tell me what you think about it."

That depends entirely upon what you read and how you read. Some one has said there are three classes of readers: 1st. Those who swallow everything, good and bad. 2d. Those who, like a sieve, let the wheat pass through, and keep only the chaff. 3d. Those who carefully reject the chaff, and keep the precious grain of truth. Nothing is worth reading from which you cannot gain something to make you wiser, better, and happier, and, if you read with this in view, you are in no danger of reading too much.

Westerville, O. "Please tell me what the cherubs are resting their arms on in the picture. Are they leaning on a cloud? I wish some of the missionary boys would write some stories for our paper."

Prudy cannot answer the first question, since the cherubs form only a little corner of a famous painting she has never had the good fortune to see.

As for the missionary boys, here is a report from one of them.

Mudnapilly, India. "*Dear Prudy:* Papa wrote to some of our friends in America, and asked them to subscribe for the best juvenile paper that they could find for boys about nine years old, and they sent me *THE CORPORAL*. I like it very much, and am glad it is to be larger this year. I like that story about Fighting the Enemy, best. It takes a long time for *THE COR-*

PORAL to come by the San Francisco and Pacific Mail. The November number came only yesterday, January 30th. I live in Mudnapilly, Southern India. My papa is a missionary. There is no school here for us, but my brothers and I study at home every day, and our mamma teaches us. We have American school books, for they are much better than what we can get in India. I suppose it is very cold in Chicago now. This is our cool season, but it is so warm we cannot go out of doors to play, in the middle of the day. I shall look to see if you put my letter in your pocket."

Sarasota Bay, Florida. "*Dear Prudy:* I am sure you are little. You said that Lottie sent you a flower, and seemed so delighted with it, that I asked dear mamma to let me write you a little letter, and—as I am a little Florida girl—send you an orange blossom out of our nice, large orange grove. My baby brother is a nice baby; he comes in the schoolroom, and gets a book, and wants my teacher to hear his lessons; and sometimes he comes and gets the cup, and gives all of us a drink of water. Don't you think that my aunt is a good aunt? She sends us *THE CORPORAL*, and I like to read the stories in it, and the letters to "*Dear Prudy.*" I read them every one. We live by the beach, and I send you some pressed sea moss. Lay it in clear water and see how pretty it will look. We have O, so many pretty little birds and flowers down here, which I would like to send you, if you did not live so far off. I am going to learn fast, and write stories for *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* after a while."

Prudy has flowers from every State in the Union, and Carrie's violets are lying side by side with some sweet violets from California. As for the pink sea moss, it is lovely.

Olympia, Washington Ter. "My brothers want to know how shot is made. Will you tell us in *THE CORPORAL*? And here is a puzzle that my teacher in California gave me. A ship had a hole one foot square broken in her bottom. On examination but one board could be found, which was sixteen inches long and nine inches wide. It was cut in two pieces exactly to fit the hole. How was it done?"

Prudy does not know as that is a new puzzle, but it is a very good one. As for the shot question, we have an article in course of preparation on that very subject.

Greentown, Ohio. "*Dear Prudy:* I am going to write you a story about squirrels. One day, when I had been out playing, I went into the house to get something, and there sat a little squirrel. I shut the door quick, and tried to catch him. Grandma gave me two stockings to put on my hands so he could not bite me, and at last I caught him and put him in the peck measure. Then I went and told my brother, and we found a box in the garret, which grandma said we might have, so we took it to the shop and made a cage of it. But when we tried to put our squirrel in it, he jumped out of the peck measure and the cat caught him. Johnny choked the cat till she let it go, and then it ran away. We were sorry to lose it, but we did not want the cat to eat it. Now I will tell you another story about my grandfather. When he first settled in this country, there were lots of bears, and one day his neighbor came and asked him to get his gun and help him kill a bear that had carried off one of his pigs. So my grandfather took his gun and followed the track where the bear had dragged the pig through the leaves, until they came to a swamp. When the bear heard him, he stood up on his hind legs, and grandfather shot him but

did not kill him. Then he went and got the dogs, and they soon chased him into a tree, and my grandfather shot him through the heart. The bear fell between two limbs, and he cut down the tree, and then took off his skin. These stories are both true, and I want you to put them in THE CORPORAL."

Ashtabula, Ohio. "Blanch earned her money for CORPORAL by gathering the hen's eggs, and selling what remained after her mother's wants for the family were supplied. Blanch is eight years old. I want Prudy to be sure and put this in her pocket."

Here is a nice little letter from *Fort Gibson, Arkansas.*

"*Dear Prudy:* I hope you will excuse me if I should not write as good a letter as some of your little girl correspondents, when I tell you that I am a little Cherokee girl only ten years old, and have never gone to school more than four weeks in my life. But my mamma is a good scholar, and she has taught me and my two brothers at home, and we can read very well. I have been reading THE LITTLE CORPORAL five years, and always liked it. I do love to read the 'Round Table Stories,' that tell about the Indians. But we Cherokees do not believe such things as those Indians did, for we know better. How I do wish I had lots of money to pay for THE LITTLE CORPORAL all the time. My little brother is six years old, and I read THE CORPORAL to him. He takes 'The Little Folks.' There are so many pretty wild flowers on our prairie. I do wish I could send you a nice bouquet. I will send you a daisy and a violet anyhow. So goodbye, dear Prudy. From your little Indian friend, *ERTIE.*"

Stockton, Cal. "As we have often been interested in reading your stories, we thought we would write and tell you about our home by the ocean. To us this was the dearest spot on earth."

"OUR HOME BY THE OCEAN."

"We lived in Santa Barbara, in a little white cottage, by the Pacific Ocean. Our house was on the top of a little hill. The side porch was covered with lovely climbing roses, and the front with ivy. Our garden was a pretty little spot in front of the house. The beds were laid out in various shapes, bordered with shells that we had gathered on the beach. About a half mile from our house was a beach where we used to gather beautiful mosses, with which we made wreaths and baskets for our friends and ourselves. One afternoon we were strolling on the beach, and gathering shells, when suddenly the heavens darkened and threatened a storm. As we heard the thunder, peal after peal, and saw the lightning flash, and the rain begin to fall, we were frightened, and returned to the house as fast as possible. The night was dark and stormy, and we feared for the ship and crew. About midnight we were all aroused by hearing the booming of guns, and cries of distress. We started down to the beach with our lanterns, but alas! It was too late; the noble ship was already a wreck. Its pieces dashed with the angry waves. As the wind lulled a little, we thought we heard the voice of a child, not far from us. We soon found the little one. It was about one or two years old. It seemed almost dead, but we carried it home and watched and tended it with care, until, to our great delight, it showed signs of life. If you should come to our home you would see this dear little one. We called her Julia, and she is now six years old. She is happy with us, and we could never find out where she came from. *MAUDE and MABEL.*"

Ererton, Ind. "O, Prudy, don't you think we are going to have a picnic the last day of school, and that is only two weeks, and if you will just come down you shall have a nice dinner. We have such a nice place in the woods to set the table. School will be out on Saturday, and I will be glad of it. To-day we cleaned off most of the chips and logs, and if it is pretty weather tomorrow, we will finish the cleaning by giving it a good sweeping. One thing provoked me; that

is, that the boys will dig holes in the ground to play marbles. I think they wouldn't live if they didn't play marbles every day; and if they don't want to play they just dig holes around to make the girls scold. Some of them get a pretty hard scolding, especially the little ones that have older sisters."

Scolding doesn't always set things right, Ettie. Prudy likes to see boys and girls respect each other's pleasures, and she feels very sure that a little kindness is all that is needed, and a pleasant hint that the marbles should keep to their own part of the playground. She hopes that picnic was a success.

Maso Manie. "I am going to try making the wax flowers and fruit, and I will tell you how I succeed. I read in THE CORPORAL at school instead of a reader. We have a class in it, and I like it better than a reader. Shouldn't you, Prudy?"

Two little *Philadelphia* boys, Willie and Eddie, have taken a great deal of pains to send a nice little letter, containing a vowel sentence, which Prudy will put in here. "A man sat at a stand, and a rat ran and was mad. A man saw a mad-man catch a rat, and that man ran away." Prudy thinks that is a great deal better than if it was 3,000 words long.

Demas. "Dear Prudy: I know what your truly name is, for my auntie told me. Won't you please put this letter in your pocket, because my brother wrote two letters and they didn't get printed."

Centreton, O. "I tried to get a club, and get Reed's Drawing Lessons, but failed, so I will send you my little brother's and sister's and my own picture, for your album, if you please. You may send THE CORPORAL to brother Willie. He reads before he is half dressed in the morning, and we all like you and Prudy."

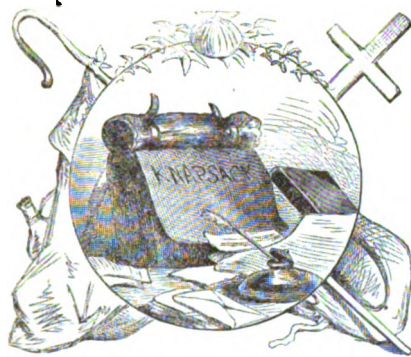
Three pleasant faces on one card accompanied this letter. Prudy claims them for her album, which is getting contributions nearly every day.

From *Topeka, Kansas*, she has a whole package of pictures—Lulu, Chub, Bunny, Kitty Grey, and the whole family—all very nice, but if Chub and Bunny won't tell, Prudy will just whisper which she thinks is prettiest.

Belatre. "Dear Prudy: I never undertook to write to a paper, and I can hardly think of anything to write, but still I can try. I wrote a very nice story to send to you, and I lost it. My papa was at Chicago, and when he came home I asked him why he didn't call on Prudy; but he said he had not any time for calling on people. My mamma was going to go up to Wheeling to-day and take us, but it rained and so we were disappointed. My mamma gave me a very nice organ for a Christmas present, and I am taking music lessons on it. I know how to play two pieces. My little sister says she is writing to you; she is only four years old, and she is in the first reader and spelling book, but she cannot write, she just scribbled, and she says, 'I expect Prudy will mock me.' Mamma will not let her send it though."

Tell mamma, Prudy would have liked to see the little sister's letter.

Private Queer's



THE VOWEL GAME.

We give, this month, portions of the I and O prize articles; and, as next month begins a new volume, we shall, for the present, at least, drop the vowel game, though we may publish the remaining vowel at some future time. Our sharp, young critics have found some fault with the prize articles, but Private Queer thinks they are at fault themselves, since the only points mentioned have been the y's, and w's in the first story which are all according to rule, at the beginning of words or syllables, the use of "yes," and "even," in the second, which are given in the dictionary as words and not contractions, and a few examples of questionable grammar. In regard to which we stated that we gave the prize to the articles coming nearest perfection in all points.

VOWEL I.

MISS HIGGINS'S FIRST NIGHT IN MISSISSIPPI.

Sir Philip Irving's third child, Phil, liking driving in mid spring nights, is riding with Miss Lill Higgins—Miss Higgins is visiting Sir Philip Irving—in his gig, in this dimming light, drinking in inspiring sights in this wild district in Mississippi. Winking, blinking light, shining in dim mists, lighting exciting hills, frisking kids skipping, clumping high cliffs, timid tank whisking, hiding; winds singing in trim firs, whirling Wilkins's high windmill, kissing bright, smiling girls in mirth; light, sighing winds, mingling with trickling rills, which sing in rippling bliss; living things stirring, chirping, trilling; wild night birds winging, skimming, diving in hark night, picking terrors, still piping, singing, mimicking, with wild, shrill din. It is night mid-night. Miss Lill Higgins is still riding with Phil Irving in his light gig, driving trickish Dick with tight, firm grip, mid dimming light. Stiff, stinging winds, shifting, rising in whelwinds, which lifting, whirling, muzzling sticks, chips dirt, flings it in gale, sprinkling with dirt Miss Lill Higgins's fine pink silk driving skirt. Miss Higgins, disliking this riding, lights with Phil in Phil's inn, which is night. Will Flint brings Dick, right in, hitching him, wiping his dripping skin, giving him drink; whilst Miss Higgins, with night visions, is bidding within, sitting with Phil till night will lift its wings in flight. It is indistinct light. Miss Lill Higgins, rising with Phil, insisting with firm will, civil Will Flint brings Dick, whilst Miss Lill climbs with Higgins, bidding him sit still, is whipping Dick, disciplining his high spirits. Dick, still inflicting kicks, is splitting light gig thills, dividing spring pins. Miss Higgins, with rising misgivings, finding things in this ill plight, springs with skill, lifting light Phil, still clinging with tight grip. Phil finds, mid blinding lightning, Whittling's brick grinning mill is night. With this inspiring

tidings, hitching limping Dick, Miss Lill Higgins, gliding by, bringing Phil Irving, finds with shoking spirits, wild, Irish Tim Billings is within, fighting with big, bold Bill Mullikin. First Tim did first his, alling Bill Mullikin's mind with ill will. Bill first hit Tim. Tim is striking him with his fists, blinding his sight, skinning his chin, biting his wrist, kicking his shins, tripping him with impish grin; whilst big Bill Mullikin, pitching in, clenching Tim Billings with tight grip, is inflicting kicks, high killing him, limiting his fighting tricks, whilst his writhing, limping, crawling victim, still tingling, slipping, sinks in fits. In this crisis Miss Lill Higgins finds him, whilst Bill, slinking, hiding in big lint bin, thinks Miss Higgins will fix Tim. Timid Phil Irving is sick with fright, with thirst, within this stilling grinning mill. Miss Lill, raising Bill's tin pint dish, brings it brimming with drink; whilst Phil is sipping this, Tim is winning, writhing in his fits. Kind Miss Lill Higgins, finding him in this plight, whilst disliking Tim Billings with his ilk, things Phils drink in his phiz, finishing his fits. Miss Higgins is cladding this sighing, sundering Tim, whilst Phil, risking Miss Higgins's criticisms, finds big Bill Mullikin hid in lint bin. Phil is insisting Miss Higgins will think it kind, if Bill will bring Sir Philip Irving. Bill disliking strict Sir Philip Irving, with his high British air, is disinclining, till Miss Lill, with bright instinct, divining this, with winning smiling is chiming in, hiring, bribing him with rich gifts, if Bill, riding Dick, will bring him. Phil thinks, "I wish I might bring him; if Miss Lill is willing, I will." Hinting this, Phil finds Miss Lill disinclining. Bill, prizing Miss Higgins's rich gifts, viz: ring, fies, singing bird, with six shillings in scrip, is finding ticklish, sleek, bridling him, fixing him with tight grip, riding him with willing mind. Dismissing Bill Mullikin with Dick, brisk, stirring Miss Higgins, bidding within with Tim Billings, wishing him thrift, is with bright wit, criticizing him with cladding hints, insisting it is sin, blighting his mind with gin, if tripping Fritz Flunkin did wish it. (Tim is living this spring with fleching, scolding Fritz Flunkin.) Tim lists with sighing; his drifting, shoking mind, tiring with whirling in sin, is inclining right, whilst Miss Higgins, divining his indistinct wish, is disciplining his mind, lifting his sinking spirits, inciting his striving with firm will, finishing with elting Christ. Tim rising, his mind siding with right, bridling his lips within strict limits, with right will, is inspiring, "I did flech, fib, fight. I did drink gin. I will shift. I will win in this crisis, if Christ will lift this blind, peckish, stinking mind, giving it sight, guiding it with firm will." Irish Tim is right, Christ's spirit bidding within, inscribing His will in his mind, will lift him with His inspiring might, if Tim's will is right. Finis.

MINNIE D. BATEHAM.

VOWEL O.

SCHOOL SPORTS.

On Thornton's dock, through bon tons from Boston, who don blood-cold hoods, corn-corn frucks, scallop-top morocco boots, to stroll, or forsooth nod to London tops, or knobs, who sport smooth dogs, on long cords, or toss bon mot. Troops from Oxford School flock from Dodo Cotton's, too, soon to cross to Doctor Boon's woods, on Bolt's strong sheep. Bolt took on corbs of good food, no goat; hoops to roll, tops for sport, troops of folks. "Sweep 'em off from port. Old Sol looks on. No storms to stop bold job." Snooks to cond. Roots, or works, songs from both schools, strong solos from Moll Ross, to whom Oxford's sons toss motto or bonbons, or shoot popcorn on cap or topnot. Proctor Gordon told Dodo Cotton of school forms, for good comfort, no flog; no sord to control, for nois of honor. Told of school honors won from months of work, of odd old boot of from port. Bolt's look of scorn on bookworms took Dodo's gasb. Bolt told of log books, of long, cold storms, no wood or food for comforts, of sleeps torn to orts, lost, of sons who forsook good old folks for sport or for gold, who got so forlorn, so worn, to whom months prolong, to whom roll or rock of sleep, or boom of storm doth mark bonny throbs. "O to go to port; to comfort, work for, honor fond old folk." Strong to comfort scoffs, or words of scorn from sons who do not brook control. Bolt told of sons who took strong old hook, or port from Oporto, whom good words do no good; poor sons too soon lost to honor. Bolt told of gorgons, of gorgons, of hobomakos, who go for proof of morns. "Look, look! Doctor Boon's woods; go to port. Bolt's con, too! Job Snooks's form. John Norton, post off for Solon Frost's room, too for Bob's goon. Ho, ho! no dolls, no llops or elod polls. Prompt to front to complot for pomp. Don Trollop, provost." Job Snooks soon moors Bolt's sheep; folks go off to cool woods, odor of Brompton bloom. Hoopoo's soft eod, rock bottom brooks, cool groto, woo from plod of books. Both schools concord

to conform to Proctor Gordon's complot for sports. Boon cordons of troops go to work on mock forts of rock work, cohorts form to chop cottonwood logs for pontoons to cross Moss Brook.

Dodo Cotton logs off for Doctor Boon's folks; looks on doctor's good stock. Boos lolls on soft sod knolls, or toss hoo's or horns, to doctor's gross ox, lord from lot to corn floor; colts of Bomo blood snort, or trot off for corn knobs. Hogs of no common sort; doctor's cord wood coops of coots; tool shop; Ponto's booth, look good; coxcomb tops; phlox blossoms; pots of moonwort; pots of lockron; hops on woodwork pots, bloom on doctor's porch. Doll Boon took Dodo Cotton to doctor's front room; from top to floorecloth, told of comfort. Nooks for Bohn's books, Scott's works, good old Scotch-born Orthodoxy. Doctor Boon off cons God's Word.

No. 17.—ENIGMA.

It is varied in form, yet round in its face;
It ever stands still, but steady its pace.
Tis stupid and senseless, and wanting in brains,
Yet awaying and retching as though it had pains.
It shows no emotion, or laugh, or wall,
But steadily tells its passionless tale.
Like the chords of a harp, or music of lyre,
It sings of the moments born to expire.
Like the flow of the soul, 'tis sober or glad;
In joy it is joyous, in grief it is sad.
It preaches to laggards, "Beware of delay;
Yield not to the morrow the things of to-day."
Whether its future shall prove it sublime,
Is henceforth chiefly "a question of time."

J. K. B.

No. 18.—CHARADE.

My first is used for any dress
Or covering that conceals.
My last each man desires, but dreads
When its approach he feels.
My whole is often lying round
In back yards, cumbering the ground.

Aunt Otte.

No. 19.—CHARADE.

In the animal's body
My first is the frame,
And its strength, and its shape, too,
Depend on the same.
My last is a noun,
Participle, or verb.
My whole is esteemed
A medicinal herb.

Aunt Otte.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, MAY NO.

No. 14.—(Charade.— 1st, east; 2d, wind; both, east wind. No. 15.—Charade.—Sit-u-ate.

No doubt the keen eyes of our little French students have detected the mistake in the solution of the French puzzle in our April number, by which the verb "to follow" was printed *sinore* instead of *suitre*. The mistake escaped the notice of the proof reader, and the correction was accidentally omitted in May.

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY NO. 16.

(SEE MAY NUMBER.)

THE SLY OLD FOX. A FABLE.—An old FOX was strolling around one morning to find his breakfast. A boy had set a trap in the woods to catch him. Mr FOX soon smelt the nice bait, and ran on until he found it. But he was afraid of the trap; he saw mischief in it, and did not dare risk his head under the sharp teeth. "That's a nice bit," he said to himself; and he smacked his chops as if he could almost taste it. Now this old fox was like a good many other people. He'd rather have somebody else put his head in the trap, than to put his own in. "There's my friend, the rabbit," said he. "He hasn't much sense, anyhow. I'll save my neck, and let him go first." So he coaxed the rabbit to come along, and said he would show him something nice. "There," said the sly old fox, "you are a fine fellow, and I'll give you the first chance." So the poor, foolish, little rabbit went up to take the first bite, and was caught and held fast. Now the old fox went up and helped himself without danger, while the poor rabbit was dying under his feet. Wasn't he a cruel old fox?

W. O. C.

No. 20.—A PICTURE STORY.—WHAT COMES OF BEING CARELESS.



The Reading will be given in the next number.

W. O. C.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

JOHN E. MILLER,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

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Where you are sending one dollar and a half or less, you may send greenbacks at our risk; where more than that sum is sent, either of above ways will be safe.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

This number closes volume twelve of THE LITTLE CORPORAL. For six years has the brave, little hero gladdened the homes of many thousands of children all over the world, and helped them to fight the battles of life, against wrong, and for the good and the true and the beautiful. The next number begins a new volume, and now is a good time to raise a club, and secure some one of our beautiful premiums.

ONE MONTH FREE.

All new subscribers, sent in after this, to begin with the new volume, will receive the June number free. This will help you raise a club. See the premium list in this number, and begin the work now, and send the names with the money as fast as you get them. Terms, \$1.50 a year. 75 cts. 6 mos.

A NEW STORY BY MRS. MILLER.

In the July number, Mrs. Miller will begin a new story, entitled "SUMMER DAYS AT KIRKWOOD," which will continue through the volume. Let those whose subscriptions expire with this number, be sure and renew at once, so as to lose none of the new story, which promises to be one of the best Mrs. Miller has ever written.

RENEW! RENEW!

A good many subscriptions expire with this number. Notice the label on which your name is printed, and if after your name the word *June* occurs, you will know that the time you paid for, expires with this number. Please renew at once for another year, and, at the same time, try and send another name with yours, and get some one of the many premiums offered.

MELODEONS CHEAP!

I have two melodeons, manufactured by Peloubet, Pelton & Co., of New York, which will be sold at a very large discount. They are numbers 4 and 5 of their old catalogue. The manufacturers prices as given in their catalogue were, for No. 4, \$160, and No. 5, \$185. They are entirely new, and warranted good, first-class instruments. This will be a good chance for a Sunday school or a church to get a good melodeon for about half the cost of a cabinet organ, and which will serve the purpose just as well. Any one wishing to buy, will address JOHN E. MILLER, No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN WATCHES.

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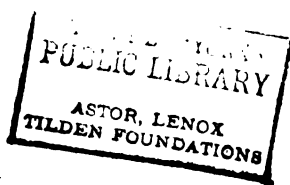
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PICTURES ON THE SLATE.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.


FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG ; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XIII.—JULY, 1871.—NO. 1.

SUMMER DAYS AT KIRKWOOD.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER I. JUBILEE.



HE air was full of sunshine and summer sounds ; a sort of quivering brightness up and down the dusty yellow road, and long, sharp crescendos from the locusts, hidden away among the maples. Only the blackbirds seemed to have breath enough to sing, as they moved restlessly from the meadow grass to the sedge of cattails and blue flag by the lake, their burnished coats glistening like steel, as they sang and chattered in their strange, musical gibberish.

Jubilee was leaning over the gate, in the east yard of the doctor's house ; her bare face and arms drinking in the sunshine at every pore, as she mocked the song of the blackbirds in a clear whistle, that went up and down and broke into sudden trills and quavers of sweetness, that might have made one fancy she was a bird herself. And so she was ; a black bird—black as “the ace of spades,” if you know who that is, and why he is any blacker than other people.

There is a great deal in a name, whatever some people may choose to think. It was worth a fortune in itself to have been christened Jubilee, and though the lucky owner of the name was only a dusky, little maid-of-all-work, she was so full of happiness and content that nothing seemed to have any power to disturb her. Certainly not so small a thing as Hannah's voice, though she could hear it plainly enough, calling her in that sharp tone which betokened impatience.

Tom, the doctor's younger brother, was lounging over his book in the shade of the

plazza, and, after watching for a moment, with quiet amusement, the unconcerned air of the little musician, he asked, sternly,

“Jube, don't you hear Hannah call you?”

“Laws, yes, Mass' Tom. Ye don't s'pose I'se gwine to start de berry fust yap.” And she began to saunter slowly toward the house, just as Hannah made her appearance at the door, saying,

“Now then, Jube, are you comin' ? Have I got to spend my breath hollerin' after you, and all that company comin' to dinner? It 's enough to aggravate a saint.”

“Laws, Hannah, can't ye see I'm comin'?” said Jube. “Ye don't s'pose I'se gwine to race roun' dis yer wedder, and get mysc'f sunstroked?”

Hannah thrust a basket impatiently at Jube, and held her by one bare shoulder, while she gave her orders.

“You cut down to the medder lot and fill this basket half full of ladyfingers ; pick 'em clean out of the hill, and not go wastin' half of 'em ; and hurry yourself, or you'll get something more'n a sunstroke.”

Jube was whistling down the hill before Hannah turned away. She liked digging potatoes, and the meadow lot was her paradise, where she could wade in the water with her bare, black feet, and watch the saucy blackbirds swing and chatter. Jube was trying, there was no doubt at all about it. Up in the old shanty on the side of the mountain she had lived a free, lawless life for ten years, scarcely knowing companionship save the wild creatures of the woods and fields ; and when her mother suddenly died and left her friendless, Doctor Gray had taken her home out of compassion, to help his old housekeeper, and learn civilized ways.

“Such help,” said old Hannah, indig-

nantly. "I'm just worried to skin and bone with her outlandish ways, and she whoopin' an' whistlin' about the house; might make a to'able stable boy, or some such, but lor, 'taint in her to be respectable. Needn't tell me about folks being free and equal; some is and some isn't, and that's as plain as scripter."

Hannah had reigned supreme in the mansion for many years, even before old Mrs. Gray died, and since that event she had quietly held her own place, serving the doctor and "young Mr. Tom" in the same faithful way, wholly unconscious that she was getting old and stiff, and resenting with the greatest indignation any hint that the doctor needed a wife to look after the house. What should a man want of a wife, who had "his muffins made reg'lar, and his eggs b'iled by the watch, and his shirt bosoms done up like a chany platter?"

So the doctor attended to his patients, and Mr. Tom lounged over his studies, and everything moved on in the same methodical way until Jube came into the house like a whirlwind or a hurricane, and set it all in a flutter.

On this special morning there was something in the wind besides Jubilee. Mrs. Harrington, the doctor's sister, was coming with her family for her annual visit, and all Hannah's pride of housekeeping was aroused to make an impression upon this lady. So she pattered about the house in a perfect fever of excitement, now swinging her apron in the parlor at a stray fly that had found his way through the netting, then back to the cool, dark milk room, on whose spotless shelves one could dimly see loaves of cake that breathed a spicy smell, rows of flaky pies, and jars of cookies and doughnuts with the covers tilted on the edges in a way that told the secret of their freshly-made contents. Hannah's face was eloquent of secret satisfaction, as she closed the door and turned the key, for she had small confidence in Jube's principles, and kept her treasures carefully.

In the meantime, Jube herself was sitting flat upon the ground in the meadow lot, digging potatoes with her black fingers, in a very leisurely way, and amusing herself by singing, whistling, and laughing.

"I reckon dis yer's half full," she said, peering into the basket. "Curi's kind o' lady fingers them is; reckon I'll tote 'em down to de pon' an' wash 'em."

Having satisfied her small conscience with a plausible reason for going to the lake, Jube was soon wading and paddling in the clear, shallow water, as completely happy as the tiny fishes that darted about her feet, and as

utterly forgetful of any work to be done, until the rumble of a carriage upon the bridge startled her, and she looked across the meadow to see the one omnibus of the village slowly scaling the hill, with heads of all sizes filling its open windows.

Seizing her basket, she rushed across the field, reaching the back door just as the carriage drove up to the gate, and Hannah had only time to throw one wrathful glance at her, as she hastened away to assist in receiving the visitors. Peering through the lilac bush, Jube had abundant opportunity for observation, as the party alighted, and, with instinctive shrewdness, she formed a very tolerable estimate of what she might expect, before Hannah, half hidden under baskets and bundles, led the way to the house.

Dick, twelve years old, came down from the driver's seat with a whoop and a spring over the wheel, which his younger brother, Benny, did his best to imitate. Then came Rose and Lillie, the graceful twins; lame Ruthie, the pet and darling of all, carefully carried by the driver to the rustic seat under the porch; fat, waddling, little Joey; and, last of all, Mrs. Harrington, handsome, smiling, but rather stately, with a frail, delicate, blossom of a baby in her arms.

"Laws! ain't dey a slew of dem young owes," chuckled Jube. "Dey's thicker'n dem Pharisees dat gobbled up de chillen of Egypt. Keep Hannah hoppin' to look after dem, I reckon."

Jube's Scripture knowledge was limited. She had not yet mastered the alphabet, though Hannah had tried to do her duty, by cuffing her faithfully through the first verse of Genesis. She sat meekly by the dining room door every morning, while the doctor read the daily lesson from the Bible, and greatly enjoyed it, treasuring up phrases that struck her fancy, and using them as ammunition upon Hannah, when all else failed.

"The first thing I want," said Mrs. Harrington, as she laid baby on the lounge in the cool, dark bedroom, "is a good, trusty nurse for baby. The poor little thing must be out of doors every minute while the sun shines, and my nurse would not hear of coming into the country. I thought we could find some suitable person here without any trouble."

"There's nobody here goes out nussin' but old Miss Beck Hardin," said Hannah, "and she's too clumsy to get about much. There's Polly Vance, she's a stayer to work, and they're dreadful poor, but I don't reckon she'd be handy with a baby."

"Well, I can speak to Edward," said Mrs.

Harrington; "I dare say he may know some one."

"There he comes now! there's Uncle Doctor," shouted Rose, rushing to the door, followed by Lillie; and in an instant Uncle Doctor had them both on his shoulders, their fair curls swinging about his head, as he marched with them toward the house. Dick and Benny had taken possession of the horse, and begged for permission to drive him down to the lake, to water him.

"He'll be just as much obliged to you for a drink from the pump," said the doctor; and with that they were obliged to be content.

If horses keep account with time, old Rex must have been greatly puzzled to know what fortunate circumstance had brought him to his stable fully two hours earlier than usual. However it happened, Rex was wonderfully suited, and testified his pleasure by an occasional whinny, as he stamped at the flies, and munched the sweet clover, cut that very morning for his delight.

In the cool, shaded parlor the doctor was seated with his sister, the children fairly swarming over him, while in the great kitchen Hannah was bustling about, issuing her orders to her small handmaid in sharp tones that seemed to make no manner of impression on Jube, as she shelled the peas, and whistled under her breath.

"I should have met you at the station, Hetty," said the doctor, "but I have one or two pretty serious cases on my hands, and could not leave them."

"We got on nicely," said Mrs. Harrington; "we had the whole omnibus to ourselves."

"I should think you needed it," laughed the doctor. "What a flock you have to look after."

"Not one too many," said the mother, her handsome face glowing with motherly pride.

"My children are never any trouble to me."

"Just hear that, Uncle Ned," shouted Dick. "Now I know you'll give me your double-barreled gun."

"Wait till I see for myself how you behave," said the doctor, stooping tenderly over little Ruthie, who lay upon the lounge with her blue eyes closed. "Is my little lamb very tired with her ride?"

"Only a little bit, uncle," said Ruthie, patting his hand; "the shaking made my back ache, and it's so still, and cool, and sweet smelling here, seems as if it was just a nice dream, and if I stirred it would all go away."

Presently a subdued clatter of plates was heard from the dining room, and now and then a short, clear whistle.

"Who's that?" exclaimed Dick, amazed.

"That is Jubilee," said the Doctor. "Hannah tries her best to keep her quiet, but she can't help whistling any more than a blackbird."

"Jubilee?" queried Mrs. Harrington.

"Yes; a little black girl I have been trying to humanize, without very much success, I must own, though, to tell the truth, Tom and I enjoy having her about; she's a perfect orchestra in herself, and she keeps things lively for us."

"And how does Hannah get on with her?" asked his sister.

"O, Hannah—well—I don't fancy Hannah 'hankers' after her, as she says, still she really makes her useful, and you know she must scold at somebody." The doctor laughed quietly, as if at some remembrance of his own, and then added, "By the way, Hetty, Jube will make you a capital nurse. She's as strong as a young colt, and would like nothing better than broiling herself in the sunshine all day long."

"Can I trust her?" asked Mrs. Harrington, doubtfully.

"To be sure you can; put Jube on her honor and she'll never fail you. She has a conscience, though Hannah doesn't believe it; but the fact is, I never can make her recognize Hannah's authority, and she considers her 'nuffin but p'or trash a settin' herse'f up for mistis.' You'll see she'll mind your smallest nod."

"We shall see," said Mrs. Harrington; and just then Tom made his appearance at the gate, which was the signal for another rush from the children, followed by the sharp ringing of the dinner bell.

"Hannah pets Tom as much as ever," said the doctor. "She always has dinner ready the moment he gets here, and nothing on earth would induce her to serve it before."

"Why didn't you come sooner? why didn't you stay here, when we were coming?" demanded Benny, in an injured tone.

"O, that's a secret," said Tom, swinging Benny over his head. "You'll find out before you're gray."

"O, Tom," said Mrs. Harrington, "it's dreadful to see you growing up so, and it only seems like yesterday that I used to carry you in my arms."

"Growing up! I should think so," laughed the doctor. "Why, Hetty, Tom is twenty-two."

"Dear, dear, what an old woman I am growing," sighed Mrs. Harrington; and then they streamed out into the dining room; "jest like a Fourth o' July celebration,"

thought Jube, as she backed up against the china closet, to get out of the way.

Hannah's dinner was certainly admirable, and the children ate it with a keen relish, while Jube waited on the table, and took observations.

"Dem chillen is like de locusses; dey's eat up ebery green ting," she declared, as she came to the kitchen for a fresh supply of peas and potatoes.

"Let 'em eat," said Hannah, "and you jest tend to your business. Them children is wuth raisin', and I dare say they hain't seen a taste of fresh gardin sass sence they was here before."

Hannah's astonishment knew no bounds, when she was informed, that afternoon, that Polly Vance was to assist her with her housework, and Jube was to be promoted to the position of nurse. She liked Polly, and was glad of her help and her company, but the idea of trusting that baby with Jube!

"It's no business of mine," she declared to Jube, "but if I wanted to git red of that baby, I'd set you to nussin' it. Laws, I'd sooner trust old Nero with a beefsteak. Whatever put such a notion in Mis' Harrington's head?"

"Sho, Hannah, she just took to me the minnit she laid her eyes on me," said Jube, who was polishing her ebony face with soap and water. "Some folks has eyes in their heads and some hasn't," she added, loftily.

The baby certainly did "take to her," and no mother could have been more tender than was Jube with the little delicate creature, who came without hesitation to her stout arms.

"Jubilee has found her 'sp'ere," declared Tom, as he watched her carrying the baby about the garden, and making clover chains for little Joey, who followed her everywhere. "To-morrow we will have a carriage, and then she can have the run of the whole township."

Tom's secret came to light, when he took the boys to the lake, where a beautiful row boat was just ready for launching, her name handsomely painted in emerald green, upon the spotless white of her stern.

"I had to put on the lettering this mornin'," said Tom, "and I wanted to finish it before you saw it."

"O, what a beauty! two pairs of oars! may we row our own selves, Uncle Tom," shouted Benny, half wild with excitement.

"Dick can row, for I know he has learned how," said Tom, "and I will teach you, Benny; but I advise you two not to go out together until Benny can manage his oars pretty well."

"Why not, Uncle Tom?" said Dick. "I know all about a boat, and I could manage it."

"Perhaps," said Tom; but you would not be so sure of managing Benny, if he didn't choose to obey orders, and a boat isn't a good place to settle a quarrel."

Both Dick and Benny looked confused, for they remembered very well that there had been a good many quarrels to settle when they made their last visit to Kirkwood.

"Of course, though, you boys are too old to quarrel," remarked Tom, quietly, as he tightened the rope he was tying to the boat. "Now give her a shove altogether, and off she goes."

Off she went, plowing a little furrow in the white sand, then floating like a duck on the clear water, while Tom proceeded to fasten the rope to a post near the little landing.

"Can't we go out rowing now?" asked Dick, in dismay.

"Not to-night," said Tom; "the boat must soak a while, to stop the leaks. You see it has been lying in the sun for the paint to dry, but by morning the seams will close."

Dick and Benny went down half a dozen times before evening, and at their last report the boat was half filled with water.

"All the better," said Tom; "it will swell the faster, and we can bail it out in the morning."

That evening, when the children were all asleep, Mrs. Harrington sat with her brothers upon the porch, and watched the dancing lights flashing and fading over the meadow, where myriads of fireflies flitted about in the dusk of the summer night. From the orchard on the slope of the hill came the song of the whippoorwill, as he sang over and over his short, sweet story. Suddenly, as if from a tree top close by, came an answering strain, so perfect in its imitation that for a moment they listened with almost breathless delight.

"That's Jube," said Tom, softly; "I declare, the little monkey fairly cheated me at first."

And going to the corner of the house, he saw, as he expected, a dusky form half hanging from the attic window.

"Pretty well done, Jube," he said, "but you'd better be quiet now, or you'll have all the children awake."

"Laws, Mass' Tom, I'll shet right up, but I'se so full o' tickle to-night pears like I'sh bu'st." And with that the little dark cloud disappeared from sight.

[To be continued.]

PICTURES ON THE SLATE. [SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"Draw me a picture, papa, do!
Some pretty flowers and hills,
And pleasant meadows, fresh and new,
And mossy, winding rills.
"Draw me a house, with children fair;
White lambs upon the lawn;
A field of wheat, and mowers there
All in the dewy dawn.

"Draw me a face;" then the dimpled hand
Scattered my pictures rude,
Like scenes dissolved by a fairy's wand
In the night's deep solitude.
Face after face the fingers white
Blurred out, with fun elate;
And I mused how Life resembled quite
Those pictures on the slate!

HOW GOD TOOK CARE OF PATTY.

BY ANNA D. THORPE.

Patty lived in the country, in a white house with green blinds. There was a nice yard with smooth-cut grass, and great trees, where the birds would sit singing and swinging on the boughs. Patty had a swing, too, one that papa put up, of good stout rope, that would go up ever so high into the branches. Then there was the garden—such flowers as grew there, daffodils, Jonquills, hyacinths, tulips, and violets, besides fine bushes of roses and lilacs.

A short distance back from the house and garden, stood three great barns filled with such stores of hidden wonders, that Patty seemed never tired of playing in them. But perhaps she liked best to go with mamma, in the early springtime, into the woods, to gather the sweet, wild flowers, and search for the delicate ferns and lovely, soft, green mosses. Or, who knows, maybe she liked better still to go into the fields where papa was at work, and make him a little visit.

At any rate, out there Patty would go some bright, warm days, and if she found papa plowing, she would follow in the furrow, chattering like a magpie and watching the the blackbirds, and asking all sorts of funny questions; follow him until the little feet grew heavy and tired with walking in the soft earth. If it happened to be late, time for papa to go home, he would unhitch the team from the plow, toss Patty to a seat on old Dick's back, and then what a merry ride home she would have.

Sometimes mamma would exclaim,

"Dear me! Where has my little daughter been? where did she get those dirty hands? and O, such shoes!"

Then she would take off the soiled shoes,

wash the brown face and hands, and they would all eat a nice supper. After that, mamma would undress Patty, put on a nice white night-dress, and kissing her softly, put her away in bed; only first they always knelt down, side by side by the little bed, whilst Patty said her simple, evening prayer.

One morning, it was in the harvest time, Patty was in the kitchen, Bridget was churning, mamma was baking, Patty was helping her mother, and the way she helped was by eating small lumps of sugar, and listening to a story mamma was telling. She wanted very much to roll out the crust to a pie, but mamma said she would help most by sitting still and listening to the story. The butter had come, and Bridget was gone to carry it down into the cool cellar, when the door bell rang; so mamma, dusting the flour from her hands, went herself to answer it. Patty, left alone in the kitchen, soon began to grow lonely; wondered what made mamma gone so long, and where was Bridget; then she opened the cellar door and called in a sweet, little voice, "Bridget! Bridget!" But Bridget was gone up the outside way, and so did not hear. Patty waited a minute or two, and getting no reply, she shut the door.

Out of doors it looked bright and sunny. Through the open window came the softened hum of the distant reaper. Patty thought she would like to go out to see papa, and so in another moment the little feet were trotting away across the fields. When she came into the wheat field, she could see the men going down one side, following the reaper and leaving a shining row of bundles behind.

Patty tried to catch up, but they worked very fast, and by and by growing tired, she sat down to rest on a sheaf of wheat. By her side the uncut grain waved back and forth in the sunlight; an old butternut tree cast a cool, pleasant shade where she was sitting; it was very beautiful there. She sat quite still, thinking such sweet, little thoughts. Suddenly a bird flew out of the wheat near by, singing a rich, clear song. Patty clapped her hands in delight, and, as the bird rose higher and higher, and the notes grew fainter and sweeter in the distance, she fairly held her breath lest she should lose one of those delicious sounds. "Perhaps there is a nest in there," thought Patty, when it was still again, and "in there" she went, looking with a pair of bright eyes eagerly about; and, yes, there it was surely, a nest and three of the dearest, sweetest, little birdies. Was there ever anything so funny as those downy, little heads with the tiny bills wide open?

Such a nice place for a nest, too, Patty thought. It was like being in a golden forest in there, for the grain was high above her head, and she laughed softly all to herself thinking of it. The yellow straw laughed, too, a waving, murmuring laugh, and tossed its heads back and forth, back and forth, but never whispered to the child of danger, nor ever told to the men, coming rapidly along, the story of the little girl hidden in its midst. The men came on, the machine leading them, the horses drawing steadily, and the knives cutting sharp and sure.

What was it do you suppose that made the farmer stop his team all at once? Did he know his little daughter was in danger? No, indeed, he thought she was safely cared for at home. But he was a noble man with a large, kind heart; and he would not willingly hurt the least of God's creatures; so he said to one of the men,

"Here, Tom, come and hold the team. There's a lark's nest somewhere near the old butternut yonder. I'll hunt it up, and you can drive around so's not to hurt the birds."

Ah! what a cry of surprise papa uttered, when he found his darling Patty sitting there. How fast his heart beat, when he thought of the danger she had been in, and how thrilled and softened as he caught her up in his arms, covering her face with kisses, and saying, "It was the birds that saved her!"

When the first excitement with the men was over, and Patty had been carried safely home in her father's arms, and the men were going down the field again, leaving a wide, uncut space around the lark's nest,

somebody—it was a great, rough-looking man—said, while the tears glistened in his eyes, and his voice grew husky,
"God bless the little birds."

AMONG THE RELATIONS.—No. 3.

BY A. H. POE.

The schoolhouse Jennie goes to the slightest I ever saw. There's only one room, and a place in front where the scholars hang up their things. I don't go to school, at home; I recite to mamma. Though I've been to morning exercises, with papa, at the college, many a time. Aunt Ollie didn't go to school while I was there, but she went to Springfield, on the cars, to a 'cademy, to take music lessons, twice a week. Once I went with her. There were 'bout a thousand women there, and every one kissed me. O, I was so tired! and I didn't feel much like eating any supper.

The morning I went to school with Jennie, Aunt Martha put up our dinner for us. We had a tin pail. In the bottom she put sandwiches and pickles, and 'bove them was a pan for pie and cookies, and on top of the lid was a place for preserves, with a little drinking cup to shut down over it. Wilber 'n Gurney didn't go cause they wasn't six yet.

There was a man teacher. He was great big, with a knotty forehead. One of his eyes was black and the other blue. The girls said he didn't generally use but one at a time, but looked out of the black one when he was cross, and out of the blue one when he wasn't. I was 'fraid of him at first; but he must have looked at me out of his blue eye, for he smiled so, and said he used to know mamma. Jennie said he'd taught in that district longer'n she could remember, and was the best teacher in the world. She said he could look out of his black eye, though. I'd been sitting in school a long time before I noticed that Joe was there. I was so glad that I most wanted to go right over where he was; but then 'twouldn't have done. He laughed to me, and I laughed back again, till Jennie knocked me with her elbow.

Cousin Desire was there. That's Uncle Milton's little girl. She's eight, and real still. Her eyes are blue and shiny, like the blue stone in mamma's pin, and she had her hair put up like a woman's. She wore a brown flannel dress, and a red belt, and had ten rings on her fingers. Part of them were bead rings, though. Someway I didn't like her near as well as Jenny.

We had fun at noon, playing ball. Jenny played, and so did I play, and everybody; boys and girls together, and teacher, too. I wasn't big enough to throw, but I caught the ball ever so many times in my apron, and one tall boy, named Count, kept choosing me on his side, and called me Rosebud, and gave me some of the biggest hickory nuts, big as little apples, 'most. He said they came from the Illinois Bottom; but I didn't know what that was.

The girls there have to take turns sweeping the schoolhouse. That noon, a big girl, with warts or something on her face, swept, and didn't sweep under the stove at all. After school was taken up again, and everything was still, the teacher went and stooped down, and looked under the stove four times. First from one side, and then the other, and then from each end. The girl that swept got awfully red in the face, and some of the others laughed; but nobody said a thing.

There was a little girl there that hardly any one knew. She wore a black dress, with round white spots, like peas, all over it. She had a sunbonnet just like her dress, and at recess some of the girls got it, and kept laughing, and wouldn't give it back, and the little girl cried. That made Jenny real mad, and she said 'twas a shame to act so. She got the bonnet away from the girls, and now what do you s'pose they'd been laughing about? Why, instead of pasteboard being in it, the slits were filled with pieces of cornstalk, cut thin.

Jennie coaxed the little girl to tell all 'bout herself. And she said her father'd moved there from Ohio a few months before that, and had bought a farm two miles away, on Horse Creek; and then her mother got sick and died, and there wasn't anybody to keep house but her, and a sister older'n her, and they couldn't make their things very nicely. She said she put the cornstalks in her bonnet 'cause she wanted to save money and help her father pay for the farm; but he didn't know she wore 'em.

Then the girls were 'shamed of themselves, and gave her apples and cakes, and she got real happy. She told 'bout the sweetest baby brother that she and her sister took all the care of, and a pet deer they had, and said she'd bring the girls a bag of chestnuts. Jenny said she thought she knew where the place was, and she was going there some Saturday.

That night I went home with Desire. Joe came 'round as we were starting, and said,

"Look here, Minnette, go back with me. It's stupid lonesome there without you."

I wanted to, O, so bad, and I don't guess I could hardly keep from crying, but I winked hard, and said 'twas too far for me to walk. Then he kicked a cow bell he had, across the yard, and said,

"I wouldn't be a gal;" and, O my! for a minute I felt just like scratching him to pieces. But he got sorry quick, and said,

"Pshaw! I was only in fun. I can carry you slick as a button, if you'll let me."

Aunt Charity, Desire's mother, is a great, great, big woman, and splendid. It's most like being in bed, when she holds you. Once Joe called her "bully," and grandma made him go and stand with his nose to the wall for a quarter of an hour. I tell you he hated it. I asked him if he wasn't 'fraid of going to the bad place. I had a better time at Uncle Milton's than I'd 'spected to, 'cause Desire'd been most glum all day, at school; but after we were off alone she talked more, and when we got there, Aunt Charity came running down to the gate, and kissed us, and carried me in, 'cause she said I was tired, she knew.

O, the house was the cleanest! If anything, cleaner'n grandma's, and they had house plants in every window. At supper, the table was just crowded with things to eat, and she'd made us some of the funniest doughnuts. A whole flock of sheep, and their shepherd, and a horse that looked a little like grandma's Susan, and a cow, kicking, and a great, big General Grant, that looked splendidly, only his cigar came off, and one ear. We ate what came off.

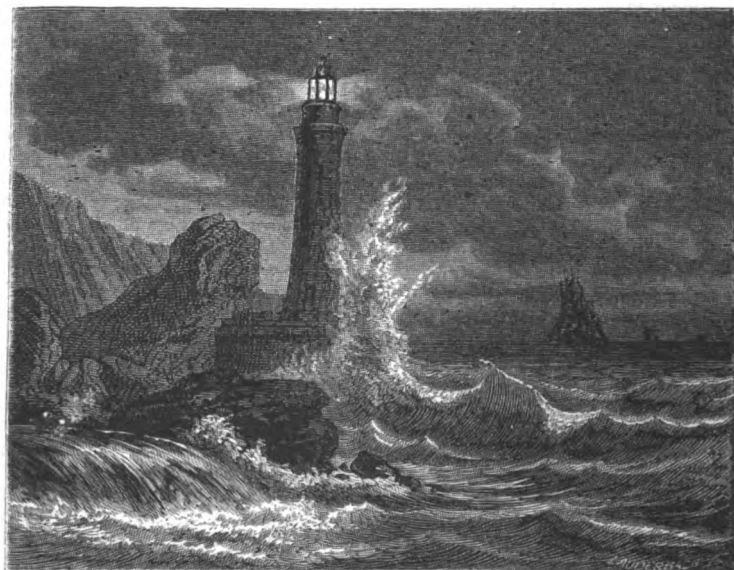
The next day, Aunt Charity thought I'd better not go to school, so Desire stayed, too. We had a nice time, only once she got spunky, when I asked her what her mother baptized her such a name for. Then I said if she'd make up I'd give her my blue velvet cloak, but Aunt Charity wouldn't let her have it.

Uncle Milton's got a dog named Trumpet, that he got in the army. It eats corn like a horse. Sometimes he'd bark at nobody, and when we'd go to look he'd shake his head and laugh a reg'ler laugh. He ain't a bit big nor pretty neither; but he tries to bark like a great, big dog. Uncle Milton likes him, 'cause he's so full of tricks; but Aunt Charity 'most wishes him killed. He's always taking folks' things and hiding them, and the only way they can make him bring them back is not to give him anything to eat. Aunt Charity said, once, when they first got him, he stole her housewife out of her work basket, with all her turkey money in it. She'd happened to put it there. They starved

him two days, when, at last, he brought it to the door, and Aunt Ollie (she was vis'ting there) took it. She wasn't very big then, and Desire was a little tot of a thing.

Aunt Charity played with us like a little girl, and let me write names with my finger

on her back, and punctuate; that's making the stops, you know. I'd punch ever so far in when I'd make a period, and then she'd laugh, and pretend that it hurt dreadfully. She wears a brown flannel dress every day, just like Desire.



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
Over the rocks so rugged and brown,
And the cruel sea, with a hungry roar,
Dashes its breakers along the shore;

But steady and clear, with a constant ray,
The star of the lighthouse shines away.

The ships come sailing across the main,
But the harbor mouth is hard to gain,
For the treacherous reef lies close beside,
And the rocks are bare at the ebbing tide.
And the blinding fog comes down at night,
Shrouding and hiding the harbor light.

The sailors, sailing their ships along,
Will tell you a tale of the lighthouse strong;
How once, when the keeper was far away,
A terrible storm swept down the bay,
And two little children were left to keep
Their awesome watch with the angry deep.

The fair little sister wept, dismayed,
But the brother said, "I am not afraid;
There's One who ruleth on sea and land,
And holds the waves in His mighty hand;
For Christ's dear sake I will watch to-night,
And feed, for the sailors, the beacon light."

So the sailors heard through the murky shroud,
The fog bell sounding its warning loud;
While the children, up in the lonely tower,
Tended the lamp in the midnight hour,
And prayed for any whose souls might be
In deadly peril by land or sea.

Ghostly and dim, when the storm was o'er,
The ships rode safely, far off the shore.
And a boat shot out from the town that lay,
Dark and purple, across the bay.

She touched her keel to the lighthouse strand,
And the eager keeper leaped to land.

And swiftly climbing the lighthouse stair,
He called to his children, young and fair;
But, worn with their toilsome watch, they slept,
While slowly over their foreheads crept
The golden light of the morning sun,
Like a victor's crown, when his palm is won.

"God bless ye, children," the keeper cried.

"God bless thee, father," the boy replied.

"I dreamed that there stood, beside my bed,
A beautiful angel who smiled and said,

"Blessed are they whose love can make
Joy of labor, for Christ's dear sake."

WHAT THEY SAW IN THE FIFTH STORY.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"Hold the horse a minute, please, while I run in here to get some type," said Louis Willard, checking the horse he was driving before a type foundry, and handing the lines to his cousin Mabel.

"Ask if I may come in and see them make type," said Mabel, as he jumped out.

"Why, would you like to?" asked Louis.

"O yes! I've always wondered how they were made," replied Mabel.

"Well, I'll ask," said Louis.

So, after he had made his purchase of type for his new, little printing press, with all the dignity of his fourteen years, he asked the gentlemanly proprietor if he might bring his cousin in to see the process of type making.

"Certainly, with pleasure," he replied.

Louis went out and brought in his cousin.

"You'll have to climb to the fifth story," said the proprietor, smiling.

"O, that's no matter," said Mabel, eagerly.

"John, take these young people to Mr. Martin, and ask him to show them through," was the order given.

At the head of the last stair, John ushered them into a long room, and delivered them over to Mr. Martin.

"Did you wish to see the types cast?" he asked.

"O, I want to see the whole thing," said Mabel, "from the very beginning."

"I can't show you the very beginning," said Mr. Martin, for we don't cut our own punches."

"Punches?" said Mabel, hesitatingly.

Mr. Martin smiled.

"I forgot you came to learn. You probably don't know that a punch is what we use to make the molds in which we cast the type."

"I've read about them," said Louis; "they're made of steel."

"Yes," assented Mr. Martin, "and are very hard to make, steel being so hard, and they so small and perfect. It requires the most skillful workmen. We import ours. Here is a mold." He took up a tiny box of copper, just large enough to hold a type. "We make them by striking the steel punch, face down, into copper, which is softer. That makes a perfect mold, as I'll show you."

He led the way to the first of a row of machines, which stretched down on one side of the room. Before each machine stood a man turning a crank, like an organ grind-

er's, while a stream of bright, new type fell into a box ready for it.

Mabel stood in silent amazement, while Louis began to examine it eagerly.

The machine was in two parts. In one was a cozy little furnace, which kept hot a small reservoir of type metal. The other part of the machine held the molds, and worked back and forth as the operator turned the crank.

"Turn it slowly," said Mr. Martin.

The man turned it very slowly, and they could see how it worked. At the bottom of the little reservoir was a small hole—in fact a faucet, though it did not work by a handle. As the man turned, the part holding the mold moved up to the faucet, which opened and spurted out a tiny stream of melted metal. That part then jerked back, opened, and a type fell out.

"I shouldn't think it had time to get cold," said Louis.

"O yes," said Mr. Martin; "the machines are sometimes run by steam, and of course much quicker than by hand, but it has time to cool."

"How fast can you make them?" asked Louis.

"A machine makes from fifty to sixty pounds a day," said Mr. Martin, "and of this sized type there are about a thousand to a pound."

"Then it makes fifty or sixty thousand type a day," said Louis, "and you have five or six machines."

"Are they done, when they come out of this machine?" asked Mabel.

"O no, they're just begun," said Mr. Martin. "I'll show you what is done next."

He led the way to a long bench, at which sat several boys, eight or ten years old. Before each was a pile of the new type, and they were pulling it over, grabbing right and left in such a frantic, scrabbling way that they could not guess what they were doing. One, especially, seemed to be working for his life, with his head within a foot of the bench.

"That boy can pick over fifty or sixty pounds a day," said Mr. Martin.

"What does he do to them?" asked Mabel, who had been trying to make out his employment.

"He breaks off the piece of metal that is left on in the mold, and puts the clean type into a box, and the pieces to one side."

"I don't see how he can tell what he's doing," said Louis.

"He is paid by the pound," said Mr. Martin. "They are called 'breaking-off boys.'"

After they had looked at him a few minutes, Mr. Martin led the way to another room, on a lower floor. Here was a bench through the middle of the room, and several girls, almost as busy as the boys up stairs.

"The type come from the 'breaking-off boys' to these girls, called 'rubbers.' Each one has a grit stone before her, and she smooths the flat sides of the type."

Louis and Mabel drew near. The girl would lay a row of type side by side on the stone, then with her hand, which was protected by leather, she would rub them back and forth a few times.

"So far," Mr. Martin went on, "the type have been carelessly thrown about, but now it is necessary to set them up straight, before they go to the dresser. That is what these girls are doing."

Each girl had a pile of type on her table, and several long sticks, as it seemed, on a rack before her. On looking closely, the sticks were seen to be very shallow troughs. She would take up one of these and proceed to fill it with type, standing them side by side.

"Every letter is right side up, you see," said Mr. Martin, showing the finished stick to Mabel.

"I don't see how she can do it so fast," said Mabel. "Why, I can hardly tell what the letter is."

"She don't have to look at it; she could do it as well if she were blind," said Mr. Martin. "Do you see these notches on one edge of the type?"

"Yes, and I've often wondered what they were for," said Mabel.

"I know," said Louis, "they're to guide the printer, so that he needn't look at every one, and will get them right side up."

"That's it, exactly," said Mr. Martin; "and it guides this girl, also."

By this time the girl they were watching had finished the stick and laid it on another rack, where were several others, all full.

"Do they leave them in this stick?" asked Louis.

"Yes, till the 'dresser' takes them. Here is the dresser's bench."

The dresser, a young man, was finishing up a stick when they reached his bench, but to show them the whole operation, he very obligingly took a fresh stick, just as it came from the girls. First, he took a magnifying

glass and carefully ran his eye over the line of type, every now and then jerking one out with a little hook.

"What is the matter with those that he takes out?" asked Mabel.

"They are imperfect in some way. The type metal won't always get into every tiny corner, and we have to be very careful."

"What is done with those that can't pass muster?" asked Louis.

"They go back to the melting pot."

The dresser having finished his line, now shoved them up tight together, and fastened them there by a sort of screw. Then he took a flat file and polished off the roughness.

"Why, I thought the rubbers polished them off," said Louis.

"They smoothed the sides," said Mr. Martin; "he smooths the edges."

"I don't see why they have to be so very smooth," said Louis.

"Because, if they don't fit perfectly together, it is impossible to wedge them tight enough to print from. One would fall out here and there, and perhaps the whole fall to pieces."

The dresser, having polished both edges, now turned the type with their faces down, and took up a sort of plane.

"Are you going to plane them off?" asked Louis.

"I'm going to make a groove, so they'll stand straight." And he drove his plane across the type.

Sure enough, there was a nice, smooth, little trough from one end to the other.

"That is the last process," said Mr. Martin. Now they are tied up in convenient lengths, to sell."

As they started back, Louis noticed a man planing busily away at something, and he went over to see what it was.

"He is making the brass strips that separate the columns in a newspaper," said Mr. Martin.

There was quite a pile of brass shavings, just as curly as a carpenter shaves from wood, and very fine. Mabel thought they would make pretty curls for a doll, and be just the fashionable color, too.

Mr. Martin opened a box and showed them other specimens of this man's work. There were rows of dots like this made in the edge of a thin sheet of brass.

"How does he make them?" asked Mabel.

Mr. Martin took another box and showed her the tool that did it. It was simply a little wheel, with fine teeth on the edge. This wheel had an axle and a handle, and the workman just ran it over the edge of the

brass, as you've seen cook cut out crullers, with a similar wheel. Some little brass strips were waving, thus ~~~~~ These were made by another little machine called a fluting wheel. It ran over the brass and fluted it as quickly as the other wheel made dots.

"Now would you like to see how we electrotypes?" asked Mr. Martin.

"O yes," said Louis.

"I've heard of that," said Mabel, "but I don't know exactly what it is."

"Well," said Mr. Martin, as they went over to the electrotyping room, "you see we typemakers couldn't keep up with the great quantities of books and papers and magazines that have to be printed, and the great power presses wear out the type very fast. So we had to call in help, and we got the same wonderful servant that carries our messages across the ocean and around the world before you can think of it."

"What is that?" asked Mabel, puzzled.

"That is electricity."

"O, of course," said Mabel; "how stupid of me!"

They now entered a long, quiet room, for electricity does its wonderful work in silence. At the upper end of the room was the molding bench.

"THE LITTLE CORPORAL is electrotyped here," said Mr. Martin.

"Oh! is it?" exclaimed both the visitors.

The pleasant young man at the bench smiled, and proceeded to show them how it was done.

"First," said he, "we melt up a cake of beeswax of the purest kind." He showed them a large cake. "This we run into a mold, like this." He took up a very shallow pan, a little larger than one page of the magazine. "When it is cold, we take the page of type which the printers have set up, put it face down into this sheet of wax, so." He put a small frame of type, which stood there, on to an old sheet of wax, to illustrate. "Then we put them under a press."

This he did, the press being like a monstrous letter press. He turned the screw, and in a moment took it out. There in the sheet of wax was a most beautiful copy, or mold, of that page of type, every tiny line and dot perfect.

"This mold," the young man went on, "has to be coated with black lead, or the copper wouldn't be deposited on it."

Mabel looked puzzled.

"Electrotyping," said Mr. Martin, "is, in fact, getting an impression of this wax mold in pure copper. It is done by putting the

mold into a solution of copper, and the black lead makes the copper attach itself to the wax."

"Putting on the black lead is a very nice operation," said the young man, "and this is the machine that does it."

He opened a sort of covered box and showed them the platform where they laid the wax mold, and then attached a belt that connected in some way with a steam engine in the lower regions. In a moment, they began to hear a humming noise, and the platform commenced to move slowly along under a wide brush, which worked up and down very fast.

"The brush presses the black lead into every crevice," said Mr. Martin, "and when it comes out, the extra lead is brushed or blown off, it is ready for the bath."

They now went to the cistern, or bath. It was a large tank, holding a solution of copper, kept strong by thick sheets of copper hung in it. Between the sheets of copper were hung several wax molds, suspended by hooks through holes in the iron frame around the wax. Mr. Martin took one out.

"This is a page of THE LITTLE CORPORAL," said he.

The children examined it eagerly, but couldn't make much out of it.

"How long does it stay in?" asked Mabel.

"All night."

"I don't see what the electricity does to it," said Louis.

"You might hang these molds and sheets of copper together a year," answered Mr. Martin, "and nothing would happen to them; but electricity from this battery, going through that bath, just takes the copper from that sheet and lays it on to the mold, filling every line and crevice."

"Here is a sheet just out," said the young man, handing them a very thin sheet of copper, containing a perfect impression of a page of type. It was not much thicker than paper.

"I should think that would get bent up," said Mabel.

"It would," said the young man, "but we put a back to it." And he led the way to a furnace where was a large reservoir of melted type metal.

"I'll show you how we do it." He took up another thin sheet of copper, just as it came from the wax, with a thin coat of solder on the back. "First, I must melt the solder, or the type metal won't stick." So he laid the sheet, face down, on a flat iron tray attached to a pulley, swung it around and rested it on the hot metal. In a moment

the older melted, when he swung it back, and took a small ladleful of the metal and pounded it over the solder.

Louis looked wistfully at the kettle of hot metal.

"This would be a nice place to bring my anchor molds," said he, at last.

"I guess it would," said Mabel, laughing.

Mr. Martin smiled.

"Boys run anchors yet, do they? I used to do that when I was a boy."

But now the young man took up the sheet of copper and showed them how perfectly its thick back of type metal was fastened on.

"But what do you do with the rough edges?" asked Louis.

"We saw them off;" and he showed them a small, circular saw, where they were trimmed and finished up.

"Now, you see, they'll stand any amount of printing," said Mr. Martin.

"What's this type metal made of?" asked Louis, peering into the muddy-looking mass.

"Lead, tin, and antimony, in different proportions, as we want it harder or softer. We don't make the very finest type, however. Agate is about as small as we make."

"I read about some printing done in France," said Mabel, "so fine that you had to use a magnifying glass to read it."

"I don't think that would be very handy," said Mr. Martin.

"No. I'd rather have the books bigger," said Mabel.

"We've seen it all, now, haven't we?" asked Louis.

"I believe you have," replied Mr. Martin.

"Then we won't detain you any longer, and we're very much obliged to you," said Louis.

"Not at all," replied Mr. Martin, as they started down the stairs.

"O dear! what a lot of work it is to make books and magazines," said Mabel, as they reached the street.

"Yes, and we haven't seen half of it, for there's all the writers, and printers, and binders," said Louis, who had been very much interested in printing offices of late.

"I'd like to visit a printing office, some time," said Mabel. "I want to see how they use the type I've seen them make."

"Maybe we'll go. I think we can get into a newspaper office I know of."

JINGLES.

CAROL M. WOODLAND.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
When it awakes from its forty winks,
And rubs its face into numerous kinks,
And stares at the light that comes in at the chinks
Of its rock-a-by nest, and gapes and blinks.
Who can tell what a baby thinks?

Who has courage to hazard a guess,
As to what the baby may think of its dress,
Trimmed and ruffled to such excess?
Or what the baby may think of the mess
For headache, and toothache, and stomach distress.
And for all its aillings, more or less.

What does it think, when it wakes in the night,
With all the pretty things out of sight,
And nobody stirring and "making a light?"
Does it think its condition is far from right,
And that big folks are not at all polite,
And treat their visitors far from right,
And that darkness is meant for a personal slight?
Is that the reason it takes delight
In screaming with all its personal might,
And rousing the neighbors, at dead of night?

And what do you think that the baby thinks?
Looking about like a mild-eyed lynx,
Watching the spoon that tinkles and clinks,

While papa is warming its catnip drinks
Over a candle that glimmers and blinks.
Humming and drumming out, "Capt'n Jinks,"
That the children ekate to, now, at the rinks.
What do you think that the baby thinks?

Did you say that babies are thinkless things,
With no other light than what instinct brings:
With brains as downy as butterfly wings,
And heads as empty as a bell that swings
Over and under, and rings, and sings,
When muscular motion is working the strings?
Did you say that babies are thinkless things?

Then when does the think begin to grow?
And when does the mind begin to show?
And when does the baby begin to know
That this is true, or that is so?
Say, when you find out please let me know.

Now, what does it think of its auntie's strain,
Rattling along with the rattling rain,
That is flapping its founces against the pane?
Say, what does it think of this cantering strain?
Is it already weaving a logical chain,
A sort of "Webster's reply to Hayne,"
To forward back on the very next train,
By which its auntie is sure to be slain,
And never be able to rally again?

NATTY'S WAYS.

BY ROSILLA RICE.

I did tell some of you a story, once, about naughty Natty, the little boy who gathered eggs for me in the summer mornings after taking his cows to pasture. Well, he came here frequently through the summer and fall, and we grew to be very good friends, but he would not be polite. It did not seem to be in his heart to behave well, and to speak kindly. I quite grew out of patience with him.

One day in September, I was busy canning peaches, running hither and thither, and my forehead was red and warm, and my sleeves rolled up, when I heard a great bound out on the porch, just as if somebody had dropped a heavy roll of matting.

I looked out, and there stood Natty, with a very red, sweaty face, and he looked as important as though he had been sent on a mission by the President.

"See here, Aunt Rosy," said he, "what my mother sent you;" and there at his feet, stood a nice, white, willow basket, full of ripe tomatoes.

I said, "How much shall I pay your mother for that fine basketful?"

"She told me to tell you that you were welcome to them," said he, with an air that seemed to say, "O, ain't we clever folks!"

I said I was very much obliged, and I did hope I could do her a favor sometime. "You look tired," I remarked, "sit down and rest, Natty."

"I am very tired," said he; and he sat down and rested his hands on his knees after the fashion of an old man eighty years of age, and he breathed a long-drawn, groany "Ho-hoo!"

"The basket was very, *very* heavy," said he; and he surveyed it even as a weary tourist would survey the mountain top above him.

"I am sorry you got so tired," said I; "I'd rather pay you for bringing the tomatoes than not, then I'd feel better."

"Mother told me not to take any pay. She said you sent her a basketful of roasting ears once, and a dozen early cucumbers at another time, and once, when she was sick, your papa brought her a couple of the finest melons she ever saw; then you know you divided your Rose Chrysanthemum with her, and your choice flower seeds, and she's glad to give you something. S'pect if you did pay me anything she'd be mad about it;

I don't know; she gets pretty gritty sometimes, and cuffs me and sis right and left; but then we've got so used to it we know how to manage her. You see, about the first blow, I drop over like a shot beef, and pretend that she's almost killed me. I catch a little, short breath, and make her think that it's nearly the last; and I double up my legs, and I make crooked mouths, and big eyes, and jerk about over the floor as if I had a fit. Then she quits, and sis and I go off behind the bee house and have a good, quiet laugh together. Sis thinks it's real funny of me—she's a regular little captain, I tell you. She says when I'm lying on the floor, pretending, I look so funny, just like that goggle man who used to sell fresh fish in town last summer;" and here the little deceiver just leaned over and laughed and laughed.

"Now you may think this is funny," said I, "but I don't. You are deceiving your mother, and laying the foundation for a low, mean character; and you are teaching your little sister to be just as bad. It is nothing to laugh at, Natty; it is a serious thing, and wicked, and beneath the dignity of a manly, little boy. Don't do it any more; be kind, and true, and deal honestly with your mother, and do all you can to help her, and save steps for her, and don't forget to tell all your little secrets and plans to her, and tell her you pity her, and love her, and you want to be good, and you want she should help you try; and tell her it hurts so badly to be whipped; and I guess she'll quit it. I am afraid you are a bad boy, after all, and it makes me so sorry."

"O, I'm not half as bad as Jim Nevins," he replied. "Why, he swears if you just touch him; and if he's eating an apple and bites his tongue, he swears like—like—O, like everything."

"Well, don't take Jimmy Nevins for an example, and don't hide behind him. It won't justify you, or make you any the better boy," I answered; and by that time I had finished peeling the rest of the peaches, and went on with my work of canning.

Natty went about the house looking at things, just like little boys will, and while puffing up the pillows of grandpa's lounge, he found a ball, and called out sharply,

"Who's ball is this?"

I thought he might have spoken a little more respectfully, because I was quite old enough to be his grandmother, and I softened my voice unusually, as I replied,

"It is Fred's ball, I guess."

"Where did Fred get it?" he promptly asked.

"He made it himself."

"What did he make it out of?"

"He raveled an old yarn stocking, and wound the yarn on a round lump of rubber," I answered.

"Wish I had an old yarn stocking."

"Can't your ma give you one?"

"No, she only has the one that she wears every day. Dear me! but that basket was heavy—O, hoo!" and he looked at me sharply. "Mother told me not to take pay for the basket of tomatoes, but, O dear! how I would like a ball like Fred's. Why, I could kill that bat that comes in every night and flies about and scares mother so, if I only had this kind of a ball. Now, if grandpa only had another old stocking that pinched his toes, I s'pose you'd give it to me for bringing you the basket of tomatoes, wouldn't you? Or, if yours had a big hole in it that you couldn't sew up, you'd give it to me freely, wouldn't you, Aunt Rosy?"

"If you'll try and be a good boy, I'll give you one of Fred's as soon as I get through canning," said I, tired of his hinting and prevaricating.

"That's the talk," said he, "that's just what I wanted you to say."

My heart sank within me, at the boldness and trickery and shrewdness manifested by a little boy only a few years old.

Canning fruit is wearisome work, and before I was half done, he called out,

"Are you nearly through?"

After awhile I went and hunted up a yarn stocking, and gave it to him; then I had to stop and start it to raveling, and every time the thread would break, I would have to go and make it all right for him. When he was ready to wind it, he called out, without a bit of that pretty, polite way that nearly all little boys have,

"Go and get me a lump of rubber to put in the middle of it."

"Natty," I said, "you must not talk to anybody, very especially to a woman, in that bold, haughty, domineering way; why, a good boy would not speak thus to his cat or his dog. If you would talk that way to our dog, he'd hang his tail, and droop his head, and sneak his eyes up at you, to see whether you were really a boy, or some kind of a monkey, that didn't know right from wrong.

I like polite children. Now try some other way of asking me, and see if I understand it."

"Please ma'am, will you give me a lump of rubber?" said he, looking up with a very satisfied air.

"Well," said I, "that sounds as though you had learned it out of a book, or was speaking in public—a kind of form, like 'Know all men by these presents.' I should think, by the way you said it, that you were not accustomed to polite ways. It is no more a part of you, the boy Natty, than is the button on your shirt collar. Try it again; think now, you are a little boy, and I am a grown woman, and we have always liked each other, and been good friends, and that I am anxious you should become a good man, and all these things."

A light came into the boy's round face, as he sat there looking down at his little mud-stained, bare feet, that crept over each other like two little puppies, crawling this way and that way, and at last he looked up with a tender sweetness in his shamed face, that made it seem really pretty, as he said, in a low voice,

"Auntie, if you've time, would you please to get me that bit of rubber now?"

"Indeed I will, Natty dear," said I. "That was so kindly and so sweetly spoken, and I would be proud of you every day, if you'd cultivate that way of speaking. Your voice is a good one, and soft and musical, and if you would cultivate your heart, and teach it to be kind, your voice would always be sweet."

While I was helping him make his ball, we talked in a very friendly way, and I was interested in his little, rambling chatter so much, that sometimes I felt like turning away to laugh.

"One way of being polite," I said, "is to associate with polite children, good, kind-hearted, little boys and girls. Now, I like Floatie Johnson very much, for a little girl friend, and Melly Enos for a boy friend," said I. "Floatie is a real womanly child."

"Last Sabbath, when the rewards were to be distributed, and the teachers gathered all the little ones, whose teachers were absent, into their classes, I saw Cousin Nancy go to a little, wild-looking girl, a stranger who lives over in Raccoon Hollow, and invite her to come and sit with her class, so she would not feel like a stranger. The poor child had on an old, faded, muggy-looking dress, that lapped away over and was fastened with two pins; a great, big bonnet of shirred, black silk, with a filmy, green veil spread over the top of it; her drawers came to her ancles, and had wide ruffles on

them, and her shoes looked as if they belonged to a big, burly boy—that kind of a boy who cannot pass a puddle without jumping into it, and making a splash up on his clothes. Her eyes were downcast, and a sad gray, and her thin face was as speckled as a trout.

"Nancy took the little blue hand in hers, and said, 'How do you do, sissy? I am very glad to see you. Are you well, dear? I want you to come and sit in my class; there's just room for one more little girl.'"

"The shy child rose, and Nancy led her to her seat, and as soon as the scholars saw her coming, Floatie got up and smiled, and made room beside her. The other girls could hardly keep back a smile, the little stranger looked so funny, almost as unlike other children as though she had just arrived from another planet.

"Now, Natty," I said, "Float showed real politeness, don't you think she was very kind and good?"

"Yes," said he, "Float's a regular little captain."

"O no," I answered, "just a little lady—a noble, little woman."

"Well, then what?" hitching up a good deal nearer to my chair; "tell me the rest of it," said he.

"I was sitting behind the children, and could hear every word, and I heard Floatie say, 'I wish you could be in our class every time, 'cause our teacher is such a good one, and I know we'd all like you. I believe I never saw you before. My home is just over there across the field; is yours far away?' The poor, little child stuck her thumb into her mouth, and twisted her feet one over the other, and said from out of the depths of the cavernous, black-silk bonnet, 'I always lived at the poor'ouse, but now I'm going to live at Dan'el Jones's, and tend their baby, and then, if I'm a good girl, they're going to buy me a new, pink, calico dress, and a hat, with a ribbon and bow and feathers on it, and shiny shoes, and lots o' things. Granny, she gave me a new Testament a'ready, with a snapper on it that makes it shut up so it can't come open and lose out my keard and picture.'

"Really the little face grew very bright and pretty, as she leaned over and talked to Float. I felt very much interested. Float asked her if the baby she had to tend was fat, and heavy, and cross.

"'O no,' she replied, 'he is just as sweet as a candy heart, and he loves me so that he will reach up and grab both of his dear little hands full of my hair, and then he will

jump and act as if he were driving a team of horses. He will stand up and call out, 'He-ho!' like men do when they are making new barns. And he can call the cow, and when he tries to make a mouth to whistle for the dog, he does pucker, O, the cunningest. And his fat, red lips are sweet as any rosy in the garden.' And then the newly-born, little waif tried to show Floatie what kind of a mouth he made when he pitied folks; and Float couldn't keep from laughing behind her Testament. When the gifts were distributed, Nancy gave the child a little, red-bound book, and it made her so rich and radiant and joyful, that I couldn't help looking around over the house, and seeing the rest of you dawdling your gifts in your laps, and yawning, and gaping about over your shoulders.

"I mean to find out more about the little one from the poorhouse, and then sometime I will tell you all about her. But I only meant now to tell you what I thought was one of the most hearty and beautiful examples of true politeness I ever saw, I allude to Floatie's conduct. Make her one of your associates, Natty, and she will do you good. But now I must put on the teakettle, and make biscuit for tea. I hope the next time you come I will not have to lecture you on politeness or anything else. So come again, dear, and now kiss me goodbye."

This is the way I visit with the little ones when they come to see me, and we always have such good times together.

VISIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY CHRISTINE MARLOWE.

They stood in the open gateway,
Looking with eager eyes
Where the sunset's golden splendor
Lit up the evening skies.
For the dark rain clouds had parted
To let the glory through,
And hushed were the children's voices,
As they gazed upon the view.
Then one to another whispered,
As if she feared the talk
And idle laugh of her comrades,
"Up there the angels walk."
And the other, never doubting,
Replied, "Yes, that I know,
And sometimes we see up yonder,
Amid the hills of snow,
"The Golden Hill, in the glory
Of sunset, or sunrise;
But I never could see the angels,
For clouds were in the skies."
O, beautiful faith of childhood,
So simple, yet so wise.
Would that I might see the visions
Revealed to their pure eyes.

GIRLS OF THE FAR NORTH.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

NUMBER FOUR. SARA ALBERTINA MANSDOTTER.

How are all my boys and girls, this morning? Not tired after their long tramp of yesterday? That's right, for we must make an early start; and here's the waiter, come to say that the "wishing carpet" is at the door. It's the most comfortable thing to travel on in the world, and beats hollow all the railroad cars. It grows larger or smaller, and slackens or increases in pace with just a thought, and never needs to stop to take in wood or water. Curl yourselves up in the middle, dears, all but Jimmy, who prefers hanging on to the selvage, as it were, and says he can see "lots better" than the rest of us; and off we go, upward and northward, toward the country of the Lapps.

That quaint little place over which we are now sailing, is Uppsala, the great university town of Sweden, and the snowy specks that seem to be moving in the streets must be the white caps which all the students wear.

Farther on we float above the hamlet of Gefle. Now the country begins to grow more barren and wild, and we are fairly in Lapland. High, snowy mountains rise far beyond, and still farther away are the shores of the wonderful Arctic Ocean, where, in summer, the sun for many days never fairly sets, but merely dips below the horizon and rises again to begin a new day, whose morning is our midnight. But here, farther south, summer has brought out the green on birch forests, and the tender grass in sheltered valleys, so that the barrenness of the land is partly hidden. We must move on a little farther, though, to find the Lapps, for as warm weather advances, they retreat higher up into the mountains, where their animals may have the snow, without which they cannot live.

Yes, I thought so! There are the small, brown huts in that rocky hollow. Go down, good carpet, and bring us a little nearer to them. Now we tie the carpet to a tree, and proceed on foot a while, and as we are walking, I will tell you something about the country we have reached.

It is a most aggravating sort of country. The winters are cold, so cold! For months the snow lies everywhere piled in deep drifts, and the wind blows violently and cuts like a sharp knife. Then, when summer comes, there come with it great clouds of stinging gnats and midges, which fill the valleys and render life intolerable to man and beast.

That is one reason why the natives retreat to the higher ground in the warm season. Those who live on the sea coast do not suffer so much, and the gulf stream sweeps northward and heats the water so that it seldom freezes enough to interfere with the fishing. But here, inland, where at best only a thin, poor herbage, and a very little wheat and rye can be raised, you would think people must starve. And so they would, were it not for an animal created by God to live here and nowhere else, and which in itself supplies all their wants—I mean the reindeer.

There they are, that herd of brown creatures with antlers, which the shepherds are driving in to be milked. This is the property of a rich Lapp, I guess, for you see there are several hundred of them. Some serve for milch cows, and some for beasts of burden. Small as they look, they are very strong, and have a power of endurance that is wonderful. They will carry a load of three hundred pounds on their backs, and travel fifty miles a day without injury. Many have done more than that. A hundred and fifty miles a day is not unusual, while, on one occasion, when an important errand was to be accomplished as quickly as possible, a deer was made to perform eight hundred miles in two days! He dropped dead, to be sure, poor creature, the moment he stopped, and his skull is still preserved and shown as a curiosity in one of the Swedish palaces.

What a noisy, bustling scene the milking is. The dogs bark, bells tinkle, the shepherds utter strange cries and shouts, calves are bleating; it is all confusion. One animal tries to run, instead of passing quietly into the milking yard. See how the herdsman seizes his long lasso, and with a skillful jerk secures her by the horns and forces her back. Let us ask for a little of the milk. They won't understand our English, but by dint of pointing to the pails and down our throats, they get at the meaning, and a wooden bowl, which I am sorry to say would be improved by a good scrubbing, is handed round.

Isn't it good? Rich, fragrant, and delicious. Taken warm, it has the refreshing effect of a gentle stimulant. The Lapps live principally upon it and the cheese and butter it makes. Now and then they kill an animal and eat the venison, which is excellent; but for the most part they value their deer too highly for that. You see they are cows to them, and also clothing and houses, not to speak of carrying all the loads on their strong backs, when, as happens very often, they move to a new place. The tents, which are made of skins sewed with cords of rein-

deer slnew, come down in the twinkling of an eye. The encampment is here to-night; to-morrow it may be fifty miles away, men, women, wooden bowls, and all. They can only stay in a spot just as long as the food holds out for the deer. When that is exhausted, they must leave or die.

This food is a sort of moss, or lichen. It grows under the snow, and is dug out by the sharp hoofs of the quick-scented reindeer, that detects its presence where no human being could. A cow or horse would starve in the inhospitable wilderness where the Laplander's herd finds a plentiful supply. And this sort of fodder costs nothing. It grows naturally, and needs no seedtime nor harvesting. In fact, only when he can obtain it for himself, will the deer touch it. Like the King of Sweden, he prefers his meals unfingered. Let a human hand meddle with it, even the familiar and beloved one of his master, and starving though he be, he refuses to eat.

So, being thus bed, blanket, and coat to the Lapp, the roof over his head, the meal upon his table, it is no wonder that he is considered the greatest treasure that man can have. Even the spoons and knife handles come from his horns, out of which, also, fish hooks and other useful things are made. He is a gentle, docile beast, timid and suspicious, but once trained and taught, far more patient and enduring than a horse.

Jimmy says the reindeer look as natural as can be, somehow, but he can't for the life of him think why. I'll tell you, Jimmy. It is because we have all seen them so many times in the pictures, harnessed to Santa Claus's sleigh. He comes from the cold regions, you know, the jolly, old saint, and of course what better team could he find to carry his load to and fro, than these fleet, northern deer?

Agnes pops her head into one of the huts, and takes it out again with a look of disgust. It is a dirty place. I am sorry to say the Lapps, as a general thing, are filthy in their habits, and live in an atmosphere of smoke, which is partly the cause of their dark, greasy skins. They are small, dwarfish people, as you see, with black eyes and high cheek bones. Very seldom is one found over five feet high, although there was once a gigantic Lapp woman who was taken to Stockholm to be exhibited. She told someone that she had never minded being tall, until one day when she caught sight of her long shadow cast over the snow, and then she was frightened, and would have been glad to run away from it, if she could.

The great grief of the Lapp is, that he is never left alone. The Swedish squatters are constantly moving northward, possessing themselves of the land, and crowding the poor natives farther and farther up toward the Arctic circle, where no food grows for their animals, and they must starve. It is just what we are doing, in this country, to the Indians. And unless the government takes pity on them, and passes some law to keep the greedy squatters back, they will in time die entirely out.

They are a kindly, friendly race. You see how hospitably they treat us, and how ready they are to give us more reindeer milk, or anything else they have. Some of these younger ones have been taught in the mission schools farther south—schools like that I told you of last month, established by good Miss Berg. These can speak Swedish and read a little.

Perhaps some of them are acquainted with Sara Mansdotter, who does not belong to this tribe, but might have encountered them in their wanderings. She is one of the two Lapp girls whom I wanted to tell you about, and whose story shall make our next chapter.

IN SICKNESS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

'Tis sweet to know of clear, soft spring's returning,

Though I must lie so still, and play no more;
Not mark the bounteous crocus bushes burning,
Not mark the merry swallows flash and soar.

'Tis sweet to think, although my room be darkened,

That heaven outside is rich with wooing sun,
And that the pure, sky blooms of May have
hearkened

Heaven's beautiful persuasions, one by one.

While often gleam the faces, loved right dearly,
From shadow, and, while gleam caressing
hands,

This single joy is evident most clearly,
That spring re-welcomes the delighted lands.

Yet they who will not let the perfumes find me,
Nor any glimmer of the altered air,
Remember too much glory would but blind me,
Are heedful what my poor, weak frame can
bear.

Still, I take comfort. There are flowers blowing,
And there are flowers that will blow ere long.
Shall I not trust these latter wait my knowing,
And hide their loveliness till I am strong?

Or shall I only deem myself some flower
That cannot bloom, while its dear sisters call,
A little fearful, in this golden hour,
Lest it shall gain no grace to bloom at all?

BLACK DIAMONDS.

BY SAMUEL HARRIES DADDOW.

Anthracite coal is our black diamond. We like to call our noble staple by this pet name, and it is literally a diamond, only more useful to us, and far more valuable. With it we warm our friends. It helps to cool our enemies. It brings us wealth and strength. It turns, and grinds, and weaves, and spins—our friend, our slave, and our most obedient servant!

I have before me a handsome specimen of the most beautiful and pure coal, which is decked with all the iridescent colors of the rainbow—purple, green, and gold—to outvie the real diamond that I hold in my hand. This little, insignificant pebble is composed of the same material. Both are all carbon. Yet one is so hard that it will cut every other substance, and both are so brittle that a child can smash them with a toy hammer. Neither will melt, but both will burn, though under different temperatures. Let us try.

Here we take a glass jar. We drop in a little diamond the size of a pinhead; now we take another jar in which we have oxygen gas, and with a pump we force this gas into the other jar with the diamond. We must now set this little diamond on fire, but cannot apply a match. What shall we do? Try the lens. Ha! that's it. The "burning glass" will do it. See! we gather the sun's rays to a focus. They reach the diamond, and, behold, it burns! We protect the glass jar from the light by closing the windows, and now see what a beautiful, lambent flame plays above the little spark. A minute, and nothing remains. The diamond is consumed.

But now we take out the cork and drop a lighted match into the jar. It is extinguished in a second, as if dropped in water. The jar is full of carbonic acid—a gas composed of one atom of carbon, which formed the diamond, and two atoms of oxygen, with which it united under the temperature caused by its combustion.

If we use a piece of anthracite coal, precisely the same results will follow, except that the coal will leave a little earthy matter, which we call ashes, while the diamond leaves nothing as a residue but invisible gas.

Anthracite coal is nearly pure carbon, and this is its distinguishing feature as compared with bituminous coal. There is, however, much difference in appearance, also. Anthracite is hard, the other is comparatively

soft, and cubical in fracture. The first breaks into irregular, shell-like forms, that we term conchoidal. Its edges are sharp as lances, and will cut the finger, when fresh broken, as quick as a jack knife—much quicker than many a jack knife I have seen.

Anthracite is hard to ignite, and burns slowly, while bituminous coal can be easily lighted and burns freely, almost like pine knots, with much dust, soot, and smoke.

It is supposed that the hard coal was formed in the earth by Dame Nature under a high temperature, which expelled the volatile gases, chiefly hydrogen; while the soft or bituminous coal, formed under lower degrees of heat, still retains the hydrogen in larger or smaller quantities, depending on its softness or gaseous character.

Our mineral fuels range through wide and ever-changing variety. In the east, our coals are hard and composed of carbon. As we go westward, they become softer and more gaseous, containing less and less carbon and more and more hydrogen.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The ancient alchemists sought long and patiently for the fabled "Philosopher's Stone," which they believed would turn everything it touched into gold—an alkahest which should be the "open sesame" to Nature's treasures, and save the toil, the sweat, and the trouble which men then, as now, endured in their eagerness to gain wealth and fame.

Those old, visionary dreamers did not find the mythical stone, but they pointed the way for our modern chemists, and the "busy workers" who to-day are *transmuting* soil and rock, the baser earths, to gold, or something better, with this wonderful stone which so long lay hidden in the mountains, and is yet so abundantly provided by an all-wise Creator for the use of man.

If anything we know, or ever heard of, can be called the philosopher's stone, it is stone coal. The good people of merry England were the first to find and make a practical use of it, and now they dig more than a hundred million tons—a mountain of coal—every year from the earth, which they apply to such good uses in the forge, the furnace, and the mill, to pull, and turn, and hammer, that the people of that little island do more work and make more money than could be accomplished by the combined labor

of the whole world without the use of this magical stone!

LITHANTHAX.

The "coals of fire" which we read of in the Bible, were probably ignited charcoals, though mineral coal exists on Mount Lebanon in Syria; but the earliest mention of stone coal that we find in history, is that of Theophrastus, a Greek author, B. C. 371, who writes of *lithanthax* as existing at Elis, and used by the Vulcans of that time.

But those old smiths, who followed the trade of Vulcan, could not have appreciated the value of our wonderful stone, though they lived in the land of the "workers in iron," the "Pontus Iron," the "bright iron of the north," and where the arts and sciences were fostered and honored; for we find no further evidence of the use of stone coal until we consult the records of England, whose coal fields were, no doubt, the first to be practically developed.

Coal cinders were found near the old stations on the famous Roman wall, which was built by the Emperor Severus about A. D. 210, against the Picts and the Scots, from the river Tyne to the Solway Frith, eight feet wide and twelve feet high, of solid masonry!

But the first record which has come to light of the use of mineral fuel, is a receipt for "twelve cart loads of fossil fuel or pit coal," given by the Abbot of Petersboro, in England, A. D. 852; and the first historical evidence of the institution of regular mining operations, is the grant of several leases, or permits to dig coal, recorded in the books of the Bishops of Durham, A. D. 1180.

Some of the old people who were connected with the early mining operations in Virginia, tell a curious story about the first discovery of mineral coal in the Richmond coal field. They state that this discovery was made by a little boy who was digging crawfish out of their holes for fish bait. The coal lies quite near the surface on a little stream known as Deep Run, and here, about ten miles from Richmond, it is said, the little, bare-footed fellow found the coal.

The smallest stone is called a rock, in Virginia. The boys there never "throw stones," but they frequently "rock" each other. When the little boy dug up the "black rocks," instead of the crawfish, he was rather puzzled to know what they were. Such shining, pretty things attracted his curiosity, of course, if not his wonder, and he carried them home to his parents. But they were equally ignorant of the character and value of coal, and in turn passed the

strange, black rocks around to others, until they were at length recognized by some old English miner; but who this miner was, or whether he dug the coal, deponent saith not.

The old Deep-Run mines, however, made their owners rich, though the coal was dug and carried to market in a rude and primitive manner. This coal was found near Richmond early in 1700. In 1857, we saw large oak trees, which must have been considerably more than one hundred years old, growing in the old coal mines, or open quarries, near Deep Run; and these are the oldest evidences of coal mining that we have met in this country.

This, however, like the English, is bituminous coal; we mention it merely as an interesting item. It was used extensively in Richmond as early as 1775; was exported to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston as early as 1789, and was used at the Westham Foundry, on the James river near Richmond, to make shot and shell, during the Revolutionary War, until the foundry was destroyed by the traitor Arnold in 1781.

The word "anthracite" is derived from a "burning stone and a coal." The Pennsylvania anthracite was first discovered and put to practical purposes in the lovely valley of Wyoming, "On Susquehannah's side," and the New-England Yankee, as usual, was the Genie who found the "philosopher's stone" which has transmuted the rocks of that famous valley, literally, into gold.

Judge Obadiah Gore, a blacksmith from Connecticut, and his brother, were the first to make use of our stone coal. They used it in their forge about the years 1768-9, and from that time forward the smiths of Wyoming made good use of anthracite coal, though it was many years before their good housewives found out that it would roast a Thanksgiving turkey, or replace the yule log on the Christmas hearth!

But during this eventful period, the stout yeomanry of Wyoming went through "the times that tried men's souls." Then raged the feudal "Pennamite war." Soon after, the "dark hours" of the Revolution gathered round them, and more trying, more fearful and terrible, the dreadful Massacre that shrouded the fair valley in still darker gloom, making memorable in history the vale that had become so famous in song.

The first successful effort to make use of our anthracite for domestic or household purposes, appears to have been made by Judge Jesse Fell, of the town of Wilksbarre, in the Wyoming valley, in 1808. He made a "grate of green hickory wood," with which

to experiment. With this he was so successful that he went immediately to the forge of his nephew, Edward Fell, and with his own hands helped to fashion the first "iron grate" in which our stone was burned. He set up his grate with brick, in the big, open fireplace, where the backlogs formerly sent up their ruddy glare. In this he kindled a brisk fire with dry, oak wood, on which the stone coal was placed, and in a short time had a splendid fire of mineral fuel. The days of backlogs were numbered, and they were few and short with the good people of Wyoming, although, before Judge Fell tried his experiment, but few believed in stone coal. Now they were delighted with it, and rapturous in its praise.

THE HUNTER OF MAUCH CHUNK.

Though the anthracite region of Wyoming was the first discovered and made use of, and is now the most extensively developed and sent to distant markets, yet the celebrated Lehigh coal is most famous and best known. It was discovered in 1791, by a poor hunter of the Mauch Chunk, or the Bear Mountain, whose name was Philip Ginter. He lived in a rude cabin on the sunny side of the mountain, where he and his wife cultivated a little patch of land; but he supported his family chiefly by trapping and hunting. Bears and deer were then plentiful on the mountains, but the life and fare of a hunter is at best precarious. It is a trite old proverb which says, "Hunters and fishermen never grow rich." But worse still, they depend on luck too often for the dinner that it does not bring, although the wild turkey may gobble provokingly on the hillside, and the bucktails may bid defiance in the vale.

Poor Philip says, "One day, after a bad hunting season, when my wife and little ones were on short allowance, I had unusual bad luck with my traps and gun, and was on my way home empty handed and disheartened, tired, and wet with rain, when I struck my boot against a singular stone. It was nearly dusk, but light enough remained to show me that the rock was black and shiny. I had heard of stone coal over in Wyomink, and had frequently peered into the rock in hopes of finding it. When I examined the black rock, I knew it must be some kind of coal, and on looking around I discovered black dirt and a great many pieces of stone coal under the roots of a tree that had been blown down by the wind. I took a piece home with me, and next day carried it to Fort Allen and gave it to Col. Jacob Weiss."

The specimen was submitted to some gen-

tlemen of Philadelphia, who pronounced it, as suspected, stone coal. Philip was rewarded with the gift of a tract of land on which was a water power that he desired for a saw mill; but, unfortunately, the land was afterward claimed under an older title, and the hunter of the Mauch Chunk lost both his land and his labor, and died as he lived, a poor man, though his famous discovery made thousands rich.

In the following year, the "Lehigh Coal Mine Company" was formed, and the celebrated Summit Mines, or "Great Open Quarry," was commenced on the spot where Philip Ginter first discovered the coal. But it was ten years later before the first coal reached the market from the wild and mountainous regions in which it existed. Six ark loads of coal were then started on the rapid waters of the Lehigh river, but only two reached Philadelphia. The other four were wrecked on the rocks of that mad stream. It did not matter much, however, for after all the trouble and expense of getting them to Philadelphia, the good people of the Quaker City could not make "the black rocks burn." They were broken up to gravel the sidewalks, much to the disappointment and loss of the Coal Mine Company, who soon after leased their lands and mines to Messrs. White, Hazzard & Co. for a period of twenty years, at an annual rental of "one year of corn."

The lessees and their associates, who formed the present Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, bought up the stock of the original company, which consisted of fifty shares, at first for \$150 per share, but at last, when the mines were in a flourishing condition, these shares brought \$2,000 each!

In the meantime, during 1812, Col. Shoemaker, a gentleman of Pottsville, took nine wagon loads of coal to Philadelphia from the Schuylkill mines. Most of this he disposed of for a mere trifle to those who could be induced to give the stone coal a "fair trial." But every effort, except one, proved total failures, and the colonel was denounced as a knave and a scoundrel, for selling *rocks* in the name of coal. A writ was obtained for his arrest as an impostor and swindler, and he only saved himself from his indignant customers by beating a hasty retreat around the "city of brotherly love" on his way home, sadly disappointed at the result of his first coal speculation.

But part of this coal had been sold to Messrs. White & Hazzard (before mentioned), of the Fairmount Nail and Wire Works. Mr. White was extremely anxious to make this

coal burn, and spent half a day with his workmen in trying to raise a heat in one of the furnaces. They raked and poked and stirred it, but to no purpose, except a bad one. The coal would not burn then, as it will not burn now, under such treatment.

But the dinner hour having arrived, the tired and hungry men shut the furnace doors in disgust, and retired, to perform a much more satisfactory duty. Imagine their astonishment, to behold, on returning, the furnace red hot, and the stone coal a glowing mass at white heat! "Let it alone," then became the motto for the use, rather than the abuse of anthracite coal.

HOW JUNE WENT TO CINCINNATI.

BY HARRIET A. FARRAND.

June Hart was five years old. He had just got out of skirts, and into his first pair of boy's trousers, and had the promise of a pair of boots when winter came, so that he felt very old indeed. He was a little, round, fat, roly-poly of a boy, with gray eyes, and hair that for five minutes after it was combed, lay in a smooth and shining roll from one ear to the other, and for all the rest of the time was a mass of tangles, and curls, and rings, and stray locks, looking as much like a small brush heap, as anything else one could think of.

His real name was Elkanah Hart, Junior. But Elkanah was a long name for such a short boy, and neither Elk nor Kane were pretty pet names, so everybody called him June, and let it go.

June's ambition was great. He did not dream of being President, or even Governor, but the one longing of his heart was to be big enough to go to Cincinnati, where he believed boots and velocipedes were lying around in abundance, and all manner of delights might be had for the asking.

So when he waked, one lazy, summer morning, and found his mother had gone to Cincinnati, his little heart swelled with loneliness and longing. Susan gave him his breakfast, and when he had eaten it, he wandered about in a dismal way, trying to amuse himself, but not succeeding very well at anything.

After dinner, it was worse yet, for his father said he might come to the office at five o'clock, and it did seem as if the sun was too lazy to go down, but stayed up and glared and winked at June, as if it was making fun of him.

By and by he went and sat down under

the syringa bush to think, and whenever June sat down to think, you might be sure something would come of it.

He remembered his mother had said he should go to Cincinnati when he was bigger. Wasn't he bigger now, he should like to know? Of course he was—'most as big as his father—big enough to go anywhere, and he was sure his mother would have taken him that morning if he had only been awake. And why couldn't he follow on after her just as well? He knew the way; he had been to the depot with her a great many times. All she did was to get on the cars, and when she came to Cincinnati, to get off. It was just as easy. He had rode on the cars himself, with his father, and knew all about it.

How pleased his mother would be to see him, and what a lot of things he would bring home! And a velocipede! Yes, perhaps he would come riding home on it, alongside of the train, with his mother looking out of the car window at him. Could anything in the world be nicer? Yes, he would go.

With June, to resolve was to do. So he jumped up, marched to the kitchen door, and called out,

"Susan, I'm goin' to Cincinnati to see mamma."

He had often played he was going to Cincinnati on his rocking horse, and she thought that was what he meant; so she said,

"Well, go along, and when you get back it will be time to go to the office and bring your papa home to tea."

"I don't want to go to the office, and papa can come home alone. I'm going to Cincinnati. Please to comb my hair, Susan."

He had a vague idea that people had to have their faces clean, and their hair smooth before they could go to Cincinnati. Generally, it was very hard to make him see the use of soap and water, and clean clothes, but now he had made up his mind to go through the whole process like a martyr. As for Susan, she was so delighted that he came of his own accord to be washed and dressed, that she dropped everything else, and soon had him looking as fresh and sweet as a daisy.

"Goodbye, Susan; now I'm goin'," he said.

"Goodbye, and be sure you find your mother, and bring her home with you," she answered, laughing, and went back to her canning, and thought no more about it.

He started for the depot as fast as he could go. As he went by Ally's house,

she was in the yard peeping through the wires of the fence.

"O, June!" she called, "come and play with me."

"Can't, Ally. I'm goin' to Cinc'nattee."

"Be you? Wait a minute and I'll ask mamma if I can go, too."

But June had no notion of being bothered with a girl. Girls were well enough to play with sometimes, he thought; but when a fellow was going on a journey, he didn't want them in the way. You see, the trousers into which he had so lately stepped, and the boots in prospect, had made a great revolution in his feelings and ideas. So he put on his most important air, and said,

"I can't wait, Ally. The cars'll go and leave me."

Then, as he saw how disappointed she looked, he remembered, with a great throb of pity, that she could never be anything but a girl, and would have to wear frocks all her life, so he added, condescendingly,

"But I'll bring you a doll, Ally, all dressed in spangles, if you are a good girl."

So he trudged on, and Ally looked after him, with the tears in her eyes, only half comforted for the loss of her playmate, by the thought of the spangled dolly he was going to bring her.

When he got to the depot, there were a good many people there, but none that he knew. He felt a little strange, and wished that he had his father's hand to take hold of; and if he had only had a few minutes to think about it, I am sure he would have gone back. But just then the cars came puffing and whizzing along. The people rushed out, and he was carried along with them. As he stood by the steps, a man saw him, and supposing he was waiting for a chance to get on, lifted him in his strong arms, and set him inside the car.

He was bewildered with all the noise and bustle, but seeing an empty seat near by, he scrambled into it, and sat and looked around, not knowing what else to do.

Very soon the cars started. The conductor came through and looked at him sharply, but thinking he belonged to one of the two gentlemen sitting behind, said nothing. He was too small to be paid for, anyway.

The gentlemen behind looked at him, and thought he belonged to the lady in front. The lady in front twisted her neck around, and looked at him, and thought he belonged to the gentleman and lady and baby across the aisle. So, among them all, nobody disturbed him, and he would have been in a

fair way to get to Cincinnati, if it hadn't happened that the cars were going in the very opposite direction.

June felt very strange and lonely, when he looked around the car, and could find no face that he had ever seen before. He was almost ready to cry; but when he glanced at his trousers, he concluded that would never do. So he choked back the tears, straightened himself up, crossed his fat legs, and tried to look as much like a man as he could.

But after a while he began to get hungry, and wished that he had eaten his supper before he started. He thought of his father sitting down to his nice tea at home, and O how he wished he was there with him! The more he thought about it, the hungrier and lonelier he grew. He wished the conductor man would come along, and he would ask him to stop the cars, and let him jump off and run home.

But no conductor came. June stood it as long as he could, and then forgetting all about his trousers, and his being a man, and everything else, except that he was tired, and hungry, and homesick, he just hid his face in his hands, and cried with all his might.

The gentlemen behind looked at the lady in front; the lady in front looked at the gentleman and lady and baby across the aisle, and the gentleman and lady and baby across the aisle stared back again, each wondering why the others didn't take care of their crying boy. At last, one of the men sitting behind, leaned over and asked,

"What's the matter, little boy?"

"I'm hungry, and I wa-a-nt to go ho-o-me," sobbed June.

"Hungry are you? Well, here's something that I guess will cure that," and he fumbled in his pocket, and brought out a beautiful, yellow, harvest apple and gave to him. June dried his tears, and took it, and his little teeth bit into it ravenously. The other people were sure now that he belonged to the man with the apple, so they forgot him, to attend to their own concerns.

As for the little boy, he was so hungry that he forgot his manners entirely, and only remembered them when the apple was nearly devoured. Then he turned around with his mouth full, and said "Thank you, sir." The man laughed; and when the boy with the peanuts came around, he bought some and gave to him.

But one harvest apple, and a handful of peanuts were rather a slim supper for a hearty child like June, and when they were gone he wished he had some more. He

thought of his father again, and for the first time since he started, he began to wonder if he had done just right in coming away without asking. The more he thought about it, the more he was afraid he hadn't. The sun was just going down, and it made him think of bedtime. He wondered where he should sleep, and who would put him to bed, and hear him say his prayer. He was very miserable. O, how he wished he was at home again! How he wished the cars would stop and let him get off. He laid his head down on the cushion and cried again, until finally he cried himself to sleep.

After awhile the cars stopped. It roused him a little, and he raised his head, and wondered drowsily if he had got to Cincinnati; but he was too sleepy to care much, and in a minute more he was nodding this side and that, in a way that threatened to tumble him from his seat to the floor.

Among the passengers who got on board, at this station, was a man, who, seeing the empty seat beside June, took it. He looked at the little nodding boy. It was growing dark, but he looked, and looked again, and then exclaimed,

"It's June Hart, as true as I live! Wake up, June!" he said, shaking him. "Where are you going? Where's your father?"

The little boy rubbed his sleepy eyes. The gentleman looked around the car in search of Mr. Hart, but not finding him, he gave June another shake, and asked again,

"Where's your father?"

"Papa's down to the office," he answered, sleepily.

"Where's your mother, then? Wake up, June, and tell me where your mother is." And he shook him harder still.

By this time June was awake, and recognized his father's friend, Mr. Hewitt, who had often been at his house.

"Say, where's your mother?"

"Mamma's gone to Cluc'nattee, and I'm goin' to find her, and get a vospede."

Mr. Hewitt looked confounded for a minute; then he took him on his knee, and looking straight in his eye, asked,

"June, have you run away?"

The child hung his head. He hadn't meant to run away. It hadn't seemed like running away when he started. He only wanted to go and find his mother, and never thought there was anything wrong in that. But with those stern eyes looking into his, things seemed very different from what they did awhile ago, and he was not at all sure in his own mind, whether he had done that dreadful thing (run away) or not. So he

hung his head and said nothing. But after awhile his friend succeeded in getting the story (all there was of it) from him.

"You are a naughty boy, June, and I don't know what to do with you," he said.

"I want my papa. Take me home. I wa-a-nt to go ho-o-me," he sobbed.

It was of no use to scold him; no use to try and have the cars stop now, and Mr. Hewitt sat in great perplexity, wondering what he should do. His business was so urgent, that it was impossible for him to turn around and take him home, and it was equally impossible to take him along on his journey of a thousand miles, nor did he like to think of leaving him alone among strangers.

June, meanwhile, secure in having found a friend, wiped his tears, leaned his head down on Mr. Hewitt's shoulder, and went to sleep again. Pretty soon, the conductor came through the car, and Mr. Hewitt told him about the little runaway. He smiled kindly, as he thought of his own little boy safe and sound at home, and promised to see that he was taken care of.

So, at the next station, they carried him, still asleep, into the sitting room at the depot, had a bed of cushions made for him, told the ticket agent to take care of him until he was called for, and then telegraphed to his father where he could be found. But in the midst of it all, he awoke, and when he comprehended that his friend was going to leave him, there was a scene. He clung to him with both hands, and with his feet.

"Don't leave me. Take me home. Take me to my papa. I wa-a-nt to go ho-o-me," he implored.

Everybody in the depot gathered around to try and pacify him, and meanwhile, the train waited; and if anybody would like to know what made the lightning express behind time in Chicago the next morning, I can tell them. It was June who did it.

But the passengers couldn't sit there all night, even for him, and so the two friends were at last obliged to tear themselves away, and leave him, screaming at the top of his voice, surrounded by strange faces, and ninety miles from home.

Meanwhile, there was a commotion at home, when Mr. Hart came to his tea at six o'clock, and June was found missing. All his play places were searched, every nook and corner in the house, and around the premises, were ransacked, but no June was found. All the houses where he was in the habit of going, were visited, but there was

no trace of him anywhere. Ally Moore could have told a little story about him, but she was fast asleep, and nobody thought of asking her. Friends joined in looking for him, and there was hurrying to and fro, but all in vain.

"Susan," said the distracted father, pausing in the search, "what did he say when he went away? Do try and remember."

Susan left off rattling the door knob, and shaking the mat, and peeping into the oven, and plying the pump handle, and tried to collect her scattered wits together, enough to think.

"O yes! I remember now," she exclaimed, clapping both hands to her forehead, "he said he was going to Cincinnati to find his mamma, and I told—"

Mr. Hart waited to hear no more, but strode down to the depot, as fast as he could go. No one there remembered seeing him. The poor father sat down, and covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud. What should he do? Where should he look next? Just then, some one touched his shoulder, and put a telegram into his hand; and there, in the dim light, he read what had become of his boy.

A freight train was due shortly. He jumped aboard, and in a few hours was bending over him, as he lay asleep upon his bed of cushions, where his friends had left him. For he had finally cried himself to sleep, much to the relief of the poor ticket agent, in whose care he had been left.

The passenger train came along soon after. Mr. Hart got on board with the sleeping child in his arms. They reached home just at sunrise the next morning; and thus ended June's journey to Cincinnati.

JULY.

BY L. D. NICHOLS.

Now July's ardent heat
Calls the white lilies sweet
From every pool;
Now comes the blessed day
When boys and girls may say,
(Eager for country play,) —
"Goodbye to school."

Hail, Carnival of Noise!
Welcome to men and boys!
Fourth of July!
Fire crackers strew the ground—
Cannon and bells resound—
Fireworks, the country round,
Redden the sky.

ART AMUSEMENTS.

BY MARTHA POWELL DAVIS.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Breck says, when speaking of the *Dicentra*, in his "New Book of Flowers:" "It is one of the most striking objects in the whole range of floral attraction." And we may add, a wax collection is incomplete without a few of its drooping sprays.

Two of each of the shapes marked *a*, *b*, *c*, figure 20, are required for a single floret. The heart-shaped ones, *a*, should be pink, and the others a clear crystal white. The slender stem that connects the small flower to the main stalk, should extend between the pink heart petals, and far enough below

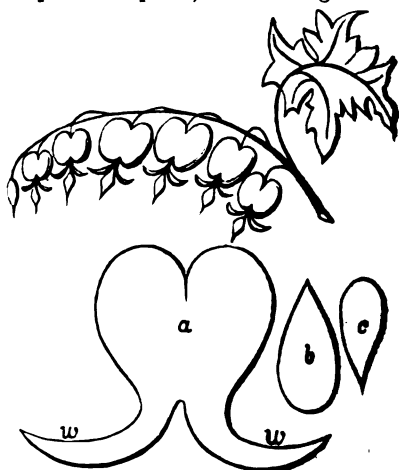


FIG. 20.

to admit of the white shapes being attached, also. The petals are put on in pairs, facing each other. The two larger white ones, *b*, are pressed to the stem facing the same way as the heart petals, while the smaller shapes, *c*, are put on facing at right angles with the others. These small ones are partly hidden by the pink; but, as their edges keep the heart petals from closing, the white sparkles through the opening very prettily.

Now the wings, *w*, *w*, curl very nicely in the natural flower, and you see the wax is quite slender there; so, in order to give support, we cut one heart-shaped petal of white paper, and sew fine wire around the edge; or, this extra petal may be of wax, if you prefer, with the wire curled in at the edge. This gives an inside framework, to which the outer petals may be attached, and to which the wire stem passing through the

center of the floret may be fastened, also. It should be a little smaller than the pink petals. The wire around the edge strengthens the whole, but especially the little wings, so they may be bent at will. A bit of cotton batting on each side of the paper frame will, after the pink petals are molded, cause them to retain the puffed appearance they have in nature.

Miniature Roses.—

"The Rose is the honor and beauty of flowers,
The Miniature Rose reigns the queen."

"I hope they will think enough of my flowers to copy from them," said little Mary, placing a collection of dwarf roses on the teacher's desk, where they could be seen readily.

"O, certainly," said auntie, "I have been wanting to show the class how time may be often saved in forming flowers; and these roses will be a good illustration."

Cut one shape as in figure 21, and when

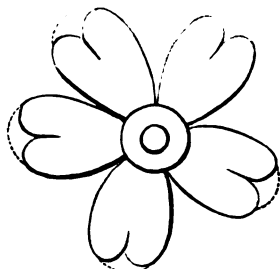


FIG. 21.

slipped up from the bottom of the stem, by means of the hole in the center, and arranged properly around the stamens, it will be equal to ten of the small inner petals. The wax between the hole and the dark rim around it, may be pressed tightly to the stem. This will aid in giving the petals a crumpled and curled appearance. Three or four additional shapes pressed close to this one, will make a full corolla. Two of the outer rows may be rounded out, as indicated by the dotted lines, and the shapes may be enlarged, too, if necessary.

The Coreopsis.—The dark center of this flower is made of wax colored with lamp-black. When the threadlike parts are formed, the same as has been detailed for other flowers, they are trimmed down with the scissors to form a roundish knob, and then sprinkled with yellow. One round shape of wax may be scalloped to form ten petals.

The Cineraria.—Its center is formed as above, with brown wax, sprinkled with red

or orange. The corolla is made on the same principle, of many petals in one.

The Daisy.—For this little, poetic flower, cut a round shape of wax, and fringe it into twenty or thirty divisions at the outer circumference. Slip it up from the bottom of the stalk, and press it firmly to the yellow middle, previously formed.

On this principle of compound petals, many other flowers may be made, as the

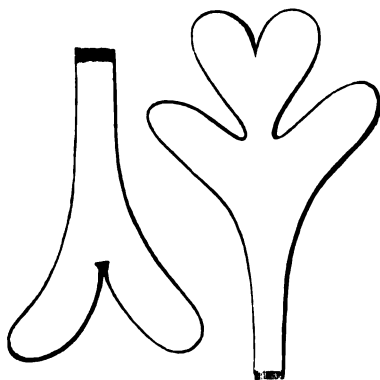


FIG. 22.

ranunculus, flowering almond, portulaca, nemophila, etc.

Tubular Flowers.—One specimen of this class, brought in to-day, was a very pretty russelia. The corolla, in nature, is in one piece; but when forming it of wax, it will be found more convenient to divide it, as at figure 23. Rub the edges of the two parts together smoothly on a molding pin, when



FIG. 23.

forming the tube, so they may unite as one piece. Bend the petalous divisions back carefully, and leave the upper part of the tube open, while the base closes around the stem, thus tapering nicely to its proper shape and size. Four stamens, with anthers, are visible, just even with the bend of the corolla.

The Bouvardia.—The class had succeeded nicely with the russelia blooms, and auntie was looking about her for other specimens that were made on the same plan, when

Carrie West drew attention to her pretty plant.

"Please let us make flowers like these, next, mayn't we?" she asked.

"They are very timely," said auntie; and soon the little bouvardia florets were dissected and the pattern taken, as at *b*, figure 23, and formed into florets, as at *f*.

Some of them were cut in one piece, like the pattern, and others in two parts, on the plan of the russelia. When the corolla is formed of two parts, an exact and symmetrical appearance is easily attained; and if formed of one only, the floret is apt to be a little one sided, or leaning, on the stem. But when the florets are united into umbels to form the flower, the appearance is more natural when the florets have been made both ways, and then arranged promiscuously. Some florets should be larger, too, than others; from fifteen to twenty complete the bunch.

Buds may be shaped by the same pattern, closed partially or entirely at the top.

Heliotropes are as easily made as bouvardias. The one-patterned plan is best for them, as the florets are too delicate to divide.

The Wiegela.—At this juncture of the afternoon instruction, two little girls were noticed in the back part of the room, very busily engaged, when auntie called upon them to "report progress."

"See here, what we have done," said one; and she held up three beautiful, rose-colored wiegela blooms. "We molded them on the same pin you gave us for the russelia. Aren't they prettier than those tedious heliotropes?"

The class and teacher acknowledged their beauty, and said they were well done; but the little girl who owned the heliotrope and bouvardia plants, went off muttering,

"I like small florets best, for my part."

The Primrose, when single, is of one piece in nature, but in wax it is better divided into five. The calyx may be made in one piece, though it is five cleft. It should be bent in five places, corresponding to the teeth, to form the ribs; or, it may be molded on a pentagonal molding pin. When the edges are united, slip the calyx up on the stem, and close it at the base just low enough down so the teeth will be even with the underside of the corolla.

Many tubular flowers may be thus made easily, as the myrtle, jasmine, lilac, honeysuckle, libonia, etc.

When the corolla is large and one petaled, as in the common morning glory and single petunia, a molding pin is needed, made on

purpose, of hard wood very smooth; but for small flowers, as phlox, cypress, etc., the handle of a crochet needle, awls of different sizes, or a pencil whittled into shape may sometimes, perhaps, be made to answer the purpose.

The molding pin should be wet, to prevent the wax from sticking, and the wax should be quite warm, lest the petals break, instead of bending, where the corolla flares suddenly.

BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS.

BY MRS. PARIZADE V. HATHAWAY.

"Rap! ra-ra-ra-rap!" sound the rapid strokes of a strong bill, on the roof of a house, or some other convenient place; then a vigorous voice calls out, "Que-er! que-er!" This is the way the red-headed woodpecker salutes his friends, when he returns in early May, and it certainly is a "que-er" way.

His length is nine inches and three-fourths, exactly that of the robin. His head and neck are crimson-red, his back, black and white, and his breast white with a narrow border of black, just below the red of the neck.

His flight is undulating, up and down, up and down, like that of the goldfinch. He does not alight, like most other birds, on the smaller branches of a tree, but lengthwise of the body, or a large ascending limb. He moves sidewise, and climbs upward as expertly as a fly. If he wishes to descend, he moves backward; but he never goes down the tree head foremost, as the nuthatch often does. His feet are nicely adapted to clinging and climbing; the claws are sharp and strong; two toes point forward and two backward, instead of three forward and one backward, as in the feet of the robin and all the rest of the perchers.

"Peck, peck, peck!" The end of his short, stiff tail is pressed closely against the tree, and helps to keep his body firm and well balanced. His quick ears hear an insect under the bark, or a borer in the wood of the tree. With sturdy blows, he drives his chisel-shaped beak into the bark, even into the wood, cutting a small hole; then, running out his long, barbed tongue, he draws the insect from its hiding place. This is the way he and the rest of the woodpeckers obtain the greater part of their living. They are among our best feathered friends, for they save the trees from being destroyed by insects.

"Thud, thud, thud!" It is a muffled

sound in the body of a dead tree. Walk softly, keep still! A red head is put out of a round, white door, and a little chip drops upon the dry leaves. There he goes; but, Mr. Redhead, we have found out your secret. He and his mate are excavating a cosy room in the body of the old tree. It is just large enough at the entrance for one bird to slip in, but widens as it goes downward in the tree, until at the bottom, at a depth of fourteen inches or more, it is spacious enough for the little family. The red-headed carpenters carry out nearly all of their chips; a few are left upon the floor. On these chips are soon laid five or six pure white eggs.

Last summer, I found one of these nests in an old apple tree. The young ones were so noisy, when their parents brought them food, that they could be heard quite a long way off. As soon as the young can fly well, one or two pairs of these birds usually bring their broods around our house, and feed them partly on corn from the crib. One old bird, last summer, had a mortar in the top of a fence post, a deep, round hole to which he carried corn, laying it in the hole, and pounding it with his bill, to break it in pieces. He then fed it to his young ones, that clung to the sides of the post, and kept up a teasing "Tse-ip, tse-ip."

After awhile, one of the young birds used a small, round hole in the bark of a tree, for his mortar. I often saw him working away there, and, one day, I found a kernel of corn in the hole, half soaked with the juices of the tree. He often paused in his work to call out, "Qui-i-i," making, as he said it, a very polite bow. This salutation was returned by his parents, with a call and a bow, or the very wise remark, "Que-er!"

The red-headed woodpecker feeds his young much longer than most other birds. I think that the bill of the young bird needs to harden a good while, and the muscles of its neck to grow strong, before it is able to peck in the bark and wood of trees, and obtain the insects lodged there. When fully fledged, it looks very much like the old bird, only its head and neck are ashy brown, instead of red.

In the latter days of summer, I often see several of these birds playing together, chasing each other at great speed in every direction.

There are many other species of woodpeckers besides the red-headed. There is one called the golden-winged woodpecker. The under surface of his wings and tail is rich yellow. When he flies, he looks like a broad beam of yellow light. He has a black crescent

on his breast and a red one on the nape of his neck. His loud call, "Biddy, biddy, biddy!" is one of the most cheerful sounds of early spring. He often says, "Cle-up, cle-up!" when he alights, and sometimes he indulges in a curious "Flick-er, flick-er."

The golden-wings court and pair in April. Sometimes several gentlemen golden-wings pay their respects to one Miss Golden-wing. They move sidewise on the bodies of the trees, bow gracefully, and speak tenderly. The lovers do not quarrel with each other, but Miss Golden-wing chooses whichever one she pleases, for her mate.

Last spring, I saw a pair at work excavating a hole for a nest, high up in the body of a dead tree. While one worked, the other remained near, ready to take a part as soon as the worker became tired. They brought up the chips, and, flirting their heads, threw them away from the tree as far as possible. They would not drop them together at the foot of the tree, for then their house might be discovered by the pile of chips.

WISHING AND WORKING.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

"Come, lily of beauty,
Come, blossom of fragrance,"

Repeats the young wisher, outstretching his hand.

"I long to possess you,
But dread the dark waters,

So come to me where, on the margin, I stand.

"For I am no swimmer,
And own little knowledge
In fitting a vessel or using an oar;
My holiday raiment
Suits not rough adventure,
So come to me here, on the smooth, tranquil shore."

"Ah! no," says the lily,

"Stand there on the margin
Through daylight and darkness, I come not to you;

I keep through all seasons
My distance and dangers,
And wait for a conqueror vallant and true.

"I watch for his coming,
I know his behavior;
He swims like the wild duck, and bounds like the deer;
He shrinks not from danger,
Nor spoiling of raiment,
And works with unwavering purpose and cheer.

"And when I behold him
Draw nearer and nearer,
I'll fall not to greet him, with welcoming sweet:
For beauty's the guerdon
Of daring and labor.
And gladly I'll lay all my worth at his feet."

NAN'S RULE.

BY RAY STRONG.

Nan's white dress and blue sack were all ready on the bed, when her nurse, Rachel, called her to have her hair curled and be dressed for her tea party. Nan came rolling in. She had just been having such a romp with Tom. Tom was Nan's new brother, who had lately carried away Nan's one dear sister, Rose, and had brought her back home again for a little visit.

Nan stood very patiently while Rachel brushed her curls, which was rather hard, as Tom had given her "last Dick," and she wanted to run out after him.

When it came to putting on her dress, that tempting, white dress, all embroidered and ruffled and puffed, and the broad, silvery-blue sash, Nan looked a little wistful, for it must be confessed she did love fine clothes, but she spoke up quickly and merrily,

"I'm going to wear my gingham dress, Rachel."

"Laws, Miss Nannie y'ain't goin' t'look like a little nig, is yer?"

"I never have looked like a 'nig' in it, Rachel, and I don't think I shall now."

Rachel laughed.

"Sure nuff, honey. I'se only jokin'; but don't fool now, Miss Nannie. Please, missy, hurry and put your dress on."

"I shall wear my gingham dress, Rachel."

Just then her mother came in from the next room.

"What is it, daughter?"

Nan ran and whispered something to her mother, who stooped to listen.

"Put on her gingham dress, Rachel," Mrs. Maury said, and that ended the matter for the present. Nurse looked disappointed, but Nan patted her cheek and said,

"Don't get mad, mammy. It'll be all clean for next time," which brought a smile very quickly to Nurse's face.

Down stairs, Tom laughed at her. "Is that your party rig, old puddinghead?" But seeing she only grew a little red, and didn't answer him, as usual, in her quick, smart way, he did not tease her again. And while she went into the conservatory to get him a button-hole bouquet, Rose told him what her mother said Nan had whispered to her, which was,

"Mamy and Sally Vinton only have gingham, and if you don't mind, mamma, I think they would have a better time if I wore mine."

Presently the children came trooping in, Pussie Raymond in white tarlatan, with pink silk overdress; Madeline L'Estrange in blue silk and lace overdress. All the little girls

were gayly attired. At first there was surprise on their faces at Nan's simple gown, but Nan saw they soon grew used to it, and did not look half so much surprised at Mamy and Sally, when they appeared, as she had feared they might. It was fun, as Tom said, to watch the pleased look of the Vinton's, whenever that brown-and-white gingham dress of little Nan's flitted past them, for they felt they were not the only ones not in gorgeous apparel.

Soon the games began. Tom and Rose played, too. "Oats, Peas, Beans," and "Blind Man's Buff," and "Hunt the Slipper," and all manner of fun, besides, till tea was ready, when they went out on the lawn, to eat the nicest of dainties, as well as the good solid food mamma had prepared.

Then followed more games, till the maids began to come for their young mistresses, and, one by one, they departed. Tom took the Vinton's home; and when he came back, and Nan ran and jumped on to his knee, he pulled her hair, and said,

"Well, my dear, the Vintons had decidedly the advantage of your other guests, since you did them the honor to dress like them. The little one skipped all the way home, and declared she never had had such a good time in all her life before."

"That was Sally," said Nan, her head tipped a little to one side, and her mouth expressing great satisfaction, as she fingered Tom's watch chain.

"But as for Pussy and Madeline, I really did pity them from the bottom of my heart," continued Tom.

Nan knew he was teasing her, but still she answered, indignantly, as she jerked her curls away from him,

"O, you old hypocrite, you needn't to trouble yourself. I know Puss and Madeline had a good time, from something I heard them say. Now don't you wish you knew? But I shan't tell you."

And she would not tell him, in spite of all his teasing, but confided to Rose that she heard Madeline say,

"Would you be hired to wear such a dress as Nan's to a party?"

And Puss had said,

"No, indeed! 'specially when she's got such lovely ones. I heard Mr. Tom say you looked real pretty, Madeline."

And Madeline had answered,

"Why, he told me that very same thing about you."

And then they had put their arms around each other and walked off, and Nan hadn't heard any more, but that was enough to put to flight any doubts she might have had as to whether her little friends were troubled by her unwonted costume. Her thoughtfulness and self-denial, though it was such a little thing, had made everybody comfortable, as it is most always sure to do.

Dear children, Nan's rule was the Golden Rule, and it belongs to you just as much as it did to her, only you must use it whenever you get a chance, and always be on the lookout for chances. So shall you make everybody around you happy, and be supremely happy yourselves.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, JULY, 1871.

ABOUT CORNERS.

Once, when I lived in a happy land, we used to take long rides, in pleasant weather, over a road that led between hills and meadows and wheat fields, through shady woods and past little clusters of white houses, until it came to a great farmhouse of red brick, dozing away among its barns and orchards. I suppose the road did not end there, for occasionally an unhappy-looking carriage, or big, lumbering, mail wagon, rattled away down the hill beyond, but, for all we cared about it, the Chinese wall might have been built across it, grim and gateless.

Such pleasant, sunshiny rides as those were, when the gentle pony ambled leisurely along, and we stopped here and there to pick cowslips or meadow lilies or wild strawberries; or, later in the season, to pelt down the chestnuts from the trees. We learned a good many lessons, too, by the way, seeing how, from year to year, Nature was busy building up and pulling down, and how sure it was that harvest followed seedtime, and that men reaped whatever they had sown.

There was one place where, in the corner of a wheat field, a fine, thrifty clump of wild raspberries had sprung up. It was only a little corner, and the fence was crooked, and so the farmer plowed around it and left the clump of briars, and every summer we gathered our fill of the fragrant berries. It was very nice for us, but we could not help noticing how with every season the briars walked a little farther into the wheat, until, by and by, all that end of the field was given up to them; and I dare say by this time the farmer has given up trying to plow it. You say he must have been a poor farmer, and I suppose he was. He used to leave the thistles to go to seed along his roadsides; and his gates were apt to be off from one hinge; and his carts and tools were scattered about everywhere.

But our minister preached us a sermon about fence corners, once, that made me think he might have been riding that way himself. He told us how apt we were to let some ugly, little weed of a bad habit grow up in the corners of our hearts; and because

it did not take up much room, and was ugly and thorny to pull up, we just plowed around it and let it go. And the next year it was bigger and broader, and went down deeper, and had sharper thorns, and so we kept on plowing around it, and giving it a little more room, until, by and by, some of us would have only a little patch of wheat left in the middle, barely enough to turn around in, while you could hardly see where the fences were for the weeds and briars.

How is that, boys and girls? Is it not a good plan to look sharp after the fence corners?

EAR MARKS.

I went with the farmer, one morning, out on to the great, green prairie, and in every direction I saw the herds of young cattle feeding. Some of them were very shy, and some did not seem to mind us at all. Sometimes a drove of young horses would lift their slender heads and snuff at us, and then go scouring away into the distance; or the sleek cows would just look at us out of their liquid eyes, and then go on quietly feeding. There were thousands of sheep, and I wondered how the owners ever would know their own when they brought them into the folds in winter.

"O," said the farmer, "I have my ear marks on them. We used to mark in very awkward ways; but I can tell my sheep now all over the country, and they never get rid of the mark."

"*Never get rid of the mark!*" I said it to myself, as I saw some boys in the city, to-day, standing around the door of a low saloon. Somebody was putting a mark upon them. You could see it already in their faces, and I wanted to tell them how hard it would be to get rid of it. These are the boys who are learning their first lessons in the gambling dens, taking their first glasses at the liquor shops, polluting their mouths with tobacco, or with impure words and oaths. They are just beginning in these evil ways, scores of them, who have been better taught, and who feel ashamed, as yet, of every downward step they take. Who will tell them to stop? Who will tell them of this dreadful master who is putting his mark upon them, just as surely, just as deeply, as if it was burned in with a hot iron. You can see the mark on many a man who would give his right hand to get rid of it now. It is one of the ways in which God shows us that He is stronger than Satan, for He makes all who enter the service of evil,

put on the livery. If men could be wicked and shut it all up in their secret hearts, and wear pure, beautiful forms and faces, there would be a chance for a great deal more evil in the world. But He makes Satan put his ear marks on his silly sheep, and so the eye, and the cheek, and the brow, and the lip, all tell the story, and before he knows it, the mark is burned in.

God did not choose to take away from us the liberty of doing wrong, but He set the whole world full of safeguards, and not the least of these is the certainty with which all that we must think and feel is stamped on this soft, impressive house of clay in which our soul lives. So beware how you let an evil thought, or an evil passion, or an evil deed, for one instant cast its shadow over your heart and your face. What if the image should stay there? What if the mark should even now begin to *burn in*?

A MATINEE.

It was not in a crowded concert room, at four o'clock in the afternoon—I have often attended such concerts, though I never could guess why they called them *matinées*—but at four o'clock on a summer morning, with the sky a clear, pale opal, and the air one breath of balm and freshness. Looking from my window right into the tree tops, and down on to the smooth, green velvet of the lawn, I saw on every leaf and blade of grass the white glisten of the dew, which, a little later, would turn to a diamond glitter in the sunrise. Here and there the greenness was broken by clumps of roses, red and white, and masses of splendid Chinese peonies. The scent of the flowers and the spicy odor of the evergreens mingled together, and a faint little wind, that blew steadily over the leaves, bore the sweetness right in at my window. Through the openings of the trees I could see glimpses of blue water, where the merry little Cuyahoga crept and sparkled and danced along, making sport of the work it did every day. Away in the distance were long, green valleys, holding in their depths faint mists of blue and silver, and rising grandly into bold, wooded heights. Not far off, to the east, lay the roofs and chimneys of the busy city, still and silent now, but soon to waken, while, close at my left, the road wound through a lovely ravine to another city, still and silent always, and full of peace, by daylight or moonlight, for

"The marble doors are always shut;
You may not enter at hall or hut;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street."

A little brown wood bird began the concert, from its golden-green chamber in the heart of a great chestnut tree. Just one clear, short note; a mere morsel of a song, like the coo of delight with which a baby wakes from its sleep, and then, here and there, from oaks, and maples, and lindens, from all sorts of green nooks and snug hiding places, another and another little musician shook itself out with a flirt and a flutter, and joined in the chorus, the robins and cat-birds carrying off the palm. There was not a single discord, from the high treble of the blackbirds, who sang Italian, down in the meadow, to the sharp scream of the bluejays, and the drumming of the woodpecker; all chimed in the most perfect harmony; and I listened and looked with silent delight. I wanted the whole household should be awake to hear, only no one should have moved, or spoken a word, for the greatest charm of all was the utter silence, which left the sweet music free to pulsate in unbroken melody through the air.

There was something sacred about it, and even while I listened I thought of the wonderful goodness of the Father, who "might have made the earth bring food enough for great and small," without touching it with any of the beauty of leaf and blossom, or giving it one sound of music to fill its silent places, and yet whose tender thought for our happiness has made the world one temple of beauty and song.

Birds are a good deal like babies in one thing—they are never so sweet as when they first wake up in the morning. There seems to be the same kind of fresh, bright fearlessness about them as if they, too, like the babies, had beautiful dreams in their tossing cradles; as if they, too, had forgotten all about yesterday, and begun the world anew. And so I dare say they have. They never borrow a bit of trouble about to-morrow, and I don't suppose they lay any up, if they have any, to sigh over. I am sure there was nothing but pure gladness and delight in the song of the robin that swung and balanced on the very topmost bough of the nearest tree, that morning. Perhaps the gladness was all in my heart, for I have heard people say that there was no meaning in the song of a bird, any more than in so many notes from a piano, only as our souls gave meaning to the sound. I never could quite believe it. I think that robin *meant* something; I am very sure she said something, and I think the One who made us all knew what it was, for I remember that it is written, "*All Thy works praise Thee, and Thy saints bless Thee.*"



Prudy's Pocket.

Here is a letter from a boy who has no idea of being nothing but a one-stringed fiddle.

"*Dear Prudy:* I am a little boy ten years old, and I live way out in New Jersey; and I take *THE CORPORAL*, and have been reading about the 'One-stringed Fiddle,' and I thought I would tell you how many strings I have got to my fiddle. I can ride and drive horse; haul and chop wood; feed and water the horses and cows; feed the calves their milk; hoe; and I can work in the house, too; I help mother wash, every week; and when she is sick I can get the dinner all alone; and wash the dishes, too; and sweep; and last summer I raised sweet potatoes enough myself to come to nine dollars. I never wrote a letter before to be printed."

Island Grove, Ill. "*Dear Prudy:* As I have never written to you, and am so much interested in your pocket, I thought I would write you a few lines. I live in the country, and have very fine times. I have lived in the country nearly three years. We have all the chickens we want, and a nice large garden, and lots of vegetables and flowers. Do you like watermelons and muskmelons? If you do, you had better come and see us this summer."

Muncy, Pa. "*Dear Prudy:* I love *THE CORPORAL* so much that I thought I would write to you and see who you was. I like your Mudpole story so well that I can hardly wait till it comes. I must tell you about my dog. He is as black as a coal; if he gets cross he will bite any person that teases him. We have six cats, but they are so shy that I cannot play with them. I go to school when it is not too muddy. But it is all, now. I wish you would come to our place once. I would like to see you. Will you put my dear, little letter in your pocket. It would be such good fun to read a letter of my own out of *THE CORPORAL*."

Corvallis, Oregon. "*Dear Prudy:* This is the last day of vacation week, and school opens on Monday next, and I am real glad, for I like to go to school. My teachers are so very kind, and learn me so many pretty songs. Would you like to hear about some of my pets? I have a cat, and seven sheep, and some little lambs, and a lot of chickens. I think *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* is such a nice little magazine. I wish it would come every week, instead of once a month. My ma has a beautiful flower garden. If I only

could I would give you one of the prettiest bouquets of hyacinths, tulips, etc. I am eleven years old. I help my ma with her work, and when she is baking I often make sweet cake. Pa thinks they are very nice. I can sew on ma's sewing machine. Prudy, please send me your picture. Goodbye, dear Prudy; please give my love to Mr. Miller, for I do love him for his little magazine."

St. Louis, Mo. "*Dear Prudy:* I have thought many times I would write to you, and see if you think my letter worthy of a place in the good *CORPORAL*, which has been coming to our house the last two years. My papa took it first for my Brother Eddie, who is now dead. He died last August. He was ten years old. O, how he did love to read *THE CORPORAL*. I read it some, but mamma reads it best for me. I had a little baby brother, but he died this winter. His name was Lewy. So I am all alone now. My only little sister died three years ago. I have a very kind papa and mamma. We have a nice home about five miles from St. Louis. The name of our farm is Switzerland. There are near four hundred acres. Our largest crop is hay. Coal and iron are plentiful here. I am nine years old, and I send my love to you."

Lonaconing. "*Dear Prudy:* I have written to you before, but you have never put them in your pocket. I like to read your pocket the best. My ma says you only put funny letters in, so I do not expect you to put mine in your pocket, because I have nothing funny to say."

Isn't that funny?

And if that isn't funny, here is something that is. O, Earnest, if you only could have seen how Mrs. Miller laughed.

"*Dear Prudy:* Does not Mrs. Miller keep an Emporium of Fashions, on Broadway, near Stewart's store, in New York City? Please answer in the pocket, and much oblige a lover of *THE CORPORAL*."

No, indeed; Mrs. Miller hopes she shall never have to be president, or keep people posted in the fashions.

Clinton, Mo. "Susie has determined to earn the money to take *THE CORPORAL* this year. She plected a gullit in the winter, and has been trying to sell it for some time. She sold it yesterday, and has got money to send for it now."

Yankee Settlement. "*Dear Prudy:* As I have seen no letters from Yankee Settlement, I thought I would write one. I have taken *THE CORPORAL* four years when this year is out, and I like it very much. I wish Prudy would put your picture in *THE CORPORAL*. I am trying with my brother to get a premium. I have got one; it is called, 'A Hundred Years Ago,' and I mean to get it framed. I want to get my *CORPORAL*'s bound; I think they will look real nice that way. Won't you please to put this in your pocket, and I will think more of you than ever."

Graham, Mo. "*Dear Prudy:* I am twelve years old. I have taken *THE CORPORAL* three years. I mean to take it as long as I can earn money enough. I earned my money this year by cutting fodder. We have a pet colt. Please put this in your pocket."

A little, one-armed boy asks the editor to publish the following request.

"As one of the Try Company, I propose that the subscribers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* each pay five cents to the editor, to select a library for

the sailors, or for some destitute ships, to be placed where the editor will decide. We can easily do it. I intend earning my money by carrying water with my one arm."

The editor will undertake to raise such a library, if it pleases the children, and will add five dollars to the fund. We will consult some of the seamen's working friends as to where the "Little Corporal's Library" shall be placed.

Alexandria, La. "Dear Prudy: My papa gave us the money last year for to subscribe for THE LITTLE CORPORAL, but this year, when our time runs out, I am going to subscribe with my own money. My papa has a young heart, for he reads it every time we get a new number. I have a grandpa and an aunt living in Chicago. If ever I come to Chicago again I will come to see you. We have a pair of Shetland ponies and a buggy just for them."

Niles, Mich. "Dear Prudy: I am nine years old. We have a baby named Bertha. I take THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and I like it very much; and after I read it I am going to send it to my cousin, who lives in the State of New York. Our house burned Sunday night, about eleven o'clock, May 7th, 1871. Nearly everything was saved."

"Dear Prudy: You look so pleasant, sitting at your desk, that I thought I would like to write and tell you about my chickens. I have only three hens, but they have thirty-three chickens. Don't you think that is doing well. I take care of them myself. When I get THE CORPORAL with my name on it, I feel like a big woman, and I will keep on taking it till I am one."

Malden, Mass. "Dear Prudy: I ought to have written a long time ago, to thank you for the chromo of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf, which I received all safe. We think it's beautiful. I send two subscribers more, and I would like a binder for THE CORPORAL. It seems real selfish for me to claim anything for getting subscribers. My little brother is trying to get up a club, and I am going to help him. THE CORPORAL is so good I wish all the little boys and girls took it."

Belfast, O. "Dear Prudy: I wrote you a letter before, but you did not print it. My brother has taken THE CORPORAL four years, and my sister Rosa sold her calf and sent for it this year. Please print my letter. I send you some silver-maple leaves, and some of my hair. The leaves grow larger in the summer. I want to get my picture taken and send it to you."

Grand Rapids, Mich. "I am Jamie Smith, and I have a little baby brother sixteen months old, and his name is Richard. He is real cunning, and he used to play with our dog 'Ney.' Ney was a real good dog, and never bit anybody but once, and then he was playing and didn't mean to. He would come to me at the table, and I would let him drink out of my cup. He barked so that papa had to tie him up, and the next morning he got away. I commenced to tell you about my little brother, and told you about Ney! I taught Richard to creep across the floor by rolling a block, and he crept after it. He don't talk much, but I think he might; he says 'O, O,' and that is all."

Grand Rapids, Mich. "Dear Prudy: Though I'm a little girl only nine years old, I can write a story for THE CORPORAL. I am going to tell you about my little brother Jamie. He is five years old. One night Jennie, Jamie, and I were going to the 'Bell Ringers,' and it rained so hard before tea that papa thought we could not go, and what do you think the dear little fellow did? When we were sitting in the parlor he said,

'Sister, I am going to pray that the Lord may stop the rain, so that we can go.' And the rain did stop. I think his prayer was answered; don't you?"

It makes Prudy almost jealous to hear how rich some of her little friends are in grandmothers while she has not even one.

Delevan, Ill. "Dear Prudy: My little nephew, ALLEN K. PRATT, I think is ahead of BERTIE TAYLOR on the grandmother question. He has now living, and, at one time last winter, at his father's house, a mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great-grandmother. The great-great-grandmother is active and smart, and last year made the journey of over a thousand miles, to visit her children and grandchildren living in this place."

Hancock, Wis. "Dear Prudy: I am eleven years old, and have taken THE CORPORAL five years and like it better than any other magazine. My mother once knew a little girl whose name was Prudy, and she was real odd, and I want to know if you are?"

How can I tell, my dear? Did you ever hear of the man who lay awake all night to see if he snored, and never found out? I like little girls, when they are sweet, and loving, and helpful; and little boys, when they are good, and brave, and honest. Is that a sign of being queer?

Long Grove. "Dear Prudy: I am a little girl eight years old. I have taken THE CORPORAL almost one year. I wish THE CORPORAL would come every week; it seems so long to wait a whole month for it. Now, Prudy, if you don't put this letter in your pocket, I don't think I will write to you again, because I wrote you a letter last winter, and you didn't say anything about it. I read all the poetry in THE CORPORAL, and I hope when I am a lady I can write some, too. Here is some that I wrote the other day:

"O, come with me to the shady woods,
Where all is bright and fair;
Where the sweet violets and mayflowers grow,
And happy birds are singing there."

"My mamma don't know that I wrote this, and if she sees it in THE CORPORAL she will be so surprised."

Blackhawk, Miss. "Dear Prudy: My brother takes THE LITTLE CORPORAL. He got it the 25th of May. I always read it as soon as it comes. I like the Hard-Fought Battle better than anything else. I have been making bouquets for mamma in sand. Prudy, sometimes my little brothers say and do things as funny as Tommy Bancroft. The first time Jimmie saw a heart-ease, he said it 'was holding back its ears as if it was trying to talk to him.' I was glad to see Mr. Sewell's picture. I wish you would put yours in the July number. I have been sick, so it took me a long time to write this. I will try to get up a club. I want to get 'From Shore to Shore.' Please see that there is no hole in your pocket when you put my letter in."

Poir Haven. "Dear Prudy: I have the dearest little sister, who is continually surprising us with her beautiful sayings. She always speaks so gravely, with a quaint air of womanliness that is perfectly charming. Last week I had her with me riding, and she was so pleased with the scenery, and looked out for a good while in silence, but at last turned to me and said, 'Sister, isn't God good to make the trees and sky and flowers and everything so pretty? And most always there's a little bird a singing.' I thought that if we all would notice the 'little bird singing,' hearts would be lighter and smiles brighter, in this weary world."

Private Queer's



THE CARPENTER'S PUZZLE

In the June number seemed to me a good one, and bothered me for one night, but before I got up in the morning all was as easy as it was to Columbus's friends, when he showed them how to balance an egg on end. How many of your little readers know how to do that? The puzzle is this: "A ship had a hole one foot square in her bottom; the carpenter had but one board to fill it; the board was sixteen inches long and nine inches wide; he cut it in two pieces and fitted the hole; how did he do it?" There are 144 square inches in a square foot and just that many inches in the board; but the board is four inches too long and three inches too narrow. Cut the board like a pair of stairs, beginning four inches from the top, and cutting in three inches, then down four inches, then in three inches, and down four, then out three inches. Then your lower stair will fit in the second niche, the second stair in the first niche, and the first stair will lap on to the top, making, theoretically, just a foot square, but practically, I think there would be a loss from the sawing. In paper, take a piece of the mentioned width, fold it in four equal parts the long way, and in three equal parts the short way, then niche as above, and you will have it.

Let me give you a rule, which I deduce from the solution of the carpenter's puzzle, which I sent you yesterday, and which I think will work in any measurement in square measure, provided the length of your material, multiplied by the breadth, will give the requisite number of square inches. The number of feet or inches in excess of the required length will give the length of each stair; the number of feet or inches lacking in width will show the width of each stair; thus, 6×18 gives each stair six inches long by six wide, and the board is cut in the middle. $8 \times 18, 6$ is the excess and length of each stair, and 4 the deficiency, showing the requisite width. 9×18 gives 4 for the excess and 3 for the deficiency. This rule might work in cutting paper to fit a place. Fold any piece lengthwise in half, and widthwise in three folds, and cut stairs, and you will have an oblong in the proportion of being increased half the length for one-third the breadth. Or, the folds may be varied, but always divide your width in equal proportions to the width desired, and the length the same. If your piece contains the requisite number of square feet or inches, the rule will give any proportion desired.

Prudy said she did not know how it was done, and if by this time none of you do, you will, I am sure, be much obliged to your friend.

ANTOINETTE P. McLEAN.

THE MAGPIE AND THE TOAD.

Very curious things are related sometimes of the doings of birds and animals, which exhibit considerable mind and sense. The following was sent us, and is considered queer enough to print in this department. A magpie was observed at work in a garden, picking up pebbles and dropping them into a hole made to receive a post. Every time it dropped a pebble in, it cried *cur-rack*. Upon examining the spot afterward it was found that there was a toad in the hole, which the bird was pelting for its amusement. The bird had probably seen some boys doing the same thing, and learned it from them.

No. 1.—CHARADE.

My first, at the first and last stage of its existence, is helpless. My second is what we must all do. My third is a common expression of a certain class of people. My whole is a root found in South America, which yields a kind of starch, from which is obtained a deadly poison and an article of food.

C. N.

No. 2.—CHARADE.

My first is bright green; pale green, second is found; Yet my whole is as brown as a nut, or the ground. My whole through my first does my second so fleet. When bright summer noontide is glowing with heat. The miller my second and third feeds with corn, Yet my whole plagues the farmer, devouring his lawn.

M. B. C. S.

No. 3.—CHARADE.

My first is what the warriors do
With my second to the foe.
My whole is the greatest poet you
Or I shall ever know;
For there's never a thought you think is new
But you'll find he "told you so."

M. B. C. S.

No. 4.—CHARADE.

I am composed of four syllables. My first and second form the name of a king spoken of in the New Testament. My third and fourth are pronouns. My whole is the name of a Greek historian.

M. S.

No. 5.—FRENCH PUZZLE.

Je suis le capitaine de vingt cinq soldats, mais a moi. Paris serait pris.

M. S.

No. 6.—DECAPITATION.

Whole I am used in war. Beheaded I am a delicious fruit. Beheaded again, I am a part of the head. Cut off my first and last and I am a vegetable.

J. W. Hines.

No. 7.—QUEER QUERIES.

1. What is that which grows in a tree, and has veins and pores, but no blood; which breathes, though it has no lungs; and which may be a skeleton, though it has no bones?

2. What is that which has got a seam that was never sewed by a needle; a shaft that was never turned; a bed that is never slept in; and a spirit that can never be drunk?

No. 8.—ENIGMA.

Found long ago, yet made to-day,
Employed whilst others sleep;
What few would wish to give away,
And none would wish to keep.

No. 9.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 2, 3, 13 is a quadruped.
My 1, 4, 5, 6 is what a canary does.
My 7, 8, 12, 13 belongs to the horse.
My 10, 11, 5, 6, 13 is something belonging to a door.
My 9, 8, 1, 10 is something very convenient.
My whole is what ought to be found in every home.

No. 10.—ANAGRAMS.

- No. 1. Ten mad men.
- No. 2. No more stars.
- No. 3. Nice Ham.
- No. 4. A nice cold pye.
- No. 5. Golden land.
- No. 6. Fat reward.
- No. 7. Invest in ore.

Men who own some of our cities.

- No. 8. K. Y. Rowen.
- No. 9. W. E. Kamil.
- No. 10. O. T. Dolc.
- No. 11. R. P. Fieldings.
- No. 12. T. S. Boon.
- No. 13. G. Nilsan.
- No. 14. K. Roy.
- No. 15. O. T. Hamlin.
- No. 16. D. O. Nayt.
- No. 17. Col. B. Sumu.
- No. 18. N. Moore.
- No. 19. Philip A. Hade.

No. 11.—ENIGMA.

I walked out especially to get a certain thing.
I was glad when I obtained it, yet no sooner did
I get it than I found it impossible to endure it,
and so I walked home quickly to get rid of it.

No. 12.—ENIGMA.

What is that which we often knit, and always
without needles; we cannot knit them singly.
we must knit two at once; we only knit them to
be undone, and yet we neither cut nor ravel them.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, JUNE NO.

No. 18.—Charade.—Garb-age. No. 19.—Charade.—Bone set.

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY NO. 20.

(SEE JUNE NUMBER.)

WHAT COMES OF BEING CARELESS.—Somebody was careless. Somebody went out to the well to draw water, and left the cover off. Perhaps the same thing had been done before; but if it had, no one had been hurt by it. But this time some one was hurt. Willie and Susie were out in the meadow playing. A beautiful, bright butterfly came flitting along, stopping here and there to sip honey from the flowers. Willie wanted to catch the beautiful thing, and so he started off, hat in hand, and Susie after him. You know a butterfly doesn't follow the straight path, but goes criss cross, all over the meadows, anywhere he likes. Willie didn't look down at his feet, to see where they were going, until suddenly he felt himself falling, down, down into the cold, dark well. Susie ran screaming to the house; and her mother went out quickly, and called the man who was at work in the garden. The man got down into the well, and poor Willie was pulled out. But he looked, as the man said, "like a drowned rat." Then everybody said, "Who left the cover off?" Nobody wanted to own it, because it came so near costing poor Willie his life.

W. O. C.

No. 13.—A PICTURE STORY.—THE LOADED GUN.



The Reading will be given in the next number.

W. O. C.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

JOHN E. MILLER,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

HOW TO REMIT.

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Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us without any loss.

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Where you are sending one dollar and a half or less, you may send greenbacks at our risk; where more than that sum is sent, either of above ways will be safe.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

THE NEW VOLUME.

This number begins Volume Thirteen, and there are many whose subscriptions expired with the last number, who, we trust, will lose no time in renewing for another year. Now is also a good time to raise a club. Send a club if you can, but at any rate send your own name with the money. We don't want to lose a single one of our subscribers, for we think you cannot afford to be without THE CORPORAL. If possible, we hope to make the Magazine better and more attractive than ever.

THE MAP PRIZE.

We have received a large number of map drawings of the State of Illinois, in competition for the prize offered in the May number. We are pleased to have such a good response to our offer. We expect to have other work for the boys and girls, of which we shall speak in another number. The award for the Map Prize will be announced in the August number.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS.—We are always glad to send copies of THE CORPORAL to any who may wish to see it. If you know of anyone who you think ought and would like to take the magazine, please send us the names, and a sample copy will be mailed free of charge.

BIND THE CORPORALS.

Every subscriber ought to preserve the numbers of THE CORPORAL, and have them bound in a neat volume, at the end of the year. Many of you do so, but there are others who live so far away from places where such work is done, that the expense of sending to the cities and towns is often more than the cost of the binding, making altogether a very dear book when it is all done. Now, in order to meet the wants of such that do not live near where the binding can be done, I have had a lot of the *Emerson Binder* manufactured of special size for THE CORPORAL. This Binder is the best I have ever seen. It consists of stiff, board sides, with cloth back and gilt title, like an ordinary book cover or lids. It is so arranged that one number can be inserted and firmly fastened, and others added from time to time, until the year is complete. It is so simple, and so easily done, that any child can do it.

The price of the binder is sixty cents each, to be had at this office, or sent free by mail, upon receipt of the price. Send for it, and try it, and I am sure you will love your magazine all the better for being kept together in a neat form.

SOMETHING VALUABLE

For Churches and Sunday Schools.

A System of Schedules and Checks to carry out a simple and efficient plan, by which the revenue of any church or Sunday school may be largely increased without being burdensome to those interested. The books, checks, etc., necessary for working the plan cost \$10, and will be worth hundreds of dollars to those using them.

Any person interested, who will write us, enclosing stamp, will receive a circular describing the plan. It is the same plan furnished by the Evangelical Press Association, of which Gov. Claflin of Massachusetts is President, and Bishop James, Senator Wilson, Gen. Howard, Senator Buckingham, H. Thane Miller, Senator Harlan, and John V. Farwell, are among the Vice Presidents, and I am General Agent.

JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher,
LITTLE CORPORAL OFFICE, CHICAGO, ILL.

SOMETHING NEW.

EVANGELICAL DIAMONDS.

We are General Western Agents for the beautiful little Diamonds, issued by the Evangelical Press Association. These Diamonds are really little, condensed tracts, the size of, and made like, postage stamps, gummed on the back, and separated by perforation, so that they can be easily detached and used just as you would use postage stamps. They may be stuck on letters, or anywhere else you may choose to place them. They may be used for counsel, reproof, or warning, and properly used, may be made the means of doing great good. The matter of these Diamonds is printed in fine type, and the subjects are various. Some treat of the Christian Sabbath, others are on the subjects of temperance, swearing, reading of good books, purity of life, prayer, etc. These little diamonds should be in the hands of all people who desire to do good. They may be so used as often to be more effectual than tracts, sermons, or lectures.

These Diamonds are put up in convenient, as-

sorted packages, one hundred in an envelope, and sold at ten cents per packet. Discounts on large quantities. We can send them by mail, on receipt of price. Address JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE JUNE NUMBER FREE.—All new subscribers to begin with the new volume (July) will receive the June number free. This will help you raise a club. See the premium list in last number, and begin the work now. Terms \$1.50 a year; 75 cents for 6 months. Two names, at 75 cents each, count as one on list for premium.

THE CORPORAL IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

We are sending **THE CORPORAL** to a number of Sunday Schools at reduced rates, when taken in large quantities. Though not strictly a Sunday School magazine, yet **THE CORPORAL**'s mission is, as its beautiful motto indicates, to fight against Wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, and thus furnishes reading matter eminently suitable for the Sunday School scholar or teacher. For terms to Sunday Schools address the publisher.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Any books noticed or advertised in **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, will be sent by us, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

From Robert Carter & Brothers, N. Y., through W. G. Holmes, Chicago, we have **THE BABE AT THE WEDDING, AND OTHER NARRATIVES**. By Rev. P. B. POWERS, M.A. A series of seven Story Sermons, pithy and suggestive, good reading for young or old. **THE BAG OF BLESSINGS**. By the same author. A collection of spicy, little sketches, with taking titles and admirable morals. "The Two Co-ops" is especially good. **WHAT SHAWNY DID TO THE LIGHTHOUSE**. By S. J. PRICHARD. A sprightly little story for little folks, entertaining, and, in an innocent way, thrilling. **BELLE POWERS' LOCKET**, by the author of the "Bessie Books," and **DAISY MAYNARD'S FOUR PROMISES**, anonymous, depict the every-day home and school life of girls eight or ten years old; and though, from the nature of the case, there must be much story upon little capital, they will interest and profit the class for whom they are intended.

From I. P. Warren, Boston, through H. A. Sumner, we have **THE HAND OF THE DILIGENT**. Reprinted from the English edition. The diligent hand, in this instance, is that of a lad who runs away to escape being drafted into the English army, but who seems to be a pretty good boy and turns out well. **JOANNA; OR, LEARNING TO FOLLOW JESUS**. By MARION HAVEN. The story of an emigrant boy and girl, in whose character and history the reader will find much to admire and imitate. Price \$1.25. **MARGARET'S OLD HOME**. By the author of "The New Commandment," etc. The book shows what can be done, by quiet Christian effort and example, to reclaim the most unpromising characters. Price \$1.50. **VIOLET AND DAISY; OR, THE PICTURE WITH TWO SIDES**. By the author of "Rosa Lindsay," etc. A pleasant combination of stories within a story, whose style is rather stilted, and whose characters are all faultless. Price \$1.15.

From the National Temperance Society, we have **JUG-OR-NOT**, by Mrs. J. M. VAN WRIGHT, who well presents the physiological and heredi-

tary effects of intemperance. **HOW COULD HE ESCAPE?** Another good temperance tale by the same author, exhibiting the peril involved in moderate drinking. The story, which claims to be strictly true, relates how a young man of splendid genius and culture was made a maniac, a criminal, and a suicide, by occasional and exceptional indulgence in the use of ardent spirits. Price \$1.25. **REV. DR. WILLOUGHBY AND HIS WINE**. By MARY SPRING WALKER, author of "The Family Doctor," etc. A well-written story, sad and tragical enough to be true, and showing that wine is no better for ministers than for other people. Price \$1.50.

From Henry A. Young, Boston, we have **EARL WHITING**. By the author of "The Little Peanut Merchant." The history of a nameless boy, who, by aiming at nothing short of doing his whole duty to God and man, rose from the almshouse to the judge's bench. Price \$1.25.

LITTLE MEN, by L. M. ALCOTT, from Roberts Bros., Boston; S. C. Griggs, Chicago. Price \$1.50. Nothing could have been more natural than that Little Men should follow those charming Little Women. We have read these books with great interest, and it would be difficult to say which has delighted us the most.

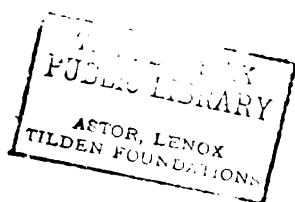
BATTLES AT HOME, by MARY C. DARLING, from H. B. Fuller, Boston; S. C. Griggs, Chicago. Price \$1.50. This story was first printed as a serial in *Merry's Museum*, selected by Miss Alcott, when she was editor of that popular juvenile magazine. It is a good story, full of life and interest to both boys and girls.

THE LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS, published by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York, offers great advantages to those advertisers who wish to attract custom from the rural population among which the papers circulate. They are furnished free to any address on receipt of stamp.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the full page advertisement of S. Brannard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio. We cannot recommend their excellent publication too highly, and feel safe in saying that for promptness in filling orders, and careful attention to the wants of "the Musical World," they are not excelled by any music house in this country. We have several of their excellent publications on our table, which we will notice in our next issue.

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THE LITTLE STORY LOVER

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG ; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XIII.—AUGUST, 1871.—NO. 2.

MY BOYS.

BY MRS. E. D. KENDALL.



HAVE a large family of them. You would never guess how many.

"Six," do you say?

More than that.

"A dozen?"

Aye, a score; four score. That is, they were my boys once; and having been mine once, they will remain mine always. For I have a right of ownership in them which I could not waive if I would, and—let me search my heart for one moment—yes, I may say it, which I would not if I could.

Can you imagine how I came by that right? They were all my pupils, at different times, and I directly influenced every one of them. More; by means of that influence, exerted so many years ago, I influence them still, and shall to the end of time. So you see we are parts of each other; I their keeper, they mine.

And, apart from this mysterious kinship, to me more sacred than even blood relationship, since it takes hold of the immortal part of their natures and mine, and involves, as I must believe, eternal issues, they are mine because I loved them, and love them still.

I wonder if they ever dreamed it? if they ever thought of me as separate from my office? a flesh-and-blood, earnest, friendly, warm-hearted, sympathizing woman; one who was heartily interested in their successes; who sorrowed over their failures, when they had striven to do well; who grieved to punish the wrong, and pitied the wrong doer, while he justly suffered; who rejoiced over a noble act, done in the name of duty, when temptations to be derelict and dishonorable were most alluring; who longed for, and in secret prayed for, the misguided

ones so easily led astray, beseeching the dear All-Father, who is omnipotent as well as tender, through sleepless nights, and with tears, often, to hold them back from ruin, and keep them truthful, pure hearted, and steadfast to the right, in the midst of the evil which was in the world. I wonder if they ever did; and yet I fear that most of them saw in me only Miss D., Master's Assistant, hired to teach them grammar, geography, history, arithmetic, etc., at a salary of four hundred and fifty dollars per annum, and expected to spy out and report upon any breach of discipline which might occur during the occasional absence of the master from the schoolroom.

O, boys, did you think of me so meanly? If you could only know how I have longed to read the judgment of your maturer years, when memory has recalled to you that past in which your futures were conceived! You are men, now. Mentally I call the roll of your names. Here you sit, in the dear old schoolroom, and twelve years ago seems only yesterday. Some of you fell upon the battle fields of the rebellion; some of you are lost to me in the din and bustle of active life; some are far away upon the prairies; and one or two—must I tell the sad story of your wrecked lives? Not now. We are back again in our old places; you in the sunny seats before me—was it not a pleasant schoolroom?—with your bright, boyish faces, and I in my cushioned chair behind the little desk, which held, and, for aught I know, still holds, the records of those days' doings, and the figures you reported at the close of each session, exponents of character and scholarship. Do you remember the tiny dots and ciphers, dashes and crosses, which stood to represent your various peccadilloes?

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by John E. Miller, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

There they yet remain, along with their interpretation, upon the right-hand margin of the double pages, in that book you knew so well, labeled on the cover, "Recitations and Deportment." And there are your names, every one of them. How many curious strangers, think you, have turned the leaves, and unerringly read from them your status as schoolboys, and predicted, with almost absolute certainty, your status as men, among men?

"Stand Ormond. Was that act gentlemanly?"

Ormond blushes. "No, ma'am," he replies.

"Civility and courtesy, my boy, cost nothing, and should be spontaneous. One may be a gentleman, without being in the least degree servile; and a true gentleman can never be a bad man. Remember that, will you?" Does he remember it?

Opposite sits little Carleton, our plodder. Poor fellow! he has neither father nor mother, and he knows that his path through life will be a rugged one. But see, he is not afraid of difficulties. He has set his will like a flint to overcome them. Watch him for a moment; he is cognizant of nothing but the problems he is working out; how he knits his brows and bites his pencil; then lays it down, and studies awhile, anxious to master not only the words of his rule, but their application to this particular example. How his face lights up! he has it now, and there is the solution plainly figured out upon his slate. Carleton never has any marks for inattention.

Twelve years ago? That boy is a naval constructor, now, in government employ.

In the fourth row, seat five, sits Foster. Handsome, open forehead, light, curly hair, and roguish, blue eyes. Immediately in front of him is Martin, our model of decorum. The boys call Martin "Backbone," he is so very straight, and so seldom deviates from an erect position. He has black eyes, firm, square chin, and long, wiry, black hair. Don't tease him, for he has a little of the Indian in his disposition, as well as in his looks. He is quiet, clear headed, studious, and attentive; always has his lessons, and gives his answers in a few well-chosen words, grammatically, and with an odd precision almost old fashioned.

This morning Martin has forgotten to be an automaton; he is certainly uneasy, and finds it necessary to smooth his hair oftener than is his wont. One lock in particular seems to trouble him sorely. He bites his lip, scowls darkly, and bends forward, a thing

unprecedented; but his eyes are still upon his book. What can there be so puzzling in the history of Plymouth Colony? Again he sits erect, but the lock of hair troubles him yet. Let us explore; perhaps we can find the source of Martin's uneasiness in the seat behind him. I am suspicious of the rogue Foster, studious as he appears to be, and leaning over his open book.

I walk carefully up the outside aisle; I seem to see no other boys than those in the first two rows. Nevertheless, I am looking out of the corner of my eye at Foster, whose right arm encircles his history, and whose fingers reach to the very front of his desk, against which Martin almost leans, in his perpendicular position.

I ask Saunders, in the third row, not to move his lips while studying. I direct Walters, in the first, to pick up a scrap of paper near his seat, and put it in the waste basket; but I am watching Foster all the time. Ah! I understand the game.

Well, Foster, that happened twelve years ago, and if it will give you any satisfaction now to know it, I enjoyed the joke of the thing quite as much as you did, notwithstanding the check I gave you. How well I recall the look with which you met my demand,

"I'll take that woodpecker's beak, if you please, Foster. You have tweaked Martin's hair sufficiently, this forenoon."

You gave it up without a word, conscious that you had been "found out," and knowing that your cheeks were deserved. I always liked you, Foster, in spite of your infractions of order, and the trouble you gave me when the master was absent. But ah! how much precious time you wasted, my boy. How many golden opportunities for culture and mental improvement you lost then, and lost forever. I don't doubt you have thought of it many times since, with sincere sorrow. Have you ever recalled a little conversation you once had with Andrews, as you were leaving the school yard? I overheard a part of it.

"Jem," said Andrews, "I wish I could commit to memory as easily as you. I've been trying to get to the head for the last four months, and have studied for it harder, I'll warrant, than any other boy in the class. And here you, who can get your lessons by just looking at them, don't care anything about being number one, and keep down, because you'd just as lief be at the foot as at the head. I don't see why I couldn't have been born with your memory, and you with mine. It wouldn't have made any difference

with you, but it would have made all in the world with me, for, you see, I want to get on in life; and," he added, "I'm bound to, yet."

"It is too bad, Walt, that's a fact," you replied; "for I don't care a fig about place and number. I think one end of a string is just as good as the other."

I heard, the other day, that Andrews had been offered a handsome retaining fee in a celebrated law case, and that he is considered one of the ablest lawyers in Massachusetts. He has "got on," probably, in the sense he meant; and you are still a clerk in Martin's grocery store. Honest, they tell me, always pleasant, and popular with Martin's customers, more so than he is himself. But answer me, now, what do you think about the two ends of that string, to-day?"

"Lower the curtain a little, Findlay. The sunlight is too bright."

Poor Findlay, my Scotch lad! modest, good tempered, but not ambitious. And Davidson, the jolly-faced, loud-voiced, rough-spoken, hearty care-for-naught. Not much alike, but firm friends for all that. They rest side by side at Chantilly—and the curtain is drawn.

Dapper, little Symmes, too. How neat he always looked; clean collar, well-brushed hair, and shiny boots. No dog's ears in his books; no smouches upon his drawings; his penmanship clear and elegant. A proud boy, but a good scholar; deportment—well, that was twelve years ago, and he fell at Knoxville, fighting bravely. Let nobody open the school record books; but the dead past, let it "bury its dead."

Stand in your place, Abbott, the manly! Ah! what glorious possibilities were before you. How we trusted you. In your gray eyes was no falsehood. You scorned meanness. You believed in "Success." I have the composition you wrote upon that theme, and shall always keep it; but it was the success which comes of fearlessly holding to the right. Thank God, you lived up to your belief, in school and out of school, and honored the religion you professed. Ah! the shadows come between us. I see your face but dimly now; your seat is vacant; you have "gone up higher."

Even Kent wept over Abbott's coffin. Would anyone have believed it? Abbott, the boys all loved you; if you could only have known it in life.

Kent! I used to tremble for the lad's future. I did not guess, until Abbott's death, how soft a heart he had. One day, when I had kept him after school, to make

up a deficient recitation, I had a little talk with him. I obeyed an impulse, and I believe now that it was God given. He says—can it be so?—that it made a man of him. It may be; I had prayed for him more than once, and I know that God answers prayer.

And yet, there is Fox; and there are Benton, and Freeman; Morse, and Tewkesbury; and when I think of them, as I do often, my heart aches, and my weak faith wavers.

The sun has set. I hear a sound of retreating feet; they pass me as I sit at my desk. All is silent, now; the schoolroom is empty, and I am alone. Can it be that twelve years have passed, and that my boys were men, long ago?

God bless them, wherever they may be. They will be "my boys" always.

THE BIRTHDAY.

BY E. M. OLMSTEAD.

Five little fairies
Met last night;
Hyacinth, Rosebud,
Tiny Eyebright,
Daisy and Violet,
Dainty and white.

"Whom shall we choose?"

Whom shall we choose?"

They sang in a "merry go round."

"To-morrow, twice three

Dear Ruthie will be,

And a fairy friend must be found.

"Come, sweet Lily Bell,

We have chosen you well,

Come join in our "merry go round."

To-morrow, twice three

Dear Ruthie will be,

And a fairy friend we have found.

"We charge you with this,

Give Ruthie a kiss

For each fairy friend of the past;

And from May time to May,

May every glad day

Be happier still than the last.

"Sweet incense of love,

Her pillow above,

You must bring to our darling each night;

And ring your joy bells,

When the bright morning tells

That her blue eyes look out on the light."

Then the six little fairies

Joined hands in a ring,

And, tripping so lightly,

This measure they sing,

"To-morrow, twice three

Dear Ruthie will be.

Sweet Lily Bell hasten

Our kisses to bring."

GIRLS OF THE FAR NORTH.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

NUMBER FIVE. SARA ALBERTINA MANSDOTTER. MARIA MAGDALENA MATTSDOTTER.

Fine names are common enough up here. Sara Albertina Mansdotter was the daughter of a rich Lapp, who had a herd of a thousand deer. When she was a young girl, she used to take her turn in sitting up at night to guard the animals, this being necessary, for both wolves and bears abound on the mountains, and come down in winter, seeking what they may devour. Wrapped in her warm coat of reindeer skin, she would sit under the glittering stars hour after hour, with her looks fixed on the sleeping herd. Strange things she must have seen, sometimes: perhaps, glaring in the darkness, the eyes of some hungry wolf, at which she screamed and roused the shepherds with their long guns; or perhaps, on other nights, when everything was safe and still, wonderful lights in the north, when the *aurora borealis* had come out to dance, snapping and crackling, and long rays of blue and pink and fiery red shooting up into the sky. She was not afraid, for she was used to these marvels. By a thousand signs, invisible to common eyes, she could find her way amid the naked wastes where her home lay, could measure distances, and tell the time without a watch.

"What should we do with a watch in Lapland?" she said, laughing, in after years. "In our wild life they would always be getting broken. When we have followed the deer for miles, and it is so dark that we cannot see a hand's breadth before our faces, of what use would a watch be? We know that the herd is safe, and that is enough. Then we lie down on the snow to sleep, and thank God that we have it to rest upon!"

By and by Sara grew into a woman and was married. As her father was so rich, she probably had a grand wedding, and wore the prettiest top boots of reindeer leather, red ribbons braided in her hair, a feather pocket by her side, and wonderful embroidery in red threads up and down her blue woolen gown. This feather work is a thing the Lapps pride themselves upon, and some of it is very beautiful.

Dressed thus, she felt, no doubt, as fine as any bride in silks and satins. After a while, a little girl of her own was born, and when the baby was two or three years old, a grand resolution took possession of her mind. That was, to leave her family and go to Stockholm

for two years, to study medicine and the care of the sick. There are no regular doctors in Lapland, and the good Sara knew that if once the necessary knowledge was hers, she could be of the greatest use to her people. So she bravely kissed her child, gave her to her mother to keep, and, with her husband, set out for Stockholm.

It was a long journey, and performed most of the way on foot; but they got there at last. The noise and confusion of the city stunned and frightened her, used as she was to the loneliness and quiet of the mountains. The first day she was so unhappy that she could not keep from tears, and it was only when she left the town and went to a distant wood, where she could be out of sight and alone, that she became comfortable. Poor, little woman!

But she didn't lose heart, and went to work courageously to learn what she needed to know. Her husband was drowned, while crossing a river on his way home, and that made her very sad for a time. Everybody was kind to her, and by and by she grew contented, though she did not cease to long for her beloved Lapland, and the day when she might return to it and to her little girl. She was never awkward and shy with people, but went about in fine parlors, clad in her droll costume with its brass and silver ornaments, as free and unembarrassed as if among her mountain tents.

She always carried, in the pocket of her gown, a funny, round spoon with a short handle, which had been the bridegroom's wedding present.

She must have learned all sorts of other things among the good, Swedish housekeepers, besides nursing, such as cooking and taking care of a family, which would be of use afterward. Miss Bremer was kind to her, as to everyone else. She often had her at her house, and it was there, during the second year of her stay in Stockholm, that she met Maria Magdalena Mattsdotter, a countrywoman of her own, who had come to the city on a somewhat similar errand.

Maria was a young girl, whose family, like that of Sara, belonged to the class of wandering Lapps, or "Dwellers in Tents." Every summer they and their herd moved on the mountains into Norway, to escape the heats, and in the winters they returned to

the neighborhood of the Angerman river, in Sweden, where, as it happened, was a small, native school, the only one in that district.

There Maria learned to speak Swedish well and fluently. She also, under the teachings of the good missionaries, became religious, and longed to have all her friends so, too. As her mind widened, and her little stock of knowledge increased, she began to see how poor and degraded the people were about her, and how much their rights were abused and trampled upon by their neighbors the squatters. To have a good school established still farther north, where little children might be lodged and fed and taught, became her greatest wish. She went about among the squatters and begged so hard that at last enough wood was contributed for a building, but there was no teacher and no money; and she decided to go to Stockholm and "see the king about it."

The simple Lapps have but a faint notion of what a king is. They fancy him some mighty being, to whom all things are possible. It is no wonder, therefore, that Maria should have formed such a resolution. The wonder is that so young a girl should not have shrunk from taking the journey alone; for it was a long and terrible one—*three hundred miles on skates!*

Her family all cried, and begged her not to go, for they thought they should never see her again. But she was firm, and buckling on her skates, set out alone across the snow. They watched the small figure till it was quite out of sight, and then turned back sorrowful and silent to their tents.

How many of our Yankee girls, do you think, would have done such a thing to secure a schoolhouse for the district "out west" into which their father had moved? Not many, I fear.

Day after day the hardy little form sped over the snow with quick and tireless feet; night after night found her sleeping with her deerskin cloak around her, a snowball for a pillow, as soundly and sweetly as if in the softest of feather beds. Her food she bore by her side in a bag. Cold and darkness did not frighten her; and at last, after a week of steady travel, she got to Gefle, the town we passed this morning, and there took passage in the stage for Stockholm.

The newspapers had been full of her exploit. Plenty of people were ready to give her a welcome, and among them, you may be sure, "Tante Fredrika," to whom no chance of showing kindness ever came amiss. It was there that she and Sara Albertina met and made friends. It was droll to watch the

two little figures trotting about the rooms, admiring the new and surprising curiosities they contained. Among these was a glass case full of stuffed hummingbirds, which Maria thought were alive, until undeceived by Sara. But the next time she came, some wicked wag of a gentleman happened to be on hand, who whistled and chirped so exactly like the birds, making the sounds appear to come from the case, that the poor little Lapp woman did not know what to believe.

In her coat of green woolen stuff, dark-blue leggings, and fur boots, with her small, scarlet cap on her head, she had an audience of the king, and told him all her hopes and anxieties. He was very kind, and allowed her to name two teachers for the future school, whom he promised should be regularly paid. He also listened to what she had to say about the squatters. With remarkable liberality of mind, Maria had a favor to ask, also, for those same squatters, the natural enemies of her race. It was that a number of their orphan children should be put into some asylum. She had a list of them in her pocket, and the king promised to see what could be done.

So, full of joy, she set out again on her long, homeward journey, having obtained all she wanted. Her skates she was to pick up at Gefle, where she had been compelled to leave them. Everybody bade her goodbye, with kind wishes and useful gifts; and if, as the copybooks tell us, "Duty performed makes a rainbow in the soul," I think there must have been one of the biggest sort in that dear little Lapp girl's heart, as she turned her face toward the country she had come so far to serve.

But we must not forget that even wishing carpets cannot travel as fast as the telegraph, and that we have to cross the Atlantic before dark. So we will say goodbye to the little, Lappish shepherd. She doesn't understand English, but when Jiminy squeezes his knife with his hand, he knows what *that* means extremely well.

Now we untie our "conveyance," and all get aboard. Hey! presto! we are up and away, flying sails under our feet, the smoke of great steamships and huge icebergs cruising about, and here we are, drawing near to the dear, old Massachusetts coast, and Willy is asking to be set down at Charlestown. Goodbye, Agnes; goodbye, Jack. I declare, it makes me quite sad to part from you; and if

"Ever again you ride abroad,
May I be there to see."

FROM THE TOWER.

BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

On the top of my house there's a tower, and the sides are all of glass;
 And from it I watch the gathering shower, and the storm clouds, as they pass.
 For northward it looks over river and town, and village, for many a mile;
 And southward, the white-capped bay, far down to the lighthouse of Prudence Isle.
 On the far horizon a purple cloud and a deep-blue bank are seen;
 Then I know that the tempest is bursting loud o'er the steeples of Taunton Green.
 Next the sky broods darkly o'er Somerset, and the river below Broad Cove,
 Though the sun is sweetly shining, yet, on the May flowers in Ashley's Grove.
 And above Mount Hope is a line of gold, and a band of saffron brown,
 That narrows away, as, fold on fold, the curtain of black droops down.
 Now the mist sweeps up over Hospital Hill, and the first thing that I know,
 The arrows of rain, on my window pane, come clattering blow on blow.
 The budding orchards and tender grass, and cherry trees, snowy white,
 Through the leadened hue of the window glass, are hidden at once from sight.
 The Weetamoe Village, the creek and stream, and the cedared hills are there,
 But I scarce can catch a single gleam of their beauty, anywhere.
 Then I turn my eyes to the southern scene, and fair and plain below,
 Are the Durfee meadows, broad and green, where the dandelions grow.
 And over the foam of the angry bay, and the distant islands past,
 Through the far West Passage I see the way out into the ocean vast.
 And how glad I am, though loud and wide the rain and the storm winds lower,
 They never can darken every side of the windows of my tower.
 There is something like this, I find it so, in the house where our spirits dwell;
 There are tempests of trouble that gush as though they were storming our citadel;
 But I know that the Lord, for His mercy's sake, whatever shall us betide,
 Takes care that the sorrows that over us break come not upon every side.
 And I am so glad that we can be sure He always will have it so;
 It is so much easier to endure, when we know that the gales must blow.
 For if o'er the billows I saw no way out into a calmer sea,
 I'm afraid I should sink in the troubled bay, and the waves would go over me;
 And when the storm seems never to cease, and I cannot the gloom see through.
 If I could not look off to the fields of peace, I know not what I should do.

TO A TOAD.

BY ELLEN PORTER CHAMPION.

How grand, O, Toad, to dwell alone
 In pillared court of mossy stone,
 A roomy castle all your own.
 Rich drapings deck your drawing room,
 Web lace from Madam Spider's loom;
 And rare vines o'er your windows bloom.
 You're fond of art; your palace hall
 Is graced by sketches, large and small,
 In water colors on the wall.
 And mushrooms, quaint, adorn your park,
 Like pigmy statues, ghostly, stark,
 Coming and going in the dark.
 You're proud; you boast a family tree,
 Though not a *spotless* pedigree.
 You're famed in poet history.
 Macbeth's witches, cold and cruel,
 Slew your ancient sire for gruel,
 Heedless of the precious jewel.
 Shocked at such sin, your life is spent
 Dreaming in dull bewilderment.
 In chronic dumps and discontent.
 Your life of some strange secret smacks.
 Say, have you tried to dodge your tax?
 Come now, confess, we want the facts.

For though you love a lively hop,
 At ball or rout you eeldom stop.
 In neighbor's house you never drop.
 Perchance you've erred, with foolish freak,
 And now you're sitting, so to speak,
 On toad-stool of repentance, meek.
 Your classic head shows many a bump.
 But when you sit on stake or stump,
 Pray who can tell how far you'll jump?
 You see the joke! Your solemn eyes
 Are full of speculation wise,
 Winking in a mild surprise.
 You're such a cheat; a subtle sinner!
 You're only planning for a dinner
 Of nice green bug, and how you'll win her.
 Then, when you've dined, you'll nap alone,
 While flies, grown brave, hum happy drone,
 And crickets chirp with merry tone.
 For lesser vermin are your spoil;
 You live, a monarch of the soil.
 By cunning art and treacherous toil.
 And summer evenings, calm and quiet.
 When beetles, black, are running riot,
 Like Luther, you're at worms for diet.

SUMMER DAYS AT KIRKWOOD.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER II.

For a few days Mrs. Harrington kept a close watch over Jubilee, and the dusky little nurse realized that she had found a mistress whose eyes were on all her comings and goings. As Dr. Gray had predicted, she submitted without reserve to the new authority, and dropped her lawless ways to a degree that astonished Hannah.

"It beats me what's come over that Jube," she declared to Polly; "sometimes I think one way, and then ag'in I don't know, but Mrs. Harrington always did have the wonderfulest way of tamin' critters, ever sence she was a slip of a girl."

As for Jube herself, she treated Hannah with a lofty contempt that was amusing to the rest of the family, but dreadfully provoking to the poor housekeeper, whose blood fairly boiled when Jube talked to her about "yer mistis."

But Jube was faithful to the children—there was no doubt about that—and after the first week, Mrs. Harrington relaxed her vigilance, and Jube spent the long summer days in the woods and by the side of the lake, with baby and Joey, whom she entertained and amused with never-wearying patience. Often the twins shared these rambles, flitting about like birds on their tireless feet; and sometimes Ruthie, in her "good days," was taken out to the woods, where she lay upon a thick rug, and watched with quiet delight the busy little creatures that seemed scarcely to heed her presence as they went on with their work and their play. Squirrels ran up and down the gray trunks, and chattered and scolded almost within reach of the thin, white hand that lay so still under the pale cheek. Beautiful wood birds hopped fearlessly near, and looked at her with round, wondering eyes; great, blue dragon flies darted about; and shining beetles ran over the leaves and hid in the tufts of velvety moss.

Much suffering had done for Ruthie what it often does for gentle natures, making her so deeply grateful for her rare days of freedom from pain, that she seemed to live in one perpetual thanksgiving, and find an enjoyment in the pleasant things of the world which was almost beyond the understanding of those to whose hearty life nothing was denied. She was a wonder and a blessing to Jubilee, who was never tired of listening

while Ruthie read the chapters she loved best from her dear, little, red-covered Bible. Her vivid imagination caught quickly at the picture of the beautiful city, the New Jerusalem, which was so real to Ruthie that her eyes almost seemed to have looked upon its jasper and pearl; but, it must be confessed, the more practical parts of the book made less impression on her mind.

Jube had her faults, which were certainly pretty deeply seated, and Hannah had been known to declare her belief that "if Jube was ground through a grist mill, you couldn't break her of sneakin' sugar out of the bowl." Yet when in the generosity of her heart she offered Ruthie a share of the stolen sweets, that little missionary read the poor heathen so stern, so terrifying, yet so imploring a lecture, that you might have trusted her from that day with uncounted lumps of sugar, and never found your faith abused.

The new boat was a source of unfailing delight. Day after day it bore its load of happy voyagers, to troll for fish about the little bays, or gather water lilies in the grassy shallows. The doctor went on his daily rounds, as usual, for people were sometimes sick, even at Kirkwood; but Tom was making the most of his college vacation, and under his leadership some new excursion was planned and carried out for almost every day. Tom had his own special boat, a swift, little craft that could skim like a bird over the water, and it was considered a great honor by the twins and Benny to be invited to a seat in it, while Tom sent it shooting along with his strong and steady strokes. This boat was called the Swallow, and when the wind was fair, she would often hoist her sail and take her larger mate in tow, carrying the whole party easily along, to the great satisfaction of Dick, who did not fancy rowing half so well as sailing.

"I think we might have a sail to the new boat, Uncle Tom," he declared, almost every day. "I know I can sail a boat; it's nothing at all but just to hold on to a rope."

So after a good deal of teasing, Tom decided to give Dick a few lessons; and they went out with the Swallow and sailed about the lake, until Dick fancied he knew the whole art of managing a sail boat, much better, in fact, than his uncle.

"I tell you," he boasted to Benny, "we had a pretty stiff run that last time, but I

held her close to the wind, and we just came down a spinning. I wasn't a bit scared, but Uncle Tom thought we were going to capsize two or three times. I don't call him much of a sailor."

Benny listened with wonder and admiration, but he was a contented little soul, and having once been told he could not manage a sail, was perfectly satisfied to paddle about the little cove, or help Dick with one oar on their longer excursions.

One evening, when there was a fresh breeze blowing, it happened that Tom had gone out with the large boat to bring some tent poles across the lake, and did not get home until sunset. Dick was impatient at losing so fine a chance for a sail, and he went down to the landing at least a dozen times, until at last he saw the boat in the distance.

"I mean to put up the sail and go out to meet Uncle Tom, with the Swallow," he declared to Benny. "He must be awful tired, rowing so far, and I could tow him in as easy as nothing, just by tacking a little."

"Course you couldn't," said Benny; "if the wind blows you up there, it can't blow you back again."

"Ho! that's all you know about sailing," said Dick. "Now if I was to keep close to the wind"—

"I don't see how you can help keepin' close to it," said Benny; "It blows smack against you all the time."

"That's a *nortical* term," said Dick, loftily. "You don't understand nortical terms, and so I can't explain to you how you can sail two ways with the same wind; but I'm going to show you, if you look."

"I wouldn't go, I guess, Dick," said Benny. "Uncle Tom told you never to go out alone with the sail."

"O, he said that before I knew how to manage it. I know as much about sailing now as he does," said Dick, confidently, as he unfurled the sail and let the little boat feel the wind.

"You'd better not say anything to mother until I get back," was his parting injunction to Benny, "women are always so fidgety about sail boats."

Away went the Swallow on her one white wing, leaning a little to the water and laying her course pretty straight for the row boat that was rising and falling in the distance, as the tired oarsman rode slowly homeward.

Of course, as his back was toward the shore, Tom saw nothing of Dick's movements, until he was startled from his day dream by a faint shout of "Boat ahoy!" Looking quickly around he saw the Swallow

coming swiftly down upon him, only a little to the right, while Dick sat fearless and triumphant, holding the rope in one hand and the rudder in the other. The sail tugged hard, and Dick had wound the rope around his arm, that it might not pull away from him.

"Take care, Dick," called Tom, eagerly, as he saw the boat changing her course, "your sail is going to jibe."

"Well," shouted Dick, coolly, "that's just what I want it to do."

There was no time for explanations. The words were hardly out of Dick's mouth before the sail came around with a tremendous sweep, knocking Dick out of the way like a feather, and jerking him overboard as the mast snapped from its fastening, and the sail floated off, leaving the Swallow to right herself, though half filled with water.

Dick had done a dangerous thing in winding the rope about his arm, but it served him a good turn after all; for, after the first strangling plunge, he managed to cling to the mast until Tom, with a few swift strokes, came alongside and picked him up, thoroughly drenched, but a good deal more mortified than frightened. The water was not cold, and after gathering up the wreck of the Swallow and taking it in tow, Tom made Dick work an oar until they reached home, and the vigorous exercise kept him from any chill, for it was no play to keep time with Tom's strokes.

Benny had gone to the house, so there was no one to witness the arrival of the mortified navigator, who had gone out in such high spirits to tow home his uncle in the large boat. He helped Tom to fasten the boats, and shouldered one end of the tent poles, as they started on their march up the hill from the landing.

"Now, Dick," said his uncle, as they left their load at the barn, "you and I have a secret, which I can keep if you can. I don't see as it would do any good to tell your mother you have been in the lake, and it would spoil all her summer's visit, by making her uneasy whenever you were on the water. So I advise you to run up the back way to our room, rub yourself thoroughly with the hair mittens, and put on dry clothes."

Dick gave his uncle a grateful look, and darted around the corner just as Benny came running to the barn.

"Where's Dick? Did he tow you home?" he asked.

"Gone to change his stockings," said Tom, not minding the second question.

"Ho! did the Swallow ship water?" said Benny. "I knew Dick would get wet all over. Jim Dacres said his boat leaned so the oar lock just cut through the water."

Tom detained Benny until Dick had had a reasonable time for his toilet operations, and then they all went to supper with keen appetites and such overflowing spirits that nobody asked any questions about the cruise of the Swallow.

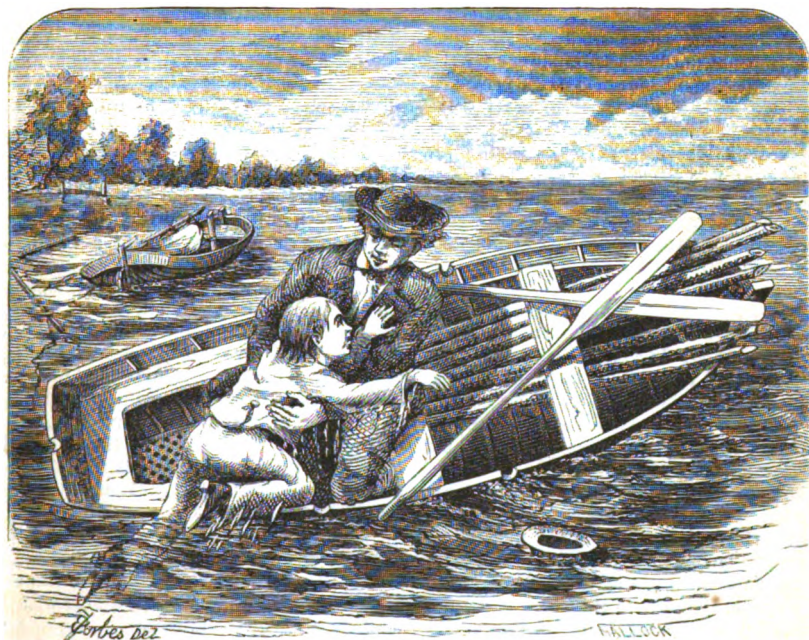
"To-morrow, if it is not too rough, we are all going to Crane Island," said Tom, in his quiet way, which usually decided all points of question.

last year, and I want to visit it before the young birds leave the nests."

"They are nearly grown," said the doctor; "and you will have a fine day to-morrow, I think. I only wish I could go with you, but old Mrs. Dacres is sure to get a 'spell,' if I do."

"I'll see what Hannah says about the lunch baskets," said Tom, going out to the kitchen.

"There's stuff enough baked up," said Hannah, with a scowl of dissatisfaction on her face; "but there's peas, and beans, and beets, and a sight of nice garden sass, all



"Tom, with a few swift strokes, came alongside and picked him up."

"Are we?" exclaimed the children, with nothing but satisfaction in their voices.

"Are we?" questioned Mrs. Harrington, in a tone that meant "I am not at all sure about that." "How do you mean to get us there? You and the boys can never row that distance."

"And you will never go in a sail boat; that is what you are adding in your heart, I know," said Tom, laughing. But suppose I get Andy to tow us all with his big sail boat, then help us row back."

"That might do," assented Mrs. Harrington, doubtfully. "I missed Crane Island,

spoilin' to be eat up, and you a lunchin' about the woods on cold vittels, instead of eatin' your dinners like Christians; and the beautifulest roast of lamb for to-morrow."

"Couldn't we have the roast lamb in the woods?" queried Tom, meekly.

"That shows how much men folks know about cookin'," answered Hannah. "I'd like to see you and the Doctor eatin' roast lamb without mint sauce and hot plates."

And having relieved her mind by a few sharp words, Hannah straightway set to work and roasted lamb, and baked a panful of cream cakes, before she went to bed, that

everything might be ready for an early start.

The morning proved delightful, and the wind not too strong, so the baskets were packed directly after breakfast, and shawls, waterproofs, and boat cushions carried down to the landing. One thing added greatly to the happiness of the whole party—Ruthie was to go with them, for her health had constantly improved, and Tom had arranged a high back to the seat in the stern of the Swallow, where Ruthie could sit as easily as in her cushioned chair at home.

Andy was a Yorkshireman, and an old sailor, whose odd ways were a source of great amusement to the whole family at Kirkwood. He was on hand with his sail boat, the Mermaid, but not until at least an hour after the time agreed upon, one of Andy's peculiarities being an obstinate habit of never quite keeping a promise; for, as he insisted in his queer Yorkshire dialect, "*a pro-mus was loike poiccrust, made to be broken.*"

The party was soon arranged, all the baskets and luggage going in the sail boat, where Benny also begged leave to ride; Tom with Ruthie in the Swallow; and Dick with his mother and the twins in the Loon. A few strokes with the oars took them away from the landing, and they were soon out where the sail boat could feel the wind. When the sails were put up, the oars taken in, and the Mermaid moved swiftly away on her course, towing the small boats after her, Tom and Dick put out the trolling lines to catch some fish for dinner.

These trolling hooks are like three large fish hooks lashed together so that the barbs project in different directions; the line is very strong, and, besides, the hook has a piece of tin, shaped somewhat like the bowl of a spoon, fastened to the end. No bait is used, but as the line is thrown from the stern, it unwinds and floats away behind the boat, the motion causing the spoon to revolve rapidly, so that it looks very much like a small fish swimming along. At any rate the greedy pickerel and bass seem to think so, for they rush at it with open jaws, and fastening themselves upon the hook, are drawn rapidly into the boat.

Dick's line was hardly unwound from the reel, before a fish was tugging at it, and a great, ravenous-looking pickerel came flouncing along through the water, as Dick drew in steadily, taking care that his line did not slacken, until he landed it with a bounce in the bottom of the boat.

"Ugh!" said Mrs. Harrington, "it looks like an alligator. I feel like saying, as the

Irishman did to his horse when he got his foot in the stirrup: 'Fath, thin, if yer goin' to git up, I'll git down.'"

"Throw it into the Mermaid," said Tom; "she has a fish box."

And Dick gave the slippery monster a toss that sent it clear over the Mermaid into its native element, where it doubtless entertained its friends with an account of its thrilling adventure.

Tom, however, was more fortunate, and caught two fine bass, after which the lines were taken in.

The water of the lake was a pale green, and even where it was twenty feet deep, you could see the bottom, like a lovely garden of strange plants. Long, branching mosses, like green coral; graceful, feathery plants, whose thick plumes were studded with myriads of tiny blossoms; beautiful leaves, floating like little boats upon the surface, anchored by slender threads of crimson to the wonderful depths below; while in and out, among the groves and grottos, the fish chased each other in sport or in warfare. Sometimes the bottom was all a gleam of golden sand, and sometimes they seemed to be sailing over another heaven of cloudy mountains and blue, fathomless sky, so perfectly was the beauty above them reflected below. Ruthie was lost in quiet happiness, the twins dipped their hands in the water and chatted incessantly to each other, Benny talked "sailor" with Andy, and Mrs. Harrington kept a watchful eye on them all, and could not quite forget her distrust of that dreadful sail boat, though it was towing them so peaceably along.

"There's Crane Island," shouted Benny, from the prow of the Mermaid, pointing to a little island almost circular in its outlines, and covered to the very water's edge with a magnificent growth of trees.

Sure enough, the cranes could plainly be seen sailing about over the tree tops, and coming in every direction from their fishing excursions, their long, slender legs stretching out behind them as they flew.

There was one house on the island, a rude cabin, where a hunter lived a sort of hermit life; and as the boats drew near the shore, half a dozen dogs rushed down to welcome them, with a chorus of barks and yelps. The trees grew so close together that not a ray of sunlight found its way between the branches, and in the dense shadow a dank growth of strange wild plants flourished. The light, black soil let the foot sink ankle deep at every step, and as they walked along they heard above their heads strange sounds,

like the growling and snapping of wild beasts.

"Why, the nests are in the tops of the trees!" exclaimed Rose, looking up in astonishment.

"To be sure," said Tom, "where did you suppose they would be?"

"Why, along on the ground, like swan's nests," said Rose; "and I thought the cranes would be standing in rows on one leg, all around the island, like they do in the pictures in my natural history."

"There's a nest," said Benny, pointing to what looked like a handful of loose sticks laid carelessly across some branches at the very top of a tree.

They clapped their hands, and immediately three young birds, which seemed to be standing on the nest, stretched up their long, bare necks, flapped their wings, and barked at the visitors like young puppies, while the mother bird sailed unasily over their heads.

"What ugly creatures," said Lillie, "and what a nest! Why, I should think they would fall through and break their long legs."

They walked around for some time, clapping their hands to startle the young cranes, until the whole island seemed to be in a commotion.

The man who lived there told them that there were probably nearly three hundred cranes living on the island.

"Do you find them pleasant company?" asked Tom.

"Not so bad," said the man; "they mind their own business, and I mind mine, and we get along peaceably together. Visitors used to come here and shoot the old birds, and carry off the young ones, but that's stopped now; nobody is allowed to trouble them."

"What do they catch?" asked Benny, standing by the shore and watching the old birds constantly coming in from all directions.

"Small fish, mostly, and frogs. They're great on frogs, and they'll stand in a shallow, grassy place for an hour, as still and solemn on their long, slender legs, but the minute a frog shows his head, he's gobbled up. They fly a long way, and well they can with such wings—they measure about six feet from tip to tip, I reckon."

The hunter invited them to take their lunch in his cabin, or in the clearing around it; but Mrs. Harrington secretly shared Lillie's feeling of disgust toward the uncanny creatures, and so the boats were reloaded and rowed across to a sandy beach on the shore of the lake. A fire was quickly kindled, the fish

dressed and nicely broiled, a pail of water from the lake cooled with the ice which had made the voyage safely in its woolen blanket, and a dinner that might have tempted the daintiest appetite, made ready upon the cloth under the grand, old trees.

Benny brought leaves of oak and maple, while the busy fingers of the twins wove them into wreaths and baskets and plates for the decoration of the table, the golden brown of the cream cakes and the delicate red of the wild raspberries being finely set off by their emerald dishes, that needed neither to be washed nor packed away.

While the dinner was preparing, Tom brought from the boat a hammock, which he hung between two trees, and here, with her pillow, Ruthie swung and dozed, like a tired little bird in her nest among the branches.

When the dinner was over, they rested, and talked, and sung, and toward evening rowed home in the Loon and Swallow, leaving the Mermaid to shift and tack, and get back slowly as best she might.

The day had been one of unmixed pleasure, but as they neared the landing, Mrs. Harrington began to think a little uneasily of Joey and the baby, left for so long to the care of Jubilee. She little guessed what a commotion had shaken the house and the whole village during her absence.

[To be continued.]

ANOR'S PRAYER.

BY ELLEN PORTER CHAMPION.

Of what is my Anor a dreaming.

As she watches the sunset, to-night?
Through the changing clouds, purple and crimson,

Then golden with glorious light.

She sees the bright hues, gleaming brighter.

Broad flash, ere they flicker and fade.

Till dim, and more dim grows the sunshine,
Deeper and deeper the shade.

She's solving, with blue eyes dilated,

A problem oft pondered before,
As she whispers, "The sun's gone to heaven,
And now they are shutting the door."

"Once I was afraid of the shadows,
When the light faded out from the skies;
Now I know the kind angels watch o'er me;
The beautiful stars are their eyes."

"I think they look in at my window,
And smile when I'm saying my prayer,
And I ask them to take me to heaven,
For darkness can never come there."

BOB'S WILDCAT.

BY HARRY CASTLEMON.

"I just know it's a wildcat," said Bob Corwin, so excited that he could scarcely speak plainly. "Mark my words, girls; he'll wish he had let your chickens alone, before we are done with him. We'll not come back without him, if we have to follow him clear up to Lake Superior."

"Now, do be careful, boys," said Mrs. Corwin. "If it should really prove to be a wildcat, he may make you wish you had let him alone."

There was a great flurry and fuss in the kitchen of Mr. Corwin's farm house. Two impatient, young sportsmen, with their trousers tucked in their boots, and their double-barrels on their shoulders, ran frantically about, calling for missing powder horns and shot pouches; two eager and excited young ladies, about thirteen years of age, shouted words of advice and warning to the hunters, who were too deeply interested in their own affairs to pay the least attention to them; and two large fox hounds, Bugle and Louder, bounded restlessly about the floor, knocking over chairs, and barking and whining furiously. Something unusual had been going on; and what it was can be told in a few words.

Bob and Luke Corwin, and their two sisters, Bertha and Bettie, were the children of an Arkansas stock raiser. Their parents, who believed in making home as pleasant as possible for them, encouraged them to take an interest in the affairs of the farm, and now and then presented them with a horse, or cow, or a brood of chickens. At the time of which I write, Bob and Luke pointed with pride to a drove of ten splendid horses, their own property, to be used as they pleased; and the girls owned several cows, a respectable flock of sheep, and all the hens and chickens.

These chickens were a source of constant trouble to Bertha and Bettie. They watched over them with the tenderest care, and when any of them were missing, (and that happened very frequently, for the woods about the plantation were filled with foxes, minks and raccoons,) they made a terrible ado about it. Of late, the chickens had been disappearing very rapidly. A portion of them persisted in roosting in an apple tree near the barn, and every night something thinned out their numbers. Finally, Bertha could stand it no longer, and one day she said to her brothers,

"It is really too bad. Here are our chickens being stolen and devoured every night, and you two boys don't do a thing to prevent it. There is no excuse for you. You are both good marksmen; own a couple of hounds that you say can't be beaten at any thing; and are always boasting of your skill as hunters. Here is an opportunity for you to make an exhibition of it."

"It's the owls," said Luke, thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking very wise. "If it were a fox or 'coon, the hounds would scent him when he comes about, and make a fuss. You wouldn't expect a fellow to sit up all night to shoot an owl, would you?"

The boys, however, were quite as anxious as their sisters that the robber should be captured or killed, for it was a reflection on their reputation as hunters, that such things should be allowed to go on. That night they set two of their fox traps under the tree, attaching a clog to each, and covering them over with leaves, so that they could not be seen, and went to bed satisfied that in the morning one point, at least, would be settled. If the robber was an owl, the traps, of course, would do no good; but if it was a fox or 'coon, he would certainly get caught; and if he dragged the traps off, they would put their hounds on the trail and follow him up and shoot him.

The family was stirring bright and early. The girls counted their chickens, and the boys went out to examine their traps. The chickens were all there, but the traps were not. Something had got into them during the night and dragged them off, clogs and all. Bob and Luke, of course, became highly excited at once; and while they were looking about to find some sign that would enable them to tell what the animal was, Bob discovered something that made him open his eyes. It was nothing more than the print of claws upon the bark of the tree; but that told him all he wanted to know.

"Luke," he exclaimed, almost breathlessly, "no coon's claws ever made those marks. It's a wildcat."

Luke whistled long and loud. A wildcat was a thing that was not met with every day, even in that wild, thinly-settled part of Arkansas; and here was an opportunity that might not occur again for years. If they succeeded in shooting the wildcat, couldn't they hold their heads high, and look down upon the other boys in the settlement, who confined themselves to such small game as foxes, 'coons and turkeys? Luke gave just one glance at the tree, and

then started for the house at the top of his speed.

You can imagine what a bustle there was in that kitchen, and how impatient the boys were at those little delays, that are certain to occur when one is in a great hurry. But they were ready for the hunt in a few minutes, and too excited to hear the words of caution which Mr. Corwin shouted after them, they dashed out of the house and ran toward the stable. In less time than it takes to tell it, two fleet, little ponies had been saddled and bridled, and the boys were galloping post haste toward the apple tree. The hounds reached it before them, and Bugle, scenting the trail of the wildcat, lifted his head and howled dismally.

"Hunt him up!" yelled the boys in concert. "Hunt him up! Be off, sir!"

The hounds did not wait for a second command. With heads down and tails up, they bounded off on the trail, making the plantation ring with their deep-toned baying. The young hunters were in their element now. Putting their ponies into a gallop, they followed close after the hounds, swinging their hats around their heads, and shouting and whooping like a brace of young Indians. Across the pasture they went with reckless speed, through fields of wheat and corn, and over fences, which the staunch, little horses cleared as easily as birds on the wing, and finally they entered the woods, where the hounds disappeared from their view. For an hour the chase continued, and then the music of the dogs changed to a quick, impatient yelp, telling the young hunters that the game had been overtaken, and brought to bay. The ponies were urged forward with increased speed, and in a few minutes the boys came within sight of a huge tree, that had been thrown down by the wind. In falling, the tree had pulled up a portion of its roots, thus forming a deep cavity in the earth, one side of which was concealed by thick bushes and briers. The hounds stood on the edge of this cavity, barking fiercely at the bushes, every hair on their backs sticking straight up, and their whole appearance indicating great rage and excitement. The game was near at hand, and now the hunt began in earnest.

The boys had never hunted wildcats, but they had lived among them all their lives, and had heard enough about them to know that they sometimes proved very unpleasant fellows to have around; and it is no wonder that their hands trembled as they drew up their ponies and cocked their guns, or that Luke's voice was a little unsteady as he said,

"Now, Bob, it's time for us to exercise caution."

"I'm not afraid," replied Bob, who was like four-cent sugar—all grit. "I've got a good horse under me, and twelve buckshot in each barrel of my gun."

"So have I; but if the wildcat jumps out on us before we have a chance to use our guns, what good will the buckshot do us? Keep close behind me, and be ready to crack away the moment he shows himself."

Luke began riding slowly around the hole, keeping his eyes fastened on the bushes, and holding his gun in his hand, cocked and ready for instant use; but the wildcat did not come out, and although they carefully examined every part of the thicket, they could not discover him. Again and again they made the circuit of his hiding place, approaching a little nearer each time as their courage increased, and presently Luke stopped his horse, and, after regarding the bushes intently for a moment, swung himself from his saddle. Dropping on his hands and knees, he crept cautiously to the edge of the hole, and, after another short examination of the thicket, said, in an excited whisper,

"I see him!"

Bob also discovered something at the same moment—a portion of the body of a large, tawny animal crouching at the foot of the log; but before he could raise his gun, there was a crashing in the bushes, and the game sprang out in full view of the astonished, young hunters. Then they found that it was not a wildcat, but something much more to be feared. It was a full-grown panther. The fox traps were fast to both his fore feet, and the chains and clogs were still attached to them; but he did not seem to mind their weight in the least. There he was, crouching low on his belly, like a cat about to spring upon a mouse, his ears laid back close to his head, and his glaring eyes fastened upon Luke, who lay within five feet of him, so completely overcome with terror that he could not move hand or foot. Bob saw and realized his brother's danger, and for an instant he was deprived of all power of action. But it was only for an instant. When he saw the panther lashing his sides with his tail, and drawing his feet under him preparatory to springing upon his victim, Bob's gun rose quickly to his shoulder, his eye flashed along the clean, brown tube, and just as the savage beast arose in the air, he received the contents of the double barrel in his side, and fell quivering to the ground. The buckshot had saved Luke's life.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before the young hunters recovered from the effects of the fright they had sustained. They sat on the ground looking at one another and at their prize, and their voices trembled as they talked over the incidents of the hunt, and Luke's hand shook as he lifted the panther's paws, and examined the claws and teeth, from which he had so narrowly escaped. In two hours from that time the panther was lying on Mr. Corwin's porch; an excited family was gathered about it, and Bob was leaning on his double barrel, smiling modestly as he listened to Luke's glowing description of their morning's adventure.

The panther is now stuffed and mounted on a pedestal in Mr. Corwin's library. He looks quite as savage as he did on the morning when the boys first discovered him, and always goes by the name of "Bob's Wildcat."

LITTLE TEASE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Hiding her grandmamma's knitting away,
Teaching the kittens their letters, in play,
Clambering up to the table and shelf,
Having a tea party all by herself.
Quiet a minute, in mischief, no doubt,
Pulling the needles and thimbles about,
Sewing her apron, demure as you please;
Any one got such a dear little tease?

Printing her hands in the soft, tempting flour,
Tumbles and bumps twenty times in an hour;
Tangling the yarn and unraveling the lace,
Doing it all with the prettiest grace.
Mother is scolding her very bad girl,
Says that she sets the whole house in a whirl;
Looks at her pouting there, down at her knees,
Claps to her heart again dear little tease.

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

BY A. H. POE.

Creak, creak, the lazy, old grindstone,
I can make it go!
What's the use of grinding at all,
If you have to grind so slow?
O, how bright my hoe is getting!
See the water run!
A perfect river. Isn't it funny
That turning keeps it on.

Creak, creak, I tell you I'm going
To hoe my row of peas;
And grandpa's given me some onions—
There, I had to sneeze.
If I could get my breath a minute—
Grandpa bears on so—
This awful grindstone is so heavy,
I guess I will turn slow.

"MEG'S BABIES."

BY JEANETTE L. THOMPSON.

"It's the best of good wishes I give you, my darlin'! and myself would be glad if every one of them was a gould dollar lying at your feet waitin' for the pickin' up, Meg, dear; and may the Holy Virgin shower blessings on yes all, as thick as the praties grow at home!" and Mrs. O'Flaherty bestowed an affectionate embrace on Meg and little Jacky, and a compassionate glance at the baby, as she left the room.

As she passed under the window, she stopped to talk to another woman living in the court.

"How are the poor childer?" said Kitty Sullivan.

"Well then, it's wonderful to see the way Meg has with her, the crathur! But the childer is it ye're askin' after? Throth thin it's nayther of thim she'll be after raisin'. It's pinin' away they are, delicate, little crathurs. Sure, I'm thinkin' their mother does be after callin' them. Meg'll be better off without them."

Meg shut the window, and sat down with a sick feeling at her heart. She laid the sleeping baby down, and tried to look with stranger's eyes on her and little Jacky. Yes, they did look thin and pale—very pale—why hadn't she seen it before? Well, the room was dark—that was the reason; O yes, of course. Out in the sunlight they would look different. She couldn't see well in here.

"I'm going to take baby out. Will Jacky come too?"

The child looked at her wistfully with his big, blue eyes. "Yes, Meg; but the boys tease me so."

"Not when I'm with you, dear?"

"No," he said, doubtfully.

So, with the baby in her arms and Jacky clinging to her skirts, Meg crossed the court, passed through the filthy alleyway, and, for the first time since her mother's death, walked a little way down the street, and seated herself on a rickety flight of wooden steps, leading to the upper story of the corner tenement. She tried to coax Jacky to run up and down in the sunshine, but he moved very languidly, and soon came back, and creeping up to her side, laid his head in her lap and went fast asleep.

Meg sat there trying to form some plans for the future. Her father away—heaven only knew where; her mother and little Rosy dead; the rent paid up till the next

week ; and a dollar and a half in her mother's old purse ; that was all she had in the world for Jacky and the baby. She tried to plan ahead, but somehow she could only think of Bridget O'Flaherty's words, "It's nayther of thim she'll be afther raisin'." She found herself saying them over and over, "Meg'll be better off without them," said Kitty Sullivan. O, the fool ! "Better off without them !" why, they were all she had ! She bent over the sleeping children, looking eagerly in their faces. Their wasted, little hands, the transparent, white skins with the blue veins showing through, the purple shadows under their eyes—O, she had been blind, blind. Somebody touched her hand. She looked up to see, standing before her, a rosy-cheeked child about Jacky's age.

"Why you cry, gail ? Has you been bad when they kayled you hair ? My mamma whipped me once when I was naughty gail ; I never cried. I want to see you baby."

"Who are you ?" said Meg, rather bewildered.

"Peggie Lung, Coosie Loomie, papa's Daisy, Nellie's Blossom, mainmma's good, little Gail. I'm agoin' to my country ; 'cause my sister Mamie's sick. God, He's goin' to make her all well up again to my country. Poor, little baby !"

"Miss Maggie, whatever are you doing here ?" cried a panting servant. "Your mamma'll whip you, and the big boat'll leave us behind. Come, hurry !" and she caught the child up in her arms, and ran off with her, Little Golden Hair calling back to Meg, "Bring you baby to my country. God, He'll make it all well up again."

Jacky spoke up, quite erect, his eyes wide open, "O, Meg, let us go," he cried. "What is country ? Do let us go, Meg, and take baby."

"Why, Jacky, don't you like it here ?"

"Not much," the child said. "They fight and scream so loud, and it smells so, here. Dear Meg, won't you let us go to country ?"

"Yes," she said, suddenly standing up, "come home now, dear, and go to sleep early, like a good boy, and we'll all go to-morrow. Jacky and baby and Meg, we'll all go to the country."

"Yes, we'll all go," sang Jack, "to a country ; we'll all go."

All that evening Meg worked hard, washing and mending their few poor clothes. By sunrise the next morning, Jacky was awake, and Meg had no choice but to wake up, too.

The pier was thronged with people, the old and young, rich and poor, all crowded together, waiting for the boat. Right in the

middle of the people stood Meg, carrying baby ; a small, very small, bundle of clothes, tied in a clean towel, slung on her arm ; Jacky, who didn't know whether to laugh or cry, clinging to one hand ; and her precious dollar and a half tightly clasped in the other. Not a very stylish looking group, but as clean and sweet a one as yellow soap and Croton water could make them. Their eyes bright with expectation, and their hearts as pure as the blue sky that bent so lovingly overhead.

"What is that aristocratic creature, should you say ?" languidly remarked the exquisite Mortimer Smythe, son of the famous John Smith of bread-pill fame, surveying Meg through his double eyeglasses.

"A bright, womanly-looking girl of about fifteen," gravely answered the young lady he had addressed, looking kindly at Meg's flushed face and quivering lips, and moving between her and the double eyeglasses.

"Society is so mixed," murmured Mr. Smythe. One meets all kinds of people when traveling. So different from Europe. Shouldn't you think the police ought to do something, Miss Helen ?"

"Unfortunately," and Helen Van Rensselaer's clear voice had a scornful ring through it, and her violet eyes were not pleasant for Mortimer Smythe to meet just then, "even the police cannot protect us from snobs."

Then turning to Meg with a very different look in those lovely eyes,

"You have too much to carry," she said. "Here is the boat. Let me take the little boy. Will you come with me, dear ?"

"Yes," said the child, throwing his arms around her neck, as she lifted him up to carry him.

The beautiful sail was a perfect revelation to Meg. Jacky's pale cheeks grew almost rosy, and he and baby played and laughed with such perfect enjoyment in the fresh, cool air, that her heart grew lighter every moment. The lovely lady talked to her for a long time so kindly, that she found herself telling of her fears and hopes for the children, quite freely. Then the captain came up, the lady spoke to him softly, and he asked Meg some questions, and then wouldn't let the colored man take any money from her. After the lady left them, a great gong sounded, frightening Jacky dreadfully, and by and by a man brought up a tray, with such a dinner as they had never even dreamt of, and said, "the captain's compliments, and they must eat it all up." O, that splendid captain !

The sun shone so brightly, and the sky and water were so blue ; and what Jacky

called "pitty, pitty soapsuds" glistened charmingly in the sunshine; and once, a lot of droll, unwieldy porpoises followed the boat for quite a distance, to the immense delight of all the children, Meg included. Ah! that day was like a happy dream.

But at last the boat turned into a queer, little harbor, with much more mud than water in it, and, after much twisting and squirming, and shouting and ringing of a little bell up in the pilot house, The Belle was safely fastened to her wharf, in the thriving, little city of Belleville. And then all the people got off, Meg and her babies among them.

In the excitement of the moment, Meg hurried away so fast as to elude the vigilance of Miss Helen and the captain, both of whom meant to take on themselves the care of her night's lodging. Carrying baby and the little bundle, with Jacky running by her side, she walked on and on; past the dirty warehouses; past the busy streets, lined with handsome stores; past the broad avenues with their stately elms, whose interlacing branches made them aisles of a vast cathedral.

The last rays of the setting sun found them beyond the town limits, out on a country road. A continuous glory of blossoms lined the roadside. The soft, green turf was rest and refreshment to their weary feet. The delicious fragrance of the newly-cut grass filled the air. The only sounds were the faint lowing of cattle in some farm yard over the fields, and the ringing of a distant church bell in the town behind them. And the soft twilight cast a charm over all. To these poor, city children, every breath was a delight.

Meg had stopped to let Jacky rest several times, but at last the child grew so sleepy, that his weary, little feet stumbled at every step. Baby had been asleep in Meg's arms for a long time, and she felt her own eyelids dropping heavily; so creeping through some bars, and lifting Jacky over them, she crossed the field to an old barn, near what seemed a grove of trees; and climbing through a low window, before five minutes had passed, Meg and Jacky and the baby were all soundly asleep, nestled in the soft hay.

It was eight o'clock. Mamma had let the children sit up an hour past their bedtime, because Cousin Helen, who, Bub said, was better than candy or jack-knives, had come from the city that afternoon. She sat on the piazza, poor, sick, little Mamie in her lap; Bub and Boy leaning on her, one on

each side; while Nellie knelt as close to her as she could get, clasping one hand, and never taking her eyes from Helen's face. Nurse stood by waiting till Helen finished the history of her journey, and heard in exchange, a minute account of every animal on the place; and had assured Boy that an egg laid by his hen on purpose for her breakfast, was the strongest desire of her heart. Then nurse stepped up, as Nellie said "like grim Fate," and carried off Mamie, calling the rest to follow. But where was Daisy? "I'll look for her," said Helen.

Entering the playroom softly, she saw in the dim light, a little figure at the window, and heard this extraordinary petition.

"God!" called the child, "God! God! Why don't you answer me? Don't you hear me calling you? Daisy Courtland's a calling to you, God!" Then she said softly to herself, "O dear me! I s'pec He must be reading He's newspaper." Then at the very top of her voice, she shouted, "God! won't you please listen to me, and send my mamma a new baby?" Then apparently very well satisfied with herself, Daisy marched off to the nursery.

Just before bedtime for grown-up people, poor Sam, the deaf and dumb boy, rushed into the parlor, showing by signs that he had found something very strange, and that they must all come quick. Mamma, papa, and Helen all hurried after him to the barn, and there, by the light of an old lantern, they saw—have you guessed already?—Meg sitting in the hay mow, holding baby and Jacky tight in her arms, her cheeks and eyes blazing defiance at Sam.

A cry of delight broke from her lips as she recognized, in Helen, the lovely lady on the boat. Helen was equally delighted, for she had been a good deal troubled at losing sight of her *protégé*; and before an hour was over, Jacky and the baby were again asleep in a comfortable bed in one of the attic rooms at Roschower; and Meg knelt down beside them, thanking the Good Lord for all his care of them.

The next morning Meg was installed as assistant waitress; and Bub and Boy formally adopted Jacky, the only trouble being a slight difference of opinion, as to whether they should bring him up for a minister or a fireman.

Early in the morning, Helen took Daisy up stairs and showed her the baby. She surveyed it on all sides in silence, and then walked to the window, stuck her head out, and looking up into the sky, shouted, "Thank you, dear God."

ART AMUSEMENTS.

BY MARTHA POWELL DAVIS.

NUMBER EIGHT. BELL FLOWERS, ETC.

Let us go into the schoolroom, to-day, before the class is called to order. Clara Jones has come with a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers, made in imitation of specimens gathered from time to time in the woods. She is studying botany at school, and she says, to notice the peculiarities of plants and make them in wax helps her to remember the botanical descriptions. In her bouquet there were oxalls, phlox, May apple, blue bells, etc.

She showed each flower with its leaves, and received many compliments.

"O those blue bells! just like real ones!" exclaimed the girls. "How did you make them so perfectly?"



FIG. 24.

"See here; Brother Will made these for me." And she held up two wooden molds, of different sizes, and exactly the shape of little bells. (See the smaller size at fig. 24.)

"O, I see, now; you dip the molds in wax, just the same as you do the cylinder when making sheets, and then the little bells slip off all perfect like this; and here you have a smaller mold for buds. I do declare, how well you are fixed."

"Will you lend your molds to me?" asked one.

"I'll turn some for you," interrupted Willie. "I can turn anything, in a few minutes, on papa's new lathe."

Just as they were arranging the matter about the molds, in came Aunt Phebe, and the pupils all took their proper seats. But the bouquet of wild flowers was yet on the desk, and when auntie found who had done the work, she said,

"Now this is just what pleases me. I like to see my scholars strike out in some original channel—make something they have not been taught in detail to make. I then feel certain that their time has not been spent in vain; and with Nature's broad picture always spread before them, they will go on practicing and improving."

So then Aunt Phebe got out her molds for making the bells of the lily of the valley, and part of the class made lilies, while others used Clara's molds to make blue bells.

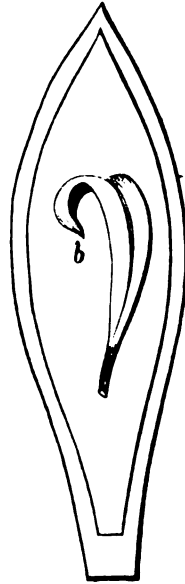


FIG. 25.

When several of the blue bells are molded, stems are drawn through, as at *a*, figure 24. The stemlets are fastened to a main stalk, and the little bells hang in a loose bunch.

The Lily of the Valley is made much as above. After dipping your mold into white wax, as cool as will do, the corolla is notched into five divisions, and the scallops are turned back a little. The stamens are made in the usual way. Ten or twelve of the cuplike bells make a complete lily. The corollas should vary in size. At the point where the stemlets join the main stalk, a green leaf-like enclosure should conceal the jointure,

that the florets may appear to have grown from under the leaf.

The Amaryllys.—Frank Lamar and his sister came to the class to-day with gay hearts. Their papa had loaned them several kinds of amaryllys from his greenhouse. One was a superb plant, and it had been nurtured with care, the species having been imported from the far east. It bore several spikes of bloom on each stem, all springing from one common receptacle. The general color of the corolla was white, but each petal had a delicate stripe of purple down the center.

Frank waited for an opportunity, and then presented his flowers modestly, but their beauty was commendation enough, and the class voted, with a will, to copy them. Frank, pleased with the compliment, was the first to get the patterns exact. They are shown at figure 25.

The stamens, which are long and prominent, may be formed of fine wire, bent on top to form anthers, and the pointal may be composed of three very slender wires, wrapped with cotton neatly into one, except at the top, where the points (*stigmas*) an eighth of an inch long are left unwrapped and then bent to radiate from each other. The wires are all then dipped in purplish-pink wax, and pollen put on the stamens. Next cut six strips of white wax, as long as the petals and one-fourth of an inch wide; place a smooth, waxed wire down the center of the strip and fold the edges together so the strip enclosing the wire will then be only an eighth of an inch in width. Place these strips longitudinally down the center of the petals, and they will counterfeit very nicely that seamlike appearance found in most varieties of amaryllys.

The strip may be colored or not, as the character of the flower indicates. For instance, in the specimen copied to-day, down the petals in the direction of the seam, there was a line of pale purple on the right side, while the wrong side of the seam was distinctly marked with light green. By painting the wired strip, bright purple on one side and light green on the other, and then placing the purple next to the transparent white petal, the purple appeared very delicately on the right or upper side of the corolla, while on the under side the green was just as perfect.

In forming the corolla, place the three smaller petals around the stem, next after the stamens and pistil, then let the larger petals follow in the intervals of the smaller.

When the petals are thus sustained with wire, they are not liable to break when bent

back, as at *b*, figure 25; and the whole corolla is much more substantial.

These hints, with variations made in color, and the pattern, with some modification, will serve for the amaryllys in its varieties, and also for many of the lilies.

The directions for forming the stamens and pistil will be useful in making tulips.

The clarkia, and many other flowers with spreading corolla, may be made quite perfectly by using wire to support the petals.

The Passion Flower.—There is an historic interest about this flower which entitles it to a place in our list. It is a native of South America, and early missionaries there gave to the different parts a symbolical meaning, typical of the death and sufferings of Christ. The lower fringe is imagined to be a type of the crown of thorns, while the upper fringe represents the resurrection of our Saviour. Thus all the parts have a sacred meaning.

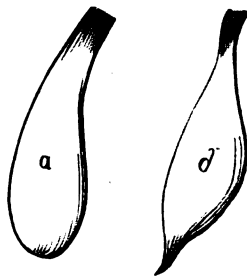


FIG. 26.

In consideration of this, the poet Barton has appropriately sung:

"Then freely let the blossom open
Its beauties, to recall
A scene which bids the humble hope
In Him, who died for all."

The columnlike pointal of this flower separates into three styles with prominent stigmas. The column terminates in a globular ovary or seed vessel, out of which come five stamens.

The main column of the pistil and the stalk of the flower may be one continuous piece of wire. The three pistil arms and the stamens may be separate wires, fastened to the central column, each covered with wax to give the proper size, shape, and color.

In a white flower, color the stigmas purple and the stamens and central column yellow, or light lemon color. A double fringe comes next. For the upper one, cut a piece of white wax half an inch wide and two inches long; fringe one edge and color it purple; leave the unfringed part white, and roll it around the ovary, turning the purple over the

globe. Now make another fringe, deeper and heavier than the first. It may be made of double wax. Color the points blue and the base purple, leaving a white space between the darker colors. Curl this around the seed vessel just below the upper fringe. Under this place the petals shaped at *a*, *d*, figure 28. Attach the *a* shapes first, and then let the *d* shapes alternate with the others in the form of a double star. Let the rays of the last fringe spread out over the corolla and partly cover it.

In the flower given here, there are ten petals, five of each shape. They should be of double white wax, and the under side tinted with green.

The tendrils are made by curling waxed wire around a molding pin.

AUGUST.

BY L. D. NICHOLS.

O, glowingly fair are the midsummer hours;
Now flame by the brookside the cardinal flowers.
The hay was all made in the heat of July,
And now we must harvest oats, barley, and rye.
Tho' slow are the oxen, and rugged the road,
We love to ride home on the top of the load.
Now the pastures are full of ripe blackberries
sweet,
And the orchard drops peaches and pears at our
feet.

AMONG THE RELATIONS.—No. 4.

BY A. H. POE.

'Twas Friday morning when Uncle Ross came over after me. He's like Uncle Guy, only older, and he kissed me three or four times, and said that his little Jessie would be so glad to see me. He hasn't got any other children but just her, and she's lame. Desire wanted to go, and Uncle Ross said yes, to let her; but Aunt Charity coaxed Desire, and whispered and said maybe 'twould bother Aunt Harriet. I said, wouldn't I bother her? But Aunt Charity was so busy 'ranging a bouquet to send to Jessie that I don't s'pose she heard me. O, it was a beautiful bouquet, made out of geraniums, and verbenas, and fuchsias, and pansies, and the sweetest white rose and bud, from off Aunt Charity's biggest monthly. I carried it in the cunningest basket, and Desire put some little heart cookies in the bottom. I wanted to put something in, too, so I got my kaleidoscope, and a picture book. I knew mamma wouldn't care.

Uncle Milton and the hired man were

measuring up wheat to take to mill that morning, and he was in the kitchen mending a bag when I started; so I went in there to tell him goodbye. He sews with a darning needle and cord. I s'pose that's 'cause his fingers are so big. I asked him why didn't he let Aunt Charity do it? and he said,

"O, these women folks don't fasten the ends good."

Then he shook me up in his arms, and said he'd meant to take me 'long for a bag of wheat, but it didn't matter, I could go 'nother time. I laughed and patted his forehead, and he kissed me and said,

"Well, goodbye, Tripabout; be a good girl, and mind which side your bread's buttered."

I didn't know what that meant, but I said, "I'm big 'nough to butter it myself."

Uncle Ross talked the kindest kind, going, and put his arm 'round me when we went over the jolty places, fear I'd fall out.

They live in a brown house, with yellow blinds to the windows; and the sitting room looks like a big paper box. It's papered all on the sides, and top, too. Aunt Harriet's nice looking. Her hair was put up like mamma's, with fixings. There was a Mrs. Deacon Shepherd vis'iting there, with a great big something growing on her nose, and two other women, and Aunt Harriet's mother lives there. They call her Grandma Tabby; but my! I don't like her much. She snapped her eyes at me, and wouldn't let me touch her bone-rimmed spectacles, and once, the first time I heard them call her that name, I couldn't help from laughing; and she looked at me hard, and asked what I was laughing 'bout, and I said, "I thought 'twas a cat."

Then Mrs. Deacon Shepherd coughed like anything, and Grandma Tabby said,

"Tush! the child ain't got hoss sense."

Jessie was asleep in the other room, when I first got there, but she waked up pretty soon; and O, she's the darlinest little thing! Her hair and eyes are both as brown as chestnuts, and her cheeks look zactly like the pink in the fuchsia bells, and her lips are bright as geranium blossoms and clear sugar, and her little, tiny, bits of hands are so soft. Aunt Ollie said they looked like two little scraps of white cloud, with blue veins in them. She's four, and never has walked a single step. One of her feet is turned in, and is all purple, Jennie told me. It was bound up. I heard Uncle Ross say to grandpa that he was 'fraid the surgeon hadn't done any good. When she saw the flowers she clapped her hands, and laughed out sweeter'n a robin sings; and she liked the other things,

too, and put her arms tight round my neck, and let me hold her; and I could hold her just as easy.

Aunt Harriet and Grandma Tabby didn't let me hold her long, though; they were too 'fraid I'd hurt her. Jessie had a little sofa by the window, with a play house on to it, and O, the toys she's got. They're all good, too, not hardly a leg of any broken. She let me play with them, but Aunt Harriet kept watching me so that I thought maybe 'twasn't best. Aunt Harriet was good to me, and gave me something to eat between meals, but she said not to drop a crumb, and I was so 'fraid I'd happen to that I couldn't hardly eat.

When Uncle Ross came in, he took Jessie on one knee, and me on the other; and he called me rosebud, and said I 'minded him of a little playmate he used to have. Then, to tease me, he wouldn't tell who 'twas, but said to ask mamma

O, dear, I wish I could help it, but some way Grandma Tabby and Aunt Harriet don't seem much relation to me. I was glad when Sunday came, so I could go back to grandma's. They gave me everything I wanted, only just I don't think they loved me much. But then I was naughtier 'n gen'ral, while I was there. I broke a goblet, and lost the scissors, and came real near turning over my mug of milk one night at the supper table, only I didn't. I couldn't have much fun with Jessie, 'cause she couldn't play like other children; but I'd had better'n fun, if they'd let me held her, and sung to her, like she wanted me to.

That first afternoon, after Mrs. Deacon Shepherd and the others had gone home, it got cloudy, and the wind blew in whirls. Aunt Harriet rocked Jessie, and I didn't hardly know what to do, so I sat on the cricket and began to eat some popcorn that Aunt Charity had put into my pocket. All the while I was eating it, Grandma Tabby kept looking at me, till I thought maybe I wasn't doing proper. Then I 'spected she wanted some, and I offered some in my apron; but she said, "I don't use my teeth to crack corn with." I was going to put it away then, but she said to eat it up and be done with it. And after that it didn't taste good any more.

They talked all the time 'bout somebody being proud and 'stravagant, and I was getting so tired and sleepy, when Grandma Tabby said,

"O, yes, Irene feels mightily lifted up since her husband's got to be president of the college."

I tell you my face got red quick, and my

throat 'pained in a minute, 'cause I knew right off 'twas *mamma*. I went into the kitchen and p'tended to get a drink of water; but, oh! I was so dreadful mad that I wanted to kill Grandma Tabby and Aunt Harriet right dead. Then I remembered what mamma'd said 'bout forgiving, and 'bout the woman in the Bible that kept getting mad till she had seven devils in her, and I was 'fraid that seven might get into me, so I went out into the woodshed and climbed on a stack of wood, and tried not to think 'bout it. O, my head was so hot, and I felt so mis'ble; but next I knew Uncle Ross was carrying me in, and said I'd catch my death sleeping out there. He asked me what made me go there, but I wouldn't tell; and Grandma Tabby said, "Little missie's stubborn."

MORE FROM HARRY AND NELLY.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

Nelly and I go to another school, now. It's called a Kindergarten. That means Children's Garden; but there's only a geranium and a rose bush, and last winter there were some hyacinths on the windowsill. But we like it very much. Once she gave me a geranium leaf. Nelly has a desk to put her books in; but I only sit at a table with another boy, because there are not desks enough. Willy Morris is going to the country next week. He always does in the summer. She says I may have his desk when he goes away. I wish he'd hurry up.

One day Miss Warren told us she was going to give us a botany lesson, and to bring some green leaves. Nelly and I didn't know what a botany lesson was; but my mother told us, and we took some rose leaves; but she didn't use them after all, because she had a great, big, burdock leaf, and she said we could see it better than the little leaves. She told us about the veins and everything. She says when you water flowers, you ought to water the leaves more than the roots; because the leaves will drink up the water. Nelly and I are going to try it when we go into the country. We haven't any flowers in our yard, only but a rose bush.

We had a holiday the Seventeenth of June. I had a splendid time. I began with polly wogs, and ended off with elephants; and torpedoes in between.

The way I happened to begin with polly wogs was, one day Johnny Wilson asked me to go pollywogging with him and some other boys; so I went; but I couldn't catch

any. The other boys did, though. And Cousin Lucy was at our house, and she said O, if ever I caught one, to bring it home, for she never saw one in her life.

So on the Seventeenth of June, I went out after breakfast, and the first one I saw was Johnny Wilson, and he asked me to go pollywogging, and said he'd lend me a bottle to put them in. So I went; and we found a dipper. It wasn't exactly a dipper; it was an old tomato can, like those we have sometimes; and the cover was bent up so it would do for a handle.

When you see a little wiggling in the water, you just scoop down the dipper and then empty it on the sand, and then catch the pollywogs by the tail and put them in a bottle of water. I caught as much as twenty.

When my father saw me come in with a big bottle, he asked me what in the world I had there; and I showed them to him, and he was just as surprised as he could be. And then I poured them out into a basin and showed them to Cousin Lucy, and she was surprised, too. She screamed a little when she saw them, but girls always do scream, and then they are very black, and they're lively and wiggle about so. She said she was glad I brought them home, for she never saw any before; but she wouldn't touch them, though I told her they wouldn't hurt her, for I caught them all with my own hands.

About the torpedoes. I'm saving my money for the Fourth of July, and I haven't bought any candy for ever so long, so I didn't buy any torpedoes. But I saw a boy I knew, and he had ever so many, and he gave me two to fire. And after dinner my father asked me, did the other boys have torpedoes? And I said, O, yes. And he asked me, wouldn't I like some, too? And I said I didn't know but I should. And he asked me was I saving up my money for the Fourth of July? And I said I was. I couldn't think what made him ask me so many questions. Then he told me to look in his hat; and there I found a big package of torpedoes. And I ran out on the sidewalk, and fired off ever so many of them. They were splendid ones. I never heard any make such a big noise. My mother said it almost made her ears deaf to hear them.

We were rather disappointed about the elephants. It said in the paper they were going to bathe in the pond at five o'clock. So my father took Nelly and me down there. There was such a crowd we couldn't see very well. I thought they'd like to go into

the water and roll about and have a good ducking, just as I do. But they don't seem to like cold water; they had to be pushed to make them go in at all; and then they only walked about a little, and took some water up in their trunks and threw it over their backs. Perhaps they were afraid, because there were so many people there.

Those pollywogs. Johnny Wilson said he'd call for them in the afternoon, because it was his bottle; but I had all the trouble of catching them, so I took a few, and put them in a pan of water for myself. But he didn't come. Cousin Lucy asked me what I was going to feed them with; so I gave them some crumbs of bread. I didn't know they wanted anything but water. But the next morning they were all dead, and turned over on their backs. Every single one of them as dead as Job's cat! I wished I never had caught them.

Nelly and I have something now that we like better than all the fairy books in the world. Nelly doesn't like it quite as well as the "The Forty Thieves;" but I think it is better than "Jack the Giant Killer," or anything. It's Uncle Robert. He's been gone this ever so long in the west; and he tells us stories all about the Indians, and everything interesting. He lived in a box-house, they call it, made like a big box, with one window and one door; and when you went to bed, you had to hang the chairs up against the wall, because there wouldn't be room for the bed if you didn't. And there was a tin roof, and when the rain beat on the roof, it was just like living in a drum, he says. And once he lived a whole month between two piles of lumber with some boards across the top, and slept on a blanket. He couldn't stand up in there, only sit down and lie down. And the Indians can always tell a white man's fire by the smoke; because the Indians are very particular to take the dry wood that will burn well, but white men are in a hurry and pick up green wood and all together, and it makes more smoke. He said, once he was traveling with some of his friends, and they had two Indian guides to show them the way, and by and by one of the guides was very sick, and the other tried to make him well again, but when he found he couldn't, he built three fires in a row, and then the other Indians, when they saw the smoke of the three fires, would know something was the matter, and would come and help them. After awhile they saw fires on the hills in two different places in answer to their fires, and by and by the Indians came and took

the sick one away. Nelly wants to tell the rest of this story.

Once there was a gentleman, and a little boy and girl asked him, would he please tell them a story about the Indians. And he said he would. So he told them, that when he was in Nevada, he was going to live in a new place, once. About forty people lived there, and they had one wooden house and one tent; and the rest were brush houses, made of brush. And he got there just at night, and found all the people had gone away, but fifteen men; because they were afraid of the Indians. And there was a stone house partly built. The walls were about as high as a man's head, and when they got frightened about the Indians, they concluded to have it for a fort. So they filled up the doors with stones, and took their guns, and this gentleman, it was Harry's Uncle Robert, took his gun and went in there, and they kept watch all night, but the Indians didn't come. And Harry said O dear! that was too bad. And I said no; if I'd been there, I should have been thankful they didn't. And Harry asked Uncle Robert why they didn't come? And he said he supposed they were afraid the white men were too strong for them. And Harry asked him what made them think they were coming then? And he said that was the very story he was going to tell us. So he said, one day three Indians came to the town, and one of them had on some pantaloons that belonged to a white man who had gone away.

The white man had gone to the mines, and everybody thought the Indians had killed him and taken away his clothes, for they do sometimes. So they caught the Indians and put them in a brush house, and some men with guns at the door to watch them, till they could find out about it. The Indians didn't know what they were shut up for, so by and by they rushed right out past the men and tried to run away; but the men fired at them, killed one, and wounded another, while the third one got away.

The next day, the white man came back from the mines, and he said he gave those pantaloons to the Indians. When I heard that I almost cried, and so did Harry, we felt so bad about it. The squaw of the wounded Indian came and took care of him, and the white men sent them food every day; but he died, after all.

Uncle Robert says the Indian didn't mind so much being wounded, but a man kicked him after he fell, and that made him very angry. The man who kicked him went away from

the town, for fear the Indians would kill him; and when the wounded Indian died, all the white men were afraid. That was the reason they went into the stone house and kept watch at night.

Harry wishes he knew if it was the Indian that got away that had the pantaloons, but Uncle Robert can't tell. The end.

WHAT THE BIRDS TOLD.

BY M. H. K.

"What a dreary, sorrowful world is this,"
Said the owl, from his hollow tree;
"Yet the lark is glad for the dazzling light,
And the robin can sing in glee.
Poor, foolish birds, they are merry now,
But the angry storms will beat
Through the leaves that shelter their shallow
nests,
With the snow and the cutting sleet."

But higher and higher the blithe lark soared,
Till the earth lay far below;
The verdant valleys, the waving woods,
Smiled, bright in the sunlight's glow.
"What a beautiful world has the Father made,"
She sang, as she upward flew;
"The land, the water, and over them all
He has spread the warm sky's blue."

"Wherever on wayward wings we soar,
O'er ocean, o'er earth, through air,
The humblest, the weakest, by night and day,
He guards with a patient care.
He has given us each some song to sing,
And we utter them not in vain,
For He hears the hum of the lowliest bee,
And the sparrow's tremulous strain."

From her peaceful nest, on the swaying bough,
The robin sang soft and low,
"O, kind is the Father, that made the leaves,
And bid the green grass grow.
He made the brooklets that we might drink,
The fruits that are rich and sweet
He hangs on the boughs, when the flowers are
gone,
That we may be glad and eat."

"We know that the summer that lingers now
Will vanish at His command;
That the flowers will die, and the leaves will fall,
When the winter shall shroud the land.
But the frailest wing will His good hand guide
Through spaces of pathless air,
To climes where the date and the citron grow,
And summer dwells always there."

"He loves the creatures that He has made,
And nothing is mean or small,
For tender compassion and boundless love
Are lavished alike on all.
So the world is bright, if our hearts are bright,
And fair if our souls are fair;
For the gifts of His beauty may come to all,
With the bounty of sun and air."

THE LITTLE STORY LOVER.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL.

It was only three o'clock in the afternoon, but it seemed years and years since the Saturday's work was all done, so slowly the quiet hours crept by, with nobody but Ruthie and Grandmother Page in the old house. There stood the big dinner table, out in the kitchen, draped primly in fair, rose-scented linen, which, whenever Ruthie approached it, seemed to say,

"Don't touch me. I am fresh from the tall cupboard where the best dishes are kept; the dishes Grandmother Page uses when preachers come to dinner. I am for Sunday."

The old yellow churn stood sweetening in the sun, out by the door; the big bunch of asparagus was tucked behind the little looking-glass, as a last, tidy, finishing touch; and now Grandmother Page sat in her easy chair by the sitting room window. Looking at her calm face, in its frame of soft, gray curls, you would hardly think her resting from just one morning's work, but from a whole lifetime of loving, patient toil.

Ruthie never had much to keep her busy, and her regular morning tasks were finished ever so much too soon. There was the garret, with the queer, old, butternut-colored overcoat hanging from a rafter, and the old tin dinner horn, and the side saddle, and the chest, with the little heap of blankets and quilts, and the few old, musty-smelling books, and two tall, brass candlesticks, that had been "left" to Ruthie and Rob, pitiful, pathetic, little heirlooms, that were all Ruthie's, now Rob was gone; but she was tired of the garret, and liked it best on rainy days, when the wind went purring softly around the house, or the drops fell steadily upon the roof, and made a whispering sound out in the leaves.

She wished Grandmother Page would let her open the cupboard and take a good, long look into its mysterious depths. She had caught glimpses of its hidden treasures sometimes, on Sundays, when she was allowed to put away the cups and saucers. It had a sort of homely stateliness about it, with its tall doors, and its faint odor of dried rose leaves, and Ruthie always felt half afraid when she opened it, as if she stood on the threshold of a sanctuary. There were stacks and stacks of pink-pictured plates, and the toy rolling pin, that Grandmother Page's own father bought for her when she was a baby, and the peacock brush, with its braided

handle, and the little, old, faded, calico parasol, and the daguerreotype of her Uncle Asahel, with short-cropped hair, and great, spotted lawn necktie, and hearty face, like a jolly harvest hand; and the "oriental painting," without a frame, which was the most beautiful of all these treasures, in Ruthie's eyes, though, to be sure, nobody ever saw such a huge rose, with solid sunshine gleaming through its outstretched petals, nor a butterfly with such vivid red stars on blue wings fringed with gold.

"If grandmother would only tell me a story," said Ruthie, wistfully, to herself, as she sat in the doorway, running a pin through the hem of her apron, as if she were putting a drawstring in, for want of something better to do.

But Grandmother Page wasn't one of the story-telling kind of grandmothers. She kept her love stowed away deep down in her heart, and only showed it in her steady, sheltering care; very, very seldom in tender words. Sometimes, when Ruthie had been tasting the maple sugar too often, or carrying off too many dried cherries, she would say, in the evening, just before bed time,

"Ruthie, now I will tell you a little story."

And Ruthie would think, "Now maybe grandmother will tell me a real, delicious story this time, about old times, or something else nice. I do wish she'd tell the Flat Iron Story again."

That was a story Grandmother Page really did tell, one happy evening, after Ruthie had coaxed her very earnestly, about herself, when she was a young woman, and lived with her husband, deep in the wild woods, and drove away a hungry bear one day, with two hot flatirons, when she was all alone. But she never had told that story since. And Ruthie would nestle up to her, with her blue eyes hopefully shining, and Grandmother Page would sit quite still for a moment, with her hands folded in her lap, and a little smile around her mouth, and then she'd begin.

"Once there was a little girl, and her name was Ruth Lisette. Her grandmother always called her Ruth; it was her mother who gave her the wicked, Frenchified name out of a novel."

Then she'd stop; and Ruthie would hold her breath, and sorrowfully wonder, in her heart, if the name made any difference about Grandmother Page's love for her; but of course she couldn't ask, and presently the stern, little story would begin again.

"This little girl lived with her grand-

mother, and had plenty to eat, and drink, and wear, and a good bed to sleep in. But she would keep taking dried cherries without asking permission, and I suppose she thought her grandmother wouldn't miss them, or wouldn't care; but at last the cherries were all gone, and it was as bad as if a thief had stolen the whole bagful in one night."

Then Ruthie would tingle from head to foot with surprise, and shame, and fright; and Grandmother Page would ask, gravely,

"Now, is that a nice story? And what should be done with such a child?"

But nothing more ever was "done" with her, because the story was enough to bear without any further punishment. And that was the only kind of story Grandmother Page ever liked to tell.

"I'd like to talk about Robbie," said Ruthie, in a quivering, little whisper, while Grandmother Page slept tranquilly there in the afternoon silence and shadows. "I hate to keep still, thinking, thinking. It makes my heart ache so—if grandmother just knew. I wish 'Jesus were here among men,' as it says in the sweet story song. I know what I'd do. I'd go to Him when He was not teaching the people, nor healing the sick, nor preaching, but just resting somewhere, all alone, and I should come very softly, and lay my head on His knee, and say, 'Dear Lord, it was I who took Robbie's gold pen, that he earned with prize marks at school, that winter. I was playing with it, when Robbie didn't know, and it split, and I dropped it down a crack up garret; and O, I never told Robbie, and he's dead.' And I know I should fall to crying, and tremble all over, and the Lord would stroke my hair, and forgive me, and love me, and I shouldn't have the heartache."

Robbie was Ruthie's big brother. He went to the war with a company of farmer boys, who, when the struggle was ended, marched jubilantly home, grown men, hard handed and brave hearted, ready to begin their old home work, all but a few who slept on far-off battle grounds, and Robbie, who died at Andersonville.

"If grandmother would wake now, maybe I could tell her; seems as though I must tell somebody," the little, aching heart went on thinking. "God seems so far away."

And Ruthie looked wistfully up at the summer clouds, shining like great, white thrones in the tender blue; besides, she had asked Him to forgive her, many times, and knew that He pities hearts grieved for sin. She wanted Robbie, and Grandmother Page, and everybody, to know the truth as well as

God. And at last, when the shadows had crept far out into the yellow meadow, and Grandmother Page, sweetly rested, awoke and smiled at the grave, little girl, Ruthie nestled up to her and said, quaintly,

"Now, grandmother, I want to tell you a story, and it's about me."

And Grandmother Page stroked her hair in a tender, unwonted fashion, while she told the story, and when it was ended, kissed the earnest, upturned face.

"CHARCOAL! CHARCOAL!"

BY DAVID RICE, M.D.

Among the many cries familiar to the children who live in cities, is the long monotonous call of the charcoal dealer, as he rides upon his great box on wheels, watching the doors and windows, and calling "Ch-co-o-o-al."

A dirty-looking fellow he is, with his sooty face and hands, and dirty-looking clothes. Varies he peddles, yet I assure you these black diamonds are exceedingly useful. In the first place they are highly connected, for, beyond all dispute, this plebeian charcoal is twin brother to the aristocratic diamond, which lies in state upon its satin bed in the jeweler's window. The diamond, however, keeps its rare loveliness for the few, while the charcoal lights our fires, cooks our food, heats our iron for the smithy's hammer, cures our diseases, and does a score of useful things. Where does it come from? How is it made? Listen, and I will tell you. Upon the mountain, where wood is plenty, the charcoal burners cut down the trees, chestnut, rock maple, ash, beech, and saw them into logs about sixteen feet long. They are then drawn by oxen into some level spot, where there is plenty of soft earth, and water. These logs are then rolled into a pile about twenty-five feet by sixteen, at the bottom, and perhaps twelve feet high. The top of the pit is in the form of a half circle.

It is then covered on top, first, with a layer of brakes or straw, then, with earth and sods, to the depth of about one foot. The ends of the pit are boarded up, by setting posts into the ground, to keep the boards in place, and between these and the ends of the logs there is a filling of earth. A large opening is left on the top of the pit, called the "chimney," where the fire is first kindled. All around the bottom, too, there are left some ten or twelve holes for the ingress of air, and the egress of smoke and vapor.

Everything being ready, a fire is kindled

in the chimney. After it has got pretty well burning, it is covered over with green brakes and a layer of earth. The air rushes into the air holes at the bottom, on the side where the wind blows, and fans the flames, so that in a short time all the logs are on fire. The smoke pours out in dense volumes on the opposite side, highly charged with proligneous vapor. The heat, confined as it is, becomes intense. The whole structure is a great oven of earth, and thus the huge logs are baked until they become black, and as brittle as earthen or glass ware. It usually takes about two weeks to burn down a coal pit made of logs into good charcoal.

A coal pit requires very close attendance and watching, both day and night, by two experienced colliers. As the process of charring goes on, it often happens that the earth gives way, and falls into the burning pile. Then the smoke and flames rush out like a miniature volcano. The colliers hasten and fill up the cavity with logs of wood, and cover over the vent with fresh earth.

The "breaks," as they are called, occur quite often during the first week, and so it happens that the coal pit must be constantly watched, day and night. At night, when not at work, the colliers occupy their "cabin," and sleep very comfortably upon a "bank," made usually of clean straw. The "cabin" is a rude affair, easily constructed, and very inexpensive, but, withal, convenient and comfortable. It is made in this wise: A couple of poles, about ten feet long, are set in the ground, about eight feet apart at the base. The tops of these are brought together so that they form a pretty good capital letter A. This is the framework of the cabin's mouth. From the apex another pole is carried backward, and its lower end planted into the earth. This forms the ridge. The sides, or roof, is covered first with boards, and then with earth. When finished, it is a snug, cosy, and very warm retreat. The bottom, or floor, is well covered with clean straw. On cold or stormy nights, a brisk wood fire is kept constantly burning in front, affording both light and heat. If you should enter a collier's cabin you would find that it was not entirely empty. You would find a basket, well stocked with bread and cheese, doughnuts, apples, ples, and, quite likely, a brown jug, filled with cider or small beer. About midnight this basket is overhauled, the contents affording them their nightly luncheon.

Another way of building a coal pit is the following:

In the first place, the logs are all chopped

and split into cordwood about four feet in length. Commencing at a given point, the wood is set up on end, in form of a circle, until the base is at least twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter. On the top of this is built a second section, of smaller dimensions, and on the second layer, or section, a third. When finished it has the form of half a globe, the base being flat, the top hemispherical. It is then covered in the same manner as a pit built of logs; that is, with straw and earth.

A third, and better method than any other, is charring of the wood in a kiln, or huge oven, built of bricks and mortar. These kilns are built in two forms. One, the "hemispherical," the other oval, round on the top, and flat at the ends. A large opening is left on one side or end, guarded by a huge, iron door. Here the wood is carried in, and the coal taken out. These coal kilns usually have a capacity for holding fifty cords of wood. This quantity will produce about twenty-five hundred bushels of coal.

When once filled with wood, and fired, the great iron door is closed, and sealed up with mortar or clay. These kilns require but little care, and the task of watching them is comparatively easy with that of a pit covered with earth.

After the wood has become charred, all the air holes are closed up with mortar, and in a few days the fire is completely extinguished. The great door can now be opened, and the coal is all ready to be taken to market.

But not so with the earth-covered coal: there is much hard labor to perform, in "keeling up" the pit, extinguishing the fire, and in clearing away the debris, the earth, straw, and partially-charred logs, called "coal brands." This is the method of keeling up a coal pit:

The workmen, armed with crowbars, shovels, and rakes with long, iron teeth, commence by removing the posts and boards at the ends of the pit. They then pry out and remove all the unburnt logs and brands. Next they rake off the sods of earth, and the straw, and finish the job by dusting or covering over the coal with fine earth or coal dust. This excludes all the air, and in a few days the fire is pretty nearly all extinguished. Nothing now remains to be done, except to draw out the coal, which they do by commencing at the edges of the pit, and making long, circular winrows of the black, shining mass, until the huge pile is completely leveled to the ground. It is now ready for market, and other persons take it

up into baskets and fill the coal carts. These carts will hold from one to two hundred bushels. A span of horses or a yoke of oxen will easily draw two hundred bushels of coal, as it is very light compared with wood. Charcoal is sold by the bushel. The price ranges from eight to twelve cents a bushel. That made of soft wood is the least valuable, and is used by the smiths in their forges. That from hard wood, such as maple, birch, and beech, is used in cooking ranges, and furnaces.

NURSERIES FOR BABY BUGS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

You have seen how carefully a hen feeds and cuddles her chickens, and perhaps you have been so happy as to see birds feed their nestful of little ones; but did you ever see ants and bees feed their babies?

You don't believe they do. That's only because you don't know anything about it. I can tell you that little insects, not so big as a grain of wheat, take as good care of their little ones as the fussy old hen; though they don't make so much noise about it. And, as they're afraid of you, they take good care to hide their babies away, and run—or fly—the minute they see you coming.

In the first place, most of these little mothers die before their babies come out of the egg; so they have to build the nursery, and prepare food for the baby, while it is still a tiny, tiny egg, often so little you can scarcely see it.

Perhaps you know that the baby of a butterfly, or a bug, is not a butterfly, or bug, like its mother, at first, but is a small worm or grub. Of course, it can't eat such food as its mother does; but the wise little mother knows just what it will like to eat, and works hard to lay up a good stock of food, as well as to get a roof over her baby. Some of the little mothers, however, don't care for a roof, and they merely hunt out the proper plant, that the grub will like, and glue the eggs to the leaf.

One kind of insect longs to put her babies safe into the warm stomach of a horse. A funny nursery, you think; but just the one for the giddy baby. So she glues each egg to a hair of the horse; and she's very careful to fix it where he'll be sure to lick it off, on his shoulder or knee. When he takes them off with his tongue, they get into his mouth, and so they go down to his stomach. What a marvelous care for the little one is that.

There's one family of insects, I'm sorry to say, who get comfortable homes, and food for their babies, by stealing into nests that honest mothers have built. When the grubs are all hatched out, the little thief eats up all the rest.

Did you ever see a sand wasp? She is a very hard-working mother. She digs a hole in the hard sand, and actually drags to it a big caterpillar or spider, ever so much bigger than she is, which she has bitten in such a way that it is helpless. When she has it safely in the nest she lays her eggs on it, and then covers it up with dirt. When the grub comes out of the egg, there is a feast all ready for it.

Another of this wasp family, the *Mason Wasp*, having prepared her nursery, gathers about a dozen small grubs or worms, and packs them in alive, for food for the baby. Perhaps you think that the grubs would eat up the egg; but the careful little mother looks out for that, and packs the grubs in coils, or rings, so tightly that they can't move.

If I had to be packed away in a cradle, to grow by myself, I'd rather have the bee mother do it. She provides no grubs or caterpillars for food, but delicious honey, which I should like better.

One of the coziest nurseries arranged by these little mothers is in a nut. She makes a hole in a green nut, hickory or chestnut, and packs the egg in, snug and warm. The grub hatches out and just feeds on the sweet nut, till you crack it open some day, and he crawls out. If the nut had been left to fall from the tree, he would have crept out and buried himself in the ground, till his wings grew.

But not all the little mothers die so soon as these. Some can take care of their babies themselves.

Some of the wasps not only give the baby a caterpillar to begin on, but every day or two they take a fresh one and put in the nursery, till the baby is grown.

Another little mother, the *saw fly*, sits on the leaf where her eggs are, till they are hatched. Then she feeds them, and shelters them from the sun with her wings, for five or six weeks, till they are grown up.

But the most attentive little bug mother, is a field bug. She leads her troop of babies around, as a hen leads her chickens, and she has thirty or forty of them, too. But they are better behaved than chickens, and they keep close to their mother.

I'm afraid you think of spiders as cruel, fierce creatures, because you feel sorry for

the buzzing flies they catch in their webs. But I hope you'll think better of them, when I tell you that they are most affectionate mothers, and will allow themselves to be torn to pieces before they will abandon their babies.

One spider mother carries her eggs around in a white silk bag, as large as a pea. She never lays it down, and she will fight for it as long as she has life. When they are hatched, they are tiny mites of spiders, not grubs, and they hang around their mother, climb on her back in crowds, cling to her long legs, even get on her head. She carries them about wherever she goes. Funny enough she looks, too. Why, she's worse off than the unfortunate old woman who lived in a shoe.

What would you think of thimble-shaped cradles for a bee baby? One little mother makes them in that shape. First she digs a place in dry ground, then makes one thimble, fills it with honey and pollen from the flowers, and puts one egg on it. Then she fits another thimble into that, just as you would slip one thimble into another, only they don't go in very far. The second one stops up the door of the first; so she goes on till she has half a dozen or so, and then she fills the hole with dirt.

Another very careful and thoughtful little mother bee wraps her babies in flannel, to keep them warm. She gets her flannel, or what looks like flannel, from the leaves of some trees, which are woolly. The wise men call her the clothier bee.

If you think that's a funny name, what do you think of carpenter bee, and mason bee? The carpenter cuts her baby house out of wood; and the mason builds hers with bricks, which she makes, by glueing together grains of sand.

The gayest of all, however, is the nursery of the upholster bee. This neat little mother first makes a suitable hole in the ground, and carefully smooths the walls. Then she flies to some poppy, or rose bush, and selecting the brightest blossom she can find, always scarlet, she cuts out little round pieces of the gay flower, and with them completely lines her nursery. She puts two or three thicknesses, to make it warm.

I think this bee baby must belong to the royal family, with its dainty scarlet hangings, and delicate food of honey.

Don't think that the bees and wasps make all the cunning nurseries. There is a little beetle mother, who makes a pretty green tent for her baby. She makes it of a leaf, which she leaves hanging to the tree, so that

every breeze will rock the cradle. And that baby eats its own tent up.

How do you suppose a little beetle would go to work to roll up a leaf ever so much larger than itself? It is a wonderful operation, and I'll tell you how it is. First she gnaws through the thick veins of the leaf in a good many places, so that it will be easy to roll. Then she fastens a row of threads, which she spins from her own body, from one side to the other.

These threads, which are really ropes, to her, she tightens, one by one, by pulling them with her feet. As she draws one a little nearer, she spins a shorter rope to hold it there. So she goes on shortening them more and more, till she draws it completely over, where she wants it.

Men, with all their wisdom, could find no better way to do that job, than the humble little beetle takes.

If you ever notice leaves, and I hope you do for they're exquisitely beautiful, you have perhaps occasionally seen one with white, zigzag paths all over it. That is made by the tiny grub of a little moth. It is too dainty to eat the skin of a leaf—you know leaves have skins, don't you?—so it eats its way through the green part of the leaf. You can generally find the little miner curled up at the end of his long white path. But you'll have to look very sharp, for he's almost too little to see.

All the mothers I have told you about, only take care of their own babies. How much more wonderful are the ways of tame bees, and ants, who actually live in families, build immense houses, and devote their lives to bringing up the babies of all.

Wise men have spent lives in studying about them, and whole books have been written about each of them. It would take me a week to tell you all about them.

THE CAVE OF ADELSBURG.

BY M. P. H.

Some curious looking spars had attracted the attention of Robert and James, as they were helping Uncle Frank rearrange the books in his library; and, in answer to their inquiries, he replied,

"Those are from the Cave of Adelsburg, a celebrated grotto near Trieste; the most extensive and magnificent of any in Europe, perhaps I might say, more splendid than any in the world. I spent several hours there, and was amply repaid for the time and trouble."

"Tell us about it, won't you, uncle?"

said the boys; a request which was readily granted; and Uncle Frank, seating himself in his easy chair, continued,

"One peculiarity of this grotto is an impetuous river, which rushes rapidly through a part of the cavern, and then suddenly disappears, plunging into the depths of the earth, and is seen again several miles distant, where it is called the Unz. This is supposed to be the same as the torrent which flows through the cave, from the fact that pieces of wood, thrown into the stream in the grotto, appear again upon the River Unz, several hours after.

"Having reached the cavern, we soon found ourselves in a very magnificent apartment, about one hundred feet in height. The crystal columns supporting the lofty roof glistened like diamonds, as did, also, the stalactites which hung downward in every direction; and, as our torches flashed upon them, they appeared beautifully tinged with every color of the rainbow. This sight, alone, was extremely grand; but you must add to this the brilliant lights of our guides and companions, nearly seventy in number, flashing along the vast length of this subterranean palace; and the roaring river, tumbling in foamy sheets beneath us, as we stood upon a natural bridge which spanned it; while far before us, in the dim distance, appeared a seemingly endless succession of these sparkling pillars and spars."

"It must be splendid!" exclaimed the boys.

"Having crossed the bridge," continued Uncle Frank, "we soon entered another apartment, equally beautiful, though different. Here were petrifications resembling flowers and shrubbery; so much so, that names have been given accordingly, as, the banyan tree, the fir tree, etc.; while clusters of glistening flowers, from their rosy or golden hues, have acquired the names of rose, tulip, yellow lilies, etc. In some places these petrifications resemble folds of sculptured drapery, most exquisitely finished. Others are semi-transparent; and, when a light is placed behind them, appear beautifully tinged with various colors, or the edges glisten as with gold."

"Are there a great many apartments, as in the Mammoth Cave?" asked Robert.

"Yes; and in some, instead of the vast stalactites suspended from the roof, you would see great pillars of glistening spar, some pure as alabaster, others of various colors, supporting lofty arches, and reminding you of the aisles and vaulted roof of some grand cathedral.

"One apartment is called the ballroom,

from the fact that the peasants of the neighborhood assemble here for a gay festival of music, dancing and feasting, once every year.

"One grand hall I called the music room; so many of the petrifications here being of such peculiar forms, either hollow, or bell-shaped, that when struck they sent forth sounds, as of silver bells, or organ pipes, reverberating through the winding passages of these extensive caverns, or echoing from the arching roofs. In fact, while exploring these spacious recesses, there is a continual succession of new beauties and wonders, and the mind is kept constantly filled with admiration and delight, and not unfrequently with awe."

LADY.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Do the wee ladies belonging to our young Corporal's grand army know the original meaning of the title they assume, the derivation of our English word, *lady*? The word is of Saxon origin, being at the first written *Laffday*, and signifies "bread giver." According to old Saxon usage, the mistress of a manor was expected to distribute, once a week, or oftener, bread and other necessities to all the poor belonging to the domain of her husband, father, or son with whom she resided. These gifts were bestowed by her own hand, and were accompanied by kind words of sympathy and encouragement; and hence came the appellation, *Laffday*, now softened down into our English word, *lady*, meaning, literally, "bread giver," and symbolically, comforter, helper, friend. How beautiful the synonym; how tender and loving the sweet name thus bestowed by the grateful hearts, where the gentle donor of these charities was ever after enthroned. Our modern use of this word seems almost a profanation of something holy; while the character of the fine lady of the present day seems little in harmony with that of the *Laffday* of our Saxon ancestors.

Let the little lady readers of THE CORPORAL ask themselves which approaches nearest the Bible models of female excellence; and which they would choose to resemble. Shall it be one who lives for herself alone; for dress, display and admiration, frittering away life's young morning, as does the giddy butterfly, in foolish pastimes, that lay the foundation for the bitter regrets of riper years? Or shall it be the Saxon *Laffday*, whose gentle deeds of kindness and loving words of sympathy so sacredly enshrined her memory in the hearts of the needy and suffering ones about her; and whose very name was, to her humble dependents, the beautiful synonym of all that is most fair and lovely in woman?

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1871.

OUT OF SCHOOL.

Probably nine-tenths of all our young readers are now enjoying the delights of vacation. Wading in shallow brooks; fishing in quiet, shady nooks, where the speckled trout love to hide away from the heat; following the mowers through the fragrant fields; watching the reapers in the rustling wheat; gathering flowers and berries; filling pockets and aprons with the early harvest apples; driving home the cows at evening; and lying broad awake on moonshiny nights to listen to the whippoorwill on the garden wall. Ah! we older children can only remember the many charms of vacation. There are no more such times for us, because, go where we will, and do what we may, our work and our cares follow us.

I missed your faces, yesterday, when I went through the street to the office, and did not see the crowds of children marching along with books and slates; but I smiled, as I thought to myself, "It is vacation now, and the children have gone into the country, or are having the best times they can at home." The city parks are alive with them, playing all sorts of noisy, rollicking games, and rushing about as if they never heard of thermometers, or lying in happy abandonment on the grass under the trees, as if they never heard of ague and rheumatism, as heaven grant they never may.

But how about the children who get no vacations? to whom, summer and winter, the year is one long workday? Perhaps you hardly knew there were any such; but I meet them on the street every day—children who work in all sorts of mills and shops and factories, ragpickers, and bootblacks, and little peddlers, though the gypsy life of these out-door workers makes up somewhat for the lack of vacations. You could hardly guess how many there are of these in all our great cities—children whose daily bread comes from their daily toil, and to whom vacation would mean, not rest and play, but *starvation*. You little people who groan over your six hours in the bright schoolroom, with books and pictures and merry faces all around you, and now and then a run in the open air,

what do you think of children, nine, eight, yes, only *seven* years old, who work ten hours of every day in dark, foul-smelling tobacco factories. And yet, in New York city, a great many of these little workers go to the evening schools, and try to study with their tired eyes, so eager are they to learn. Their teachers tell us they go to sleep over their books, and one can hardly wonder at it. Don't you wish you and I could do something to help them to a vacation?

NATURE'S SECRETS.

What do you know about peaches? You city children think you know all about them, from the time when the little, half-ripe things make their appearance in little pyramids at the windows of the fruit stores and on the corner stands, at five or ten cents apiece, to the time when you can go down Water street of a morning, and pick your way slowly for a quarter of a mile over boxes and baskets piled up with the great, luscious globes of white and red and yellow, their downy cheeks blushing through the slats, and their fragrant breath plainly discernible even amid the odors of Chicago river. And the country children are sure they know, for they have watched the trees put on their delicate pink bloom in the spring, and the small, green fruit slowly grow and round and color and ripen. They have tried them over and over with their sunburnt knuckles, to see if they were getting mellow, and know all about the joy when the first one fell from the tree and lay in the trampled grass. But how many of you know that the peach was, in its native country, only a bitter almond, whose seed yielded so poisonous an oil that it was used for dipping the heads of arrows, to render their wounds deadly? And when it was introduced into Persia, this was supposed to be its only value; but, lo! what wonders were wrought by transplanting and cultivating, until the wild, bitter almond was transformed into the luscious peach.

And when you run riot in the orchards, among the Golden Sweets and Maiden's Blush and Winesaps and Early Harvest, and all the wonderful variety of apples which make the vacation memories delightful, do you stop to remember that they all sprang from the sour, wild crabapple, whose puckery flavor is too much for even a schoolboy's palate, and whose only merit is in the wilderness of sweet-breathed blossoms so jealously guarded by the thorny branches. It is pretty much the same with all our fruits and vegetables and flowers. Nature has given us the

rare pleasure of working with her and helping to make the earth more fruitful and more beautiful. Think of helping to make a rose, or a peach, or a great, white lily!

You have heard people say that it takes a good workman to work without tools, but did you ever notice how few tools Nature uses in her wonderful work? Sunshine and air and water, and the same earth as food for all her thousand children; yet side by side the little fibrous roots go wandering through the soil and draw up the sap that is green in the leaf and red in the blossom, and blue or gold in the next neighbor. Nature's secrets are worth studying, and I wish I could induce you all to try to find them out.

ENGRAVING ON WOOD.

Private Queer promised to tell his little friends how engraving on wood is done, but his Knapsack is quite full this month. So the editor climbed up to the fourth story—almost everything you want to see, in Chicago, is in the fourth story—to ask Messrs. Forbes and Hallock just how they made their beautiful pictures. And these gentlemen very kindly explained their work to the editor, much more clearly than she can explain it to you, since every part of the process went on right under her eyes.

First, the designer sketches the picture roughly on paper, then he draws it carefully upon a block of Smyrna boxwood, the top of which is covered with a thin coating of whiting. This boxwood comes from the Mediterranean, not in whole cargoes, but for *dunning*, as the sailors call it—that is, to pack other articles. It is so firm and close that the blocks, which are sawn across the grain, will cut in fine grooves exactly as brass or lead would do. If the picture is to be very large, it is drawn in sections, and the blocks firmly screwed together after it is engraved. When the drawing is complete, it looks precisely as if printed on the block, the shading being done by the pencil and India ink.

Then the block goes to the engraver, who sits facing a window, with a shade like a little roof over his eyes. He first covers the block with paper, to protect the drawing, places it on a rest, above which is fixed a large magnifying glass, and by the side of which lie his tools, about a dozen of them, as much like small, pointed chisels, with cork handles, as anything. Tearing away a bit of the paper, so as to expose the top of the picture, he puts his eye to the glass and rapidly cuts away the wood, in fine, delicate

grooves and lines, following exactly the drawing, cutting away, of course, the wood *between* the pencil lines, so when he has finished his work, the picture stands raised upon the surface of the block. Look at any of the pictures in this number. Wherever you see a white place the wood was entirely cut away; wherever you see a dark one it was left; and if you notice how close together are the dark lines in the shading, you can appreciate the delicacy of the work. The printer prints from this block exactly as from type, or an electrotpe is taken from it, which is afterward used in the same way. And if you examine the illustration in the serial story, you will see, in one corner, "*Forbes, del.,*" that means the designer; and in the other corner, "*Hallock, sc.,*" that means the engraver. And can our little Latin students tell us what are the two words for which the contractions stand.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one, and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet, when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame, old man, showing he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap, when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's, in the blue jacket. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the fine letters he can bring me."



Prudy's Pocket.

"*Dear Prudy:* As you asked for the pictures of your young friends, I send you mine. I could never tell you how much I think of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, and how much we all think of you and Mrs. Miller. I think you are Mrs. Sewell, and sometime I mean to know. Goodbye."

Prudy sends thanks to all her young friends for their pictures. Three came together, to-day, and Callista, at this very moment, seems to be chatting with Lucy, who has just arrived from *Chatham, N. Y.*, while a nice-looking boy is turning his back to them both with an air of dignity.

"*Dear Prudy:* Mamma and I were real glad to know how Mr. Sewell looks. We think he looks like a real nice man. You ought to see my papa; he is such a nice man. I am all the child he has in the world. *Dear Prudy,* I do hope you will put this in your pocket, for I want to show it to my papa so much. I am not going to tell him till I see whether it is published in *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, or not. Mamma knows all about it. It is so warm and I am tired of writing. Goodbye, dear Prudy."

Philadelphia. "*Dear Prudy:* Next week we are going to have a fair for a poor woman; won't you buy a ticket? Can you tell me why a glass blower has more power over the alphabet than any other man? Because he can make a D canter. If you put this in your pocket, I am going to write some more."

Prudy is afraid it is pretty late for the fair, but she will buy a ticket, if Russell will send it on.

Marian, who sends the little story from *New York*, must try again, and only write on one side of her paper, a rule which Prudy wishes all the little folks, and the big ones, too, would remember.

Harvard, Ill. "*Dear Prudy:* I earned my money for *THE CORPORAL* by selling eggs and pie plant. Ma said I might buy me some slippers, or take *THE CORPORAL*, and I chose *THE CORPORAL*. I can hardly wait for it to come, for I think it is a splendid paper."

Todd's Valley. "*Dear good Prudy:* I have taken *THE CORPORAL* for four years, and you

don't know how I love it. I am a farmer's girl, and am twelve years old. I earned my *CORPORAL* last year by feeding pigs, chickens, calves, and hunting eggs for papa. This year I earned it by doing housework for mamma. Now, Prudy, if ever you come to California, please call at Todd's Valley, and see your little friend."

Thank you, Nellie; seeing California is one of Prudy's pleasant dreams for the future.

Union Springs. "*Dear Prudy:* I received the June number of *THE CORPORAL* yesterday. To-day I tried to renew my club, but did not succeed. I commenced taking *THE CORPORAL* this year. I was eleven years old the sixth of January. I have one brother and three sisters. I was going to draw a map for the new prize, (the chromo of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf,) but the latest map I could get to copy from was 1860. This is the first letter I ever wrote. Please put this in your pocket, and in *THE CORPORAL*."

Ah! how this letter rested Prudy's tired eyes, so beautifully printed, in clear, black letters, without one erasure.

South Vineland, N. J. "*Dear Prudy:* I earned the money to get *THE CORPORAL* picking berries. I wish you would have your picture instead of the little girl writing letters. I am ten years old, and live in New Jersey. I have been to school seven months and a half without being absent a whole day, or tardy once. I have got the whooping cough. I have not got it very hard. I wish you would ask Mr. Miller if he cannot possibly get *THE CORPORAL* printed every week."

Phelps. "*Dear Prudy:* I will tell you about a cat we had. Her name was Tabby, and she was nine years old. One day we missed her, and could not find her. One day I was out by the barn, and I heard a cat, and called my father and told him, and we dug her out. She had been under the barn three days and three nights. It was when there was a large snow storm. Please put this in *THE CORPORAL*."

New Lebanon Spa, N. Y. "*Dear Prudy:* I very much wish you would tell me how they make wood-cut pictures. I saw a letter in *THE CORPORAL* asking you to tell how they make shot, so I thought you would tell me how they make pictures. Be sure and put this in your pocket."

Look in Private Queer's department.

McArthur, O. "*Dear Prudy:* I commenced my map as soon as I saw there would be a prize given, but I was taken sick right away afterward with the lung fever. When I got better I worked at it a little at a time, until it was finished. I do hope I'll get the prize, but I am afraid it is too late now. I am a subscriber to *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*. I and my brother Ed. together, we took it one year before. It is better than ever this year. I think you are Mrs. Miller, for I read 'A Year at Riverside Farm,' and that was by Mrs. Miller, and I read 'Tommy's Birthday Party,' by Prudy, and I almost know that the person who wrote about Davy Phillips wrote about Tommy, too. I am thirteen years old. I know you won't put that in your pocket."

Detroit. "*Dear Prudy:* I am ten years old. I thought I would write and tell you about our wonderful dog Dan. He is a little black and tan. He catches lots of rats and mice, and shakes them to death. I suppose he heard us talking about muzzling dogs, for one day he went down to the boat and got on, and he went from Detroit to Cleveland, then to Chicago, just where you

live, to see you, I guess. He was gone a whole month; came home one Sunday, just in time so he would not have to be muzzled. Please put this in your pocket."

Grafton, Vt. "Dear Prudy: I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL ever since it was printed, and I like it now better than ever. I live with my mother and my grandfather in a little village among the hills, but I was born in Illinois, Lake Co. My father was a soldier, but he did not live to come back. I earned the money for my CORPORAL last year. I went to Chicago last fall. When I go again, I would like to come and see you. I am nine years old. Please put this in your pocket."

Prudy was just going to beg the little folks not to send her any pencil letters, but this one is printed in large clear letters, and is just as good as ink.

Jersey City, N. J. "Dear Prudy: I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to school and try to learn all I can. Now, Prudy, will you please answer my question, if you can? I have in my garden a nice large rose bush, which this season is full of bugs. They are about as big as the head of a pin, and of a light green color. Can you tell me what is good to drive them away? Here are some little verses I wrote. Are they good enough for a composition to be read in school?

THE BROOK.

Dashing through the meadow,
Singing over the green,
Rippling through the wildwood,
Where the sweet birds sing.

Sprinkling the bright flowers,
With a silvery spray;
Singing the song of fairies,
Always light and gay.

Down the mountain side,
Gilding on its way;
Through the shady glen,
All the livelong day.

P. S. Mr. Sewell looks just I thought he would. He is splendid."

Prudy is glad you like Mr. Sewell's picture. It is a little too old, and a little too grave, but on the whole, very good. As for the green bugs, they are probably *aphides*, and a thorough drenching in suds made from whale oil soap will kill them, and all the other pests that infest the roses.

St. Charles, Mo. "When we received Little Red Ridinghood last March, we did not write you and thank you for it, for mamma was sick, and I cannot write, for I am a little girl only six years old. Mamma writes for me, but lets me make it up, and signs my name to the letter. We all love the picture very much, and hope to get another of your pretty pictures next winter. I will try very hard, for mamma wants me to get the Morning Prayer. I am coming to see you some day; till then, goodbye."

A little girl in *Alma, Jackson Co.*, sends a long and very interesting letter, to tell us how she made a doll's house for her little sister, seven years old. Prudy would like to print it all, but there is not room this month, so she can only print a little bit at the end.

"You never could guess half the enjoyment she has had out of her doll's house. Ma says, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' and I think a doll's house is; don't you? My little

sister has a disease of the heart, and can't go to school. She spends her time with her doll's house, and playing on the melodeon. I wish you could hear her play 'Buy a Broom,' and 'Katy Did,' and some others. I think it would do you good. Now, dear CORPORAL, you must excuse bad writing and spelling, for I am only a little girl ten years old, and have to go a long ways to school, and take music lessons when I come home, and before I go in the morning. So you see I don't have any time to waste. Now goodbye, and remember we shall always thank THE CORPORAL for letting us know we could make a doll's house."

Thomaston, Ill. "Dear Prudy: I am sorry to say that my father has had bad luck this spring. He lost his stable and three hundred dollars' worth of corn by fire. My father and mother and two children went to town, and my brother went north, and he got on the horse smoking, and some fire fell out, and in ten minutes the whole was on fire. There being no one about, it was too late to do any good before anyone could get to it."

It is said that nine tenths of all the barns that are burned, are set on fire by the carelessness of smokers; which should teach people to be careful, and not smoke.

Palmyra, Nebraska. "I am an old boy of thirty, and have traveled a good many miles during that time, having been to sea for three voyages, once right round the world; that is, from London (in England,) to Australia, by the Cape of Good Hope, and back again by Cape Horn. Then I have been some years in Ceylon and India. I like THE LITTLE CORPORAL first rate, especially the motto. Hurrah for the good, the true, and the beautiful. Yours faithfully."

Faribault. "Dear Prudy: Lellie is a little boy five years old. His sister has taken THE CORPORAL two years, and he was so much interested in hearing the stories that he thought he would like to have them for his own. He earned the money himself by drawing in wood, at a penny a load. On Saturday night he had finished all but three loads. Sunday morning, the clouds told us we were likely to have a rainy day, and thinking it best to have the woodbox well filled, he took the wheelbarrow and wheeled three large loads to the door, and then carried the wood to the box. When he had finished, his mother told him that the money was earned, and that THE CORPORAL should be his for the next year. He replied, 'Ah! mamma, I don't take pay for working Sunday.' A fervent prayer went up from that mother's heart, that her little one might ever 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy,' and that wisdom might be given her to teach him how to be good, and useful, and happy. Hoping that THE LITTLE CORPORAL will aid her in this great work, she anxiously awaits its arrival."

New Alexandria, Missouri. "Dear Prudy O. just come down to Clark County, and see what nice birds and flowers we have. Do you ever hear or see any birds in Chicago. If you ever come to my town please come and see me. Goodbye."

If Prudy was a bird herself, and could fly, instead of traveling on the noisy, smoky, wearisome cars, she should be tempted to accept some of the kind invitations of her young friends.

Private Queer's



THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

A NEW AMUSEMENT FOR OLD AND YOUNG CHILDREN.

No more pleasant and profitable manner for spending an evening can be found, than this artistic amusement, which calls out the taste, creates a love for art, and is so simple in its details that any child can arrange it.

First, fasten a large picture frame upon two upright posts, by means of screws driven through them into the back of the frame. Place these supports at the end of a room, in the center, two and a half feet from the wall, so that the frame will stand upright, three and a half feet from the floor, measuring from the lower edge. Drape all the space above and below and on the sides of the frame, to the walls of the room, with dark shawls, and hang a black shawl upon the wall behind the frame, so as to hide all the space to be seen through the frame. Light the chandelier in the center of the room, but if there is no available top light, throw the light from the side by means of a large reflector. This light must be screened, which in most rooms can be done by the side door.

Procure two or three small boxes for the persons to stand upon, in order that their heads may show in the frame at the proper height, which can be easily determined by the eye. It is also well to have a curtain in front of the frame, unless the room has folding doors by which to conceal the picture from the audience while you are preparing it. The effect is also increased by having an artist asleep upon a couch at the side of the room, who is supposed to be dreaming of the pictures as they pass. He may have an easel before him, and brushes in his hand, as if he had fallen asleep at his work. Almost any picture can be easily copied, but it is best to select some that are pretty well known, such as *Evangeline*, *Maud Muller*, *Lady Washington*, *Highland Mary*, etc. With a little practice and such draperies as every house affords, you can thus give an entertainment well worth seeing. Occasionally a funny picture interspersed will add to the spirit of the affair—for instance, you can announce an *Antique Head*, by *Gardener*, and show a great cabbage head. In this magazine you will find many beautiful pictures to copy. *G. B. Bartlett.*

WORDS IN PANTOMIME.

A NEW GAME FOR THE HOUSE OR OUT OF DOORS.

This charming game may be played by children of all ages, and will interest the old and young alike. I have seen grandparents unite in it with their grandchildren, with mutual pleasure and profit. It is adapted to any number of performers, although at least ten persons should be engaged in it, to render it most effective, and twenty-five are not too many. The company is first divided, so that each side may have a fair proportion of old and young, and of gentlemen and ladies and children. One party goes into an adjoining room, while those who remain in the apartment select a word. They then call in the leader of the other side, and, as a guide, tell him some word that rhymes with the one they have chosen. He then consults his party, and they try to guess it among themselves; but instead of telling the word, they return and act it before the players who selected it. They in turn must guess the word which is performed before them, and name it. If the actors have fixed upon the wrong word, they are sent back to select another and act it, which they continue to do until they hit upon the right one, when they in turn select a word to be guessed and acted out by the other side. This game can be played out of doors quite as well, by the two parties taking different sides of a field or grove. The best words for the purpose are those which are easily rhymed, and the more difficult they are to express in pantomime, the more fun there is for the audience and actors. *G. B. Bartlett.*

A LONG TICK.

The ticking of the clock at Harvard Observatory, near Boston, can be heard in San Francisco, a distance of about three thousand miles. Now, my little friends, you will want to know how this is done. Of course the noise made by the tick of the clock in the observatory cannot be heard in San Francisco, but the tick of the clock makes a noise in San Francisco which can be heard by the people there. And this is done by connecting the pendulum of the clock to the telegraphic wire, in such a manner that the main circuit is broken and instantly closed again at every swing of the pendulum; and as the wire extends to San Francisco, the instrument will click there at every swing of the pendulum.

CRYSTAL BASKETS.

You often find these pretty ornaments in the parlor, and perhaps some of our little girls would like to know how they are made, as they are not at all costly, nor difficult to make. The basket, or any other ornament you wish to make, is first formed with wire, (copper wire is the best,) as a skeleton of the pattern desired. Now if you wish blue crystals, make a solution of sulphate of copper in hot water, place the pattern, or skeleton, in this solution, and set in a quiet place. As the solution cools, crystals will be deposited on the wire. The first crystals will be small, but to increase their size you will have only to prepare another solution and set the basket in, and repeat the operation until you think the crystals are about large enough. For white crystals, alum can be substituted for the sulphate of copper.

No. 14.—CHARADE.

First. The time of mellow dews is mine,
The time of shade and pale starshine;
The time when weary hands upraise
In humble prayer and grateful praise.

Second. All times are ours. We sail the air
When winds are low and skies are fair,
Or hurl, like scudding ships, along,
When stormy gusts drive high and strong.

Both. White, like the fleecy flocks of old,
Shading to gray, and edged with gold,
Piled in the far west, fold on fold,
The sun's last radiance we hold.
Shapes on the sunset sky are we,
Soft islands in a crimson sea,
Whose far, faint ripples seem to be
Dim bars across infinity. *D. D. H.*

No. 15.—CHARADE.

First. I'm round and spotted, vast and far;
I'm clothed in flame more fierce than war;
I'm known o'er all the earth and sea,
And many globes belong to me.

Second. I either colored am, or white;
I'm never dark, but always bright;
Where'er I am, whate'er my hue,
I'm meant to please, and profit, too.

Both. When joined, we are no more two things
But one vast flood, more swift than wings,
Pouring through space, enwrapping spheres,
And giving earth her changeful years.
It gives the day her gladdening reign,
Without its spell the moon were vain.
Though wide its circuit, great its powers,
It gives their tints to all the flowers,
Makes all the grass and buds unfold,
Tinges the ripened fields with gold,
Warms every insect on the sod,
And glorifies the power of God. *D. D. H.*

No. 16.—RIDDLE.

What is it that follows wherever you go,
Over the grass or over the snow?
You may run as fast and as far as you please,
But you cannot get rid of this troublesome tease.
F. C. M.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., JULY NO.

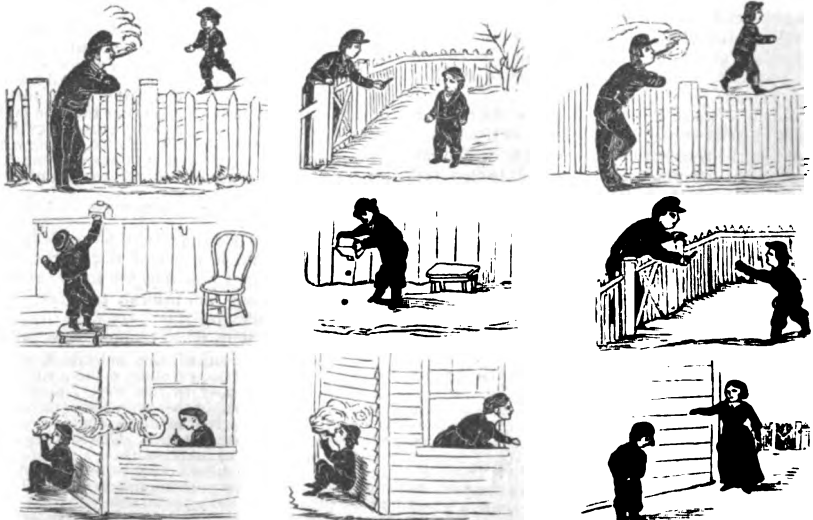
No. 1.—*Charade*.—Man-di-oc. No. 2.—*Charade*.—Grass-hopper. No. 3.—*Charade*.—Shak-speare. No. 4.—*Charade*.—Herod-it-us. No. 5.—*French Puzzle*.—The letter A. No. 6.—*Decapitation*.—Spear. No. 7.—*Queer Queries*.—1, Leaf; 2, A mine. No. 8.—*Enigma*.—Bed. No. 9.—*Enigma*.—Ewe, sing. name, hinge, cash; Sewing machine. No. 10.—*Anagrams*.—1, Amendment; 2, Astronomers; 3, Machine; 4, Encyclopedia; 5, Old England; 6, Afterward; 7, Inventories; 8, New York; 9, Milwaukee; 10, Toledo; 11, Springfield; 12, Boston; 13, Lansing; 14, York; 15, Hamilton; 16, Dayton; 17, Columbus; 18, Monroe; 19, Philadelphia. No. 11.—*Enigma*.—An Appetite. No. 12.—*Enigma*.—Our eyebrows.

TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY NO. 13.

(SEE JULY NUMBER.)

THE LOADED GUN.—It was a rainy day, and Frank climbed up the stairway into the old garret, to see what he could find to busy himself about. Grandfather's old trunk stood in the corner. That reminded him of the war, because there was a soldier's hat and coat in the trunk. So he concluded to be a soldier and go into the army. He put on the soldier's hat, but thought he must have a gun, also. What was a soldier good for without a gun? So he shouldered the old gun, that had been hanging so long in its place, and marched down stairs. Frank felt quite proud, with his real, big gun, and marched grandly into the room where his little sister was playing with her doll. "Stand up there and let me shoot you," said Frank, all in fun. But it proved to be very dear fun to poor Frank, for the gun was loaded. How it came to be loaded, no one could remember. Little Flora was wounded, and poor Frank was sadly frightened, when he saw the terrible flash. He was sad a great many times after that, when he saw his little sister Flora walking on her crutch. *W. O. C.*

No. 17.—A PICTURE STORY.—THE FIRST CIGAR.



The Reading will be given in the next number.

W. O. C.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

JOHN E. MILLER,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

HOW TO REMIT.

Checks on Chicago, Philadelphia, New York City, or Boston banks are best for large sums, made payable to the order of JOHN E. MILLER.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us *without any loss*.

Registered letters, under the new system, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money, where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. *Observe the Registry fee as well as postage, must be paid in stamps, at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it.* Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending *one dollar and a half or less*, you may send greenbacks at our risk; where more than that sum is sent, either of above ways will be safe.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

THE MAP PRIZE.

We received a large number of map drawings in competition for the prizes offered in the May number of THE CORPORAL. We were very much pleased with the response from the boys and girls to our offer. Some few did not quite come up to the specifications given in the offer, but upon the whole, all the drawings were very creditably done; quite as accurate as maps generally are, evincing a good degree of practice in drawing, and a commendable knowledge in the science of geography. Our offer was to give a copy of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf for the best map sent in by the girls under 15 years of age, and the same for the best map from the boys, thus giving the girls and boys an equal chance. The prizes are awarded to the following:

FRANCES M. ABBOTT, Concord, N. H., age 13 years.

HENRY S. LIVINGSTON, Galesburg, Ill., age 11 years.

A NEW PRIZE.

We offer a prize for the best translation of the picture story in the present number of THE CORPORAL. Also a prize for the second best translation. The competition is open

to any subscriber of THE LITTLE CORPORAL under 18 years of age. The manuscript must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, not to exceed three hundred words, and must reach us before the 20th of August. Write your name and address at the top of the first page. We cannot undertake to return any manuscript, nor have any correspondence whatever concerning the competition.

The prizes to be given are, for the best translation, a copy of the chromo of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf, large size, price \$10; or, a set of croquet, price \$10. And for the second prize, a copy of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf, small size, price \$6; or a set of croquet, price \$6.

The awards will be announced in the October number

BIND THE CORPORALS.

Every subscriber ought to preserve the numbers of THE CORPORAL, and have them bound in a neat volume, at the end of the year. Many of you do so, but there are others who live so far away from places where such work is done, that the expense of sending to the cities and towns is often more than the cost of the binding, making altogether a very dear book when it is all done. Now, in order to meet the wants of such that do not live near where the binding can be done, I have had a lot of the *Emerson Binder* manufactured of special size for THE CORPORAL. This Binder is the best I have ever seen. It consists of stiff, board sides, with cloth back and gilt title, like an ordinary book cover or lids. It is so arranged that one number can be inserted and firmly fastened, and others added from time to time, until the year is complete. It is so simple, and so easily done, that any child can do it.

The price of the binder is sixty cents each, to be had at this office, or sent free by mail, upon receipt of the price. Send for it, and try it, and I am sure you will love your magazine all the better for being kept together in a neat form.

SOMETHING VALUABLE

For Churches and Sunday Schools.

A System of Schedules and Checks to carry out a simple and efficient plan, by which the revenue of any church or Sunday school may be largely increased without being burdensome to those interested. The books, checks, etc., necessary for working the plan cost \$10, and will be worth hundreds of dollars to those using them.

Any person interested, who will write us, enclosing stamp, will receive a circular describing the plan. It is the same plan furnished by the Evangelical Press Association, of which Gov. Claflin of Massachusetts is President, and Bishop

James, Senator Wilson, Gen. Howard, Senator Buckingham, H. Thane Miller, Senator Harlan, and John V. Farwell, are among the Vice Presidents, and I am General Agent.

JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher,
LITTLE CORPORAL OFFICE, CHICAGO, ILL.

SOMETHING NEW.

EVANGELICAL DIAMONDS.

I am the General Western Agent for the beautiful little Diamonds, issued by the Evangelical Press Association. These Diamonds are really little, condensed tracts, the size of, and made like postage stamps, gummed on the back, and separated by perforation, so that they can be easily detached and used just as you would use postage stamps. They may be stuck on letters, or anywhere else you may choose to place them. They may be used for counsel, reproof, or warning, and properly used, may be made the means of doing great good. The matter of these Diamonds is printed in fine type, and the subjects are various. Some treat of the Christian Sabbath, others are on the subjects of temperance, swearing, reading of good books, purity of life, prayer, etc. These little diamonds should be in the hands of all people who desire to do good. They may be so used as often to be more effectual than tracts, sermons, or lectures.

These Diamonds are put up in convenient, assorted packages, one hundred in an envelope, and sold at ten cents per packet. Discounts on large quantities. We can send them by mail, on receipt of price. Address JOHN E. MILLER,

Publisher, Chicago, ILL.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Any books noticed or advertised in **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, will be sent by us, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

From the enterprising publishing house of D. Lathrop & Co. Boston, we have four choice, new books, which will form a valuable addition to the already popular Prize Series issued by this house: **SUSIE'S SPECTACLE'S** is a book of rare merit. The spectacles are meant for the eyes of the mind, rather than for the body, and they help in discovering faults at home, and virtues abroad. **THE FLOWER BY THE PRISON**, by E. F. F. **THIS ONE THING I DO**, by Mrs. A. E. PORTER, and **TRIFLES**, by A. R. D., constitute the remainder of the set, and are by their attractiveness and merits worthy of the place they occupy in the series. Chicago, American Tract Society.

From Horace B. Fuller & Co., we have, IN **THE WORLD**, by MARY G. DARLING. This is a sequel to "Battles at Home," by the same author. From the same publisher we have, also, **THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN**, by HORACE MANN. These thoughts were originally prepared and given by the author in public lectures throughout the country. It is a valuable book to every young man, and we are glad that a new edition is produced in such a neat and compact form. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

THE YOUNG MECHANIC, from Putnam & Sons, New York, is a book containing directions for the use of all kinds of tools. A very useful and desirable book to put into the hands of our mechanical boys, "possessed of sound heads and willing hands." Price \$1.75. For sale by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

GOOD SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY, published by J. U. Schemmhorn, New York, is a handy little volume for schools, home and church societies, etc. Some of the

selections are old and stale, but there are also many new and fresh ones added. To those who are constantly asking, "What shall I read? or, what shall I speak?" this will be a very desirable help.

From James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, we have **JIM BLUDSO AND LITTLE BREECHES**, by JOHN HAY, and the **HEATHEN CHINESE**, by BRET HARTE.

From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, we have the following list of recently-published novels: **KNIGHT OF GWYNNE**, by CHARLES LEVER, 75c. **TOM BURKE**, by CHARLES LEVER, 75c. **SIMON**, by GEORGE SAND, 50c. **BAIL**, or **THE CROSSED PATH**, by WILKIE COLLINS, 75c. **VALENTINE VOX**, by HENRY COKTON, 75c. Chicago, S. C. Griggs & Co.

CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES BY COUNTIES. A very valuable and convenient little book for the desk or the pocket. Published by R. A. Campbell, Chicago.

THE ADVANCE, Chicago, Ill., now ranks among the best religious papers published. Its editorials are independent and on timely topics; its contributors rank among the most noted writers in the land. To those desiring a complete family paper we can heartily recommend **The Advance**. For their special offer to new subscribers, see advertisement in another column.

S. Brainard's Sons, Music Publishers, Cleveland, Ohio, send us copies of two of their latest publications. **Song Diamonds**, and **Kimball's Organ Voluntaries**. The first most fitly named, being a collection of songs, mostly new, and very many of them never before published in this country. The table of contents showing a care in the selection which makes the book a perfect cluster of gems for parlor music. The second, Kimball's Organ Voluntaries, suited to the capacity of Reed as well as Pipe Organs, and meeting a want never before supplied. The voluntaries are medium difficult, and adapted for their use in churches where great organs and master performers cannot be had. The Pearl, a Sunday-School Singing Book recently published by the Brainards, is having an immense sale.

ALL THE LEADING NEWSPAPERS published in the United States may be found on file at the Advertising Agency of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of No. 40 Park Row, New York.

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THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG ; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

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LITTLE JOHN'S KITE LINE.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.



LITTLE John was a very pleasant boy when things went just exactly right, and he could have his own way, and nobody teased or vexed him. He did not like to be interfered with ; and it was his private opinion that his affairs were of a little more consequence than those of ordinary mortals, and that what belonged to him ought

to be very rigidly respected. As we say, the conditions being favorable, John was a genial, light-hearted boy. But, unfortunately, the conditions were not always favorable. Other people besides John seemed to think their affairs were of some importance, too, much to the lad's disgust ; and I am afraid some shallow observers, who visited John's mamma, got the impression that he was a touchy, irritable, selfish boy.

John did not find it easy to get along with his companions, and when any disturbance arose, it always seemed to him that they were wrong and he was right. Very often, when a knot of lads from the neighborhood were playing "Touch the Goal," or "Alley," little John got offended, and ran into the house and up stairs where his mother sat sewing, and told her with great indignation that the boys had abused him, and he meant never to have anything more to do with them.

These things made little John's mamma unhappy ; and she often tried to show him that the trouble lay in himself, but not with any great success. He was like a certain Mrs. Gunmidge you will perhaps read about some day, who thought everybody was against her.

Now, one pleasant afternoon in spring,

when flocks of white and purple pigeons came whirring down through the sunny air, and settled on the stones of the quiet street where John lived, and the bare tree branches seemed to be whispering love secrets to the sky, the little lad, who had found it convenient to forget past slights and offenses, was out with the neighbors' boys, flying a brand new kite, which his papa had given him the day before, together with a large reel of excellent kite line.

The wind was fair, and the pretty kite, marked with blue and yellow figures, rose gallantly and strained against the breeze, and drew the line out so fast it got twisted in the fence, and stretched across the walk. Higher and higher it rose, like a glad, live thing, that feels, for the first time, the joy of freedom. The boys shouted, and cheered, and clapped their hands ; and John was so excited, to see it growing a mere speck in the sky, he did not mind how his string got twisted, or how it impeded the motions of passersby.

A good many persons dodged under it, or stepped over it, perhaps with an impatient word at the interruption ; but at last a fine lady came along, dressed in a sweeping, green silk dress, and a velvet mantle. John knew who she was, and that she lived on the block below. He had often watched her when she drove out in her fine carriage, drawn by a handsome, sleek pair of bays ; and perhaps he envied her a little, and wished, in his foolish, young, ignorant heart, that his father could keep a carriage. The lady seemed to be in a desperate hurry, and she tripped against the kite line with such violence it snapped in two, and flew out of John's hand. Of course, she stumbled ; but instantly recovered herself, and sped along as if totally unaware that she had caused a

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tempest of grief and anger in a little boy's heart. John fairly stamped with rage, as he saw his beautiful, new kite come fluttering down out of the sky, and lodge in the top of a tree across the way, in just the most difficult place to get at.

"She broke my string a-purpose, I know she did," cried he; "and then she hadn't the decency to say she was sorry for it. But I'll pay her off, see if I don't."

He dashed down to the corner of a busy avenue near by, and felt for his jack-knife as he went along. That old gentleman who is said to be very much engaged with other people's business was whispering in his ear a mean, stupid plan of revenge.

The lady stood just on the curb stone, tapping it impatiently with her foot, while a line of drays and cars choked the way. If little John could have seen her careworn, haggard face, under its rich veil, I do not believe he would have stooped down, as he did, and cut an ugly, zig-zag gash in one of the breadths of her silk dress.

All unconscious of what had happened, the lady hurried across the street, when the first gap occurred, and John slunk away, feeling too guilty, the minute after the action was done, to allow a policeman's eye to rest upon him.

He did not go straight home, but sauntered past, to the other end of the block, where a wrinkled old dame kept a peanut stand. The boys had gone away round the square, to see a hook and ladder company start for some fire in the next ward. There dangled his poor kite in the top of the alanthus tree. He did not care how long it hung there. He would have given fifty kites if he could have put a whole breadth in that green silk dress.

How could he do such a mean, sneaking thing? He asked himself the question over and over again. It seemed as though the people in the street must detect some traces of it in his face. He thought the old peanut woman was cold to him. They were cronies, he and she, and had had many a pleasant chat about County Cork, "Ould Ireland," where she came from. John secretly regarded County Cork as an earthly paradise. To-day the old lady was not inclined to be sociable, which is perhaps accounted for by the fact of her having a cold in the head.

John found himself wondering half the time what the lady would say when she discovered that hideous rent in her green silk dress. It was just possible she might think it had caught on a nail. But no; the cut of a knife is easily detected. Then he fancied

what a piece of work it would be to repair the damage, shift the trimming, and all, for John knew considerable about the mysteries of dressmaking and altering. He had watched his mother and the sewing girl many a time, as they snipped into new goods, or made "auld cloes look amaisht as weel's the new."

When it began to grow dusk, and before the street lamps were lit, John ran home, for he was afraid his father would come along, and catch him idling about the corner. The children were just going down stairs to tea, and he went with them, and sat down at the table without saying a word. Mary, the nurse maid, thought, as she expressed it, John looked "peaked;" and when she told him to go to bed, she was surprised to have him obey without giving her a syllable of "imperdence;" for Mary's views, and the little boy's, I am fain to confess, did not always agree.

That evening there was company down stairs, and John lay wide awake in his bed, listening to the laughter and confusion. Somebody went to the piano, and sang a Scotch ballad in a very sweet voice; but he only wished the people would all go home, and leave him in peace. He tossed and tumbled about, until his head grew very hot, and his tongue felt parched, and all the time his heart was like a lump of lead in his bosom. Still, do what he would, sleep refused to come and bless him.

At last, near midnight, John heard the front door slam, and afterward somebody closing the parlor windows, and presently his mamma came in, yawning a bit, and pushing the heavy hair away from her temples. She went and turned on the gas jet, which had been lowered to a tiny spark.

"O, mamma, I could not go to sleep until I had told you something."

Little John's lip began to quiver as he sat up in bed, his eyes looking really piteous and distressed, and his hair twisted into all sorts of funny little talls.

The lad's mamma got over her sleepiness instantly, and, in surprise, went and sat down on his bedside. He crept right into her arms, and sobbed out the story of the kite line and the unfortunate green silk dress, in such a way that she managed to get a pretty clear idea of what had happened.

Of course, she was shocked to discover that her little boy had been guilty of such a malicious piece of mischief, but she could hardly regret, in spite of it, that at last something had happened to put him clearly in the wrong, and reduce him to a state of humility

and penitence. He had suffered a good deal already, so she refrained from all harshness, but, nevertheless, held a plain, serious talk with her little boy, and at last it was settled that in the morning they should go together to the lady's house, and make a full and free confession, leaving it to her to say what penalty John must pay for his offense.

The lad was very much relieved by all this, and soon fell asleep, with wet lashes resting against his cheeks, which looked far paler than usual. When morning stole in at the window, and John woke up to a realizing sense of the coming interview, he began to dread it like the toothache. He knew that his mamma always did what she promised to do, so he was prepared, when, soon after breakfast, she told him to put on his coat and cap, and come with her.

They walked together silently down the street, stopped at the lady's house, (Mrs. Bristol was her name,) mounted the broad steps, and rang the door bell. The lad's heart knocked hard against his breast. It was some minutes before the maid servant came to open the door, and when she did appear, her eyes looked red and swollen.

"Can we see your mistress a minute?" Mrs. Hope, John's mother, asked, quietly.

"Indade, mum, I much misdoubt if the missus can see yees the mornin'. She's bein' sore put about with the illness of her little girl, and one whiles we thought as how the darlint wouldn't worry through the night."

John's heart gave a great thud against his jacket.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hope, very sympathetically; "I hope the little child is better this morning."

"I'm afther thinkin' she is;" and the soft-hearted creature gave a couple of dabs at her eyes with the corner of her apron. "It seems like the Lord meant to spare her to us, for when she's hersel', mum, she's for all the world just like a sunbeam, dancin' from one room to t'other."

"If your mistress hasn't lain down yet," said Mrs. Hope, after a moment's pause, "perhaps she would see us here in the hall, if you tell her there is a little boy here who cannot be happy until he has made a confession to her."

The girl shut the door she had held all this time in her hands, and went up stairs, wondering what queer "arrant" had brought the lady and little boy "that early" to the house. Before long Mrs. Bristol came down, in a wrapper, looking pale, her anxious eyes heavy with watching and want of sleep.

"You will excuse us," began John's

mamma, "for intruding upon you just at this time, when I tell you that my little son here wanted, above all things, to come and beg your forgiveness.

"O, yes," sobbed John, in answer to her quick glance, hiding his face in the folds of his mother's dress, "I did a very mean act yesterday. You broke my kite string in the street, and then I got mad, and I ran and cut a slit in your green silk dress, and I—I—won't never do so no more. I ask your pardon."

"You poor, dear child," exclaimed the lady, going impulsively and kneeling down beside him, and putting her arm round his shoulder. "Did I break your kite string? Then I must beg *your* forgiveness. I would not knowingly hurt a little child's feelings for the world. I think we are pretty nearly even; and you need not fret any more about the dress, for I dare say it can easily be mended."

"No, it can't," sobbed John. "It's a great, long, ugly, skewy slit."

"Well, we'll say no more about it. You must have been sadly vexed to have your kite string broken; but I was thinking so much about my sick baby I scarcely heeded what happened on the street. I had been to the doctor's, and was hurrying home as fast as my feet could carry me, for I cannot begin to tell you how sad and anxious my heart was then. Thank God, it is lighter now. We know she will live."

John and his mamma stayed considerably longer than they expected to. Mrs. Bristol took Mrs. Hope up stairs to where her sick baby lay, and the pale, little creature opened her large, blue eyes, and smiled a wan, weak smile up into the visitor's kind face.

Mrs. Bristol and John's mamma grew to be firm friends, and John, although he was not completely made over by this one lesson, tried to correct his faults, with excellent success. You can see Baby Bristol queening it among the Hope children almost any day, and many a splendid ride has John had since, in Mrs. Bristol's fine carriage.

SEPTEMBER.

BY L. D. NICHOLS.

September here! of all the year
The queenly, generous giver.
How sweet to float, in open boat,
Adown the leaf-strewn river.

The frosty morn, the ripening corn
Calm days we long remember,
The harvest moon, the glowing noon,
Belong to thee, September.

OUR SECOND TRIP TO NEW ALMADEN.

BY M. E. BANNISTER.

How many of you would like to go with me on another visit to New Almaden? My omnibus is large enough to hold you all; so clamber in, and let us be off while the morning air is fresh and cool.

How pleasant it is to recognize, here and there, the scenes which attracted us on our former trip! There is the creek we forded, with the tall sycamores hanging over it; here it was that the irrepressible Harry threw crimson, June apples at a group of children who stared at us as we passed. A hare crosses our road, and disappears in the chaparral. I wonder if it isn't the very same hare we saw just here before!

We are climbing the mountain now, and we shall soon reach the turn in the road, from which we shall have a most magnificent view of the Valley of Santa Clara. Now look! Did you ever see a grander sight? We had no idea the valley was so large, while we were down in the bottom of it. The grain has all been gathered in from the broad fields; but their golden tinge tells of the rich harvests that ripened there. In strong contrast, is the dark green of orchards and of the trees that mark the water courses. What a beautiful mosaic floor it is! That largest cluster of houses, apparently buried in trees, is the city of San Jose. Close to it, on the left, is the town of Santa Clara; and a little farther to the left, six miles north of Santa Clara, a few white dots show us where Alviso stands, at the southern point of San Francisco Bay. Away to the north, stretch the blue waters of the bay, and if it were not for the ocean fog, I am sure we could see San Francisco, itself.

Beyond the valley, on the east, the mountains rise range upon range. Every outline shows sharp and clear in this crystal air, and very likely you think it would be fine fun to climb to the very top of Mt. Hamilton, the highest peak in sight. Nothing could convince you how far and how high those mountains are, unless you traveled among them.

How many of the boys have learned enough Latin to tell the meaning of *clarus*, *a*, *um*? If you do not know, ask some of your learned friends, whether the name of the valley would not be beautifully appropriate, without its prefix, Santa.

But we must not tarry longer, and after those two teams have passed us, here where

the road is wide enough, we will go on up to the works. What sort of a load is it which those mules draw so slowly and heavily? The low wagons are loaded with iron flasks, each containing seventy-five pounds of quicksilver; and a heavy load it makes. Now we will see how the flasks are filled, for here are the works.

Do you see that slender line of blue smoke, back of the brick furnaces, and away up the mountain side? Is it a bonfire? No. Burning chaparral, perhaps? No; it's the top of the chimney.

I trust you all remember that the quicksilver ore is sulphuret of mercury, sulphur and quicksilver. Of course there are other ingredients mixed with these, a little arsenic, some quartz, and sometimes clay; but after all, the ore is very easily reduced. And how do you imagine the quicksilver is separated from all these other elements?

If you hold a cold plate in the steam of the teakettle, you soon find it covered with small drops, which run together and form larger drops. That is distilled water, and is probably much purer than the water in the kettle. So the quicksilver is distilled from the heavy, solid ore.

The fires are all laid in one line of furnaces, and the ore is shoveled into the brick chambers prepared for it. Then the fires are lighted, and this set of furnaces is in full blast. The ore chambers are so constructed, that on one side the leaping flames dart their forked tongues right into the mass of ore. On the other side, away from the fire, the brick wall does not reach quite to the roof of the chamber, leaving a narrow opening into a chamber beyond. The farther wall of this does not quite reach the floor; the next has an opening at the top; and so on in a succession of empty chambers, the last one being about as cool as the outside air.

Let us see what becomes of the ore, under the influence of the intense heat. The sulphur burns, producing that pungent vapor of sulphurous acid which you smell when a sulphur match is struck. It would suffocate us all, if there were no chance for it to escape into the open air. The quicksilver is all expanded into vapor by the heat, and so most of the ore goes off, like the steam from the teakettle. The mingled vapor passes over the wall into the second chamber, then under the wall into the third, and so over

and under, over and under, it is crowded on and on by the fresh clouds of vapor pressing up behind. But the quicksilver soon begins to cool, and a few drops fall on the floor of each chamber. Soon a little stream trickles out of each into a long trough set to receive the liquid. From this trough, it drops into an immense iron pot, sunk in the ground; and the work is done. The quicksilver is dipped out with an iron ladle; the flasks are weighed, sealed, and sent off.

You would like to know what becomes of the sulphurous vapor? It passes out of the last chamber into a long, long pipe which carries it far up the hill, and there it creeps out in the form of that thin, blue smoke. Nobody need be poisoned by it off there, and it is like a reckless murderer, sent from his country "for his country's good."

Will that Frank never outgrow his mischief? He has seized a bar of iron, and dropped it right into the great pot of quicksilver. How will he ever get it out again? "Easily enough," says he. And he seems to know what he is about, for the iron sinks but a little way, then comes to the surface and floats like a stick. Frank has only to reach down his hand and take it out.

But see! The gold ring on his little finger seems changed to brightest silver. Ah! Frank, you did not think of your ring. This reminds me of the principal use made of quicksilver in California. Can any of you tell what that use is? Minnie suggests looking-glasses. Alas! we have to view our faces in foreign glasses. If you lived in as warm a place as I do, you would probably think first of thermometers. But if we were to follow one of these flasks of quicksilver, I have no doubt it would lead us finally, to a mine of gold or silver.

Did you ever see a picture representing the Californian miner of "early days?" He stoops by the bank of a stream, with his pan of "pay dirt" in his hand, and washes away till all the dirt is gone, and a tiny heap of gold is left. That was the first *placer*, or surface mining. Now most of the gold is taken from deep mines, and is found locked up in solid quartz. This gold-bearing quartz makes a beautiful setting for cane heads, brooches, and studs; but those who prefer bright, yellow eagles and double eagles, have set their wits to work to separate these threads of gold from the quartz.

This is the way they do it. The thundering quartz mills you heard of in the "Visit to a Silver Mine," are set to pounding and stamping upon the quartz rock, till at last, hard as it is, it is ground to powder. Then

this powder is put into an *amalgamator*, and mixed with quicksilver. Now there is no substance known that has such an affinity for gold as quicksilver. It might be said to have a ravenous appetite for the precious metals, as was seen in the case of Frank's ring. If Frank had dropped his ring, as he did the bar of iron, it would have sunk to the bottom, and unless he found some way to rescue it at once, it would have gradually dissolved, and never have been seen again. So, in the amalgamator, every little particle of gold (and silver, too, if there is any) is completely dissolved in the quicksilver, and the quartz powder, left floating on the surface, is easily removed. Thus, there is formed a simple fluid amalgam, quicksilver and gold. Heat is applied, which drives the quicksilver off again in the form of vapor, leaving behind the gold and silver in a solid mass, and almost pure. The quicksilver vapor is cooled and condensed, then, hungry as ever, put in the amalgamator and fed with some more ground quartz. So it is used over and over again. But each time a little is wasted, and to make up this waste, because men are themselves so eager for gold, the miners of New Almaden are still kept at work in their underground candle light, picking away at the red *cinnabar*. Day after day, the furnace fires are lighted, and the warm quicksilver is still trickling, trickling into the great caldron which never overflows.

MY PICTURE.

BY SHIRLEY CLAIR.

A wee bit maid, with nut-brown hair
In flossy ringlets wildly straying.
Round, azure eyes, where light and shade
At hide and seek seem ever playing.
The sunbrown cheeks, of roseate hue,
The dimpled mouth, with lips like cherries,
Just opened, like a fledgling bird's,
To catch the luscious, sweet blackberries.
Perched on the bank with moss o'ergrown,
Above her head the elm boughs swaying,
One bare, brown foot peeps from the moss,
The other in the brooklet's playing.
The gipsy hat, with flowers crowned,
Lies where the feathery ferns are blowing,
Beside the shining bucket filled
With berries, heaped to overflowing.
The babbling brook, the azure sky,
The tangled fen of fern and flower,
The wee bit maid, throned on the bank,
A woodland nymph within her bower.
Behold the picture nature gave
And in her sylvan gallery hung—
O, ne'er a lovelier vision fair
From artist's brain or pencil sprung.

LADY GISELL BAILLIE.

BY MRS. S. H. A. HUNTER.

A long, long time ago, at least two hundred years, there lived in Scotland a little girl whose name was Grisell; and as she showed so much sense and courage, and such great love for her father by the manner in which she aided him when he was in danger, I think the readers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* would like to hear about her.

At that time Scotland was in a very disturbed condition. There was a king on the throne who wanted everyone to do as he pleased, and especially to serve God in the way he thought best; and many laws were made that were hard for the people to obey. Some of the Scotch, for that is what they call the people who live in Scotland, were in favor of the king, and wanted him to do as he pleased; but there were others, and among them this little girl's father, who thought the king had no right to make such cruel laws and to interfere with the way in which they wished to worship God.

The king's friends were the strongest, at first, (and it is then that my little heroine's story is told), and persecuted the other party, sometimes banishing them from the kingdom, shutting them up in prison, even torturing or killing them. Grisell loved her father very much, and wanted to help him in any way she could. When she was only twelve years old, a friend of his was shut up in prison, and it was very necessary that a letter containing information of importance should reach him. But this was hard to manage, as he was closely guarded. At last he thought of Grisell. Though she was so young, he knew she could be trusted, and her youth would prevent anyone's suspecting her of conveying information of any importance. So she started bravely off, though she knew she would be punished very severely if found out; and after a long and wearisome journey, (it was not easy to travel in those times), she at last arrived at Edinburg, where the prisoner was confined, was allowed to see him, and gave him the letter, received his instructions, and got off home safely.

But a little while passed before her father was himself in great danger. His enemies wanted to have him in their power, and soldiers were sent out in every direction to search for him. He was forced to hide first in one place then in another, as constant search was made for him, and his servants

and everyone around threatened with the heaviest punishment, if they assisted in concealing him. He was nearer home, however, in spite of all their searching, than anyone thought for, except Grisell and her mother and one servant in whom they were obliged to trust, and who fully justified their confidence.

There was a church about a mile from their house, with a large, green yard all around it, and a vault under it. In this vault they managed, at night, to get a bed, and here, with no other light but that from a narrow slit in the wall of the vault, Sir Patrick Home, for that was his name, lived for many weeks, while an active search was going on all around for him. No one could venture near him, except Grisell, and she could only go at midnight, when everyone else was in bed and asleep. Her mother could not go at all, for fear that by some accident her absence from home might be discovered and the cause suspected.

It was a very hard trial for a little girl to start off in the cold, dark night, by herself, to steal along, frightened by every noise she heard, or every leaf that fell, thinking someone was watching her or some soldier creeping along after her, to find out her father's hiding place. Then, too, when she got to the churchyard, that was almost the worst of all. How few children, even now, would like to go through a lonesome, old churchyard at night, alone; and in those days there were few indeed that did not believe in ghosts and spirits rising from the dead. No doubt her heart beat quick, and that she looked fearfully around, as she stumbled over graves or tombstones, expecting every minute to see some ghost, clad all in white, rise to ask why she was there; or even fancied that she actually saw them, perhaps, standing just before her at the entrance to the vault, warning her off. But this brave, little girl would not listen to her fears—her love for her father was too great—she would hurry on, trying to think of nothing but him, and knowing that but for the provisions she carried him, he would have nothing to eat or drink in the dark vault.

The first night, there was another danger. The minister lived not far from the church, and his dogs, hearing something move, barked so furiously that she expected every minute someone would come to see what

they were barking at, and find her out; but luckily no one came. Her mother was so much alarmed, when she heard of this new risk, that she sent early in the morning for the minister, and told him that as a mad dog had been seen in the neighborhood, she thought his dogs might go mad, too, and frightened him so that he hung all his dogs that day, and so got them out of the way. Very hard that was on the dogs, and their master, too, if he loved them as people sometimes love their dogs.

In spite of all her fears, Grisell trudged along every night with a supply of provisions, and staid with her father until just time enough for her to get home before day. Though everything was gloomy and dark around them, for they could not venture to have a light, they would talk and laugh over the accidents and adventures of the day, and one that I am going to tell now made her father laugh heartily.

There was great trouble in getting provisions, for it would never do for the children or servants to suspect that she took anything out of the house, so the only way she could manage was to slip as much as she could into her lap from her plate at dinner. One day they had a sheep's head on the table, a very common dish in Scotland, and one which she knew her father liked very much, and therefore she was anxious to secure a good portion of it for him. While the other children were busy eating their broth, she contrived to get almost the whole of the sheep's head into her lap, unnoticed. Suddenly her little brother Sandy looked up, and called out, in great surprise,

"Mother, will ye look at Grisell! While we have been eating our broth, she has eat up nearly the whole of the sheep's head."

Notwithstanding Sandy's comments, she got off undiscovered, and while her father was enjoying it, they had a good laugh over Sandy's surprise at her quick destruction of the sheep's head; but he said she must be sure to let Sandy have his share next time.

Sir Patrick Home must have watched very anxiously for night, which brought his good little daughter to him, for all through the day he was by himself, with not light enough to read. One comfort he had, and that no doubt was a great one. He had studied the Bible so well when he had opportunity to read it, that now, when a book was useless to him in the darkness, he could repeat large portions of it to himself as well as if he could see to read it.

After some time, the hiding place in the vault had to be given up, and they were

much at a loss, until Grisell thought of an old bedstead, on the ground floor of their house, that drew out, and under that bedstead she set to work to make a hiding place for her father, if the soldiers should suddenly come to the house while he was in it. The only way a place could be fixed was to scrape away the dirt from under the sliding bedstead so that a box could be put there, in which he could lie down in case of alarm. How was the earth to be removed without anyone knowing it? No spade or shovel could be used, as the noise might be heard. But Grisell was not discouraged; she scraped up the earth with her hands, and with the help of the same man who had proved so faithful before, it was all carried out at night into the garden, so that no one might see it had been moved. At last the hole was deep enough, and the box, with a bed in it, was so fixed that he could hide securely under the old sliding bedstead, which was well supplied with airholes, if there was any sudden alarm. How pleased Grisell felt when it was all done; and every day she would look at the box to see that it was all right, until one day, alas! she found the bed was floating in the water that had risen suddenly in the place she had dug for the box.

Nothing more could be done. Everything had been tried, and the risk from his staying longer was too great, so leave the kingdom he must. Mr. Baillie, the friend to whom in prison Sir Patrick had sent Grisell, and whose son in long after years she married, had just been executed by the party in power, and they were more anxious than ever to secure Sir Patrick himself, whose life would be anything but safe, if he were in their hands. Yet the attempt to get away was beset by many dangers.

Again Grisell had to go to work. This time it was to make up clothes for her father, of so different a kind from what he usually wore that they might prevent people from suspecting who he was. When all this was done, the secret was told to another servant, who was much attached to his master, and so frightened at his danger in being in the house, that he fainted when told Sir Patrick was there. This man was to say to the others that he had to go to sell some horses, and would start for that purpose in the night. So, late at night, Sir Patrick crept out of a window and mounted a horse that by arrangement was fastened in an out-of-the-way place. They were to have met at a spot not far from that place, but somehow they missed each other, and Sir Patrick rode on for two or three hours by himself, trying

first one road and then another, to see if he could meet with the servant. He was very uneasy, and afraid some fresh danger was at hand, when the man joined him from another road, and told him that it was by the best chance in the world that they had been separated, for very soon after he started, to his great alarm, he heard the clatter of horses' feet behind him, and though he rode fast, to draw them away from the direction in which Sir Patrick had gone, they soon overtook him, and proved to be a party of soldiers. They had by some means learned that a horseman had left the house by night, and thought it must be Sir Patrick, and so rode with all speed to see if they could not catch him at last. Great was their anger and disappointment at finding only the servant, and they tried hard to find out something from him, but he evaded all their inquiries. When they at length left him, he rode on in great anxiety, fearing they might try another road and overtake his master, so his joy was great on seeing him at last, riding quietly along.

It was clear, though, there was no safety in traveling in this manner, and Sir Patrick soon dismissed his servant, and sent him home with the horses to tell the news of his narrow escape. Then, on foot, and disguised so that no one would have known him, he traveled through Scotland and England, and after a long journey he reached a seaport town, where he got on a vessel that took him to another country, in which he would be safe until better times came and he should be able to go back to his own home.

My story has been so long that I must leave you to guess how Grisell watched for the servant's return; how her heart beat at any sudden sound, thinking it might be a messenger to tell of her father's capture; how thankful she was to hear of his safety at last, and to be summoned to go to him. Many times in that foreign land they talked and laughed over their past trials and difficulties, and how thankful they must have felt to the kind Providence that had brought them so safely through it all.

SUMMER DAYS AT KIRKWOOD.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER III.

Hannah was thoroughly orthodox. She accepted the catechism from beginning to end without question, and would have walked to the stake in defense of her faith; yet, practically, she considered it the chief end of woman to prepare good dinners, and the chief end of man to eat them. And she was not to be cheated of her chance for displaying her skill by picnics or any other irregularities.

No sooner were the boats out of sight, than she walked slowly back to the house, sat down by the kitchen door, and wiped her face reflectively on her big apron, while Polly Vance bustled about and sang "Hark, from the tombs," in the jolliest possible manner.

"Seein' the house is clear, Polly," Hannah finally remarked, "I believe I'll take the chance to stir up a pound cake. Pound cake is dreadful ticklish to get jest right, and I'm easy put out with my weighin'. And we'll brile some of them young chickens, and make some rosberry creams for supper; they'll be glad of something clean and relishin', after merandering round all day."

Hannah took down her leather-covered cook book, which contained the culinary wisdom of her lifetime, and began to turn the pages, reading here and there to the admiring Polly.

"Here's the rule for mountain cake. I got that of a woman that used to work in a confectioner's shop: 'tak 2 cups White shuger'—O, here's the rosberry creams. Mis' Harrington give me that, and it jest melts in your mouth: 'tak the littell blucup ful of jellytin'—jellytin is a kind of new-fangled glue," explained Hannah, "only it's white, and splendid for puddings and such stuff"—

"Look a here, Hannah," said Jube, coming into the kitchen, "me an' Joey an' baby's gwine down de Simmons road, to have a picnic in old Humpy's woods. Now you be clever an' give us somethin' awful nice for lunch."

Hannah rose and took the basket, but to Jube's astonishment gave her at the same moment a swift, sharp box on her head.

"Take that for yer sarce," said Hannah. "Ain't ye 'shamed to make fun of the misfortunes of yer fellow creturs?"

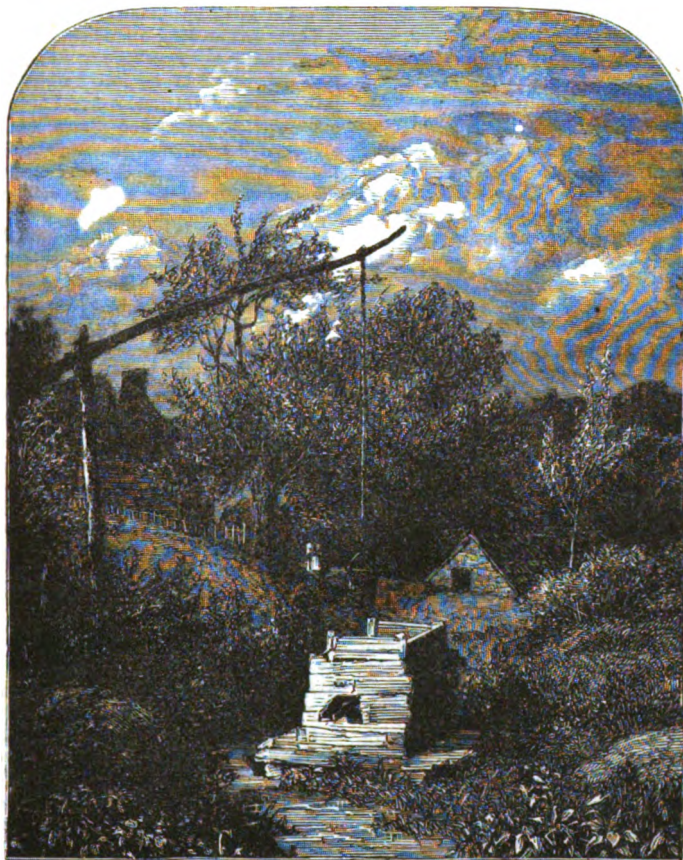
"Laws, Hannah, yer mighty strong in yer wrists," said Jube, grinning, and rubbing her head. "Yer don't go for to call ole Miss Bashy a 'feller,' do ye?"

"Miss Bash'by Nevins is a stiddy, respectable woman," said Hannah, "and can't help the hump on her back any more than you can help bein' black."

"That's poetry, Hannah," said Polly, in

triumph came an instant recollection of Ruthie, and the sermon from the little red Bible, and she quickly returned the apples, almost believing she heard some one repeat the words audibly which sounded so loud in her heart, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

Certainly Hannah was clever, for the bas-



delight. "It's a sure sign of good luck, to make a rhyme accidental."

"Well," said Hannah, secretly pleased, "I hope the sign'll hold good for the pound cake; though all our family take natural to poetry."

While Hannah was in the storeroom, Jubilee stood with an innocent face by the side of a basket of early apples, just ripe enough to be tempting to a child's appetite, and managed dexterously to slip two of them into her pocket. But with the feeling of

ket was filled with the tender, white biscuits, the little, golden sponge cakes, cold chicken, and raspberry tarts, in which Joey delighted, while the nice, brown bread, and pie, and doughnuts were an offering to Jube's hearty appetite. There was a bottle of milk for baby, that had neither been "skimmed nor washed," for Hannah scorned the wisdom of the doctors, and baby's plump cheeks already spoke in praise of her generous diet.

"Now then," said Hannah, giving her the basket, "if you're goin' to the grove, jest

be movin', and not let them children sizzle in the sun while you go gawkin' around."

Down the road went Jube, merrily whistling, with baby and Joey both stowed into the broad carriage, Joey driving vigorously with his long switch, and baby making frequent plunges at the yellow curls that bobbed about with her companion's restless little head.

"Us will do to a nland, and have some pitnit for dinner, won't we, Juby?" said Joey, with satisfaction; and Jube giggled in reply, as she stopped the carriage to let the children see a swarm of little yellow butterflies, gathered about a wet place in the middle of the road, slowly opening and closing their golden wings, and seeming to find great satisfaction in it. Baby cried "pretty, pretty," and stretched out her tiny hands; while Joey, with a boy's destructiveness, struck his switch into the gay group, scattering it in an instant, and leaving one pretty creature on the ground with a broken wing.

"Ho! I hit one flutterbug," shouted Joey, in delight.

"Ye shouldn't ought to hurt 'em," said Jube, lifting the maimed insect to a bush by the roadside; "them's God's creatures; Ruthie said so; an' I reckon He wouldn't a took de trouble to make 'em, ef He'd wanted 'em sp'iled."

"O, too bad!" said Joey, in sudden repentance; and then they went on up the hill and over the little bridge, until the road curved around the end of the lake, and the rest of the way was cool and shady, passing at last through a large grove of magnificent trees. Here Jube turned aside, and entering a footpath, soon landed her little passengers in a lovely, green dell, completely hid 'en from the road, but near to some human habitation, for the gray roof and upper windows of an old house were visible through the trees, while nearer by were the ruins of a deserted ice house, and a well, with its high curb, and the sweep, from which the "iron-bound bucket" dangled in the air.

Time had been when the "Judge Nevins' house" was the grand mansion of Kirkwood, but the judge had been gone for many a year, and the worldly prosperity of the family seemed to end with him, for everything had fallen into decay, and for years no one had lived in the house except Miss Bathsheba, the judge's sister, a deformed, old woman, who was beautiful and kindly, in spite of age and infirmity.

The gay afghan was spread upon the grass, and baby enthroned like a queen upon a

Turkish divan, while Joey threw himself upon the short, thick grass and clamored for dinner. Jube appeased his appetite with a couple of biscuits, and he was presently digging a well with a broken spoon which he had lately taken to wearing in his belt as a sword. Baby drank her milk, demolished a sponge cake with her useless little fingers, and then went placidly to sleep to the tune of "The girl I left behind me."

There was an old garden behind the Nevins house that was irresistible to Jube, from the fact that years of neglect had changed it into a tangled thicket, where currants and gooseberries, grapes and plums, and almost all kinds of fruit grew in rampant disorder, matted together by vines and climbing roses. She had made many a stealthy raid upon its treasures, in the days of her half starved mountain life, and now she could not resist the desire to go and take one peep over the back fence, while the children were both off her hands. So, promising Joey to be back "in a jiff," she followed the crooked, little path, and stood peering over the broken fence in full view of an apricot tree that, after years of obstinate barrenness, was showing the virtue of hardship by hanging every twig with beautiful little globes of red and gold. Without a moment's reflection, Jube pushed her way through the tangle and stood right beneath the tree, her hand upstretched to give it a shake, when something made her stop, look around, and finally walk slowly back. It was the memory of that dreadful verse again, and she ran down the crooked path sorely dissatisfied.

"Jest wish Ruthie didn't go to read dat ar 'bout de eyes of de Lord; makes me feel awful squirmy to have folks peekin' at me hull blessed time."

She found Joey exploring the basket with his dirty, little fingers, so she concluded to have dinner, and proceeded to arrange the various edibles on a newspaper, decorating the impromptu table with wreaths of leaves and bunches of wild flowers.

"Now I'll fetch some water," she said, taking a little tin pail and going to the old well.

"What's in dat box?" said Joey.

"Water," said Jube, reaching up to the bucket.

"Oho," said Joey, in astonishment, as he watched the sweep; "does you fis' up de water wid de big fis' pole?"

"Shoh! what a young one ye be now," laughed Jube, as she dipped the pail in the dripping bucket, and carried it away to the table, where the two sat down upon the

ground and looked at each other with a satisfied expression, and then began to eat.

"Us didn't say any prayin' to our dinner," said Joey, suddenly stopping. "Lean down your eyes, Juby, an' I'll say it now."

So Joey folded his chubby hands and said, very earnestly, "Fank you forever an' ever; please to tate tare of me 'n baby, an' mate Juby a dood boy—amen; an' not let de boat spill over."

Then, as the eating was resumed, Joey took upon himself a new dignity, because of having asked the blessing, and was quite patronizing to Jubilee.

"I'll tell you a story, Juby," he said. "It's in my new red picher book, de one baby teared. Oncet dey was a bear, an' free of 'em, an' dey went vistin', an' didn't eat dey breakfas, an' de littlest chair broke, an' she tooked a nap, an' de bid bear gurrowled an' gurrowled, an' she fled right out de window an' runned home, an' dat's all."

While Jubilee was lost in wonder at this not remarkably clear version of "The Three Bears," she chanced to look across the little clearing by the well, and saw Miss Bathsheba coming slowly toward them. Her heart gave a bound of terror at the thought of the apricots, and then she remembered with relief that she did not really steal them.

Miss Bashby, as the neighbors called her, was dressed in plain Quaker style, her smooth gray hair and neat white cap forming a beautiful setting for her placid face, which wore that refined, spiritual sweetness so often seen in sufferers of her class. She greeted the children pleasantly, and stopped a moment to look at the sleeping baby.

"I remember well," she said, half to herself, "when Hetty Gray was just such a baby herself."

"Us is dot a plitnit," said Joey, "an' I said de prayin' to de table."

"Here are some apricots for your feast," said Miss Bashby, taking a few from her basket. "I am carrying some to a poor, sick lady."

Jubilee would have blushed, if she could, but she only looked embarrassed, while Joey promptly changed the subject by demanding, "What's dat on you back?"

"My cross, child," answered Miss Bashby, quietly.

"Why don't you tate it off?" said Joey; "loots most lite a *tamel*."

"I can never take it off," was the patient answer. "My Father laid it on me nearly seventy years ago; He'll take it off when it pleases Him to do so, and I think it will be very soon, now."

She went on her way, and Joey, looking after her in amaze, declaimed to Jubilee, "Her father's real naughty, I fink so."

"Shoh, Joey, she jest growed so," said the practical Jube. "She's one of Ruthie's kind of folks; I wonder if she knows dat ar 'bout 'de eyes of de Lord?'"

"Will Ruthie be puckered up dat way?" demanded Joey, his lip already in a quiver.

"Sakes alive! no," said Jube. "I only meant dey was bof Bible folks."

Baby soon awakened, and showed her delight with her cool, green nursery, creeping about on her carpet, grasping at leaves and flowers, all the time talking in that wonderful language to which babies the world over hold the key, a bewitching mixture of musical notes and articulate speech.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, when the sun was at its fiercest, Joey determined in his obstinate little heart that he would go home that very minute to see "Uncle Docker," and there was no such thing as turning him from his purpose. So poor Jubilee trundled her load along the dusty way, and panting with the heat, came at last upon the long, unshaded flat.

Something unusual was going on down toward the village. She could see men running in a cloud of dust, hear faint shouts, and, still nearer, some small object seemed to be speeding along the road toward her. Jube drew the wagon into the shade of a small tree, the only one for a long way, and waited with a delightful sense of excitement to see what was happening. All at once, with a little sweep of the wind, came a faint but distinct cry, "Mad dog! mad dog!"

and to her horrified fancy, the dusky little object veiled in a cloud of dust revealed furious eyes, and jaws dripping with foam. Jube was no heroine, and in fact she had the natural cowardice which seems to seize most of her race when brought face to face with danger. Her first thought was only of herself, and she sprang to the scraggy tree, knowing she could climb it like a squirrel. But baby's cry smote her heart, and she stopped, with the exclamation,

"O laws! what ever will Ruthie say? O, what shall I do?"

Whatever was done, there was not much time for reflection. In an instant Joey was hoisted into the tree, where he clung with his fat legs and arms, greatly pleased, yet puzzled to keep his balance. Jubilee made one attempt at mounting with baby, but it was out of the question, and with a kind of groan of self-renunciation, she laid baby on the grass, turned the carriage over her, and

seated herself upon it like a martyr at the stake, baby all the time resenting the sacrifice with terrific screams.

Nearer and nearer came the mad creature. Jube could really see the dreadful eyes and the foaming mouth, and she clutched desperately at the sides of her seat, almost blind with fright. Another instant, and the poor, frantic creature rushed unheeding past her, goaded too closely by the hot pursuit to stop even an instant on its way. As the pursuers also passed her, with only a faint "hurrah" and not the smallest appreciation of the heroism she had displayed, Jubilee caught her breath quickly, rubbed her eyes and hands, and said, in the words of Joey's blessing, "Fank ye forever 'n ever." Then she proceeded to liberate baby from prison, and help Joey down from his perch, only saying, with a chuckle,

"My! but I was skeered powerful dat ar time!"

When the poor dog, maddened as much by terror as anything else, was finally hunted down, the excited huntsmen came back to tell the story of Jube's escape; and it was repeated at the doctor's gate just after Jube herself had made much of it in the kitchen to Hannah and Polly.

Hannah hugged the baby and Joey to the verge of suffocation, and sat down all of a tremble to wipe her eyes, while the tender-hearted Polly actually sobbed into her capacious apron; and Jube felt that she was greater than Julius Cæsar, though very little was said of her part of the transaction.

This was the sensation that met the boating party on their return from their day of quiet pleasure. To Jubilee's unutterable astonishment, Mrs. Harrington, in the midst

of her laughing and crying over baby and Joey, suddenly rushed up and put both arms about her and kissed her heartily, saying,

"You're a brave, noble girl, Jubilee, and God must have put it into your heart to save my darlings."

And when Ruthie gave her a tender pressure from her delicate, little hand, with some of her own sweet words of thanks, Jubilee felt that nothing on earth could make her happier.

When the excitement had calmed down a little, and the hungry party sat down to their broiled chicken and raspberry creams, Joey sat enthroned in his high chair and told the story over and over, ending always with the same strain:

"I isn't 'fraid of nuckin'; I wasn't 'fraid dat crazy dog. I just sittid dere, and said, 'g'way, dog!'"

"Jube," said Tom, "how does it feel to make up your mind to be eaten up? What did you think about when you sat there waiting for that dog to come and bite you?"

"O laws, Mass' Tom," said Jube, "fust along I was tryin to make out what Hannah 'd do wid my cloes, 'specially dat new pink caliker; but to'rds de las' I jes' kep' sayin', 'De eyes ob de Lord,' an' I reckoned might be He'd see me settin' dar."

"I don't doubt He did," said the doctor, gravely and kindly.

"S'pose'n," said Benny, between his mouthfuls of cream, "the dog had eat you up, and then gone to snuffing round and found the baby?"

"Tain't likely," said Jube, drily; "dat dog wouldn't a-hankered after nuffin mo', when he got me on his stummick."

[To be continued.]

A PRAYER TO SUMMER.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Beautiful summer, stay with us always.

Never fly back among distant lands.

Look, to the clear blue heavens above me

I, little Betty, lift pleading hands.

Stay with us, summer, and keep sweet roses

Year after year, still glowing bright;

Pink ones, and pale ones, and velvety crimeons,

Where the bee booms in delight.

Don't let the loud, harsh winds, dear summer,

Ruin the hollyhocks' fair, proud heads;

Don't let the desolate rain fall bleakly

On the poor pansy beds.

Haven't you any deep love for your children?

Gay flowers, bonny birds, twinkling leaves.

Shall you not grieve, when you wish them fare-

Just as a mother grieves? [well,

How much pleasanter not to have snowflakes

Cover the world from east to west,

Making it sombre, lonesome, and dreary,

Filling the blackbird's empty nest.

Beautiful summer, stay with us always,

Never fly back among distant lands.

Look, to the warm, blue heaven above me

I, little Betty, lift pleading hands.

MY YOUNG FAMILY.

BY MRS. JULIA F. SNOW.

Ben and I lived with Priscilla. We took care of her, and she of us, just as it happened. Ben was a big boy; it is of no consequence to the reader of what age or condition he was, he was just a big boy, and, if he lives to be ninety, will never be anything else. I was only a little girl, on the contrary, and a very inferior personage in the family. Priscilla was subject to headaches, and hated a noise. I liked to make a noise, and consequently was often at issue with Priscilla on that subject. But at that time I had never had headaches; if I had I should have felt differently. I have had, since then, and know all about them. She did not like other children to visit me; they made a noise, and committed depredations. Neither did she approve of my going visiting, for I came home with great stories of other people's doings, and got "notions" in my head. I was puzzled at this word, supposing notions to be "needles, thread, tape, and essences." However, I did not go any more, except once in a great while fishing or riding with Ben, who could be trusted. She disliked pets; I adored them, especially cats. Priscilla had an unconquerable antipathy to cats, and declared war on the whole feline race.

Ben had a dog named Boabdil, commonly called "Dill." He was a lovely spaniel, of a dark liver color, with bright, intelligent, blue eyes. I tried to like him, but on the least encouragement he would knock me over; and once I fell against the edge of the sideboard and cut my head, and Dill was in disgrace a good while for it. He would shake my dolls to pieces, and at last finished up his last rag of reputation by dragging my squirrel fur cape off my shoulders, and shaking and tearing it to pieces, mistaking it for live game. It was a solemn walk I had that day, carrying home the furry remnants of my pretty cape, and Dill was so excited over it that it seemed as if he needed but a word to finish me, too. Boabdil and I were only cool friends after that, and when the King of Granada shortly after breathed his last, I could only creep up to Ben, and lay my cheek to his in silent sympathy for his sorrow, for I could not grieve for the exiled monarch, as he did. But poor Ben! how he did mourn for Boabdil. I am afraid Priscilla knew what ailed Dill. I know Ben thought so—she was so cruelly indifferent to his trouble.

But I did not give up hopes of a cat. I coaxed one, a waif, into the woodshed with surreptitious scraps, and was rejoicing in her increasing tameness, when Priscilla spied her, and nearly annihilated her with an awful "scat," and a ferocious demonstration with the broom, and I nearly went into spasms with rage and grief.

I spread them a table in the wilderness, consisting of scraps, and bones, and pans of water, in the far end of the great, neglected garden, and watched them partake of the free lunch there with the strongest affection and delight. I hoped to tame them by kindness, so that I might stroke their soft fur. There were any number of wild cats, waifs, strays, Bohemians, which were thankful enough for the meals thus provided. Brindle Tom, a ferocious, gray brute, who tore my finger to the bone when I just touched him, and Ginger, a yellow cat, wilder than a hawk, and two young ladies of the feline order, soft, sweet, tender little creatures, a little gray kitten, with roguish eyes and a bushy tail, and a black and white one, with a white face and black ears, which made her head look a good deal like young ladies' heads, with very high "rats" in front. Spotty was my delight. How I did long to get hold of her, but she never permitted the slightest familiarity from me, except that, day by day, I could approach nearer and nearer, and did not give up hope of some day holding and stroking her.

"Ben," said I, sadly, one day, "I wish I had a pet that I could hold; one that would be soft, and white, and furry, and one that I couldn't hurt hugging it, nor it hurt me. And the cats are too wild to come near; I suppose because they are chased off so. I wish I had a bird, now."

"You'd squeeze it to death," said Ben, as he picked up a great angleworm, and deposited it in an old oyster can. (Ben was going fishing, of course.) "And they are so much prettier flying, too."

"Well, so they are, Ben; but I am so lonesome. I can't go visiting other children, nor they me—they get sent home. And English Beas comes and stares at me as if I was a prisoner, and says, 'Sissy, can't you go walking with me?' And then she laughs, and shakes her great, ugly ear rings at me. And Miss Hoptoad is awfully strict, to school, and makes us walk home, and not

stop if a caravan and elephant was coming, and if we did she'd report us at home for not going straight home, and she won't let us have recess; and, Ben, don't you think," I went on, airing my tongue, while Ben interposed his—

"W'y, you don't say so."

"Well, don't you think, she whipped Dayton Croly, and tried to pull his hair, but it was too short; and then next day he played truant, and she tried to pull his ears, and don't you think she couldn't, cos he'd buttered 'em, and"—

Ben opened his mouth and roared out a big, boy laugh.

"Well, you needn't laugh at me."

"Not at you, Susy, but buttering his ears! I wish I had known it when I was small."

And off he went it again.

"Now, Ben, stop; I want to tell you something. Up in the old office I've got some bluebottle flies under a cracked tumbler, and I feed 'em on sugar. I wish they were birds, and I play that they are birds, but I don't think they like it much, for some of them die. I want to pet something, and somehow I can't get hold of them."

"Poor little Susy!" and Ben sighed.

Then, brightening up, with a sudden impulse of magnanimity, he said,

"Go get your sunbonnet and you may go fishing with me."

I started with an ecstatic face, but turned suddenly back at the thought of Priscilla.

"She won't care," said Ben. "She's got the headache, a regular stunner; but I'll ask her, if you want me to."

Ben always had a way of managing Priscilla. The coveted permission was soon granted, and, for one blissful afternoon, I had my fill of liberty and happiness.

It was nearly dark when we returned, but I must take one more last look at the dear place under the old weeping willow that I called my arbor playhouse. Not that it was an arbor; it was only a nook in an angle of the high fence, half enclosed by a big, neglected lilac bush on one side, and on the other by a few boards. Its only roof was the arch of drooping willow boughs, and its floor a ragged sod; a rude bench its only furniture, and its incompleteness was its greatest charm. It was almost wild, I thought.

This evening, in the deepening twilight, I saw a glimpse of something white entangled among the tough shoots of the untrimmed lilac bush. What could it be. I crept cautiously toward the tree. It was poor little Spotty! Perhaps she was hurt,

and I could release her, and Ben would cure her hurts, and I would feed her on nice things, and she would love me, and—oh! rapture—would let me stroke her soft white fur, and she would be my kitten, when she found I did not hurt her.

There was a wild, joyful throb in my heart, as I crept near, and silently put out my hand, for fear of disturbing her. No need for such fear. Poor Spotty was stone dead, and as stiff as a stick, hanging with head down, her hinder legs firmly entangled in the thick growth of lilac shoots, and her mouth and nose all bloody. How she managed to get into such a predicament I cannot tell. I lifted her out tenderly, and flung myself down beside her, and sobbed aloud in my agony. I only knew that the pretty pet, whose affection I had hoped to win, was dead beside me; and my sorrow's crown of sorrow was hearing Priscilla tell English Bess, who was gaping over the fence in her foolish fashion, that "Susy had found a dead cat, and was crying over it."

Found a dead cat, indeed! I had watched that kitten a whole week, and once had got very near her, and when I thought she was only hurt, so that I could nurse her, to find her dead! Tragedy and poetry have nothing sadder than my poor, little heart, as I mourned over that little cat. I pity my small self, even now, in the light of sterner sorrows, which have not been spared me.

"Come, Susy," said Ben, lifting me up, "I've got an old box; let us bury kitty. I'll be grave digger, and you shall be chief mourner."

So I laid one of the deceased doll's sheets into the box, and laid the kitten into it, and wrapped it up very tenderly, and Ben dug the grave. I was so glad Ben didn't laugh at me. It was nearly dark when we finished, and I cried myself to sleep a few minutes later, going to bed too sorrowful to eat my bread and milk. Many a longer and deeper grave receives less sincere tears than poor, little Spotty's.

Next morning I found a bunch of fine lilies lying on it, and a board, with this scrap of Ben's poetry attached. You may not admire it; I thought it wonderful, and think so still.

"Here lies poor kitty, who died
Because she was caught by the hinder
Legs in a big lilac bush.
Buried here because Susy cried
Cos kitty wouldn't let her be kinder,
And feed her on milk and mush."

And from my heart I thanked Ben, who received my final cry on his shoulder, and led me in to breakfast.

"What's the matter with Susy, this morning?" said Cary Willis, as he stopped for Ben to walk down street with him, next morning.

"I saw her at the window, this morning, and she looked as if she had cried a week."

"Her kitten's dead."

"Poor little Susy! Would Priscilla let her keep my rabbits, do you suppose, if you'd fix up a pen for them? I haven't time to bother with them, with examination coming on now."

"Well, you're very kind," said Ben, "and if any objection is made, why, she'll have a new subject for trouble, rather than an old one. Susy's an odd child. She'll die, if she don't have something to pet, and make a fuss over."

"She's a loving little thing, anyhow," said Cary, "and I'll fetch her the rabbits to-night."

After tea, that evening, Ben whispered me mysteriously into the back woodshed, where stood a box, slatted over like a hen coop, only smaller, and sticking up through the slats were four pairs of long ears. Ben pushed one of the slats aside, and lifted the little creatures out by the ears, in the most cruel manner, as I thought. I changed my opinion, however, when, on taking one up as one would lift a cat or a dog, I received sundry severe scratches from the rabbit's strong hind paw; for they have claws, and strong ones, too, and decidedly object to being lifted up in any other way than by the ears, cruel as it looks.

After providing a bountiful supper of cabbage leaves and parsley, I went to bed, consoled, in part, for Spotty's untimely end. Not that I forgot her, but a rabbit that you can stroke is better than a cat that you can't, if she is ever so pretty.

Ben built a nice pen for the rabbits, and we kept them a year. Eternal vigilance was the price of their sojourn with us, however, so strong was their propensity to burrow out. I was very fond of my rabbits, and untiring in my care of them, but I must confess they were something of a disappointment. They proved very mischievous pets, having in one night girdled an apple tree and a fine plum. They ate their own bulk every day, and put me to my wit's end to forage for them, as they were very dainty beasts, in addition to their voracious appetites.

One of them got away, and never returned, and another died. I bore it heroically, and buried him in the "Artichoke Cemetery," beside the unfortunate Spotty. I was also disappointed in my hopes of a family, as no little rabbits appeared to enliven the family

circle. And though they capered and whisked about very prettily, and wiggled their noses with delight whenever I approached the pen, I really cannot say that it was not rather a relief to me than otherwise, when Ben said, one day,

"Susy, how would you like to keep hens? They are better fun than rabbits, any day; and besides, there's the eggs and chickens. Mr. Burdock wants your rabbits and will give you six hens and two roosters for them."

"Will he be good to my rabbits?"

"O, yes. They'll have a good deal more room to run about. And I'll fix up a hen house, and we'll be hen shepherds. Won't that be nice?"

I agreed to the exchange, and the bunnies were transferred to Mr. Burdock's care; and that evening a motley group of chickens took their places in my affections.

There was a big, lazy, white hen, a domestic-looking, brown biddy, a pugnacious Dominique, a combless black hen, with a yellow ruff, a lovely, black, Polish topknot, the belle of the hen roost, a long-legged whiskerando of a Polish rooster, a nondescript starveling of the same nationality, and lastly, my pride and delight, a big, red rooster.

Now, a fig for hen fanciers who look out for foreign breeds of fowls, and fail to appreciate the splendors of a big, red rooster! If it were not for the name of the thing, they are as handsome as a pheasant, with their burnished plumes and their gallant bearing. Mine was a model of a fine gentleman, a devoted lover, a good husband, a provident father, a knight without fear and without reproach, and the most jealous Turk, withal, that ever sentenced an unfaithful slave to the Bosphorus.

After their legs were untied, and they were permitted to waddle off, with a "cut, cut, ca-da-cut," of surprise, at finding themselves in a new home, we studied their peculiarities with reference to naming them. By virtue of his knightly spurs and soldierly carriage, the big, red rooster was dubbed "General Scott;" and the Polish gentleman was "Thaddeus of Warsaw," shortened to Thad; the topknot was to be "Queen Bess;" and the nondescript could only be called "Henhussy;" and the hens were "Whitey," "Brownie," "Dominique," and "Crow."

"Hens," remarked Priscilla, "are into everything."

But the hens were contented, and did very well, and no further objection was made to them. General Scott appeared to approve

of his quarters, his fare, and his pleasant circle of female friends. But Thaddeus of Warsaw was the skeleton that marred his feast; the Mordecai in the king's gate. He resolved to put the matter at once to the test, and win or lose it all. His every appearance was met with an ominous "c-r-r-r-r-o-w," and a portentous lowering of his great beak, which gage of battle was received by Thad with a craven elongation of the neck and legs, and an ignominious retreat to the top of the fence, where he was pursued, and compelled to descend and do battle for the supremacy of the dooryard. Queen Bess acknowledged them both as belligerents, ate the dinner away from them both with the strictest impartiality, and behaved with most feminine unconsciousness of having had any claw whatever in the matter.

A few minutes decided the battle. The honor of the family and the flag was vindicated, and General Scott strutted back to the scratching ground, where the hens were calmly viewing the combat, indulging, at the same time, in a first-class sand bath, while the discomfited Pole retired to a corner of the fence, where he disconsolately stood upon one foot the greater part of the day, only interrupting his meditations to give a spiteful peck at Henhussy, who vainly tried to offer sympathy.

"This won't do," said Ben. "What's the use of having a rare breed of fowls, if the head of the family has got to be treated in this style. Why can't they just call it two families, and done with it?"

Why they couldn't, I won't decide, but human beings sometimes have domestic squabbles, and why shouldn't chickens?

It was very hard, after the General had beaten his enemy, and in a fair fight; but Ben took him, that night, from his comfortable perch, and shut him in the cellar, and there, through his grated window, peered the gallant captive, unconquered in spirit, even if in prison, crowing defiance, at intervals, every note of which struck terror to the heart of the present incumbent.

Domestic affairs went on much as usual. The hens did their own scratching, Thaddeus letting them, but was treated with little favor, in return. He received wicked nips whenever he attempted to take his own share of corn meal and water. Queen Bess preferred even Henhussy to him; the other hens paid him no attention whatever, except Dominique, who, personally resenting the enforced absenteeism of General Scott, took it upon herself to give him a sound drubbing on her own responsibility. Thad scrupu-

lously avoided even the window whence the General glared challenges at him, and, as the hens established a morning lounge near the prison window, and tried to administer henlike consolation, he took a distaste for female society, and losing heart entirely, betook himself to a dead tree, evidently brooding over his lost cause, and growing desperately homesick.

But the life of the poultry yard was gone, and I indignantly protested against the longer banishment of the General, whose only sin was ill-advised victory, and strenuously opposed foreign intervention.

Ben, for once, opposed me. At that time Polish fowls were rare, and Ben wanted to raise topknot chickens.

"He is a coward," I represented, "and has been beaten, besides."

"But he has better blood, Susy!"

"I don't care for his blood; what I look at is his feathers. He ain't a touch to the General when he walks in the sun, cos he's only black and white, and the General has got all the colors in the world. And he isn't so big nor so good, and the hens don't like him, and Dom fights him, and Bess gets out of his way, and the old thing runs like a big black beetle, if the General only grows."

"But Thad is a distinguished foreign exile."

"Well, I like Americans best, anyhow, and besides, he looks so like Henhussy, that I hate him for that alone."

Ben laughed, and said, "Shall I make him into a potpie?"

"No; I won't eat the coward. I'll give him away."

And so poor Thaddeus of Warsaw was moved on, and the General celebrated his restoration to liberty, citizenship, and the joys of the family circle, by a prodigious shake of his gorgeous plumage, a crow that nearly split his beak, a leer and a complimentary *balance* to the nearest pullet, and then went to scratching impartially for his whole family. Gay gentleman that he was, he was an excellent provider, and even the poor relations under his roosterly care, fared well and never complained.

Before long I found a great, pearly egg in the snug nest Ben and I had prepared. At last there was beginning to come in some return for all my cares. And then another, and in time, each of my featherery charges paid her snowy tribute to the breakfast table. Finally, Dominique announced her intention of providing for a family. I gently tried to substitute Bess for her, representing that Bess had laid an egg a day for a long time, and it was her

right to sit, if she liked; whereas, Dom had laid but two or three in all, albeit, she made more fuss and cackled louder than all the rest together.

But Bess was off to the cucumber bed and the pink roots, and between the sand cure, which she faithfully believed in, and her devotion to the General, and her escapades after grasshoppers, she had no time and less inclination for the seclusion of the nest, and Dom showed such fight, that, out of regard for my eyes, I decided to allow the hens to have their own way, which was certainly wisest, for they knew much more about the matter than I did.

But when the three weeks were over, and the ten little, soft, pulpy, plumpy things "peeped, peeped" out of their white shells, and their mother, making a huge feather duster of herself, and with a great shake and a matronly flutter, convoyed her small troop into the yard, wasn't that a proud and happy moment for me? My hens did amount to something, after all; and if one of them did make a raid into the kitchen while Bridget ate her dinner, and rushed off with a morsel from the floor, there was a decided softening in their favor, and the world-wide claims of maternity were joyfully acknowledged.

One after the other of the hens betook herself to domestic cares, and so small chickens, cunning and lovely as they were, ceased to be novelties. Now and then, an imprudent chick became the victim of misplaced confidence, trusting too much to the gentleness of a demure pussy cat, which paid us frequent visits, and only a spectral head or a stray claw or immature feather remained to tell the tale of the betrayal of unsuspecting innocence. Then the white hen, in her inexperience of weather signs, falling to cluck home her brood soon enough, several of her family were drowned by a very sudden and violent thunder shower. But these were trifles, apparently, and were borne by the bereaved mothers with a spirit of resignation, peculiarly henlike. Evidently their sensibilities were not to be lightly disturbed.

Stimulated by the success of the other mothers in chickendom, Henhussy became inspired to do likewise. His first effort in that direction, was an offer to the Dominique to act as a relief for her during the monotonous hours of sitting, while she procured for herself rest and refreshment. His kind offer was met in much the same spirit that young mothers usually feel, at receiving either advice or interference from inexperienced bachelors, upon the subject of bringing

up a family. He was sent off with a flea in his ear; in other words, Dom nearly pecked his eyes out.

Disgusted with hens, and deeply injured in his most sensitive feelings, he essayed a faint crow of remonstrance and self-assertion. He had better have kept still, for at the first sound of his voice, feeble as it was, the General arose in his majesty, and approached him with a snarl, which said, as plainly as rooster could speak,

"Sir, who are you? I thought I had settled long ago about having other roosters in these premises. I supposed you were a hen, sir, in poor health, sir, and tolerated you; tolerated you, sir. But if you are a rooster, and your voice gives token that such is the case, bad as your crow is, I should like to know what you mean by meddling with eggs, sir, and nests, and young chickens. Old as I am, I never interfere in such matters. Come on, sir, and show your mettle!"

And the General lowered his back and erected his splendid ruff, for combat. The conflict was brief, but decisive. Henhussy took refuge in a deserted nest, where I found him. Understanding the merits of the case fully, I made a small ruffled night-cap and a pair of pantalets, and with Fanny's assistance tied them securely upon him. Then we carefully placed him on the top of a high fence, and bid him depart in peace. Ben nearly killed himself laughing, having arrived just as our loud "shoo-oo" sped the parting guest into parts unknown. I think now that I was very cruel; I thought then I was serving him just right for stepping out of his sphere. I never saw him again, and the General once more strutted around, the monarch of all he surveyed.

I think the chickens did us all good. It was a great pleasure to me, certainly, and a rest to Ben, and Priscilla was often won from her cares and her headaches, to sit with me on the doorstep and watch them eat; and often, at such times, would permit my caresses, with only a deep sigh, partly of content, and partly of remonstrance at her ruffled collar. It was very amusing to watch the curious look the General would give, as some Sophomore of a chick essayed his first crow. With what a look of mingled disdain and pity he would flap his burnished wings, and from the top of the inevitable vinegar barrel, send forth a clarion call that seemed enough to deafen an ordinary chicken, and forever discourage a timid one. There is much to be learned from a poultry yard.

A SHOWER OF LEAD.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

Black, and round, and smooth, and shining—did you ever wonder how they were made? Shot, I mean.

Do you know how they go away up to the top of a high tower, on an elevator, in the shape of "pigs" of lead, and come tumbling down a long, dark hole, little, round, hot shot?

The truth is, I don't suppose you know much about it. If you do, you needn't read this account; but if you don't, perhaps you would like to hear.

The first thing to do, when you go into a shot tower to see shot made, is to step on to an elevator. That is, in well-regulated shot towers; and I wouldn't advise you to visit any other; for a climb up the long, weary flights of stairs, that wind round and round the building, must be very tiresome work.

An elevator, when you step on it, seems to be merely a piece of the floor, and you stand there, holding on to an iron rod, when suddenly it begins to rise. You must keep very still, for if you put your head out one side, you'll get a dreadful bump on some of the floors you go through.

Up, up you go; if you look up, it seems as if you were taking a ride to the top of a long stove pipe. Every few seconds you come to another floor, or get a glimpse out of a narrow window.

After a ride of three minutes, though it seems much longer, you reach the top, and the elevator becomes a part of the floor of a little, round room at the very top of the tower.

The first thing you do, I think, is to step on to the top, where you will get the funny sensation of standing on nothing, or next to nothing, ever so far above the world, the tower sloping away so gradually that you don't see it. If you are dizzy-headed, or if it is a windy day, you'd better take your view through the windows, for in the first case you'll be attacked by fearful qualms, and if it's windy you'll lose your hats, veils, and parasols, possibly your head, unless it's well fastened on.

The view of the city and the lake, if you are on the Chicago shot tower, will be the best you ever had.

But I know you are longing to see the shot; so we'll go back into the little, round room, where one man spends all his days, in

silence, and alone, rocked as if in a cradle on windy days, and fanned by cool breezes, while we are all roasting down below.

On one side of the room are two furnaces, each somewhat larger than a barrel, with bright, coal fires, and filled with melted lead. In the middle of the room is a hole—look down! That hole goes to the very bottom of the tower, two hundred feet, and ends in a tub of water. It wouldn't be a very nice place to step into, so it is protected by a little, iron railing, on which is a frame to stand a skillet. Several of these long-handled implements hang on the walls, and now see how the workman uses them. He takes one down, (and it is different from ordinary saucepans, in being full of holes,) sets it on the frame, puts a short iron trough from the bottom of the furnace to the pan, turns a faucet, and out comes the hot lead. Of course it runs into the pan, and finding it full of holes, it doesn't stop there, but falls in a shower of drops, down, down, down that fearful fall.

Perhaps you know that any liquid falling a long distance through the air, always becomes round. Lava, thrown very high from volcanoes, has been found to have fallen in perfect balls. And so the drops of lead, falling so far, get to be perfectly round before they reach the bottom. But though round, they are still soft, and if they fell on anything hard, they would flatten; therefore, they fall into water and are not injured.

Of course you want to see what becomes of the tub of hot shot; so you must step on the elevator again, and start down. The first feeling is very odd; as if the earth had opened, and you were sinking down. But three minutes' ride again, will bring you to the level of the tub, and with a long-handled dipper you can draw up a handful of shot. You will find it mixed with badly-shaped shot, long, stick-shaped pieces of lead, etc. The first thing to be done, of course, is to separate the bad from the good. How would you go to work to pick them over? With your fingers? How many little fingers do you suppose it would take, to pick over the four or five tons of lead shot, that are made in that tower in a day?

These shot makers use their wits, instead of their fingers; and this is the way it is done.

In the first place, an endless chain of little

boxes, all the time runs down into the tub of shot, coming up full, and emptying their loads into a trough. They need no pushing to make them run down this trough into a sort of round iron box, where they are thoroughly stirred up, and dried by steam power, and from there they fall in a little shower, on to a series of steps or slides. Here they are sorted by a very simple process. The steps are fixed thus: each one is very broad, perhaps three feet, and sloped very gently; the next step is a little lower, and between them is a gap of about three inches; so on for four or five steps.

Now, this is a very trying journey to the bits of lead, that start out together so bravely. None but the perfectly round and smooth shot can get momentum enough to jump the gaps. Of course you know that momentum is the force that makes it hard to stop, when you've been running very fast. The sticks and awkward pieces of lead fall through the first gap in a perfect shower; oblong, and partly round ones perhaps jump that and tumble on to the next, but the second gap is sure to swallow them; nearly perfect ones pass that test, and endure to the third, where they fall in. And so, at the bottom of the slope, as I said, only the perfect ones fall into the trough. You see it's very simple—when you know how.

From the trough, they go to the polishing box, where plumbago, and a good shaking, make them black and shining.

Perhaps you'll be surprised to hear, that after all this, they have a good rocking, before they go to rest in the bags.

Shot, you see, are really drops of melted lead, cooled suddenly. Well, drops, you know, are not all the same size; so even though they all go through the same sized hole, some will be larger than others, and they must be separated. This is the most noisy operation in the works.

On one side of the room are three or four tiers of boxes, each shaped something like a boat, and divided into several compartments. Each compartment is labeled with a number denoting its size, and the bottom is full of holes, so that every shot smaller than that size, will invariably fall through.

The whole set of boxes rocks back and forth constantly, by steam power, with exactly the motion of a cradle.

From these funny cradles, they fall through wooden troughs into boxes in the room

below. That is a nice, quiet room, very pleasant after the noisy rocking of the upper one. There, over a long bench, you see a row of boxes hanging from the wall, each one ending in a tube, with a faucet. Over each box is a label, giving its size, and they go from 1 to 12, besides six larger sizes, denoted by letters. On shelves, over the bench, are bags, all sewed and printed, with the name of the maker, or shot works, and the size of the shot. The bags are made of strong cloth, and are, perhaps, five by ten inches in size.

I said they were all sewed, and they are, except an inch or two at one corner, left for the shot to be put in. Into every bag, goes twenty-five pounds. You can see how much work it would be to weigh out the shot every time, and here brains come in again to save fingers. Each of these tubes has a very ingenious scale arrangement; and to fill a bag, the man has only to hang it on a pair of hooks, which hold it over the mouth of the tube, open the tube, and let it run. The shot runs in till there is exactly twenty-five pounds in the bag, and then instantly shuts up. The workman then sews up the opening in the bag, and throws it into a chute, which is a covered, wooden trough, leading to the packing room below. It slides down by its own weight, and lands in a box, where it is packed in boxes.

One doesn't like to think how many poor, little birds will suffer, when all these boxes of shot get scattered over the world.

Having seen the shot fairly bagged and boxed, you must go into the next room, and see the soul of the whole, the faithful, quiet, strong, beautiful servant, who does the work of so many hands, throwing his powerful arms all over the building, turning the shafts, hauling up the endless chain of boxes, stirring the hot shot, shaking the polishing box, rocking the cradles, and lifting the elevator—a splendid three-hundred-horse-power engine.

After looking at that, you will like to go into the room where they roll out great lengths of sheet lead, and where they put hot lead into a cylinder, and by pressure and steel molds, just force it up, out of the top of the machine, in the shape of beautiful, clean, lead pipe, which is drawn up out of sight, in the room above.

By that time, I know you'll be tired enough to go home.

A STORY.

BY SILAS MC MANNS.

Jump down in the bay,
On this sweet clover hay,
And I'll tell you a story, my boys.
Now Charley be still,
And Johnny, and Will,
Don't make the least bit of a noise.

Well, once on a time,
(This is true, every line,)
An old cat had kittens, you know;
One was black as a coal,
One was blue as a mole,
And two were as white as the snow.

They lived in a corner,
(Where sat Jacky Horner,)
In a basket of soft, cozy wool.
When old pussy got in
It was crammed to the brim,
Every inch of the warm nest was full.

The kittens did well,
For quite a long spell,
Grew as fast as white pigs in the clover;
Till the basket got full
Of kittens and wool,
And began, as it must, to run over.

And pussy was thinking,
As she sat there a blinking,
What to do with her cradle of kittens;
And she thought of the barn,
Of a place nice and warm,
Snug and soft as a pair of wool mittens.
But saddest to say,
That very same day,
Came a roving that big Johnny Green;
And old Mother Brocket
Put a dime in his pocket,
To drown the whole batch in the stream.

Pussy went to the shed,
To stir up the bed,
And fix it with motherly care;
But when she came in,
What a shame and a sin,
Not a single wee kitten was there.

And her heart, it nigh broke,
At this sad, heavy stroke,
And for many and many a day
Not a bit would she eat,
Of new milk or meat,
And her black hair seemed turning to gray.

But, strange to tell, very,
In a trice she got merry,
Not so merry, but happy and quiet;
Her hair smooth as silk,
And she ate all her milk,
And seemed better for fasting and diet.

Now boys do keep still,
And you, Johnny and Will.
Don't get in a rush or a worry,
For the "nub" comes in slick,
In the very right nick
Of time, in this wonderful story.

Now, down by a stump
Grew a wide, leafy clump
Of burdocks, so tall and so grand,
And deep in their shade
Old pussy had made
A nest in the sticks and the sand.
It may seem absurd,
But it's true, every word,
Old pussy had been out a thieving;
For her little drowned cats
There were six baby rats!
It's a fact, though it seems past believing.
They grew very well,
For quite a long spell,
May confusion seize each little toy!
One fine summer day
They all scampered away,
And this is the end of my story.

LETTER FROM SUSY SUNSHINE.

I'm Susy Sunshine. I'm four years old last November. I live in Massachusetts. I know you, 'cause my ma reads you to me, and I like you. I never went west but once, that was to Pittsfield; but my ma has; she says it's so big, you could set all the east down into it and not crowd it a bit. I wonder if the little girls out there have got such gaiter boots as mine, and such a grandma, and such dear, little dollies, and mud puddles, and molasses candy. And do they have their hairs crimped up on a string, and twitched as bad as mine is? Mamma says I should look like a fright, if I wa'n't crimped. I don't want to look like a fright, nor to have my hair twitched, nother. It makes Dimple cry like everything, sometimes. Dimple is my sister; she's a fat little waddle of a thing; she was named after Dotty Dimple; 'cause she looks just like her. I don't; I look like sunshine; so that's my name, only it gets lost, and then my ma calls me scowly girl, and thunder cloud, and real bad names.

We've got two kitties and a cat, and one big rooster and five hens, and one hen is Scratch, and another is Hatch, and another Old Black, and the rest ain't nothing at all. They lay an egg every day, only some days they are lazy and don't. And the old, big rooster is lazy all the time, and don't do nothing but crow. Aunt Bessie says that's just like men; they keep up a dreadful crowing, and leave all the layin' eggs for women; but Aunt Bessie's woman's rights, and we ain't. I don't want to vote; so don't Dimple. My pa asked her the other day, and she stamped down her little foot, and said, "No, no!" which made my pa laugh like everything.

O, Mr. Corporal, I do wish you could see

little Winkie; she's the dearest, darlingest, teenty, tauntiest little speck of a kitty you ever did see; she's black and white, and her eyes keep a winkin' and winkin' up and down all the time; that's why she's Winkie. That's a very nice name for a kitty, grandma says. The old cat's name's Beloved; she's real old and good and peaceable, only when Growl comes in, then how she does spit and put up her back at him! Growl is Jim Brown's dog. He's a boy that lives on our alley, with brown speckles on his face, and chews gum. His elbows are teared dreadful, and he can walk right along on his head, but Dimpie and me don't like him. But his dog is real bad, and he growls at our Beloved awfully; and I guess you'd put up your back, if he growled at you. T'other kitty, and she ain't got any name, lies in a barrel, only when Dimpie pulls her out with her fat, little hands. Don't you think, Dimpie gave her some biscuit right on the parlor floor, and crumbled the carpet, and made my ma all-a-bout scold, and she pinched her neck so that she squalled right out. Kitty's tongue is red, and she laps milk with it, and she puts her two paws right into the saucer, which isn't manners. I don't put my hands into my mashed potato, but Dimpie does; she don't know any better, 'cause she's only just two years old, and I'm a great, big girl, goin' on five. Have you got any little girl, Mr. Little Corporal? Is her name Corpie? I wish she'd come and see me when it's Dimpie's birthday, it's next Tuesday, and it's her twelfth birthday. We shall have a party, and lots of cut up oranges and I screams for supper, and cake and candy.

Dimpie calls cookies, "tookies;" she can't talk very much, and grandma wishes I couldn't, because her head aches; it's a real old head, and it's got white hair on it, and when I sit up in her lap, there's little wrinkles all over her face. You wouldn't think my grandma was ever a little girl; but she was, and she used to have a doll baby made of rags, with pen-and-ink eyes. Wa'n't that funny? Once she told us a conundrum, and it was a broom; it was, "Round the house, and round the house, and pop behind the door." Ours pops into the closet and stands on its head; I guess it aches standing bottom upwards so long, don't you? Grandma told another, and she's goin' to write it at the end of my letter for you to guess.

I'm goin' to give Dimpie a splendid picture book for her birthday, all full of cats and rabbits and squirrels and donkeys, and one squirrel is runnin' right up into a tree, as

fast as ever he can. I bought it myself down to Mr. Lee's book store, and mamma's goin' to give her a blue sash to wear with her white pique, a grent, wide, beautiful one, and grandma says it costs too much for such a little girl; but grandma's old-fashioned, and don't know. She's a real good grandma, and tells us lots of pretty stories. Do little girls be naughty and get shaken where you live? Dimpie gets shut up in the closet, sometimes. I don't run away now, nor pull down mamma's vases, nor break her wax flowers all to pieces, nor put pins into Winkle's eyes, to keep 'em open; but Dimpie does, and she puts her new, blue gaiters into the slop pail, and gets shaken pretty often, and her fingers snapped. She puts her best, wax dolly to soak in the slop pail, and won't mind me one bit. I try to teach her a good deal, but she don't like to be teached. Everybody calls Dimpie "a cunning, little puss," and I love her dearly; but she isn't a puss, nor a kitty either, but a real, live, little sister, made of flesh and blood, just like me.

This is grandma's conundrum; it's something about hens, but it's a secret, and you mustn't tell nobody. I most know you can't guess it; then I shall have to tell you. I eat it sometimes for breakfast. I ate one this morning, and it begins with E. Grandma learnt it when she was a young girl, and hadn't married grandpa. Grandpa's dead, but Uncle Jo isn't; he was into the army, and got shot, but it didn't hurt him any, only he's got a wooden leg, and it don't crook up very easy. I love you, because you tell us real pretty stories, so goodbye.

SUSY SUNSHINE.

GRANDMA'S CONUNDRUM.

"Marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with curtains, soft as silk;
Within a crystal fountain clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No bolts or bars this treasure hold,
So thieves break through, and steal the gold."
Answer—Egg.

CHANGE.

BY PRUDY.

Once, when hidden from sight away,
Leafy banners and blossoms lay,
A blithe little bird, in the barren tree,
Sang, "O, for the beauty so soon to be."

Now in the sunshine nod and wave
Leafy banners and blossoms brave;
But every wind hath a tender sigh,
"Ah! for the beauty so soon to die."

THE LOSS OF THE "MARY JANE."

BY HOPE BUHLER.

We were little things, Bessie and I, as we stood there on the high, old-fashioned, plush chair, hand in hand, looking at the picture which had always had such a strange fascination for us. A picture of a broad, smoothly-flowing river, sweeping downward, steadily, toward the sea, and bearing on its tide an old flatboat.

The sinking sun was shedding his last beams over the water. His rays lighted up the old boat with a kind of glory; softening the rough features of the swarthy boatman, as he lay extended on the roof, giving, now and then, a pull at one of the oars; and playing softly about the heads of his wife and troop of little children, who leaned wonderingly over the edges of the boat, watching the golden ripples plashing against its side, as they slowly drifted on toward the sunset.

The light of the parlor was dim and ghostly. We had to creep up close to see the eager faces of the little children; for papa and mamma and sister had all gone away on a visit, and careful Miss Harriet had said that there was no use fading out the carpet and furniture, now that the folks were gone. So she had shut the blinds, and pulled down the shades so close, that nobody but one daring, little sunbeam, who couldn't possibly have known Miss Harriet, ventured to peep in.

But Miss Harriet sometimes shut her watchful eyes after dinner; and then, emboldened by the presence of our cheerful, little friend, we children would creep in to look at our picture.

"Should you not love to go sailing, sailing away, Bessie," said I, "over the beautiful, smooth water, that looks so like gold?"

"I should be afraid, Beulah, unless papa and mamma were there, too; it is cold and dark on one side, like that dreadful river down in the meadows."

"But where it shines so, Bessie, it is just like the little, singing river down by the mill, where the mossy stones, and the dear, little bits of fish are. Couldn't we get a boat and go there? I'm so tired staying with Miss Harriet, and I should so love to float down between the trees, and lie on my back and look at the sky as we went along. I would be the man and steer, 'cause I am biggest; and you could be the mamma, with the baby, and our dolls could be the children."

"Yes," said Bessie, thoughtfully, "you wouldn't be afraid, would you, Beulah?"

"No, no; not on our own little river; let us come; go tiptoe, so as not to wake Miss Harriet, she mightn't let us."

Miss Harriet nodded demurely in her chair, with her specs half tumbling off. At any other time we should have laughed, but now anxiety was uppermost, and we stole softly by. Slowly and carefully up the front stairs, and through the hall and bedroom; then, all in a flutter of excitement, up to the attic, where our babies sat in solemn and proper array, all around the room which we had partitioned off in one corner, by the help of sundry old bureaus and bedsteads.

"Shall we take all the family, Beulah?" said Bessie, looking anxiously at the one and twenty children of various kinds and complexions, who gazed steadfastly at us.

"I don't think we could possibly carry them all, Bessie; and then people don't generally have such large families; those in the picture have only seven; they'd think we were an orphan asylum."

"We might leave our delicate children at home, then; there's my wax Alice, with the curly hair, I might get her wet; and Kitty's pink silk is too fine for a boat; those children are all ragged. But some of the poor things who have lost their arms and legs ought to go, they feel so bad, it would do them good. Poor Libby has been very sick with the small-pox," said Bessie, taking the darling up tenderly in her arms, and kissing her; "I play it's that, because her face looks like Captain Simm's, and because it seems dreadful to say that the mice nibbled her."

"Yes, Libby must go, for she's my dearest; and Peggy, and Jenny, and Minnie; that'll be four, and if you take four, that'll be eight. Don't you think that's enough?"

"Yes, I guess so. Would you take any baggage?"

"O, yes; it will seem more like a real journey if we pack up their things, just as mamma does ours when we go to Dover."

"It is a great care to arrange the clothes for so many children," said Bessie, with an over-burdened, little sigh, and an anxious glance around, that savored strongly of mamma. "What dresses shall we carry, Beulah; will it be warm or cold?"

"O, warm, Bessie. You know papa said the boat went down the river to New Orleans, and it is summer there all the time, so we must take our thin dresses."

"Well," said Bessie, reflectively, "Libby must take her low-necked, white muslin, and her blue barege, and a calico for mornings, and her best lace hat trimmed with

flowers, in the red bandbox, and the others must have just as many; I wish all my children to share alike," with a return to her borrowed graces.

"I will take the brown trunk and the willow basket and the bandbox, Beulah, and you shall have the little hair trunk and the two round baskets; that will make it all even. O, and Jip must go with us, he will enjoy it so much;" and Bessie forgot all about the dark water, and flew around the room packing up her things, with a most business-like air.

At last all was ready, and we slowly and carefully descended the stairs, with two dear children under each arm, our hands being occupied by the baggage.

Tiptoeing past the sitting-room door, we could see, over the back of the old rocking chair, the top bow of Miss Harriet's cap, bobbing up and down, while in and out, over and under the long rockers, the mischievous paws of "Tabby Gray" rolled the soft ball, and the shining needles, in spite of their long, blue gown, danced a jig to their own music, as they swung over the arm of the chair.

Bridget was in the cellar, at the ice chest; Tom was down in the meadow; we could hear him shouting to Brilliant and Diamond, as they went with the cart from pile to pile, loading hay; there was no one to detain us. Out in the woodshed we held a council of war.

"I know the nicest boat, Bess; don't you remember that long box out behind the barn? It's so big I could lie down in it, and stretch out my hands and feet without touching; and the sides are only a little high, so it will seem just like a flatboat. Let's leave our children here, and go and look at it."

The box lay there, on the top of a pile of boards, partly full of broken glass and old rubbish; but the busy hands soon had it emptied, and down it slid to the ground.

"Splendid!" said Bessie, clapping her hands, "but can we drag it down so far, Beulah, with all our baggage?"

"Yes, I guess so; it's light; let's run and put it in, and see if we can carry it."

"It's rather heavy," said Bessie, struggling to lift her end, after the family were fairly established. "Our children are pretty healthy, you know, Beulah, and weigh a good deal. It took nearly a quart of sawdust to fill Libby's body; I brought it in the tin measure to mamma."

"We can carry it so a little way, Bessie, and when we get to the top of the hill, I guess we can slide it down to the river."

And so it proved; for when the top of the hill was gained, after many rests by the way, it was very easy to push it along down, over the smooth grass, to the river's edge. The next thing was to get it into the water.

"Miss Harriet will scold us if we get our feet wet, Bessie; I will take off my stockings and shoes, and wade in the water, and you can push from the bank. Hold on tight while I am getting in, for the big stones are slippery, and the little ones hurt my feet so, I must find a soft place. Now, Bess, let it down slowly; there it is. O, how it floats! Isn't it nice?"

"O yes; how the children will enjoy it, husband; you are my husband now, Beulah, and you must call me wife. Can you hold the boat up close to the bank, husband, while I just get in?" and Bessie stepped out as far as she could on the rock, holding on by the long, trailing willow branches, and put one little foot over the side of the boat. But, alas! the boat sank down, down into the water, and one little stream poured over the edge, right on to Lillie's best pink barge.

"Step back again, Bess, quick, or you'll sink it, and the dollies will drown; it won't bear you."

"But, Beulah, why won't it bear? Isn't it going to, and can't we go sailing after all?" and Bessie's big, blue eyes were brimming over with tears.

"I don't know, I'm sure, Bess; let's try it again; you hold it up to the bank, and I'll get in."

But no; the result of the second trial was even more disastrous than the first, and Bessie and I looked at each other in dismay.

"Don't cry, Bess; I'll tell you what'll be just as good. Let's tie a string to the boat, and we'll walk along the bank, and hold on to it, and let the dolls have the sail."

It didn't seem quite so nice to the little wife as sitting on the boat with her Libby hugged to her breast; but, after a few sighs, she said, "Well;" and we proceeded to unwind the four or five yards of cord, which we had deemed necessary to the strapping of our trunks, and tied it carefully into some holes in the side of our boat.

"O, Bess," said I, as we gave a last pull to the knots, "we haven't named our boat. What can we call it?"

"That boat we were reading about the other day, Beulah, was named the 'Mary Jane'; let us call ours so, and then it will be for mother and sister," said Bessie, with another little sigh, as her own maternal anxieties brought to mind the sympathizing hearts so far away.

Matters being thus arranged, we each took hold of a cord and started on our journey down the river, climbing over the roots of the old trees, round among alder bushes, where we were obliged to stop often and untangle our thread, and keeping as close as we could to the bank of the stream, now in, now out of the water, as the trees on the edge impeded our progress, while the current bore our boat gently on before us.

But as we went on and on, we became conscious of a stronger pull upon our cords, and it was with difficulty that we could keep pace with the swift-footed ripples, which glided so easily over the stones that were so hard to our tender feet.

At length, as we rounded a bend in the stream, beyond which we had never gone before, what a sight appeared to our astonished eyes. There rushed and roared a waterfall, at whose foot the water danced and sparkled in a thousand little eddies, while the spray shot up high in the air, gathering the brightest colors of the sunshine. But on the brink, the water was dark and deep, like the solemn river down in the meadow, and we started in fear.

"Pull back, pull back, Bess!" I cried, straining convulsively at the cord; but it snapped, leaving the remnant in my hands. "Hold fast till I come!" as I gave one bound over the mossy rock that separated us. But the cord slipped from the little fingers, and the boat, rushing on, wavered a moment on the edge of the fall, then gave a plunge, and emerging a moment afterward from the foam below, floated bottom upward down the stream.

One despairing cry burst from our hearts, as we saw our treasured children swallowed up by the waves.

That cry brought down Tom from the meadow above, where he was raking hay. With a kindly hand and a generous, red silk handkerchief, he wiped the fast-flowing tears, and begged us not to cry for the "lost darlins," promising to wade into the stream after his work was done, and see if he could find anything. Then he put me upon his broad back, and taking Bess in his arms, deposited us in the hay cart, and drove with us to the kitchen door, where Miss Harriet, awakened from her nap, was ready with a scolding and a supper of bread and water for naughty children who ran away.

But we didn't mind her, or the supper, or the putting to bed; we were only too glad to cry ourselves to sleep in each other's arms.

The next morning, we found on our pillows two wet, limpsy specimens of humanity,

whom, with tears of joy, we recognized as the precious Libby and "Lillie Dale."

Since that eventful day, Bessie and I have watched many a little barque, freighted with precious hopes, drift away out of sight down the unknown river; but never again, I think, in the years that are to come, will a sorrow fall more heavily upon our childish hearts, than did the loss of the "Mary Jane."

ART AMUSEMENTS.

BY MARTHA POWELL DAVIS.

No. NINE. THE WAX PLANT. (*Hoya Carnosa*.)

Cut the larger star of pinkish wax, and the smaller one of white. Cut, also, of pink waxed wire, stems for the florets, half an inch longer than the natural length, to allow for fastening to the main stem. Now, at the end where the corolla is to go, tie five delicate bits of pink wire, and bend them out in a minute star. Then slip the little white star up from the bottom of the stem, and press it firmly to the wire star, which, being coated with wax, will unite with the other firmly, appearing as part of it, only differently colored. Next, slip the larger pink star up to the base of the white one, and let the points of the two alternate with each other, and bend the larger tips back slightly.

The florets should vary in size. From fifteen to twenty make a complete umbel. The leaves, being very thick, are most natural when cast in plaster molds; but they look very well made of double wax sheets.

The little wire star mentioned, becomes, you perceive, the chief support of the corolla. This fact is worth remembering, as the principle may be applied in forming many other flowers. Take the abutilon, for instance; if you make a wire and wax support on the end of the stem, the bell can be formed in its true shape, and fastened to this inner support. Thus no lengthened shape need be allowed for attachment when forming the corolla, which space, in this and similar examples, would mar the beauty of the flower.

The Chrysanthemum.—The mode of making this flower is similar to others before noticed, except there is needed a large, common receptacle or base for the florets. This broad base is made of wax thick enough to hold the main stem from the under side, and large enough to contain the florets firmly above.

Each corolla is folded around a little stem long enough to stick into the wax receptacle. Place the least expanded of the florets at the center, and as you proceed in circles out-

ward, let the corollas become gradually more open.

Numerous small leaves, folded over the receptacle from beneath, form the calyx.

For the above flowers, Aunt Phebe had procured ready-made patterns at the shops. She wished to show the class how time and labor may be saved by their use. But she reminded the pupils to avoid stiffness and formality. There was danger, she said, in following them too closely, lest all the leaves, florets, or buds, on the same plant, be formed exactly alike. This fault should be avoided, even when imitating objects very symmetrical, as the wax plant. Yet these patterns do best for plants of this character, and their use may be recommended in making quantities of flowers for sale.

Heretofore the class had been well practiced in making their own patterns, and thoroughly drilled in originating plans for forming flowers, such as all could obtain for illustration, as auntie wished to imbue each one with the spirit of the true artist, who acknowledges nature only, as chief guide. She hoped to teach her pupils, by their own ingenuity, to counterfeit many home favorites, (patterns for which cannot be bought), and by exercising like skill, they would be able to imitate exotic plants of marked interest.

She prepared now to see how well the class remembered their past lessons. So, after recess, attention was called to the pitcher plant (*Nepenthes*). A fine sample was presented in wax. There was the flower spike in the center, and each leaf had its pitcher, some fully grown and others partly mature.

"This specimen," explained the teacher, "was made to imitate a plant grown under glass, consequently it is much smaller than these fully developed in their native clime,

"Where the trees bend low,
Where the wild flowers grow
'Mid the shadows deep,
Nepenthes' pitchers deep."

In China, and at the Cape of Good Hope, these pitchers often hold a quart, or more, while those grown in our own conservatories seldom hold over a pint.

It is very nice to have a whole plant of this description for curiosity, but merely a leaf, with the pitcher attachment, as at figure 27, makes a rare and pretty ornament. With vines and leaves twined over it fancifully, it forms a unique hanging basket.

"But," said one, how can these curious pitchers, with lids, be made?"

"O, I see!" said another, in a moment.

"They may be cast in plaster molds, the same as fruit."

Fill the mouth of the pitcher with putty, before taking the mold, and cast the lid separately. The hinge may be neatly formed of wire, in two parts, one half attached to the pitcher and the other to the lid, the same as stems are fastened into fruit, and afterward the two are clasped together.

The same continuous wire which forms the tendril, should extend into the pitcher and also through the leaf, which should be made of double wax. The coloring is done the same as delineated for fruit.

These pitchers, in nature, are tinted very gorgeously, sometimes, but in wax we prefer the milder hues, especially when they are used as baskets for other plants.

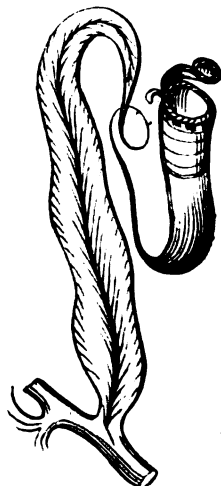


FIG. 27.

Venus's Fly trap. (*Dionaea*).—This plant is a native of North Carolina. Auntie explained the strange sensitiveness of the leaves; how the long hairs, or cilia, of the lobes close upon insects as they attempt to crawl over the plant. The children were much pleased with this, Nature's ingenious trap, and they called it a "steel trap;" but when they came to imitate it in wax, and perceived that they were already familiar with the principles of its construction, they were more than pleased—they were delighted. Why, these lobes can be edged with wire, and small wires can be fastened on for the stiff hairs just as we put thorns on blackberry stems. The lobes must be made of double wax, with wire clasps, and they may be kept from lying flat by stuffing them with cotton, the same as we did the decentra

The class went to work, and soon had the whole plant completed; and then Eddie Wells brought a fly and wasp from his cabinet of insects, which, when clasped in the wire "eyelashes," seemed as if the natural plant had caught them.

The Calla—Ethiopian Lily.—The teacher had been anxious to show how a large, single petaled corolla may be interlined with muslin; so she selected the lily as a good example. Cut the whole corolla of thin, white muslin; wet in turpentine, and spread it smoothly around the cylinder that you use for making wax sheets. Let some white wax be prepared and melted as for sheets. Now dip the cylinder, which was wet before the lily pattern was spread. When you remove the cylinder, run the point of a pen-

knife through the wax, just at the edge of the muslin; then put the waxed side of the lily pattern next to the cylinder, and dip again. You will now find the muslin coated nicely on both sides, and that the texture corresponds very nicely with the natural petal.

Large petals of this sort may be formed by putting the muslin between two sheets of wax, and then cutting the three together by pattern. If the muslin be wet with turpentine, and the wax quite warm, they will unite pretty well; but the former method insures a more complete union.

This interlining strengthens the corolla, and prevents the color from showing through when the two sides are shaded differently, as in the case of the richardia.

AMONG THE RELATIONS.—No. 5.

BY A. H. POE.

I went reg'larly to Sabbath school, while I was at grandpa's house. It's at three o'clock in the afternoon. All of us used to go, only Uncle Guy didn't, sometimes. Once, he brushed his coat a long time, and went away to Ruggles Point, to hear a Dr. Happy preach. He called him a Second Advent, and a big gun. Grandma said for him not to speak so in her presence. I s'pose she didn't like to hear a man called a gun.

The church we 'tended was right new. Jennie said they sold the old one for a bachelor to live in. He'd have a real nice, big room, wouldn't he? Jennie said that just one man—a great, rich farmer, that called himself General—had given the new bell, and had his name put on it in big letters. One prayer-meeting evening we were listening to it ring, and I said it rang, "Praise God, praise God." But Joe said he guessed the man that paid for it thought it rang "General Price, General Price." Then grandpa told Joe to go to bed, and Aunt Ollie kept trying to p'tend she wasn't laughing. I couldn't tell what was funny.

One morning I felt the queerest, and couldn't get warm by the fire, 'tall. 'Twas Monday, and Rose Cabbage was there to wash. I asked her if 'twasn't Cabbage Rose, and she said, "O, you comical little concern." I kept feeling worse, and colder, and grandpa put her thick, purple shawl around me, and had me to bake my feet in the kitchen

oven. But 'twasn't any use; I pained all over, and Rose Cabbage said 'twas "clear agur" that ailed me.

Grandma nearly cried, she was so sorry, and grandpa pushed his specs up off his nose, and said, "Now, mother!" I laid in grandma's feather bed, covered deep, and had a hot iron (the kind they rub clothes with,) at my feet, and drank the bitterest tea. O dear, I couldn't tell 'zactly what happened, but 'twas worse than the worst dream I ever had. My head didn't seem head any more, and I thought my back, and arms, and knees were surely broken in two.

When I was feeling a little better, the doctor came. Grandma was 'most vexed, 'cause 'twasn't the old doctor. 'Twas his 'sistant. He felt of my wrist, and said to let him see my tongue, and made out some medicine powders, and kept talking 'bout "liver," and "slight d'rangement," and bowed, and said, "just so, madam," to Aunt Ollie. Some way, I pretty near 'spised him. I guess 'twas cause I was paining so.

Grandpa's chair was squeaky. I'd never noticed it till then; but it squeaked so that I raised right up in bed and said,

"O, grandpa, I can't stand it."

When he found out what was the matter, he stopped rocking, and said he'd have it sent to the furniture shop first chance, and 'tended to. Uncle Guy said it had been squeaking for fifteen years. The med'wine

was bad to take, but I took it. Grandma fixed it in some of her nicest 'serves, and gave me a little coffee after it, to take the bitter out. I asked her if 'twasn't spasms I had, and she said no, 'twas a chill. I didn't have any more though.

I mostly got a letter from mamma every week; but one week I didn't get any, and the next, there was one from papa to grandma, with a little note inside for me; and inside of that was the sweetest, soft, brown curl, finer 'n any silk. And now what you s'pose papa said in that letter? Why, he said that I had a *sister*. A real, live, black-eyed, baby sister. O, but wasn't I glad? I couldn't hardly do one thing but just talk 'bout it, and I wanted to go home right off; not wait a minute.

Papa said in the letter for me to name it, and we all thought of names, and names, but there wasn't any pretty enough. Joe got the big dictionary, to look one out of, and grandpa said he guessed he'd find one from the Bible. When, all at once, I happened to think of one I thought 'd be nice, and got close to Uncle Guy, and whispered, "S'pose we call it grandma."

Uncle Guy jumped me up so that my head touched the ceiling, and laughed, and laughed, and said,

"Grandma Collins; how 'd that sound?"

I was p'voked then, 'cause I said anything, and threw my apron over my head, and ran out of the room soon 's I could get away from him.

I went home, though grandpa said that I ought to stay till after Christmas; and I'd liked to, but oh! I wanted to see tiny sister so bad. Joe said, "You wouldn't catch me going for no baby." I was real d'sgusted with him. I do wish Joe would treat me with respect.

Uncle Guy went with me. He's so handsome when he gets his nice clothes on; but every day he wears the funniest overalls. It's 'nough to keep anybody laughing all the time, to look at them. We started on the evening train. Grandma had a splendid dinner that day, and all of Uncle Lot's and Uncle Milton's folks were there, and Uncle Ross came to dinner. He said Jessie wasn't well 'nough for Aunt Harriet to bring her out, so I didn't get to tell her goodbye. I wished I could.

We went to the depot in the carriage. Uncle Guy meant to go in the sleigh, but the snow melted too fast. Aunt Ollie went, to drive back again, and Jennie, and Desire; and, because there wasn't room for the boys, Uncle Lot hitched up the spring wagon and

took them, Joe, and Wilber; 'n Gurney. Uncle Guy said,

"Pshaw, I wouldn't take the trouble."

But Uncle Lot looked funny out of his eyes, and said he b'lieved in humoring children as much as they'd bear.

When I said goodbye, grandpa and grandma cried soft, and I was most smothered with hugging; and Aunt Martha put a little bottle of her pepper med'cine in my pocket, fear I'd catch a cold. Aunt Charity sent a lovely basket of flowers to mamma, 'cause she thought mamma'd like flowers that came from where she used to live; and they sent dresses for sister, and toys for Robbie, and lots of things. Grandma put up bread and butter, and sliced turkey, and blackberry jam, and pickles, for us to eat on the way. Uncle Guy said she needn't, but she would. We got started, and I was sorry and glad, both; and when we got to the cars, there was 'nother goodbye time, and then we went whizzing away; and the last I saw was Joe, waving his old gray cap.

BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS.

BY MRS. PARIZADE V. HATHAWAY.

When I go into the woods in May and early summer, I often see a gay bird. He is about seven and a half inches long. His wings and tail are jet black, and his head and body so red that he looks like a coal of fire, among the green leaves. He is always on the lookout for insects, and destroys a great many, dally. His song is rich and sweet, and fills the woods where he stays. "E-erp hu-ic que-ic que-we-o ka-wet que-a-ru!" The strain is sung quite rapidly.

His mate is not red; her back is dull green, and her breast is yellowish. She does not return to the north in spring until several days after the arrival of the male bird. The males of most kinds of our birds come by themselves, leaving their future mates to follow them, a week or ten days, sometimes a month later.

The nest of the scarlet tanager, for this is the name of the red bird, is built late in May. It is often placed quite high up on some great limb of a tree. Early in June, I found one of these nests in the top of a thorn tree. Mrs. Tanager was sitting, and I did not disturb her to take a peep at her treasures, but I knew from what I had learned about the bird before, that the eggs she was keeping warm, were greenish blue, spotted with brown. The usual number in a nest is four or five.

Passing that way a few days after, the old bird cried, in a troubled voice, "Chip-er-e, chip-er-e!" The eggs had changed to little birds. The skin of their bodies was a delicate, rather brilliant red, and the long, gray down, tinged in spots with rich brown, covered them like a thin veil. Their eyes were closely shut. Birds which are reared in a nest, do not open their eyes until they are several days old.

In eight or ten days more, the nest was empty; but I could hear the parents calling tenderly to the little ones, in the woods near by. The nest was loosely made of the dry stalks of weeds, and lined with very fine leaves of grass, and strips of grapevine bark.

Late in summer, when birds drop their old feathers, and get new ones, the red bird becomes a green one, like his mate. The young males look like the mother, ornamented, however, with a few red feathers. In September, the scarlet tanager and his family go away to the far south, to Central America, or some island of the sea. There, the tropical sun paints his plumes and those of his children, until, when they come back to us in May, they are dazzling red.

The scarlet tanager has a pretty, little cousin, which haunts the banks of creeks and rivers. Sometimes I find him in garden shrubbery, or in a patch of hazel bushes, quite a distance from water. He is so shy and restless, that it is not easy to get a good view of him. When perched upon a twig, he always looks as if just ready to fly. His back is brownish green, his throat and breast fine yellow, and there is a broad, black band across the forehead, passing down over the cheeks, which makes him look as if he were wearing a mask. The bill is black, and the long, slender legs, flesh color. The color of his throat gives him part of his name, the Maryland yellowthroat.

He comes early in May, and sings a great deal from the time of his arrival until the middle of July. During this season of song, he almost always salutes me with "Chip-per-a, chip-per-a, chip!" or, "Witch-e-te, witch-e-te witch!" It is a bold, lively strain, and makes one feel as happy as the little singer himself. On warm, moist nights, I have heard him sing at midnight, "Chip-per-a, chip-per-a!" When the female is sitting, I have seen him rise into the air, describe a small circle, warbling at the same time a tender song, and then descend into the bushes.

The nest, which is built in late May or early June, is generally placed in a bunch of tall grass, or in a shrub. It is constructed

of broad blades of dry grass, and lined with fine grass and horse hairs. Some of these nests are said to be arched over at the top, with an entrance at one side; but I never found any made in this way. The eggs are four or five, very small, pure white, tinted with pluk when newly laid, and spotted with brown at the large end.

When there are young to be cared for, the yellowthroats work constantly among the vines and bushes, hunting for small worms. If a pair perceive me, the male calls "Chip!" in a hoarse, excited tone; and the little mother answers in a sweet, anxious voice "Chit!" They keep close watch of me, and will hardly approach the vicinity of the nest, fearing I will discover it. When the little ones open their bills, I see that their mouths have a fine, red tint. Two broods are reared in a season, the last in July.

The Maryland yellowthroat lives upon insects. He is found from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

ABOUT HORSES.

BY W. O. C.

The other day, a boy asked me if I would play horse, and let him drive me?

"O," said I, "I am too old and clumsy for a horse."

"But," said the boy, "I don't drive *old* horses so hard."

"Good!" said I.

I liked that. That is the true principle. I wish every boy and every man in the nation had to obey it. I suppose a *young* horse likes to go. If I were a young horse, I should want to see how fast I could run; and I should want to snap my heels and stretch my legs. If my driver said, "Now, pony, do your best," I would take a long breath, and then show him what I could do; and I would make the road *spin*.

I have seen a colt swoop over a five-rail fence, just like a bird. That is the way I should like to do it. But an old horse does not feel so spry; and I know how an old horse does feel. He feels young inside—just as young as ever; but his legs are stiff, and don't go as easily as they used to, and sometimes they ache. I have seen an old horse that forgot he was old, and he began to jump and frisk like a colt; and everybody laughed at him.

But if I were a horse, I would never run on a race course. That is one thing they would have to understand. I don't believe in gambling, or betting for money, anyhow.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER, 1871.

A CHAPTER OF WONDERS.

Ask Grandpa to show you his watch. I mean the wonderful little wheels hidden away under the gold case—the “live part,” as a blessed baby calls it. If it is a nice watch, and of course grandpa’s watch is a nice one, it took a skillful workman at least three weeks to make it; and that is not a long time, for when I look at the delicate, little wonder, it seems to me almost a miracle that human hands can do it at all. But only yesterday I saw a machine, under the guidance of a slender, young girl, do in half a minute a part of the work which would take the hand workman nearly two days; while another made and inserted the little pillars which hold the two plates of the watch together, at the rate of *two thousand* per day, while the hand workman could make but two dozen!

I wish I could have taken you all with me through that wonderful establishment at Elgin, where, in the clean, bright rooms, the silent machines, tended by about four hundred workmen, half of whom might be fairly classed as boys and girls, make one hundred and sixty watches as an average day’s work, every one of them more perfect in construction and more accurate in movement than anything the skill of the old-time workman could produce. What a sensation the Corporal’s army would have made in a march upon the works of the National Watch Company! I fancy it would have been too much for even the limitless patience of the superintendent, which must be proof against all common attacks.

I thought, when we began, I should tell you all about it; but when we were half way through, I began to waver, and by the time we left our names upon the office register, I almost concluded to say nothing about it, since it seemed such a hopeless task to tell the smallest part of the wonders we saw. What do you say to a machine that can tell you the exact diameter of the hairs on your head, yours perhaps measuring three twenty-five-hundredths of an inch, and your little sister’s only two twenty-five-hundredths. Yet the hair is really twice as thick as the

fine steel ribbon, from which the hair spring of the watch is made; since the hair compresses between the jaws of the measurer. One foot of this ribbon makes a spring, which weighs only one fifteenth-thousandth part of a pound, troy.

What do you say to a pair of tiny scales that will give you the exact weight of a bit of hair—a trifle over the fifty-seven-millionth part of a pound, troy? That is what they can do in the adjusting room, where they regulate the movement of a watch, by such minute changes in the tiny screws of the balance wheel, until it will bear the test of running eight hours in a box heated to 100 degrees, Fahrenheit; and eight hours in a refrigerator at zero, without the smallest variation. It is the wonderful, little balance wheel that enables it to do this. Look at grandpa’s watch again, and you will see what it is; a queer, little affair, with a rim of brass and arms of steel, that goes whirling back and forth, as if it couldn’t make up its mind which way was best. Starting with a little disk of steel in a brass rim, the whole affair about the size and thickness of a nickel cent, it required *eighty* operations before the wheel was ready for use. And the little disk of steel and brass had already been through five operations, and had received three thousand blows from a trip hammer, the only noisy machine in the works. Through its double rim, twenty-two holes are drilled for screws, while it is spinning around at the rate of four thousand eight hundred times a minute. Do you see this little tangle of what seems to be fine hair, or rather a wisp of smoke, if such a thing might be? That is a bunch of steel shavings, turned off by a machine from a delicate, little screw. Take the magnifying glass, and you will see that every one is a spiral coil, precisely like the great, white shavings, that drop from the carpenter’s plane.

And here is this bottle, two inches high, and one inch in diameter; what do you imagine it is filled with? Coarse powder, is it not? It certainly looks like it, and you can hardly believe it, when they tell you they are *screws*; perfect, little, steel screws; each one with a head, a slot for the screw driver, and a perfectly turned thread, each one polished separately, and tempered by heating. How many in the bottle, does the paper say? “Twenty-three thousand six hundred and fifteen.” “How in the world do they count them?” you ask, in amazement.

“Just as they do elephants,” returns your smiling guide, “one at a time.”

The finest screws used in a watch, have two hundred and fifty threads to the inch, and it takes one hundred and forty-four thousand of them to weigh a pound, which is worth six pounds of pure gold. But the machines will cut screws with *five hundred* threads to the inch.

One thing that used to puzzle me sorely in my childhood, was the talk about "jewels" in watches; and after much disappointing research, I made up my mind that it was only what the big folks called "a figure of speech." But here are the jewels from India and Persia and Brazil, ruby, garnet, aqua marine, lying in piles on the workman's bench, while he splits, saws, grinds and repolishes them, until each glittering bit weighs less than an eighty-thousandth of a pound, troy, and then drills a hole through it with a diamond drill, so small as to be barely visible. These tiny jewels with their settings of brass are inserted in the holes where the delicate pivots are to play, and held in their places by screws. They are for use, not beauty; to guard against the smallest wear, by their hardness.

Where shall I stop? I might tell you of the diamond dust, worth five hundred dollars per ounce, used in all the processes of polishing, the smallest grain of which left in any part, would cut and ruin the works. Or of the artists, who paint with a brush the inscription upon the face of the watch, putting the words "National Watch Co." in clear, legible letters, upon a space three-fourths of an inch in length, and only one-ninetieth of an inch in width; and when I tell you that he does this twice in five minutes, I am not sure but I shall have to confess that the human hand, after all, is as wonderful as any machine.

GOLD LEAF.

One sultry day last week, when people crept about on the shady sides of the streets, and the soda water and lemonade men were the only happy looking persons one met, we saw a ragged, little fellow sitting on the sidewalk, in the full blaze of the sun, watching intently something which was going on down in the basement of a great building.

"What does he see down there?" I wondered.

"That is where they make gold leaf," said my companion. "Let us go and find out how they do it."

"Will they let us in?" I asked, doubtfully,

as we descended the stairs, and peered into the room.

There was no sign to say "No Admittance;" but a very pleasant young man, who met us at the door, said it quite plainly all over his face, though he did not speak a word. The Little Corporal is a privileged character, and when we explained our errand, the proprietor courteously told us all about the process of making gold leaf, such as is used in all the gilding, lettering, etc.

First they melt the coin; but that is not pure enough, so they take from it the alloy, leaving it about 22 carats fine. Then it is rolled out into a flexible ribbon about an inch in width, not bright, as you might fancy, but stained and blackened by the heat and the charcoal. The workman cuts off a bit of this ribbon an inch in length, and places it in the center of a mold about five inches square, made of leaves of a peculiar kind of tissue paper, placed one upon the other. This paper is obtained from Europe, and is manufactured from the inner skin of the intestines of oxen, requiring five hundred oxen to make enough for one mold, which is valued at sixty dollars. The workman lays his mold, with the inch of gold ribbon in the center, upon a stone bench, and proceeds to pound it with a hammer weighing about seven pounds, until it gradually flattens and spreads out to the size of the mold, that is, about four inches square. As soon as the gold begins to peep out of the edges, the workman opens his mold, cuts the gold leaf into four pieces with a tool very much like a pair of tiny, wooden, sled runners, and then each of the four pieces is again beaten, and again divided, until from the original inch of gold ribbon, which is exactly of the weight of a gold dollar, one hundred leaves are made. These are put between leaves of tissue paper, and made into little books, ready for use, selling at about one and one-half cents per leaf. It is delicate stuff, and the workman cannot touch it with his fingers, but lifts it carefully with some curious, little pincers, or smooths it with his breath. The ordinary process of lettering or ornamenting in gold, is to brush over the design with shellac, lay on the gold leaf, and then, with a bit of cotton, wipe off what does not adhere. These bits of cotton, with their load of powdered gold, used to be thrown away; but now they are saved, and a way has been found to gather up every particle of the precious metal, and put it to new uses.



Prudy's Pocket.

Marango. "Dear Prudy: Allow me to introduce myself. Hattie P. Wells; my home is in Marango, Michigan. I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL four years, and read it with interest. I would like to tell the other little girls who take THE CORPORAL how to prepare skeleton leaves. I send you a specimen. It is time to commence gathering leaves. The process is not difficult, but requires patience to do it skillfully. First, boil a few in strong soap suds, till they will clean easily with a soft tooth brush, or fine flannel. Soak out the suds; then bleach in chloride of lime. A tablespoonful of chloride in a quart of soft, warm water. A shallow, earthen dish is best to bleach in, set in a window where the sun shines. Then soak in soft water till the chloride is out. When this is done, float them out on pieces of paper, and dry in a press; a blank book is good. Rose and Ivy are easily prepared, but maple and many others require more boiling and bleaching."

Accompanying this letter was a very pretty bouquet of skeletonized leaves, arranged upon a background of blue velvet, for which Prudy returns thanks. Hatty's directions are very simple, and will answer admirably for tough-fibred leaves. Hatty wishes to know how to dry flowers in sand, and, although Prudy has had no practical experience, the way is said to be as follows: Use clean sand, washing it, to remove all dirt, and drying very thoroughly. Procure a suitable box, put in a little sand, lay in your flower, freshly cut, and proceed to sift the sand around it, taking care that each leaf is kept in proper position, until you have covered it to the depth of a couple of inches. Set your box in a dry place, and do not disturb it for two or three weeks. The best way to remove the sand is to make a small opening in the bottom of the box, and shake it out, by careful jarring.

East Middleboro, Mass. "Among the many wonderful bits of knowledge I gain by being up with the birds in the morning, I must tell you this one: Did you not think that when 'Grandpa-lo-ze-lez' comes into the world his mother puts on his best Sunday pants, and makes him wear them all the time? Well, he doesn't do so at all. I saw him change his pants this morning. I expect it is quite a task for him to do it, for he looked quite pale and sick, as though he had the sick headache. Now, sir, if you have any soldiers in your army who

are fond of taking an extra nap in the morning, I hope you will give them a gentle lecture. If they profit by the advice, as I know they will, you will hear them, in a short time, call for a 'Craig's Microscope,' just as I intend to do."

Rochester, Minn. "Dear Prudy: I think Heavenly Cherubs is very pretty, and I thank you very much for sending it to me. I have written two letters, but, as neither have appeared in THE CORPORAL, I am going to try again. I have been spending the winter in St. Paul, and I had a real nice time, but I was glad to get home again. Were you ever to St. Paul?"

Yes; Prudy has some very pleasant memories of St. Paul.

Broosa, Turkey. "Dear Prudy: It is now May, and I guess you will be surprised to know that I have not had a CORPORAL of this year until this week. I cannot tell you how glad I am, and how thankful I feel, to receive them. They come in a box, which nominally comes once a month, but really, once in two or three months. However, there is one good thing about it, when they do come, they come with a rush; for, this time three came at once, and two days after one more came."

Laporte, Ind. "Dear Prudy: My name is Annie Barnes. I went to your office Thursday, but you was not there. I saw your picture; a man said it was you; he was a funny man. Now I have been to see you, it is your time to come and make us a visit. I am ten years old, and have a sister eleven years old. I have a baby brother, and another brother and sister. I like to read THE CORPORAL. Why don't you put in riddles, too. Will you send THE CORPORAL every week? That funny man said he couldn't, it took so long to get ready. Please put this in your pocket. Your picture is real nice. Why don't you put it in the place where that girl is? You send me one, any way. Will you?"

Castalia, Iowa. "I have always heard that business letters should be very short and concise, but I cannot help saying that I like THE LITTLE CORPORAL very much. I have taken it ever since it was first published, and I think I ought to know whether I like it or not. I was very glad to see Mr. Sewell's picture in THE CORPORAL, and now I want to see Mrs. Miller's, and Prudy's pictures next. I think that I shall like 'Summer Days at Kirkwood' very much. I liked the 'Hard-Fought Battle' ever so much. Cary Honston was a good boy, wasn't he? I will have to leave off, and get ready to go to school now, I guess."

Galva, Ill. "Dear Prudy: I am a little girl eleven years old. My grandma sent me THE LITTLE CORPORAL for a Christmas present. I think she has a young heart, for she loves to read THE LITTLE CORPORAL. I come up to Chicago real often, and see my aunty, and when I go next time, I will go and see you, if I find where you live. Dear Prudy, please print this letter, for I want to see how my letter will look in THE CORPORAL. I am going to try to get up a club next year."

Inland, Iowa. "Dear Prudy: I am a little eleven-year-old girl. I wrote one letter to you before, but you did not print it. My brother took THE LITTLE CORPORAL two years, but this year I take it. I sent for it with my prize money that I got at school in the arithmetic class. I got two dollars. I have got a little brother that is as funny as Tommy Bancroft, we think. Once he ran after a little bird that was running along

on the ground, and he told pa he was going to catch that bird to make a custard pie."

Philadelphia. "Dear Prudy: I am very much obliged to you for putting our letter in THE CORPORAL. I want to take the book myself, but cannot, for I am saving up for a printing machine. I am often tempted to buy cakes and candy; I like them ever so much. I had a gold fish, but just as it was getting tame it died. I have two silver fishes now. I am saving up cards. I have about 7,000; ain't that a great many? I will send you my picture. With much love to Prudy."

Wazahachie, Texas. "Dear Prudy: I want to tell you about a chicken I have. It was the only one that lived, out of a large brood, and when its mother went to sitting again, it sat by her all the time, and when the chickens were hatched, it would take care of part of them, and hunt things for them to eat. Don't you think that is very kind, Prudy, and doesn't you look as if the chicken had reason?"

It looks as if the chicken had a good deal more care for her mother than some human chicks Prudy has seen, who thought it very hard to have to help tend the wee ones. That chicken ought to be preserved to a good old age, for an example.

Pottsville. "I received the engine all safe, and it works splendid. My brother and I have been subscribers since 1865. We all think it the best magazine we have seen. My brother once received the Little Red Ridinghood as a prize. I hope to send more names sometime, not for a prize, but it is such a nice book. I like to read the letters in Prudy's Pocket. I was ten years old last April, and my brother was twelve last November."

New York. "Dear Prudy: I have been wanting to write to you for ever so long, but every time I would really begin it, something would happen, and you wouldn't get my letter. Yesterday was my birthday. I am fourteen. It sounds pretty old, I have been thirteen so long. I had quite a good many presents. A rosewood work box, lined with crimson velvet, a breakfast shawl, an embroidered set, a box of initial paper, 'Moods,' 'Little Men,' and 'Three Proverb Stories,' by Louisa Alcott. Don't you think 'Little Women' is splendid. I love you ever so much, although I don't know you, and if you will just say that this did not trouble you any, I shall be happy to write again."

Mount Wolf. "Dear Prudy: As this is the first letter I wrote to you I hope you will not let it fall through a hole in your pocket. I like THE CORPORAL very much. I tried to raise a club but did not succeed. I will try again. I can hardly wait till THE CORPORAL comes. I earned my money for THE CORPORAL by building fires for the school teacher last winter. I gave the money to my pa, and he sent it some time ago to Mr. Miller for THE CORPORAL. I guess I know who Prudy is; she is Tommy Bancroft's mother, or she would not know so much about his tricks."

Randolph, N. Y. "Dear Prudy: Enclosed find ten cents to add to the Sailor's Library Fund. I went down to my pa's store, to-day, to see if the papers had come. They had, and I found my dear LITTLE CORPORAL among them. I read the little one-armed boy's letter. I have sent my mite, which I hope may do some good, if it is small. Your friend, JOHNNY THOMPSON."

Clara Law, of Hannibal, N. Y., also sends fifteen cents, so the fund begins to grow. A boy in Hamilton, Ohio, proposes that a library should

be raised by each one sending a book. That does not strike Prudy as a good way, since many of the books would be lost or injured, duplicates of many would be sent, and the expense of mail or express would be considerable, amounting, in every case, to more than the proposed ten cents.

Wadsworth, Va. "Dear Prudy: I am six years old. Sister Rebecca takes THE LITTLE CORPORAL, and I like it very much, for she reads it to me. Do you like apricots? I do, and we have some apples, too. Please put my letter in your pocket, if there is no hole in it."

Fort Larned, Kan. "Dear Prudy: I am again trying to raise a club for the magazine I love so well. I am trying to get the microscope, as I live where there are a great many beautiful bugs and insects. I send you a butterfly as a specimen. The Indians came within twenty feet of the fort last night, and tried to steal the horses. They only got one pony, and went off with him without disturbing anybody but the guard, who shot at them. My two little brothers, with another boy, took a long walk, four miles from the fort, and went within three hundred yards of the Indians, who did not see them. All our officers think the Indians will follow the war path this summer."

Panama, N. Y. "Dear Prudy: I want to write you a little, although I suppose you already have your pocket full. I was glad to see that Miss Minnie D. Bateham, of Painesville, Ohio, had won the prize on the vowel I. Perhaps you may not have seen that exquisite little poem of hers published in the New York Evangelist, of March 16th, 1871. I enclose it in this letter. My mother saw a lady from Painesville, a short time ago, who told her a great many interesting things about Minnie. She said that she thought Minnie would ultimately recover, that her mother was formerly a missionary to Africa, and many other things—but perhaps you know of them already. I noticed in Prudy's Pocket, in the May number, a letter about fish, etc., from Chenoa, Illinois, of which a considerable part might be applied to us with equal truth. We have a globe, which was got for a gold fish, but the gold fish dying soon after, we caught some brook fish and kept them in it. One has been in it nearly a year. It will nibble at our fingers. Once it committed an act of cannibalism, by eating up one of the fish confined with it. He was nearly a whole evening swallowing the little one. My youngest brother is left handed, as was the writer of that letter. We have a little darling baby here, my only living sister, who, when held up before the beautiful picture of Red Ridinghood, crows and claps her hands, and looks around to her mother for approbation."

Hillsdale, Mich. "Dear Prudy: I like your pocket better than any other part of THE CORPORAL, because it holds so much without tearing. I think that a good many mothers would like to know what kind of cloth it is made of, and where you buy it."

"Dear Prudy: We have taken THE CORPORAL four years, and do not know how we could do without it. I want to write to you to tell you about a funny family we have in our straw stack. An old hen was sitting on one egg. One day when she was gone from her nest the old cat brought her four little kittens there, and the old hen seemed as pleased as though they were her own chickens. She sits there and helps the old cat brood them, and when kitty comes to the house for milk, she gets them all under her wings, and makes a great fuss if any one tries to get one. Don't you think that is a funny partnership?"

Private Queer's



THE GAMES WE PLAY.

Private Queer: Friday is our evening for games. Then the lessons of the week are over, and we children are at liberty to play. There are three families of us, Uncle Charley's, Aunt Julia's, and ours, and there are thirteen children, counting our baby, who isn't worth much at *gaming*, but often helps us out on a pinch, when we need a play baby, or a dumb child, or a corpse, for its so fat and lazy it "stays put" splendidly. Every Friday evening the three families meet, and, while the older people are talking business, or books, or housekeeping, in the parlor, we children are *gaming*, as we call it, in the sitting room. And I would like to tell you, from month to month, about some of the games we play—some of the newest, I mean—some that the readers of *THE CORPORAL* don't know about, perhaps. Of course, we haven't given up the old-fashioned games; that would be like disloyalty to the old flag, or disrespect to our grandmothers.

I'm the oldest of the children, and not so devoted to play, so they make me do all the drudgery of the games. I have always to *blind*, and be "it," and play the piano, in magic music; and the children are determined that I shall tell you about some of the games that we enjoy so much.

I shall tell you, in the first place, about "Shouting Proverbs." One of the party having left the room, a proverb is selected, as "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Then the words are distributed among the party. "A" is given to me, "bird" to another, "in" to a third, and so on, till all the words are used up. Then the outside member is called in. He says, "What is the proverb? One, two, three." At the word *three*, each shouts, and all together, the word that has been assigned him, so that every word in the proverb is pronounced simultaneously, making a medley of sounds that is fairly bewildering. If the proverb is not guessed, the question is put again, "What is the proverb? One, two, three." And so the game proceeds, till the proverb is guessed.

If your readers wish to know whether or not this game is funny—fun being the main thing

people seek in playing games—I advise them to try it and see.

We have a quieter game, which we call "Comparatives." I will give you an illustration of it. One says, "The positive is a form of water, the comparative is a river famed in poetry. What are the words?" The others are to guess these. The reasonable method of procedure is to think, first, of the different forms of water. One tries *hall*, comparative *haller*, and decides, of course, that these are not the words. He tries *ice*, *icer*, (*Isar*.) These two words satisfy the conditions, one being a form of water, the other a river mentioned in Campbell's "Hohen Linden."

This conundrum suggests another: "The positive is a form of water, the comparative is a voice of the night. What are the words?" Answer, *snow*, and *snore*. By this you will perceive that all that is necessary in forming the comparative is the sound, or, without reference to the orthography. I will give some other illustrations. The positive is an interjection of reproof applied to a domestic animal, the comparative is a verb significant of diffusing. Answer, *scat*, *scatter*. Here is another: The positive is a verb expressive of violent action, the comparative is the name of a royal dynasty. Answer, *seize*, and *Cæsar*.

This game has been a great help to us children in getting facility in defining, and makes us accurate, *papa* says. Almost all the personal pronouns furnish this kind of conundrums; as, I, *ire*; my, *mlre*; mine, *miner*; me, *mere*, etc. I believe we children have made thousands and thousands of these conundrums. We make them, often, while we're playing croquet, or while riding, or at the table, our parents joining us, suggesting to us, correcting us when we are inaccurate, often leading us into history and science, and impressing some fact in such a way that we can never forget it. Don't you think we make good use of our play moments.

I hope you will excuse any mistakes in this communication. Perhaps I ought to do better. I am nearly fifteen years old. Next month, I'll tell you of some of our other games.

Lucy Leland.

HIDDEN POWER.

A mushroom will lift a paving stone many times its own weight, rather than turn over and grow sideways, which it would appear so much easier for it to do. So, tree roots will throw over immense walls, against which they have grown, though one would think the pressure against the softer soil would give room for their development.

No. 18.—CHARADE.

My first the kitty moaning said,
Then closed her eyes and drooped her head
Straightway our kindly Harry reckoned
That she must surely be my second.
In vain we made her catnip take;
My whole she'll never hear nor make.

G. M. K.

No. 19.—CHARADE.

The first is long and slender,
Full of spring;
Made to sting
Both tough and tender.
For an offender,
Just the thing.

The second is not superior,
Never fat.
Such as that
Must be inferior.
Few words are drearier
In your chat.

The third is found within you
Writes my pen.
If not, then,
By brain nor sinew
You will not win you
Praise of men.

The whole, in summer twilight,
Drams its wings,
While it sings,
Quite out of sight.
And only by night
Does such things. D. D. H.

No. 20.—CHARADE.

My first is a name, old fashioned in sound,
For a place that yet very often is found.
The Swiss in my next take pride and delight.
Minus my third, we would be without sight.
One thinks of my fourth in elegant dress.
If you are my whole, my whole you will guess.

G. M. K.

No. 21.—CHARADE.

First. Before my coming shadows flee;
Birds sing their blithest songs to me;
All nature wakes my light to share,
And breathe fresh incense on the air.

Second. I cap the mountain tops like hoods;
I lap the meadow glades and woods;
I clothe the streams with mystery;
I shroud the solemn, sullen sea.

Both. Borne on the daylight's earliest breeze,
Our hazy purple veils the trees,
And, like a gauzy flag unfurled,
Waves in thin folds o'er all the world.

D. D. H.

No. 22.—CHARADE.

I am composed of two syllables. My first makes a letter pass free. My second is three-fourths of a line. And my whole is the name of the philosopher who discovered the power of electricity.

F. R. F.

No. 23.—CHARADE.

I am a word of two syllables. My first is found in every day in the year. My second is a portion of ivy. My whole is the name of a modern philosopher, whose discoveries have added largely to the comfort of our homes, as well as the preservation of human life.

F. R. F.

No. 24.—PUZZLE.

Make one word out of NEW DOOR,
Using every word, and no more.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., AUG. NO.

No. 14.—*Charade*.—Evening Clouds. No. 15.—*Charade*.—Sun-light. No. 16.—*Riddle*.—Shadow.

No. 25.—A PICTURE STORY.—HOW BILLY KINDLED THE FIRE.



The Reading will be given in the next number.

W. O. G.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

JOHN E. MILLER,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

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Now, good friends, with this inducement to offer, you will have no trouble to raise a large club. Go to work at once, and if you work faithfully, you may earn a large and valuable premium.

TOMMY'S WEEK.

The little folks, who have followed with so much interest the fortunes and misfortunes of Tommy Bancroft, will be glad to know that we have published his adventures in a neat, little book, with paper covers, illuminated title page; and, what will be most delightful of all, the book will contain a portrait of Tommy himself. This will be a beautiful book for a present to your little friends. Sent post paid for 30 cents each, or

four copies for one dollar. Address the publisher, or procure it at the nearest bookstore.

A NEW CHROMO.

We have in preparation a beautiful, new chromo, which will be the finest premium of the season. The artists are at work now upon it, and we have the promise it shall be ready by October first. We will describe it more fully in our next number, and state the number of subscribers required to obtain it.

THE NEW PREMIUM LIST.

Next month we will publish the new list of premiums. We are making arrangements for many new articles, which you will all wish to have. Don't wait till next month, but begin *now* and send on the names, and by the time your club is full, the premiums shall be ready.

BIND THE CORPORALS.

Every subscriber ought to preserve the numbers of THE CORPORAL, and have them bound in a neat volume, at the end of the year. Many of you do so, but there are others who live so far away from places where such work is done, that the expense of sending to the cities and towns is often more than the cost of the binding, making altogether a very dear book when it is all done. Now, in order to meet the wants of such that do not live near where the binding can be done, I have had a lot of the *Emerson Binder* manufactured of special size for THE CORPORAL. This Binder is the best I have ever seen. It consists of stiff, board sides, with cloth back and gilt title, like an ordinary book cover or lids. It is so arranged that one number can be inserted and firmly fastened, and others added from time to time, until the year is complete. It is so simple, and so easily done, that any child can do it.

The price of the binder is sixty cents each, to be had at this office, or sent free by mail, upon receipt of the price. Send for it, and try it, and I am sure you will love your magazine all the better for being kept together in a neat form.

CAUTION.—The firm of S. C. Thompson & Co., who have been for a few months past, and are now, sending out circulars stating that they are endorsed by THE LITTLE CORPORAL, are doing so without authority, and we caution persons not to send them any money on the strength of this endorsement, as many have done so, and have never had any goods in return.

SOMETHING NEW.

EVANGELICAL DIAMONDS.

I am the General Western Agent for the beautiful Little Diamonds, issued by the Evangelical Press Association. These Diamonds are really little, condensed tracts, the size of, and made like, postage stamps, gummed on the back, and separated by perforation, so that they can be easily detached and used just as you would use postage stamps. They may be stuck on letters, or anywhere else you may choose to place them. They may be used for counsel, reproof, or warning, and properly used, may be made the means of doing great good. The matter of these Diamonds is printed in fine type, and the subjects are various. Some treat of the Christian Sabbath, others are on the subjects of temperance, swearing, reading of good books, purity of life, prayer, etc. These little diamonds should be in the hands of all people who desire to do good. They may be so used as often to be more effective than tracts, sermons, or lectures.

These Diamonds are put up in convenient, assorted packages, one hundred in an envelope, and sold at ten cents per packet. Discounts on large quantities. We can send them by mail, on receipt of price. Address JOHN E. MILLER, Publisher, CHICAGO, ILL.

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BOOK NOTICES.

Any books noticed or advertised in *THE LITTLE CORPORAL*, will be sent by us, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

The surest way to protect your boys from the sensational literature so ruinous to mind and morals, is to cultivate their taste for something better. And among the many valuable works to aid the parent in this, we have seen none better than two volumes from the pen of JACOB ABBOTT, entitled, *SCIENCE FOR THE YOUNG*, and treating, respectively, of Heat, and Light. The science is in so pleasing a dress it has the fascination of a story. Harper Bros., publishers.

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

FIGHTING AGAINST WRONG; AND FOR THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

VOL. XIII.—OCTOBER, 1871.—NO. 4.

THE RESCUE. A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. E. D. KENDALL.



Do you ever see a salt marsh?

I presume that many, and perhaps most of the readers of *THE LITTLE CORPORAL* never did; but those who live along the Atlantic coast are no doubt familiar with the long, low-lying lands stretching into the ocean, covered with water at high tide, but bare at its ebb, rank with coarse, uneven grass, dark and slimy, and visited rarely except by those scavengers of our shores, the wild sea fowl, or by sportsmen, with whom coot and duck, loon and teal, are epicurean delicacies.

Sometimes you will see an oyster boat working its way along the salt sedges to a spot where stakes have been driven. That is an oyster bed, and there are many such to be found where the fresh-water streams debouch into the great sea.

Acres on acres of marsh land have been reclaimed, particularly in the vicinity of our coast cities. That is, the marshes have been filled in to a level with the other earth, drained, and converted into solid ground, dry, and available for building purposes. A large part, and, indeed, a very valuable part of Boston is built upon this reclaimed land.

But I was going to tell you a story—an incident of the great storm of April, 1851.

Perhaps some of you are familiar with Sargent's Readers. Do you recollect the lesson entitled "The Lighthouse," in Part II. of the Second Reader? That lighthouse, erected upon Minot's Ledge, a part of Cohasset Rocks, went down in this very storm, carrying with it to the bottom of the sea, in its iron chamber, two men. I was but a

schoolgirl, then, yet I remember vividly everything connected with that fearful time—how the wind blew a gale, and the rain and snow fell, with scarcely an hour's cessation, for four days, and the tides swept over the sea walls and embankments, and in many places people were obliged to row in boats from house to house, the streets were so completely obliterated.

I lived, at that time, upon Noddle's Island (an odd name, was it not?) now Ward VII. of Boston. It is rather a singularly-shaped piece of land, having the general form of a crescent, the dip of which is southwesterly, one horn stretching to the east, and the other, which is broader and somewhat flattened at the end, lying toward the north. Each of these two extremities terminates in a hill, sloping, the one gradually, and the other with considerable abruptness, toward the main portion of the island.

Along the eastern curve of the crescent, there existed at that time a line of salt marshes, broken only here and there by knolls of firmer soil, and extending quite across to the western and southern sides, at the very foot of the hills, but not embracing the southwesterly corner, which was already covered with neat and substantial brick and wooden buildings, the streets being laid out symmetrically, and bordered with shade trees, and nearly every house having its little piece of ground, which, in summer, blossomed into a flourishing fruit or flower garden.

The principal street of the island, called Meridian, from its direction, had been surveyed exactly north and south, and commencing at the foot of the easterly hill, cut directly through the highest part of the other to the water's edge. The other streets,

projected and completed, ran generally parallel and at right angles with this—that is, due north and south, east and west. Some of them were mere embankments crossing the marsh land, and enclosing square basins of stagnant water wholly cut off from connection with the ocean, and waiting to be filled in with clay and gravel from the hillsides. Others, nearer the sea line, had tideways through which the water still sluggishly ebbed and flowed. Outside of all was the stone sea wall, solidly built of great blocks of granite; and at the inner bend of the crescent, where it stretched toward the east, behind the wall, was a long, high dike. The northern portion of the island needed no such protection, an arm of the main land reaching around it to the harbor channel, and terminating in a low, sandy spit, known as Point Shirley.

Upon some of the streets of which I have spoken, dwellings had already been erected, but many of these were small, frame buildings, seldom more than one story high, and occupied by foreigners of scanty means. Among them, and standing quite by itself, was a little, martin box of a house, containing but two rooms, and tenanted by an Irish widow and her two children, one three years old, the other six months. Her husband had been killed, a few weeks before the birth of the younger child, by the falling of a derrick; and the widow earned her living by taking in washing and doing the weekly laundry work for one or two families in our immediate neighborhood, which was perhaps half a mile from her little abode.

During the week of the storm, Mrs. O'Neil (that was the widow's name) walked—I had almost said *waded*—to our street, and washed, as usual, for one of her patrons, the lady hoping, as housewives are apt to do, on a wet, dismal day, that the next morning would bring fair weather. But the fair weather did not come—rather, the storm increased. On the third day, Mrs. O'Neil again ventured out, and locking her two children into the house, came down to my mother's. She was wet through when she arrived there, and quite exhausted; and my mother upbraided her for leaving her comfortable home to face such a tempest.

"No, Mary," she said, "I shall not wash to-day; and you must hurry back to your little ones, for it seems to me, if such a thing can be possible, that the storm is growing more furious. But first dry yourself by the fire, and have a cup of coffee."

My mother then found a pair of woolen stockings, a woolen skirt, and some old boots

of my father's, which she persuaded the poor creature to put on; and when she had become warm, gave her a basket of provisions, well wrapped in a rubber cloth, and sent her on her way with a light heart.

Meantime, the swollen tide, under cover of the blinding snow and rain, and driven onward by the scourging wind, had mounted fearfully, and the great, white caps were buffeting the wall with the force of an army of giants. Wave after wave leaped over, sending its spray high into the air to battle with the descending mists. At length there came a noise like the boom of distant cannon, followed by a rushing, roaring sound that sent terror to many a heart. The sea had broken over its barrier; the dike and embankments were washed away; and the high tide was marching onward with resistless power. The flats were quickly flooded, frame houses were loosened from their underpinning and floated westward, and those with stronger foundations, which stood in the course of the advancing waters, were rapidly filled in the lower stories.

Mrs. O'Neil had not gone far when she heard the thunder of the incoming waves, and instinctively felt that calamity was approaching her. She dropped her basket, and wrung her hands in agony.

"O, my God! what am I to do?" she exclaimed. "Holy mother of God, what will become of my poor children!"

As she stood there, a policeman came running toward her.

"The sea is over the wall!" he cried. "Help!"

She caught him by the arm and stopped him.

"Has it come to Chelsea street, d'ye think, sir?" she asked. "And are Danny and Mary drowned intirely? Tell me, has it got to my house on Decatur street?"

"Near Chelsea street do you live? Yes, the whole street is under water, and all the cross streets over the marsh. Which house is yours, ma'am? Did you say your children were in it?"

"I did sir; locked in by myself this blessed morning—the oldest but three years of age. An' it's a wee bit cabin, all alone by itself on Decatur street, near the crossing of Chelsea. O, if ye would but find it, sir, and bring me my children alive, I'd get down on my knees to ye, so I would, and bless ye all my life."

"Well, ma'am, I'll do what I can for you. You go to the station house and wait, and I'll get a boat, and see what aid I can bring. If your house hasn't floated off, I can find

it; but I'm afraid, ma'am, that I sha'n't be able to find your children. Ten to one they're drowned, if you locked them up in your shanty. But I'll do my best for you, and we'll try and think they're all right. At any rate, you can't do any better than to go down to the station and wait."

Mrs. O'Neil took his advice, but her heart was full of trouble and fear. As she sat by the fire in the large, comfortable room, another officer came in with the news that the basements of all the houses on the new streets were full to the ceiling, and the water rising; that Bremen street was six feet under water, and the railroad covered; that it was impossible to cross to Jeffrie's Hill, and that help was needed to rescue the poor people who lived on the marshes.

A squad of officers answered the summons, and to them Mrs. O'Neil again rehearsed her story, imploring them to save her children.

She waited an hour in such suspense as only a mother can know whose little ones are in deadly peril; but at the end of that time fugitives from the storm began to arrive, wet, and chilled to the marrow. One of them the poor woman knew, but she could learn nothing from her friend, Mrs. Ryan, about her house or its helpless inmates. At length in stalked a tall policeman, his rubber overcoat and hat dripping with the melting snow. It was the one to whom she had first appealed, and in his arms, O joy! he carried her two children.

Her cabin, small as it was, had resisted the force of the flood, and the man had found it, though with considerable difficulty, so many landmarks had been swept away. The waves had already risen to the upper sashes of the windows, and he rowed toward it with many misgivings. Reaching it at length, he discovered a cradle floating inside, its top touching the ceiling, and two little white hands playing with the water. He dashed in the window with his oars, and wrenching off the sash, drew the cradle toward him and lifted out the cowering little ones, who had guessed nothing of their danger, but who cried out against their deliverer, and would not be quieted till they were safe in their mother's arms.

You may be sure that that was a happy meeting, and that the houseless ones were

cared for and sheltered, and when the storm was over, provided with another home in a dryer and safer locality.

As for Mrs. O'Neil, she will never forget the tall policeman who rescued her Danny and Mary from their perilous prison house. There are others, too, who have cause to remember him and his brother officers; for a score and more of schoolchildren from Jeffrie's Hill, who had faced the tempest in the morning, found themselves cut off from their homes at noon, by a broad, angry river. It was not, however, too deep to be forded, as had been reported; but the kind-hearted officers who waded across it so many times, carrying the frightened children, were up to their waists in the chilly water.

That night the lighthouse parted its sinews of iron, and was no more seen. A stone lighthouse has taken its place.

It is not long since I was reading an account, written by a New-York lady, of a visit to Minot's Ledge, upon a lovely day succeeding a storm. The approach was made with great difficulty and much danger; even then the spray dashed so high and the wind blew so strong that the ascent to the tower was fearful, and the great, granite beacon seemed to sway as if it would fall, while the thunder of the surf was deafening and even appalling. Think what it must have been on that awful night in April, 1851!

Do you ever pray for the mariners and light keepers? I always do when the wind blows from the east, and the sea gulls fly landward with their warning of an approaching tempest; for I know that outside of the bay the waves are running high, and the rain or snow is already driving in on the gale, and I think of the shoals off Newfoundland and the Grand Banks, and the rocks along Cape Ann and Cohasset, and the fearful, hungry breakers that lash the shores of Hatteras.

Ah! how many noble souls have gone down to the bottom of the ocean! And every year there are scores of widows and orphans to mourn the loss of the brave fishermen of Gloucester and Newburyport and Marblehead. Did you know that 1871 has already counted nearly fourscore? What if one of these men had been your father or an elder brother?

AUTUMN LEAVES.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Undimmed upon the meadows yet,
The summer greenness lies,
And sunny splendors of the noon
Fill all the glowing skies.

Along the dusty wayside bloom
The aster's cloudy stars,
And hosts of plummy golden-rod
Nod through the orchard bars.

The brook creeps on its silent way,
Through beds of fragrant mint,
And ferny dells and hollows keep
Their tender emerald tint.

Yet, morn or eve, no song of bird
Across the stillness floats,

Only the whisper of the wind,
And cricket's mournful notes.

Come down the wood paths, where the sun
Breaks through the arching trees.
And see what robes of glory wave
Like banners in the breeze.

The clustering maples on the hill
In kingly garments shine,
The rosy hues of morning mixed
With sunset's golden wine.

Gather them up, from field and wood,
Each gleaming, jeweled spray;
Ripe with the ripening of the year,
That steals in light away.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO DIDN'T LIKE TO THREAD NEEDLES.

BY ANNIE CLYDE.

Grandma was sitting by the window mending Bobby's pants; Allie was building houses with her blocks upon the floor.

"Come, Allie," said grandma, "you'll have to thread my needle."

Allie got up rather reluctantly, and, casting a lingering glance at a half-erected castle, walked slowly toward the window.

"It's too bad to disturb you, dear," said grandma, kindly, "but little Bobby's pants must be mended, and grandma can't see as well as she could when her eyes were young and bright, like yours."

Allie took the needle and threaded it in silence, and went back to her play. The castle was building up beautifully. All that was needed were just those romantic-looking turrets on top, when snap, went something a few feet off. Allie started. It was grandma's thread. The dear, old lady was too thrifty to cut off the broken piece, so she drew the bit that was in her needle into a fragment of cloth and called out,

"Come, Allie, I've got to trouble you again. This is miserable thread."

"Mizable thread," thought Allie, "I should think it was! I guess grandma don't know how I want to finish my castle."

It took only a few minutes to sew up the short bit, and Allie, whose attention had been attracted by something out of the window,

was still standing by grandma's knee, when she presented the needle for the third time. Poor Allie took it with a sigh and twisted the thread rather spitefully between her plump, little fingers. But the thread didn't seem to mind it, and neither did grandma, who sympathized with the little girl's annoyances more than she knew. It is a trial to the aged to be obliged to trouble small people with their wants, quite as much as it is for the small people to attend to them.

Allie went back to her play, once more; but the turrets had grown perverse, somehow, and refused to go on, to her mind. There was a fault in her architecture, somewhere. It didn't look as romantic as she expected, and she placed and replaced, and grew so absorbed in her work that she had quite forgotten all about the tiresome needle, when dear, old grandma, who looked, sitting there in the vine-wreathed window, like a picture of Industry in a frame, called out,

"It's too bad, Allie, but my thread has broken again, and you'll have to come and help me."

I am sorry to say it, but Allie was very much vexed. She had just reached a critical point in her building, and was deeply interested. But she had always been trained to "start quick," and she started quickly now, so quickly in fact, that in her haste her

apron brushed against the unsatisfactory turrets, and away the castle went, like many castles in the air before, in a heap of ruins to the ground. Allie was always respectful, especially to grandma, and she did not say anything impatient, as some children might have done, but she gave the pile of blocks a revengeful, little kick, and when she took the needle out of grandma's hand, she found it difficult to see the eye on account of the tears in her own.

"I wish grandma wouldn't always be sewing, and wanting me to thread her needles, and making me spoil castles," she thought to herself; and then she said aloud,

"Ain't you almost tired of sewing, grandma? wouldn't you like to take a little nap?"

"No," said grandma, smiling to herself just the least bit in the world.

"Well, I am," said Allie; "I am going to lie down on the lounge and go to sleep; and don't you let anybody disturb me."

"No, I won't," said grandma, "not even to thread needles."

So Allie lay down and turned her face to the back of the lounge, and shut her pretty, blue eyes. When she opened them again, she found herself in quite a different place. She was on her feet, and walking through the principal street of a small village; a narrow street, it was, paved with exceedingly sharp-pointed stones. On each side were very high houses with peaked gables, and heavy stone door and window frames, around which twined a climbing vine, carved out of the stone, and looking like petrified ivy. In each door way sat a little, old woman, in a great, mob cap with enormous bows of black ribbon perched a top; and as Allie hurried along, they all peered after her with small, twinkling, black eyes, so sharp that they seemed to pierce her through and through, like needles. Poor Allie felt very uncomfortable. She did not know in the least where she was, nor how she got there, nor where she was going; and she began to suspect, from the severe aspect of the old women, that she was not very welcome. Suddenly, without the least warning, a voice screamed in her ear, in such cutting tones that she felt as if she had been beheaded at a blow, "Come with me!" and she saw a little woman, precisely like all the others, come hobbling up from behind her, with the aid of a pointed stick.

"Come with me!" said the beldame, "I'll show you what is good for little girls who don't like to thread needles."

As she kept pushing her along before her, Allie had no resource but to go as she was bid;

so they traveled along very quickly over the sharp stones, till they came to the open country. Then Allie saw before her a wide river, shining in the sunshine like the face of a looking-glass, a great, rose-colored mountain, that seemed to reach almost to the sky, and what appeared to be a quarry of snow-white marble.

"There," said the old woman, "that's your stint. The river is needles; the mountain is a pin cushion; and the quarry is filled with spools of thread. You have got to put all that thread in all those needles, and stick them on the cushion. When it is done, I'll think about your case again."

"O, I can't," said Allie; "I never could do it in the world. It would take me a hundred years."

"I can't help how long it takes you," said the old woman: "Go to work!" Then she hobbled off again.

Allie sat down on the ground and cried till she was tired; but as nobody came to rescue her, she thought she might as well begin. She picked up a needle, and took as long a thread as she could, and stuck it on the mountain cushion. Then another and another, till she had quite a little cascade on one side. But the river didn't seem to lower any, and she was getting dreadfully tired as well as hungry.

"I never can do it, never. O, I wish I hadn't ever come here," she wailed. Then she set at work again, and toiled away for another half hour.

"I won't!" said she, all at once, with a burst of angry determination, "I won't thread any more needles. I'll just run away."

She turned to run, but made a misstep, tumbled off the river bank with a crash, and found herself on the sitting-room carpet, with smarting elbows, and grandma's kindly face bending over her.

"What was it, dear? What frightened you? What did you say about needles?"

"O, grandma," said she, burying her face in the bosom that always pillowed her head so gently, "I've had a dreadful dream. I'll never do so any more. I'll always be willing to thread your needles, as long as I live."

"Well, well, pet," said grandma, "don't cry. I'm sorry you had such a bad dream. I shall be glad to have my needles threaded, but I had rather you did it for some other reason than because you were frightened by a dream."

"What other reason? Because I love you? I do love you, grandma."

"No;" and grandma put her dear, wrinkled lips close to Allie's ear, and whispered softly, "because the Best Friend of little children has said, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to

them.' When you are old, and have a little grandson's pants to mend, you will be glad of the help of bright, young eyes. And I want you to act always according to the blessed Saviour's Golden Rule."

SUMMER DAYS AT KIRKWOOD.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER IV.

Do you know how rain sounds in a barn? A great, empty barn, in summer time, with only a little sweet hay in the bottom of the deep bay, and scattered lightly over the mows. Do you know how delightful it is, when everything in the house grows wearisome, to hold a blanket or a big overcoat over your head and make a rush for the barn "between the drops," one, two, three, four of you, scattering the bedraggled hens that crawl about under the wagon shed, and calling out a neigh of welcome from the lonesome, old horse, munching his oats at the manger? How safe and wide and comfortable the barn seems, when you shake off the drops and catch your breath! What a sharp rattle of the rain overhead, and a dull thud against the side; but you feel as if you were in your castle, and no matter if it rains forever. There are dusky corners to explore, long rides to take in the broken, old chaise, with its musty leather cushions, and the box under the seat, where you once found a penny. And no amount of rainy days could ever exhaust the excitement of climbing—climbing ladders; climbing by wooden pins up to the straw scaffold, with every prospect of falling through the loose boards to the barn floor; climbing by beams, and clinging like bats to the rafters, to get a peep into the ugly nests of mud and straw plastered close under the ridge of the roof, while the frightened swallows circle about over your head, and fly in and out with a rush of winnowing wings.

They had a barn at Kirkwood, and it was the one solace of the days when the rain fell in broad sheets, a steady deluge, that washed all the loose soil out of the hilly roads, and left them bare and rocky and deeply channeled. On one of the empty mows, a tent had been set up, where Rose and Lillie kept house with their family of dolls, while the workbench upon the barn floor gave Dick and Benny plenty of chances to try their

skill in ship building, and a whole fleet of cedar boats, in different stages of completion, lay scattered over the bench.

"I don't care if it rains all day," said Dick, one morning, with the air of a man who grants a favor. "I mean to finish all my boats to-day."

"Well, I care," said Benny. "I wanted to try my raft. Seems to me it always does rain more up here to Kirkwood."

"That's because there's so much sky over-top of it," said Rose. "In the city there's only a little strip. Now, Benny, you be the doctor, and play Hunky Dory was awful sick."

"Well," said Benny, putting on his uncle's great, rubber coat, and knocking gravely on the side of the barn; while Rose, with an anxious pucker on her fair brow, brought him to the bed of hay where Hunky Dory was lying, her face fearfully spotted with blackberry juice.

"Dear me, madam," said Benny, "it is a clear case of hydrocephalus, and thunder-borgia on the brain. Have your other children had it?"

"No, indeed," said Rose, wringing her hands.

"Well, then you'd better send them away directly," said the doctor. "And this child must have her brains phlogisticated, immediately."

"O! I never can consent," wailed Rose. "Will it hurt her much, doctor?"

"A very painful operation, madam," said Benny; "but the only chance of saving her reason or her beauty." And he whipped out his jack-knife and prepared to scalp poor Dory.

"O, Benny, you shan't!" screamed Rose, in real dismay, and rushed to rescue her favorite.

"Pshaw!" said Benny; "you always back out when it comes to any fun. I wanted to see if I could cut clear around her head with one lick, just as the Indians do. Now I'll

give you a ph'loserphy lecture, like they do at Uncle Tom's college. I heard him read some in a journal that he wrote; tells how to make experiments and blow up gas and things. I tell you it's jolly."

Benny rapidly adjusted his old spectacle bows, mounted a barrel, still wrapped in his rubber coat, and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a beautiful science. I discovered it myself in one of the countries around the—the—Copic of Tapricorn. If you study it carefully, you'll all be president and make a dictionary. It teaches us how to explode things, and what becomes of them afterward. Things don't get lost and go to nullification—they stay round and get mixed up and used over again, like Hannah makes pudding out of the sponge cake when it gets dry."

This powerful illustration reminded Benny that he wanted to go in directly and get some lunch, and he rushed away under a horse blanket, while a chorus of voices screamed after him,

"Bring me some! bring lots!"

"Nuckin' don't get losed—not never. Everything is somewhere, only b'looms when they're busted," went on Joey, taking up the rubber coat and tralling it about the barn, as he continued the lecture; until, spying Jubilee and the baby sitting in state in the old sleigh, a new idea occurred to him.

"Now us'll have Sunday school, Juby," said he, promptly. "I'm the *suprinteer*, to tell 'bout the singin'. You must sing on the beginning to the book."

"I'm Captain Jinks of the horse marines," shouted Dick, from his workbench.

"You mus'n't talk to Sunday School, little boy," said Joey, severely. "I'm goin' to tell a lesson, now. Everybody must be good—it says that way in my book—and give the baby half of your candy whistle—the red end wid the toot to it—and not be shelfis and eat it all yourself. Once they was a king named Belzerub!"

The lesson came to an abrupt end, as Benny made his appearance with the longed-for lunch.

"It's clearing off," announced Benny, as he distributed the provisions. "Hannah says so; and the south meadow is all covered with water. The brook is clear over the stepping stones, too. I went down to the bars to see; and just as quick as it stops raining, I'm going to try my raft."

Benny's raft was a great, plank door, that came from the old stable, on which he had taken several voyages, polling about through

the shallow water along the edges of the lake. With a great deal of difficulty he had persuaded Rose to try it with him, and after one or two safe trips, had awakened in that little maiden a love of adventure almost as keen as his own. Nothing would induce Lillie to run the risk of wetting her dainty feet; but Rose and Benny and Hunky Dory had played pirate, and backwoodsmen, and explorers in Africa, in the most delightful style.

"We're going to find the southeast passage, or whatever they call it, where Dr. Benjamin Franklin died a-goin'," said Benny, as he munched away at his turnover.

"It's the northwest passage," corrected Lillie; "and it wasn't Dr. Franklin at all, but Sir John Franklin."

"Well, what's the difference," said Benny, not a bit disturbed by his younger sister's superior wisdom. "Benjamin Franklin was the smartest, any way, and he was the fellow that discovered kites, and invented thunder and lightning."

"I don't believe mamma will let Rose go," said Lillie; "everything will be wet as water."

"Yes she will, with my thick shoes, the ones Hannah gave me," said Rose; "couldn't *anything* go through them."

"I'd rather stay in the house all day, than wear such clumping things," said Lillie, who was secretly indignant that her other half had taken to amusing herself in ways which she could not share.

"I don't mind 'em," said Rose. "They make real funny tracks in the mud; only I do wish I could go barefoot just once in my life."

"Ho! a barefoot girl!" exclaimed Benny. "You'd look pretty going barefoot."

"Juby oosed to know a rabbit that goed barefoot," said Joey; "and a man fox said, 'Better put on you shoes.'"

Jubilee laughed so frantically that the children were convinced she knew some wonderful story, and they all beset her to tell it.

"It's jes a story my mammy knew," said Jube. "Larnt it down souf, whar she was raised. My mammy tole heaps o' stories, but I done forgot most all. Mister fox was powerful cunnin', but he couldn't catch brudder rabbit. So he went to de rabbit's house, knock on do', say, 'Brudder rabbit, I heard de big dog comin' dis way, smellin' after you tracks.' Brudder rabbit's heart begin to shake; then mister fox says, 'I brought you some shoes, brudder rabbit, so when de big dog smell you tracks, he neber fin' 'em.' 'Tank ye, mister fox,' says brudder rabbit,

'leab 'em at de do!.' So mister fox leab de shoes, an' when he gwine off, brudder rabbit put 'em on, start off mighty tickle; fool de dog easy, go home laffin' hisse'f; mister fox sneak in de brush; brudder rabbit run; shoes heavy like lead; mister fox catch him easy nuff; say, 'Ho, ho! brudder rabbit, better go bar'foot next time you run race.'"

"The mean old cheat," said Rose, indignantly. But Benny laughed as if he thought it was funny, and straightway whispered something to Rose about a plan he had formed for their next trip.

"Tisn't polite to whisper in company," said Lillie, with just the least flush on her fair face.

Half an hour later, Rose made her appearance at the big sycamore, where the raft was moored, duly equipped with the rubber boots, and carrying Hunky Dory in her arms enveloped in a red flannel blanket.

"I'll tell you the jolliest fun," said Benny; "there's so much water in the cove, that I believe we can pole across to the island, and play we were discovering a new country. I've got some matches to make a fire, and my bow and arrow, and we can take the cat along for a wild animal."

Rose was delighted with the plan, and volunteered to go for the kitty, although she was obliged to leave Hunky Dory to her own devices while she held the struggling



"O, it isn't a secret," said Rose, anxiously; "and I do wish Lillie would go, too, don't you, Benny?"

"Only the raft might not bear so many," said Benny, doubtfully. Then suddenly catching a glimpse of blue sky through a crack in the clouds, he overturned Joey in his precipitate rush for the door.

"It's cleared off! O, Joey, I didn't mean to. Hurrah! did I hurt you much? come on, Rose; here, Joey, you may have my blue top; you no business to get right in my way; hurry up, Rose!" and with this jumble of sentiments, Benny disappeared.

"No business goin' in my way," said Joey, swallowing his tears with a sniff, and sitting down to the consolation of the blue top.

captive until Benny could tie her fast to the little green bench, called by courtesy the cabin of the craft. In a little pen by the water side were half a dozen young ducks, ("gooselings," Joey called them), that had been hatched by the old topknot hen; but no sooner had she seen them safely out of the shell, than she died of grief and mortification at her ungainly family. Hannah had cuddled and consoled the young orphans through a couple of weeks of babyhood, and was training them in the way they should go on a system of her own.

A brilliant idea occurred to Rose, and she straightway proposed to take the "gooselings" along to the island. With perseverance worthy of a better cause, Benny pur-

sued the frightened creatures around the little pen, and succeeded at last in packing them into the basket with Hunky Dory's best clothes, tying the red blanket over the top, and then Rose took her seat, and they poled off in triumph. They went on bravely. The cat, released from her bondage, stood mewing piteously on the edge of the raft, but did not dare to risk wetting her feet. Benny's little flag fluttered gaily in the wind, and Rose hugged Hunky Dory, and felt like one of the Pilgrim Mothers going with a brave heart to found a new empire in a waste, howling wilderness.

Presently one end of the raft stuck fast on a big stone, and the other swung ominously in the current.

"O, Benny," cried Rose, "s'pose we sh'd tip over!"

"We can't tip over, if you sit still," said Benny, coolly; "and if we *should* tip over, you'd get awful wet, but 'twouldn't drown you. Folks can't drown in two feet of water without they do it a purpose."

So Rose sat still, and with a few vigorous pushes, and a little grating and tipping, the raft was afloat again; but the "gooselings" took advantage of an overturn, and rushed wildly from the basket to their native element, where they were received with astonishment by their kindred.

It was easy enough to reach the island, but the trouble was to land; for the raft could not be brought within several feet on account of the stones, and Rose was finally obliged to wade through the shallow water, which she considered a great feat, although it was only about eight inches deep.

"That's the way they landed from the Mayflower," said Benny. "I've seen the picture, and Captain Miles Standish carrying his wife in his arms. Say, Rose, you come back and let me carry you."

"No, I shan't," said Rose; "you might drop me in the water; but you can take Hunky Dory."

So the brave captain bore his delicate young wife to the shore in his arms, very tenderly; but forgetting himself at sight of a squirrel, he threw her unceremoniously on to the wet leaves and ran back for his bow and arrow.

The squirrel grinned and chattered and scolded, and did not seem in the least afraid of Benny's arrows; but although he declared every one went straight to the very spot where the little rascal sat, somehow the squirrel was gone before it got there. After several attempts, they gave up the hope of broiled squirrel for dinner.

"We'll make a fire," said Benny, and then we'll explore the island."

Wet chips and green brush are not the best material for kindling a fire, but Benny was not easily daunted, and by the aid of his flagstaff and a few scraps of kite tail which he discovered in his pocket, a little, smoky fire was coaxed into burning, and matters began to look more hopeful.

"Now," said Benny, "let's explore."

And so they started on their travels down a little cattle path that wound in and out through the sumachs and blackberry tangles. To their great astonishment, they came presently upon some hewn timbers and logs lying in confusion upon a little, cleared spot. They were a good deal decayed, and Benny examined them with intense excitement.

"We are going to discover something, truly," said he. "I don't believe anybody knows of these ruins; and, O, see here! this is where there was a stone chimney. S'pose 'n we should find something buried here—money, or a box full of chunks of gold."

Rose was the next to exclaim, for in wondering about, her foot had suddenly sunk to the ankle in a little, turf-covered mound, and Benny came running to the rescue.

"It's hollow, all around here," said he, punching his stick eagerly into the ground. "There's a pit, or a cave, if we can only find the entrance."

A very little examination showed a plank door, half buried in a clump of bushes, and fallen to one side. Through the narrow opening the children pushed with beating hearts, and found themselves in a small excavation, the roof and sides of which were partially supported by decaying planks, and which was only lighted by the little daylight which found its way through the narrow door.

"Don't let's stay now, Benny," said Rose, with a shiver, as she clung to her brother's hand. "I rather go home."

"Ho!" said Benny; "who's afraid? I 'most know we shall find something in here!"

But at that instant they both caught sight of two fiery eyes shining like coals in the very blackest corner; and without waiting for ceremony, they rushed out, closely pursued by the dreadful creature, which proved, after all, to be only poor puss, that had innocently followed them, having no mind to be deserted by her only friends.

"Ho! 'fraid of a cat!" said Benny, scornfully, as he brushed the mud from his knees.

"I don't care, you was afraid yourself," said Rose, half laughing and half crying;

"and she did look awful, anyway. I never knew cats had such big eyes."

"I mean to go back," said Benny, examining his wooden dirk and pistol with the air of a hero.

"O don't, Benny," implored Rose; "you may get—get—muddy."

At which inglorious ending they both laughed heartily, until they scarcely heard a loud "halloo!" from the other side of the island.

"That's Uncle Tom," said Rose; and Benny answered the call by a long, wavering note, that he had been learning in imitation of the loons. Both the children ran down to the beach, where they found Tom and Dick, with the Swallow.

"Well, Robinson Crusoe," said Tom, "do you know what has become of your raft?"

"My raft?" said Benny. "Why it's just around the other side of the island."

"Not by a long shot," said Dick; "it's hobbling about on the lake, half way to Reed's landing. I saw it first, and told Uncle Tom."

"Did you think we were drowned?" asked Benny, with a secret delight in the idea of causing a sensation.

"Of course not," said Tom; "but we thought you'd be puzzled to get home, and we had to row clear around the island to find water deep enough to come up."

"I shouldn't mind staying here all night, if I had something to eat," said Benny, as they got into the boat.

"O, I wouldn't stay for all the world," said Rose, hugging puss and Hunky Dory. "There's the awfulest place there—a cave, or something."

"I guess you've found old Johnny Parker's cellar," said Tom, smiling. "He used to live on the island, years and years ago."

"Was he rich?" asked Benny, eagerly.

"No," said Tom; "only a poor, tipsy, lazy hunter, who finally drank himself to death on bad whiskey. They used to say he haunted the old turf cellar, looking for his whiskey jug."

"We saw something strange in there, didn't we, Rose?" said Benny, silly.

"Yes, indeed we did," said Rose; and then she squeezed kitty till she "meowed," and they both laughed, but neither would tell what they saw.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE BESS.

BY JENNIE JOY.

O, papa, I've asked you so often in vain
To tell me when mamma will come home again,
And the good little baby, so waxy and white;
O, how I should like to see baby to-night.
How sound he did sleep, in his little, new bed,
With the sweet mossy rosebuds around his dear head.

If I'm just as good as I ever can be
Will you buy such a pretty bed, papa, for me?

No, I won't ask again, but will still sleep with you—

That bed was too small and too narrow for two.
You say your dear Bessie must sleep on your arm,

That you may protect her, and shield her from harm,

And God's holy angels will watch over all,
When night's gloomy curtain is spread like a pall,
And shuts out the sunshine, but still you don't say

How long from her home my poor mamma will stay.

The last time I kissed her, and bade her good night,

Her lips were so cold, and her forehead so white,
And I cried, O, so hard, 'cause she didn't say yes,
When I softly said, "Ma, do you love little Bess?"

And I kissed her blue lips, while the tears fell like rain,

And I told her I'd never be naughty again,
If she only would let me climb up on her bed,
And 'gainst her cool cheek lay my little, hot head.

O, no! I won't cry, if it hurts papa so.

I am glad mamma heard me—but when will we go? [white.

You say we shall stand, with our garments all
At the portals that open to mansions of light;
That mamma is waiting, and baby is there,
A cherub with white wings and glistening hair.
When our work here is done, our time come to rest,

We shall find them both there, in the home of the blest.

O, I am so glad the sweet baby'll be there.

I'll be very good; now please hear my prayer,
For I am so sleepy; dear papa, good night,
I shall go straight to sleep, when you blow out the light,

And maybe to-morrow we'll stand at the gate;
I think 'twon't be long you and I'll have to wait,

For mamma will run, when she hears me, I guess,
Say, "Open the gate, please, for papa and Bess."

HOW TO BECOME AN ARTIST.

BY P. FISHE REED.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL receives numerous letters from its readers, who desire to know the best means by which they can obtain a knowledge of drawing and painting. I, too, receive many such—so many that it would be impossible to answer them all in detail. This, however, is encouraging, as it shows a growing taste for things that are beautiful, and for a labor that is fascinating as well as useful.

Thirty or forty years ago, children were not allowed to *even think* of such things; on the contrary, they were opposed and prevented in every possible manner, and the only way a boy could gain a knowledge of art, in that day, was to *steal* it. It is different now, as you might well believe, if you could read all these letters of inquiry.

Some of these letters are earnest, the writer showing the full, strong purpose of doing something at any expense of time or trouble. Others, again, are quite amusing, the writer asking if he can learn the *trade* in six easy lessons! Others are extremely ludicrous, the aspirant desiring to know what means he can take to gain the greatest amount of skill and success with the least possible expense, study, and trouble.

Another, a young lady, wants to know if she can learn to be a first-class artist in six weeks! And, being told that it is not possible, concludes not to waste so much time in learning the *business*.

Now, I propose to make a sum total of the whole matter, and answer all these letters *en masse*. I will first give some hints to those earnest lovers of nature, and seekers after the beautiful, who desire to

STUDY ART AS A PROFESSION.

First of all, you must have a taste and a natural ability, then patience, perseverance and application will make you an artist, and the more of these qualities you possess the more famous you may become.

Let no one think that he can achieve this with little trouble. It is a lifetime study, and I think there is not an artist of any celebrity now living, or who has ever lived, who has gained his point in less than twenty years of hard study and constant practice.

Gottschalk, the celebrated pianist, practiced six hours a day, from his boyhood to his death. This was the secret of his success; and, if you will take the trouble to inquire into the habits of celebrities, you will very likely come to the conclusion that skill is not to be had for the asking.

One may be born a genius, or "with a silver spoon in his mouth," but he is not born with skill upon his finger ends. This must be acquired, and nothing but constant practice will do it.

Paganini, the greatest violinist the world ever knew, spent twelve years in prison, and having nothing else to do, practiced on his violin; and when all the strings were worn out except the G, or base string, he performed on that till he could do what no other man ever did.

Now I tell you these things to show you the value of study and practice, and to break up this idea that many people have, of learning to be an artist without study. Who ever heard of anyone getting even a common-school education in a month, or a year?

To the young folks, then, I would say, that, to begin with, you should get some simple drawing book, from which you will gather the principles of form, light, and shade; then you may draw from simple objects, and when you have a fair and free use of the pencil, go to some Art Academy, and get the proper instruction from competent teachers. This is the cheapest and best method of learning to draw.

No academy teaches painting to any extent, except to advanced students in the life school, and it is not well to try to use color much until you have a pretty fair knowledge of form, light, and shade.

When you are ready to paint, go to a good artist—who is also a good teacher—and then practice at home what you learn at the studio. Tuition in painting averages about the same as in music, the best teachers charging from three to five dollars a lesson, or, from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Of course, all this depends somewhat upon the circumstances, and the ability of the pupil, for you must know that any true artist is always ready to lend a helping hand to a real earnest student of art and nature.

It is always well to draw from objects. It is not so much matter what the object is. Every object has form, and that form may be expressed by lines on your paper, and, although there are really *no lines* in nature, yet the *borders* of these forms you will see, if you look for them, and when you have them all carefully drawn you will have a portrait of the object. But you must look close and work close, letting no line escape you, if you would succeed.

It was the habit of Mr. Turner, an English artist, who had, perhaps, as perfect a knowledge of form and effect as any artist that

ever lived, to draw any object that came before him in whatever position it chanced to be. He always carried a sketch book or portfolio, and if he had but one minute to devote, he devoted that minute to transferring as much of the form as he could; and you may be sure that, after forty year's labor in this way, he could make a good deal of picture in one minute. This shows how valuable our minutes are.

Now it is not intended that all this practice is to be made upon objects in the house, for you must have air, sunshine, and exercise. It would be a very sad thing to trade these off for the artistic skill you might gain indoors. Half a student's time may be spent in the open air, where, with nature for his teacher and his model, he may gather not only knowledge, but many beautiful pictures.

In sketching from objects, it is not enough that you look up and see a tree, or a cow, and then make something that looks like a tree, or a cow, on your paper, but it must be an exact image of the object, line for line, and it is just as easy to be sure that you see these lines, and make them right, as it is to guess at it, and get them wrong.

If you have the courage to follow these rules, you will one day be an artist; without it, never.

Now for some advice to those who desire to

STUDY ART AS AN AMUSEMENT.

To this class I would offer the same advice as above, to begin with; that is, study from some simple drawing book, and from objects. You can also paint with colors, if you like, finding out their qualities by experience.

Of course, it is better to attend some Art Academy, to learn drawing, and study with an artist, to learn painting. But let me beg of you not to take lessons in painting till you have learned to draw.

Unless you intend to become an artist, it is not supposed that you will spend your whole time at this, only your leisure time. Boys and girls of fifteen, who have taste and ability enough to prompt them, will very readily find a way to pick up a fair degree of skill, and it will quite astonish them to see the amount of art skill they will gain from one hour's earnest, daily practice for one year.

Do not think that you can get a few pictures to hang up in your parlor, by going to an artist, who will put the "finishing touch" to your work, so that when people look at it they will wonder at your skill, and think you a genius. Too many do this, and receive the praise, with blushes, of course, because

they know that whatever good there is in the picture was done by the teacher.

A lady who had spent several years in practicing upon the piano, came to an artist, thinking that she could learn enough in twelve lessons to paint some pictures for her parlor, saying to the artist, "Of course you will fix them up in good style, if I don't succeed."

To which the artist replied, "Of course—not."

Now how much better it is to put your heart and hand right into the work, and do it yourself, under the teacher's instruction. Then you may really be proud to claim whatever of beauty there may be in the work.

Children have many spare hours that might be devoted to this very pleasing art of drawing; it is useful, also, for it gives them better ideas of forms and plans, and a knowledge that in after life may be of great advantage in many pursuits. Besides, it gives us all an insight into the mystery and beauty of nature.

THISTLE DOWN.

BY CARO M. WOODWARD.

Where are you traveling, thistle down,
Out to the country or in to the town?
I've watched you an hour, I'm sorry to own;
Where are you traveling, thistle down?

You seem undecided which way to go,
And whether you'd better go fast or slow,
And whether you'd better fly high or low,
And whether you'd better alight, or no.

You hang in the shade like a will o' the wisp;
A husky old leaf stirs, crusty and crisp,
And away you flurry, with never a liep.
Like many another bright will o' the wisp.

You swim in the sunshine, a starry world,
By unseen forces controlled and whirled:
But a bee, like a comet against you hurled,
Twirls into the spaces my starry world.

You follow the butterflies, drowsy things,
But let them swing near, on their downy wings,
And you whirl in a tangle of loops and rings
And very circuitous journeyings.

Hither and thither, above, below,
I've seen you waver an hour or so,
But I cannot decide where you mean to go,
And I'm half persuaded you scarcely know.

O, beautiful nothing, with nothing to do,
I've known a great many people like you,
Who passively drifted wherever they blew,
And swung in the wake of whatever was new,
The veriest nothings the whole world through.

AUNT VINEGAR'S VISIT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Mamma had no idea of it; of course she hadn't. When she went away, the coast was clear of extra work and visitors, or else she wouldn't have gone. For there never was such a kind, thoughtful mamma.

Aunt Jane wrote a real nice note, saying how cool it was among the hills, with the leaves turning red, and the peaches getting more plenty every day. And mamma was all tired out with the hot weather, so the children said she *must* go—she *mustn't* miss such a chance. Emma would keep house, and little Rose could help. It was a pity that Ann had just got married and left them, for it wouldn't be so easy with a new girl; but Bridget was goodnatured, and promised to do her best—mamma *must* go.

So she went. It was great fun packing her trunk, and cutting nice little sandwiches for her to eat on the way; but when the stage had fairly driven off, the house suddenly began to feel very big and lonesome. The sun was shining, but even he didn't seem so bright as usual. Emma and Rosalie looked at each other.

"Well," said Emma, "what shall we do first?"

"I don't know," replied Rose, in a disconsolate voice.

This would never do. "I'll tell you," she went on, "let's go and talk to Bridget about dinner."

So into the kitchen they ran, and Emma tried to look very old, and very like mamma.

"Bridget," she began, "I think it best to settle about dinner now. Always plan your day out the first thing, my grandma says."

Bridget listened respectfully to these words of wisdom.

"I think we'll have soup, to-day," went on Emma, "and roast turkey."

"And oranges!" chimed in Rose.

"Now, Rosy-posy, don't. Where are we to get oranges, I'd like to know? Soup, Bridget, and turkey."

"Sure, Miss Emma, where am I to get any turkey, I'd like to know?"

"Why, from the meat man, of course."

"The meat man, is it, miss? Arrah, he kim along jist as the missis was stepping into the coach, and he says, says he, had I any orders? And I says, 'git along wid ye.' For was I going to be afeather thrubbling you wid the same at such a moment? And wid ~~that~~ he whips up his horse and was off."

"Bridget!" exclaimed Emma, aghast,

"how could you? Why, he won't be along again till Friday."

"No more he won't, miss."

This was Tuesday, so no wonder she was puzzled. It was four miles to the town from which the meat came. Three whole days with no beefsteak, no mutton, no hash. Breakfasts and dinners had hitherto appeared, punctual as the sun, as if brought by fairy fingers, but now our little housekeepers began to see that it was because mamma remembered and cared for these things. What should they do? An idea came into Emma's head.

"I'll tell you," she cried, "let's go and look in all the closets, and see what we've got. It's most as good as being the Swiss Family Robinson, isn't it? only mamma isn't here with a bag"—And then came a small sigh, bit off in the middle, for Emma was a brave little creature, and didn't want to discourage Rosy.

So she took a pencil and paper, and they began. The very first thing they found was, that the key of the jam closet was gone. It was very queer. Mother couldn't have taken it, for she never did such a thing in her life. It must have been dropped somewhere. Rosy, who had been comforting herself with thoughts of quince preserve, looked ready to cry. No meat, and no jam, either.

"Never mind," said Emma, "there's lots of golden syrup; that isn't kept in this old closet. We'll eat it on our bread, and play it's jelly. Here's the store room, and the key to that can't be lost, anyhow, 'cause there isn't any. Now we'll see."

When done, the list ran as follows:

"The rest of the cold ham we didn't cut up for mother.

"Two codfish. (Me and Rose don't like eodfish.)

"Two loaves of bread.

"A paper of crackers.

"The syrup barrel.

"Some cream of Tartary, to make lemonade of.

"A squash. (Bridget says she doesn't know how to cook squash.)

"Potatoes. (Lots of 'em.)

"Half a custard pie. (O goody.)"

This was all, except flour, sugar, nutmegs, and such things. Evidently they needn't starve.

"We'll have roast potatoes to-day," said the little housekeeper, "and ham, and pie, and bread and molasses."

"I'd rather have turkey," said Rose.

"So would I, of course; but then, you

know, grandma says we must submit to the melitable."

If you could have seen Emma's face, as she brought out this last, long word.

"Now we'll make the beds," said she; and they went up stairs.

"We won't do mamma's, I guess, 'cause it'll all be mussed up again before she comes, if we do. Let's leave it just so, and fix it all up just before she comes back."

"So we will," echoed Rose.

The nursery bed was stroked and patted and witched up in all sorts of ways, and the children found it such fun that they took a long time about it. In the middle came a ring at the bell.

"O, mercy!" cried Emma, "what's that?"

She ran out and peeped over the bannister. A man was lugging a great trunk into the hall. Pretty soon he went out and brought a bag almost as big as the trunk.

"O, Rosy, what shall we do? Somebody has come to stay. Who can it be? A. V.," reading the letters on the bag. "Suppose it is Aunt Vinegar?"

The little faces puckered up at each other in the drollest way. Aunt Vinegar was a very fat old lady, who had made a visit once, a good time ago. The children didn't remember much about it, but what they did remember wasn't at all pleasant.

Sure enough, in she came, with the black silk bonnet, and enormous cloak, her voice sounding crosser than ever.

"Susan!" she called out. "Susan! very strange! I'm not used to being met this way. Susan! Where's my niece, girl?"

This was to Bridget, who stood gaping in the kitchen doorway.

"Sure, ma'am, I can't say."

"Can't say? Why, what's the matter with the girl? Can't say where my niece is? Susan! Susan! Come down this minute."

"O, dear," whispered Emma, "we must go. Take tight hold of my hand, Rosy, won't you?" For, being very much frightened, there seemed a comfort in feeling those warm little fingers in hers.

"How do you do, ma'am?" said Emma, when they got close to the old lady.

Aunt Vinegar put on her spectacles, and looked at them very hard.

"Who are you, child?" she said.

"I'm Emma, aunt; and this is Rosalie."

"Humph! I didn't know you. Ill weeds grow apace. Where's your ma?"

"Mamma's gone away for a week to Aunt Jane's," said little Rosalie.

Mrs. Vinegar sat down on her trunk, speechless with indignation.

"Gone away! What in the name of common sense was that for? Didn't she get my letter?"

"No m'm"—

"I wrote that letter day before yesterday, and put it into the office myself. What's come of it, I should like to know?" Looking at Emma as if she suspected her of having it in her pocket.

"O," cried both the children, "I know. We didn't go to the post office yesterday, cause we were so busy packing mother's trunk."

"Shiftless doings," groaned Aunt Vinegar. "Well," she said, at last, "you can take my things up stairs. Here I am, and here I've got to stay. Show the fellow the room I'm to have, child."

Emma was filled with sudden dismay. The bedstead in the spare room had gone away to be mended. There was no chamber to give Aunt Vinegar but mother's own.

"Highly tighty," cried the old lady, as she spied the confusion, tumbled pillows, soiled towels, wash bowl with the water standing in it. "Highly tighty! what is all this?"

"We hadn't fixed the room yet, since mamma went away," explained Emma.

"Shiftless," murmured her aunt. "Shiftless doings enough. I can't understand it. Susan used to have a head on her shoulders."

Emma didn't know what this word "shiftless" meant, but it sounded like something dreadful. She could hardly keep from crying, as she helped make the bed and fill the pitcher. When the room was in nice order again, they left the old lady to rest, and began to think of the dinner. There was the cold ham, the potatoes, the half pie. Think as she would, there was no making anything further of it. She and Rosy set the table. They were very anxious to have it nice, but, with all their pains, one or two little things were forgotten.

"Mercy," screamed Aunt Vinegar, the moment she sat down, "where's the carving knife? I can't cut ham with a teaspoon."

Sure enough, it wasn't there; and the salt cellars, likewise, were wanting. Aunt Vinegar sniffed, and muttered "shiftless," as usual. Then she declared she couldn't touch salt meat.

"Haven't you any fresh?" she asked. And when they explained that the butcher came just as mother was leaving, and nobody remembered to order any, she said "shiftless" again, with more energy than ever. It was dreadfully mortifying.

But, if dinner was bad, tea was worse.

Bridget tried to make some gingerbread, but it turned out heavy. The molasses was put into a pretty glass dish, to make it look more important, but, as it happened, Aunt Vinegar couldn't bear molasses.

"What is that?" she said, eyeing it sharply.

"Only just syrup," replied Rose. "But Emma and me play that it's jelly."

"Play jelly! What does the child mean? Here, girl, Bridget, take it away, take it off the table. I don't like the smell of it; never did; never could abide it. Neither could my grandfather—and I'm just like him."

Emma privately reflected that her great-grandfather couldn't have been a very nice old gentleman; but I am happy to say she behaved like a little lady over her disappointment, and gave Rose a lump of sugar, unobserved, by way of consolation. Pretty soon after tea, Aunt Vinegar went to bed; so there was an end of that day.

The next seemed a long one. The old lady was tired after her journey, and as cross as two sticks, and, try as she would, it was not possible for the little housekeeper to make things comfortable. Aunt Vinegar was extremely economical, and anything wasteful made her angry. When Rose left a little milk in her glass at breakfast, she groaned aloud, and she asked Emma what she expected would become of her, if she let butter go to rack and ruin on the edge of her plate?

"It's a waste of the Lord's maircies," she said. "If you go on so, I shouldn't wonder if He sent something to eat you up."

This was a new and frightful idea. The children whispered about it that night after they went to bed, and would have been very much frightened, except for remembering that mother had never told them anything of the sort, so Aunt Vinegar might be mistaken.

Thursday was rainy. What with the gray clouds outside, and Aunt Vinegar within, Emma got thoroughly discouraged. She was very polite and well behaved, but when alone she couldn't help crying. "O, if mamma knew," was the burden of her song. But, for all that, the brave, little thing resolved not to write her one word about it. "She shall have a good time, for once," thought she.

Friday brought the butcher, with a leg of lamb, and a nice piece of beef, which tasted wonderfully good, after the short commons, and quite mollified Aunt Vinegar. Matters seemed brightening; only two days more, Sunday and Monday, and mamma would be

at home. How the children hugged each other at the thought. And just then, as they were dancing up and down together in a dark corner, a wonderful thing happened. A rumbling in the road, a crack of a whip, a stage was stopping at the door. Somebody had come, and who do you think that somebody was? No other than mamma. Their real, own mamma.

She had heard, somehow, of Aunt Vinegar's arrival, and hurried home, fearing her little girls would be in a puzzle. And weren't they glad to see her? Rosy-posy kissed her all over, and Emma, what with the surprise and the relief, just put her head down, and sobbed as if her heart would break. How things seemed to right themselves and straighten out now that mamma was at home again. And she was as glad as they.

"Mamma," whispered Rosy, that night, as she was tucked up in bed, "I do hope you'll never go away again. 'Cause you see, Emma and me is little girls, and we like molasses, and Aunt Vinegar don't; and she says 'shiftless' very often. And Bridget forgets to stay at home always—won't you, darling mamma?"

"I'll tell you what, Susan," said Mrs. Vinegar, after her niece came down stairs, "those children of yours ain't so much amiss after all. Generally speaking, I don't like 'em; but yours ain't so shiftless as some."

So you see our dear little housekeepers did not go altogether unrewarded for their good conduct, because this was high praise from Aunt Vinegar.

BOUND TO GO AHEAD.

BY W. O. C.

The steamboat is a smart thing, but there is something that can beat it. I saw the game come off this morning. I went out for a walk, and sat down on the shore of Seneca Lake. The steamboat had just started from Watkins. I heard it making a great splashing with its paddles, and the black smoke rolled away behind, and the thing seemed to be in live earnest. It seemed to feel that something was after it. Down at the depot the cars stood, singing a little, dozy song, waiting for Gen. Grant, or somebody else, to get on board. Then, when all were ready, the conductor waved his hand, and the engineer took out the cork, and away they flew. The road is up hill all the way from Watkins, but they didn't care for that; they went past me like a shot. The

steamboat looked up and saw them shooting by, and then another great cloud of smoke rolled away behind. But it was of no use. The cars just turned and said "Goodbye," and whiffed off out of sight in a minute.

That's the way it is. Young America is bound to go ahead and beat everything. And *he can do it*, if he keeps his head clear and his heart right, and makes a true *man* of himself.



FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

BY HENRY GILLMAN.

Where do the little birdies go,
When the frost has chained the streams,
When the woods and fields are full of snow,
And the fierce nor'wester screams?

'Tis many a day since the wood thrush woke
The groves with his happy tones,
And now we scarce hear the raven's croak,
Or, at night, the owl's moans.

And long ago the swallow left,
To cross the stormy sea.
I own, in him I felt bereft
Of much sweet company.

I saw him the very day he came,
He built beneath my eave.
And soon he grew to be so tame
I hardly thought he'd leave.

The tanager, like a scarlet flame,
Fled from the faded wood:
The bobolink, that spoke his name
In a voice so clear and good.

The purple finch, and the humming bird,
That cannot bear the cold,
The warblers that all hearts have stirred,
And the wren, with his crest of gold.

I wonder how, through night and day,
Across the trackless air,
They learn to find their pleasant way,
To lands more bright and fair?

O, birdies, I shall long to see
Your fairy forms once more;
Come with the spring, and I shall be
More loving than before.

THE BIG KETTLE WITH TWO EARS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

I always wear it on my watch chain—not the kettle, but a piece of gold that came out of it—partly to remind me of the friend who gathered it, speck by speck, in a far-off land, and partly because I saw it made.

Yes I did, really. I saw it melted, and rolled, and drawn, and cut, and milled, and stamped, and—

Let me begin at the beginning, and I'll tell you what I did see. It was at the Mint, and I saw my handful of dust carefully weighed, and taken, with ever so many pounds of other dust, to the melting room. In that room, over a furious fire, was a red-hot melting pot, waiting for its load of gold. A droll pot it was, too, with a spout, or "lip" they call it, to pour out the melted gold, and two ears.

You don't know what a kettle wants ears for? Well I can tell you, and it's a funny use for ears, too; they are to lift it up by.

Into this odd pot, with two ears and one lip, went my gold, and all the rest, which nearly filled it. Wouldn't you like to see three or four hundred pounds of melted gold? It's a beautiful sight, and would be more agreeable to see, if it wasn't so fearfully hot near the furnace.

Hot as it is, however, it took several hours to melt it thoroughly; and, meantime, another workman prepares the molds, by warming and rubbing them with oil. Not because the gold would stick, but to give it a smooth surface.

I had been wondering all the time, how the men would lift that big kettle out of the hot furnace; but when the gold was ready, and the molds fastened up snug in a sort of carriage on wheels, I saw that it was arms of iron that lifted the kettle.

Do you know what a crane is? I don't mean a crane on two legs; but an iron crane, with one arm. If you don't know, just ask your grandmother. She'll probably tell you it's a sort of iron arm, that swings around on a hinge.

Well, one of these iron arms was swung around over the pot of gold. From the end of the arm, perhaps I ought to say, from the hand, hung a chain, with an immense pair of tongs at the end of it. These tongs seized the poor kettle by the ears, the chain was hauled up, and up came the pot of gold. Then the iron arm swung around till it was

over the pouring machine, and the pot was carefully lowered into a "cradle," as they called it, where it rested safely, on its ears again, poor thing.

After the machine was screwed up so that the pot couldn't slip, the tongs were taken off, and the crane swung around, out of the way. Pouring melted gold out of a monstrous pot into small molds, would be hard to do without spilling half of it, but in this pouring machine, it was beautifully done. There were two handles at one end of the machine, and a man stood there to manage them. By turning one handle he pushed the mold carriage up so that the first mold came exactly under the lip of the melting pot. Then by turning the other handle, he tipped the pot, and poured out the beautiful melted gold. When one mold was filled, he turned the handle again, and the next one moved up. So by using two simple handles, one man emptied the whole pot of hundreds of pounds of gold.

When the bars come out of the molds, they are called ingots, and are a foot long, one third of an inch thick, and about an inch wide, in fact, about the size of a common school ruler. Of course they are too thick for coins, so I had to follow them to the rolling mill. Perhaps you've seen some kind of a rolling mill, for they roll most everything, now-a-days. If you haven't, I can tell you that the gold rollers look very much like the two rollers on a wringing machine.

The golden ruler was made red hot, one man took it with a pair of tongs, and put it between the rollers. It ran through, and came out a good deal thinner, and longer, of course. Another man standing the other side, took it as it came out, and handed it back to the first one. He tightened the rollers and put it through again. And so it went, back and forth, till it looked like a broad, beautiful gold ribbon.

But so much rolling made it too wide, and it had next to be cut into narrow strips. For this they had the funniest scissors you ever heard of. They are called circular shears; and are merely two sharp-edged wheels running together, the edges meeting all the time like a pair of scissors. The workman put the gold band up to the wheel, which seized and drew it through, cutting it

as easily as you can cut paper. It came out in beautiful, long ribbons.

But in spite of all the rolling and squeezing, the gold was still too thick for money, and to make it exactly right, they had a very curious process, called drawing.

First, one end of the gold ribbon was pressed quite thin by rollers. This thin end was put through a hole in a hard steel plate, which hole was exactly the thickness and width that the gold must be. The end that was through the hole, was put into the jaws of a pair of pincers, that grip for good, I tell you. The pincers were then hooked on to a chain, which was drawn along by steam power.

It would be impossible for a man to draw a thick piece of gold through a thin hole, but this resistless chain moved along with perfect ease, drawing pincers, gold and all. Something had to give, you see; the steam, and the chain, and the pincers were all stronger than the soft, precious metal, so it was drawn through the small hole, of course coming out just the width and thickness of the hole, and longer than ever.

The next thing was done by a boy sitting at a big machine that does nothing but champ, champ, all day.

The great steam giant living in the cellar, whose long arms lift the pots, turn the rollers, and draw out the gold, also keeps the cutting machine on the bite all day. The boy has only to feed it with the gold ribbon. Every time the cutter comes down, it bites off a gold piece, which falls into a box. It keeps the boy busy to supply it, so fast it cuts.

These pretty, round, smooth pieces of gold are called blanks, and from the cutting machine, they go to the weighers.

Probably you know that a five dollar gold piece is itself worth five dollars, and to have it so, it must be of a certain weight. The weighers are girls, who have each a pair of delicate scales before them, in which they try every piece. If too light, it must go back to the melting pot; and if too heavy, she runs a flat file around the edge of the piece, till it is exactly right. It is then ready to be milled.

Look on the edge of a gold piece, and you will see it is not flat, but in little ridges, or flutings. It is a curious thing to see that done. A child tended the milling machine, and all he had to do, was to keep a certain tube full of the gold blanks. At the other end of the tube is some machinery, and as soon as a blank reaches that point, it is seized and made to run over a sort of little

bridge, just wide enough for it, and with railings on the edges, to keep the blank on. As the piece runs over, a wheel running all the time over the bridge, presses down very hard on the blank; and when it runs out on the other side, the edge is found to be pressed up into ridges; or milled.

I thought I could never get tired of looking at that procession of gold pieces running over the funny, little bridge, but as I wanted to see the last process, I had to go on.

The coining machine, which is the last, stamps the figures on, and changes a gold blank into a United States coin. This machine, also, like the cutting and milling machines, requires only a feeder, that is, a person to keep the tube full of blanks. The piece at the bottom of the tube is seized by a pair of steel fingers, carried off and laid in a steel bed—not a cradle this time—the same shape as the blank, but a very little larger. It is hardly there before a stamp comes down on it with great force, and the plain blank slides off, a beautiful, perfect, gold coin.

You may be sure I picked up the first one I saw stamped, as mine; for though I had followed the gold from the kettle into which my gold went, of course I could not keep my grains separate. So I had to be content with a coin out of the same kettle.

In all these processes, a good deal of gold gets scattered about the building. Not in little pieces, for they are very careful of those, and every workman has to give back the same weight he received, or about the same, in finished work and scraps; but a great deal gets off in the shape of fine dust. The workmen have to wash themselves before they leave the building, and the water is carefully examined for grains of gold.

What is still funnier, the sweepings of the floor have so much gold in, that they have a regular machine to wash it out. Before this machine was invented, they washed the sweepings by hand, and when they had got out all they could, every pound of dirt had still from fifty cents to a dollar's worth of gold in it. After going through the machine, it has only about seven cents to the pound.

How much money do you suppose they can coin at the United States Mint in a year? The snug little sum of sixty-three millions of dollars.

Did you ever think how inconvenient it would be to have no money? Instead of buying things, you would have to exchange. For instance, if you wanted to buy a book, you'd have to exchange a bushel of potatoes,

or a piece of cloth, or anything you had, for it.

In some countries, people have used salt for money, in others, they have used shells. In old times, cattle were the standard of value. In Homer's works, shields are spoken of as costing ten cattle, or a hundred cattle apiece.

But the drollest money I ever heard of, is used by the Indians of Peru, and consists of —eggs. What sort of purses do you suppose they have?

PEDRO, THE BARRILERO.

BY A. E. H.

Once upon a time, there lived, in the city of Sloth, in Borderland, a poor man, whose name was Pedro; and he was a barrilero by trade.

Now Borderland is a broad, level country by the sea, and stretches back for many miles toward the setting sun. The river Bravo winds in and out along its southern border, and the snow upon the far-distant Sierra Madre Mountains, melt in the summer and pours into the river; which, swollen with its new burden, rushes, like a great, wide, furious monster, over the low banks, which can no longer keep it within bounds. Thus it sometimes came up into the city of Sloth, destroying property, and carrying away, on its surging waves, the comforts that people had been a lifetime gathering around them.

Pedro worked pretty steadily at his trade of barrel making; but when times were hard, and he had a good stock on hand, he used to carry water about from house to house, crying "*agua, agua*!" or, "water, water!" as the custom of Borderland still is; and, as he received a picayune for each barrel of water, he was rarely idle, and consequently never in want.

One day, Pedro looked into the clay water cooler of one of his patrons, and finding it nearly empty, went home and fastened his ropes into the revolving axles in each end of his great, iron-bound, blue barrel, and dragging it behind him, made his way to the river, to obtain some of the sweet, pure water, forever flowing toward the sea.

The sun shone very hot, for it was noon; and the dust blew over the streets in clouds, as Pedro made his way to the stream. As he stepped in, leaving his sandals on the bank, and felt the cool waves come up in grateful splashes over his bare knees, he lifted his broad sombrero, dipped it into the

water, and placing it again upon his tired, hot head, sighed contentedly. But the fierce rays of the mid-day sun shone full upon him here; so quickly filling his barrel with the short hose, and drawing it wearily up the bank, he started slowly toward the city. His feet pressed the tangled Bermuda grass heavily; he panted with fatigue and heat; the exertion had already become a toil and pain, when he espied a little Mesquite tree not far ahead, with a cool shadow lying under it.

"Ah!" thought poor Pedro, "if I might but sit down and rest within the shadow of that little tree!"

So he made a great stride, and the barrel, held by the ropes, responded to his vigorous pull, and together they soon rested under the grateful shelter of the little, crooked branches. "*Muy bien!*" said Pedro; which in our language means "very well," as he sank down upon the long, vine-like grass, and languidly watched the black daws feed their young. He laughed to see the wind blow their long tails, and nearly tip them over, as they hopped upon the ground; and he lay quite still, trying to understand their shrill voices and droll movements, until, at last, all seemed to grow confused and strange.

Presently the water in the barrel began to gurgle and rumble with an odd sound, as though an unhappy, imprisoned spirit were within; and, as he listened, Pedro thought it murmured, in strange fashion, about the sea.

"What are you saying?" asked Pedro, uneasily.

"Alas!" complained the water sprite, "I might have been now on my hurrying way to the sea, but for you barrilero. I belong to the swift under current of this mighty river Bravo, and I should have reached the gulf to-morrow!" and the Nalad wept and moaned.

"Why should you care for the sea, Niño?" said Pedro. "It is salt and green, and the great waves would swallow you when you reached them."

"Ah!" said the Nalad, "you know not, Pedro, the charm of the great, salt gulf. It is rich in treasure of every kind. There is where the lazy porpoises dwell. They come heavily to the surface, turn their huge, black bodies over in the sunlight, and with a flirt of tail and fin, sink beneath the splendid, surf-crowned waves. There, too, dwell the tiny flying fish. Even you, Pedro, would be glad to see them spring from the waves, and fly in the air like birds. Their clear, transparent wings will carry them a distance of

twenty or thirty feet, and the warm sunlight gleams over their azure-blue and golden scales, till they look like tiny, vanishing angels, as they dash into their native element. And great ships sail on the bosom of the gulf, Pedro; and sometimes they never again go into port. And white-winged gulls fly over the sea, disporting in the waves, or, on their never-tiring wings, keeping the good ship company. O, let me out, let me out!" cried the water sprite; "let me hurry on to the lovely sea!"

"Tell me more about it, first," said the barrilero, gently.

"Why, there's nothing in all the world, so glorious as the sea!" cried the Naiad.

"There is God; and the sun; and heaven; and little children," murmured Pedro, slowly.

But seeming not to hear, the Naiad went on:

"When the sun shines, and the air is calm and warm, the sea lies placid and glittering—a beautiful, diamond-decked, fascinating creature, whom once to see, is to admire and love. Exquisite shells, and fine, white sand form the bed upon which she reposes; while fish in countless numbers, from the great shark to the tiny minnow, play and make merry in their own sportive way."

"I don't like sharks," said Pedro.

Still, never heeding, the Naiad continued,

"Ah! Pedro, you should see the sea when the north wind breathes upon it, and even the sun hides his face. The tremendous, green waves put on their white caps, and come rolling in grandeur from shore to shore. The ships, which lie upon them, toss and plunge, and some are rocked and shaken until their stout timbers part, and a torn, tempest-tossed wreck floats upon the unquiet waters, or seeks repose in the silence of the unfathomable deep. The sound of the sea shaken by a storm, is music to mine ears, Pedro; though I love not the agony of the suffering mortals, who thus are swept away into an unknown, everlasting future."

But poor Pedro had already drifted out into an unknown sea, beyond the sound of the gurgling water. He lay tossing in the agony of sunstroke on his bed of grass, and his dreams were full of the fever and unrest which troubled his frame. For the silent, journeying sun had long since carried away the shadow, while he lay sleeping in the glare of its most intense rays, under the little mesquite tree.

When the kind people who found him, bore Pedro home, and looked into the barrel

for water with which to lave his aching head, there was not a cupful there. It had all rippled out over the dusty grass, while the dreaming Pedro slept.

WHAT WILL THE BABY BE?

BY M. H. K.

Into the depths of his limpid eyes,
Blue as the sheen of June's clear skies,
In the curves of his chin and his dimpled cheek.
Where the smiles are playing at "hide and seek."
We look for a promise we cannot see,
Of what the baby will one day be.

His fingers dainty and soft and fair
As the velvety petals of roses are,
Neglecting the rattle and broken doll,
Crumpled picture and scarlet ball,
Reach for the sunbeams that, dropping down,
Tinge with their glory his locks of brown.

Life has not lingered to leave its trace
Of sorrow and sin on his guileless face.
Alas! that surely their toil and tears
Must come, with the coming of future years.
Alas! that the shadows must surely fall
O'er the souls of the purest, the souls of all.

For out from the shelter of home, we know,
Into the struggle the child must go;
If in the crooked and tangled way
He may not stumble nor go astray,
Passing safely his conflicts through,
Who can tell what his hands may do?

He may drop the rattle to seize the pen,
His words be borne in the hearts of men;
He may fight for the nation and make its laws.
Or stand, a hero, in truth's grand cause;
Power, and honor, and proud renown,
His patient labor at last may crown.

But if never the voice of fame
Makes immortal his deeds and name,
May he, doing the good, the right,
Stand unawed in the angels' sight,
Where the Father with joy shall see
What the baby at last will be.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

"Isn't she pretty? O, hasn't she a lovely face?"

"She's a real beauty; and so graceful."

"I'd be perfectly happy if I had such hair, and eyes, and complexion. Dear me, why can't all poor bodies, who so admire beauty, be beautiful?"

These exclamations were from the lips of three young misses, who occupied seats opposite me in a street car, one pleasant, spring day. Their words were called forth by the appearance of my young friend, Lida Garland, upon the balcony of a residence,

before which our car was temporarily detained.

I am also an admirer of feminine beauty in general, and of my Lida's, in particular, and these enthusiastic tributes pleased me. It gratified me to see these young girl's eyes brighten with admiration of my friend's lovely face and graceful form. She was indeed exceedingly fair to view.

There was a fourth young lady in the car, who sat a little apart from the rest, and engaged in reading, had taken no part in the pleasant chit chat of the ride. When the last young girl, however, uttered her wistful words, the reader looked up from her book, and glancing from Lida's fair face and form to the rather plain countenance of her almost envious admirer, said, in a quiet tone,

"Hair, and eyes, and complexion can't beautify stinginess. Lida Garland might be beautiful, if she were not so selfish. I never knew her to give anything to anybody; and for myself, I am sure I would rather do without, than to wrench Lida's heartstrings by borrowing from her. Sweet dispositions make sweet faces, I think. Lida is a nice girl, and a good scholar, and is rather popular among our set at school, but her friends know better than to ask, or to expect favors of her. Our plain-faced Hatty Soule is much more my admiration. She never thinks of herself, and is always doing or planning something for the pleasure of others."

"Pretty girls, and women, too," responded the first speaker, "are apt to be selfish. I suppose if we were equally sure of our personal attractions, we'd be quite as devoted to our precious selves. 'Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain,' you know."

At this the young creatures laughed, and one said, lightly,

"Lida ought to cultivate the Christian graces. If I were so beautiful in person, seems to me I'd try to be lovely in spirit, just for the sake of harmony—fitness of things. I wonder she don't take lessons of Hatty Soule."

"Or, of Hatty's Teacher," suggested the one with the book. "Hatty is a Christian."

The entrance of passengers caused the young trio to remove their seats, so that I heard no more of their converse. But how their words had saddened me. My amiable, interesting Lida, stingy, and selfish! Could it be so? I had often feared that my dear, young friend was rather indifferent to the claims of others, in certain regards, but had found excuse for her, in her youth and inex-

perience, and preoccupied state of mind, consequent upon the pressure of school requirements. I had sometimes wondered at this absence of thoughtfulness for others; but that it *wrenched her heartstrings* to give, or lend, was a view of the case quite new, and painfully surprising to me.

When I returned to my home, I pondered upon this revelation of my young friend's fault. How could I help her to see and overcome it? How could I reveal it to her so that she might appreciate its hatefulness in its true light, and yet not suffer too keenly in the revelation? While yet thinking how best to offer her a loving word of counsel, a light tap at my door, and a sweet voice asking, "May I come in?" announced Lida, herself.

"I've something sweet to tell you," she said, "and something sad, too. Helen Vere is very, very sick; I called this afternoon, without knowing she was ill; she seemed so glad to see me and coaxed me to stay. I read to her, and freshened up her tangled hair a little, and told her all the nice things I could think of; and she brightened a good deal, and seemed quite cheerful when I left her. She was crying with the pain, when I went in the room."

"I am so glad," I answered, delightedly. "You have then had a great pleasure, one of the sweetest and purest that the human heart can experience."

"Yes; it is pleasant to feel that you have made some one happy by your own efforts, if it has cost some self-denial. It seemed very hard, at first, to think of sitting in that dark, camphory room a whole hour; but when I began to read, as Helen desired me, from the New Testament, my eyes fell on a line upon the opposite page, and the words there seemed to be meant purposely for me. They were, 'For even Christ pleased not Himself.' I determined then, that I would not; and I said, in my mind, 'Self, go down; keep out of sight. I mean to imitate Christ, and to become a burden bearer. I have never thought of any but Self, until now; and *now*, Self, your death warrant is signed;' and I really tried to do everything possible to make Helen happy while I remained with her. I promised to see her again to-morrow."

Lida paused suddenly, and a shadow came over her face.

"What is it, dear?" I asked.

She blushed, but did not reply. Presently, she said,

"My lilies of the valley are in full bloom, and O, so deliciously fragrant. They remind me of everything pure, and modest, and

delightful; blooming so sweetly, and giving pleasure to all who come near them."

"Would they be as lovely in your eyes, if devoid of their exquisite fragrance?" I asked.

"O, no indeed; half their charm would be gone. I might admire the color and form of a delicate spray of lilies, resting on the green leaf; but I could not love the lily of the valley, above all flowers, as I do."

"You cannot find a lovelier example, in the floral world, from which to draw suggestion for the formation of a beautiful character, than your favorite flower. Do you remember Him who said of Himself, 'I am the Lily of the Valley?' A loving, generous heart is a perpetual fragrance, prized by all lovers of the good, the beautiful, and the true. The most faultless face alone, cannot have the charm that an unselfish spirit sheds over the plainest features. I am rejoiced to think that your lilies speak so pure an evangel to your heart. Give heed to them, dear. Sometimes, the dear Lord of the lilies speaks to His children through these silent monitors."

The conversation drifted into other channels, and after a time, Lida left me. There was a troubled look in her eyes, as she gave me a parting kiss. I felt that she had some undecided struggle going on in her young heart, and I trusted that she had awakened to a fresh conception of the beauty of an unselfish spirit, and that this new light within her soul would illumine her conscience, and aid her to come to a righteous decision.

On the following day, while I was bending over my flower beds, Lida's welcome voice sounded in her cheery "Welcome."

Looking up, I saw her in my doorway, bearing in her hand a beautiful, terra cotta tray, containing moist sand and mould, edged with fresh moss, in the center of which was embedded her precious lilies of the valley. They were in full bloom, and the air was redolent of their fragrance.

"They are for Helen," she said, and added, in a whisper, "for His sake, who pleased not Himself."

As I bent to kiss the sweet, young face, now beautiful, yes, transfigured by the light of an unselfish spirit, the dear girl said,

"I believe the Lord of the lilies has spoken to me, through these sweet blossoms, and has told me how unlike Himself I have always been, in caring first and only for myself. I know I've always been dreadfully selfish, but I mean to try, from this time, to become like Him. I began by giving the dearest and most valued of all my possessions

to Him. Won't they be a comfort to poor Helen?" she asked, while a glow of generous pleasure overspread her face.

"And won't you be a comfort to me," I cried, "when you have cultivated within your heart the sweet blossoms of unselfish love? Strive nobly, dear Lida. He will accept your offering, your love, and your lilies; and He will give you the victory over the demon of selfishness."

As she passed down the garden walk, bearing her fragrantly-suggestive love gift with her, I prayed that the beauty of the lilies might bloom on in her young life, transfiguring it with that radiant light, that shines forth only from a soul illumined by the love of Him whose name is Love.

ART AMUSEMENTS.

BY MARTHA POWELL DAVIS.

NUMBER TEN. ARRANGEMENT.

When we have learned to make flowers of beautiful form and color, the next thing to study is an effective and pleasing arrangement. The following Wednesday had been appointed to commence this part of the work; and as individual effort was to be kept separate, and then grouped as each student preferred, speculations, practical ones, went on at home with much spirit.

Each one was ambitious to have a collection, at the close, that would do credit to the owner. Willie Jones said, besides grouping the flowers he had already made, he wanted to have an ornamental case, with shelves, and fill it with rare and curious plants.

"Mamma," said he, "do you remember the century plant (*Agave Americana*), which we saw in Rochester, last year, and how I was wishing that I had understood the wax work then? I could have made one like it, you know; then, instead of telling our friends about it, we could have shown the very likeness itself. You just ought to see Aunt Phebe's! exactly like the one we saw, only smaller. There are the flowers rising one above another like a chandelier, and they don't look a bit like wax. I'd like to copy it, real well, and many other things she has; but it's no use to think about it, unless I can have a case to keep them from dust."

"It would take a lot of flowers to fill the case you mention. I'd like to know where you'd find so many?" suggested Clara.

"O, I'd have all the cactus tribe, like Mrs. Thorp's, and they would always be in bloom; and I'd have curious plants that florists sell

so high, and foreign fruits, too." And he tossed his head, independently, as if to say, "I'll show you."

While this was Willie's notion, his sister, Clara, evinced quite a different taste. She chose to frame a simple wreath, which, she said, "would hang over the mantelpiece and take so little room."

Meantime mamma promised to intercede with papa for Willie's mahogany case, and Clara was to have a pretty frame.

This was only one of many families that were thus interested; and when Wednesday came, the children teemed in to realize some of their home imaginings.

Aunt Phebe was fully able to meet their expectations in suggestive modes of arrangement. She had fruits, flowers, and plants, grouped beautifully, and placed around the room in elegant display.

The class began their work by disposing of the flowers they had first made, and under the teacher's supervision they grew like magic into bouquets, round, flat, oval, and pyramidal. In addition to these, most of the pupils chose some more substantial form for their better-skilled work. For this purpose, many imitated a class of pictures that were framed as specimens. They were simple mottoes, wrought in flowers and leaves, as "God bless our Home!" "A Sister's Love!" "For Mother." The short word "Home" is pretty and suggestive of domestic comfort.

The words are made as follows:

Cut the letters of dark cloth. Cover them, by glueing on to them, green moss and tiny sprigs of cedar. The cedar should be dipped in green wax, to prevent its turning brown. Make flowers of sizes suited to the letters, with plenty of buds and leaves. Coarse waxed thread may be used for stems, instead of wire. A needle can then be threaded, and the stem by this means drawn through the cloth. The letters, when finished, are glued to white bristol board the size you wish the picture.

By shaping the letters fancifully, room can be made to weave in large flowers occasionally, and thus give a pleasing variety. Buds and green sprays may often, with good effect, overstep the margin of the letters; but never let such adorning interfere with the distinctness of the words.

Mary Belle, wishing a birthday present for her father, chose this "Home" picture. She found 18x22 inches gave ample room for clearness in letters and flowers. Mary trimmed the frame with cones, acorns, and seeds, so the work was all her own. Her father prized it more than gold.

The frames for these pictures should have a swell back, rather deeper than those used for hair wreaths; and green wax, for dipping cedar sprays and other leaves, should have a greater proportion of sweet oil melted with it than is ordinarily used.

HOW FURRY PURRY BECAME "GOLD ELSIE."

BY MARY SPRING WALKER.

The door of the great house stood wide open, and Furry Purry looked in. Furry Purry was a small, yellow cat, striped down her back with a darker shade of the same color. Her paws, the lower part of her body, and the diamond on her breast, were of snowy white. She had led a wandering, out-door life, sleeping in barns, and getting but a scanty living from the mice she caught, and the scraps she picked up in the back yard and about the pigs' troughs.

This is what the little, yellow cat saw, looking through the open door into the great house: A room hung around with pictures, the floor covered with a soft carpet, and in the sunniest corner, lying in an arm chair piled with cushions, a large tabby cat. Presently, a gust of wind closed the door;

then Furry Purry ran around the house, and through the back yard to the barn, and staid all day in her hole under the boards.

There was a thunder storm that night, and several cats in the neighborhood crept into the barn for shelter. There was old Mrs. Barebones, a cat with a dreadful cough, who was thought to be in a consumption; and Tom Skip-an'-Jump, a sprightly, young fellow with a tenor voice, which he was fond of using moonlight nights; and Robber Grimalkin, a fierce, one-eyed cat, the pest of the neighborhood, with great head and neck, and flabby cheeks hanging down, and bare spots here and there on his tawny coat, where the fur had been torn out in his fierce battles.

The thunder roared overhead, and the

lightning, shining through the cracks, played on the barn floor, and showed the cats sitting gravely in a circle, only Tom Skip-an'-jump, who was a young cat, and still kept his kittenish tricks, went frisking after his tail, and turning somersaults in the hay. At last he tumbled over Furry Purry, and bit her ear.

"Come play," said he, "it's a jolly time for 'Puss in the corner.'"

"Tom Skip-an'-jump," said Furry Purry, "I shall never play again. I am very unhappy. I have seen Tabitha Velvetpaws lying on a silk cushion. She walks on soft carpets, and I have nothing but this barn floor. O, Tom, I want to be a house cat."

"A house cat!" he repeated, disdainfully. "They get their ears pinched, and their tails pulled by horrid monsters, with only two legs to walk on. And nights, beautiful, moonshiny nights, when barn cats are roaming the alleys, and serenading on the roofs, and having a good time generally, they are locked in dark cellars, and made to watch rat holes. A house cat! O, no, no; not for Tom!"

He was off, with a whisk of his tail, to the highest beam, looking down upon them with the greenest of green eyes, and singing,

"Some love the home
Of a lazy drone,
And a bed on a cushioned knee;
But in wild, free ways,
I will spend my days,
And at night on the roofs I'll be.

"O, 'tis my delight,
On a moonshiny night—"

"Don't listen to him, my dear," said old Mrs. Barebones, the consumptive cat. "He's a wild, thoughtless creature, quite inexperienced in the ways of the world. Heed the counsels of one, whose sands of life are almost run; and who, before she takes her flight to the land of cats, would fain avert, from a youthful friend, her own untimely fate. This dreadful cough—ugh, ugh!—and distressing catarrh—sniff, sniff!—with which you see me afflicted, were brought on by the hardships and exposure incident to the life of a barn cat; midnight rambles, my dear—ugh, ugh!—in frost and snow, days when not so much as a mouse's tail has passed my hungry jaws, and dreadful winter nights, when my coat was too thin to keep out the cold. Ah! a catalogue of my sufferings would fill your tender heart with pity; and they are all because I am a barn cat."

"Don't believe a word she says," growled Robber Grim. "She's an old granny. She's got the fidgets. She wants some catnip tea.

Don't believe Tom Skip-an'-jump, either. What does he know about war? He never was shot at. Look at me. I'm Robber Grim. I'm an old one. I've got good blood in my veins. My great-grandfather was a catamount, and my fourteenth cousin a wild-cat. I've been in a hundred battles. I've had an eye gouged out, and an ear bit off; I left part of my tail in a trap; I've been scalded with hot water, and peppered all over with shot. I'll teach you to get a living without being a house cat. I hate houses and people. I do 'em all the mischief I can; I eat up their chickens; I suck their eggs; I climb into the pantry, and skim their cream. Once, when the kitchen door was open, I stole the steak off the gridiron. There was a catastrophe for a respectable family. Ha, ha! The world owes me a living, and a living I'll have. Folks hate me, they do; they've tried to kill me a dozen times; but I'm Robber Grim, and I've got nine lives."

At this instant a flash of lightning was followed by a peal of thunder that shook the barn to its foundation, and every cat fled in terror to its hole.

The next morning, Mrs. Tabitha Velvetpaws took a stroll around the garden, and down the lane a little way, just where the catnip grew. The ground was wet after the shower, and she was picking her way daintily, very careful not to soil her beautiful feet, of which she was justly proud. Suddenly, there glided from behind a tree, and stood directly in her path, a small, yellow cat.

"O, if you please," said Furry Purry, for it was she, "I have made bold to come and meet you, to ask your advice. I am a poor, little, barn cat. I was contented with my lot, till I saw you yesterday in your beautiful home; but now I feel that I was intended for a higher sphere. Tell me, O, tell me, Mrs. Velvetpaws, how I may become a house cat."

"O, my tail and whiskers! Did I ever? The idea! I shall go off in a fit!" and Mrs. Tabitha moved a step or two away, her manner as well as her words, expressing astonishment and disdain.

"I know it seems presuming, Mrs. Velvetpaws, but—"

"Presuming! I should think so. What is this generation of cats coming to, when a low creature, a pauper cat, as I may say, dare lift her eyes to a sphere so far above her?"

"A cat may look at a king," said Furry Purry.

"Go away, low thing! I am ashamed to be seen in your company. What if my

intimate friend, Mrs. Silvercoat, should happen to pass? Begone, I say!"

"O, Mrs. Tabitha," cried the little cat, in the deepest distress, "don't drive me away. I can't go back to the barn. Indeed, indeed, after enjoying this short season in your society, I can't live with old Auntie Barebones, and Tom Skip-an'-jump, and that horrid

"Nay, nay," said she "rather than see you go to the dogs, I will lend a paw to save you. But what can be done, silly thing?"

"Mrs. Tabitha, you have lived a long time in this neighborhood?"

"All my life, yellow cat."

"And you know everybody?"

"If you mean in the first rank of society,



Robber Grim. If you refuse to help me, I will go straight to Growler's kennel. When he has worried me to death, Mrs. Velvetpaws, will you cast one look upon my mangled remains?"

Now, Mrs. Tabitha was not an ill-natured puss in the main, and when she looked in the little cat's imploring face, and heard these desperate words, she at once began to relent.

yes; your Barebones and Skip-an'-jumps and Grimalkins are out of my category."

"Perhaps you know of some house cat lately dead, or gone away?"

"And if I do?"

"You might put me in its place, you know."

"Yellow cat," said Mrs. Tabitha, severely.

"If you please, my name is Furry Purry."

"Well, Furry Purry, then; your presu-

tion is only to be pardoned, in consideration of your ignorance of the usages of society. House cats hold their position in families by hereditary descent. My place, for instance, was my mother's and my grandmother's before me. We are prepared by birth and education for the position we occupy. Have you considered how utterly unfitted you are for the life to which you aspire? Pause, young cat, pause!"

Furry Purry looked down at her feet.

"They are the same color as yours," said she, "but it is so hard to keep them clean, when one goes through the barn yard a dozen times a day."

"I never go through the barn yard. Little cat, I pity you; but I fear your hopes are vain. There is, indeed, a vacancy in the brick house opposite. King Cæsar, a venerable cat, died last week, in a cat-cleptic fit. He was a cat of many virtues, and was greatly admired for his gentlemanly conduct and dignified deportment. Who shall come after the king?"

"I, Mrs. Tabitha, if you will condescend to give me instructions. I am quick to learn. The short time I have been in your company, I have gained much knowledge. See me now gently wave my tail, and touch my left whiskers with my paw, as you do! At home, I shall practice all your airs and graces. I shall imitate the music of your voice. Do help me to King Cæsar's place!"

Mrs. Tabitha was flattered by this speech.

"Well," she said, "I will see what can be done. I suppose I am a silly old Tabby, to be made a cat's paw of by you in this way. There, go home, and the first thing you do, make yourself perfectly clean. Twelve times a day, lick yourself from the end of your nose to the tip of your tail. Take particular pains with your paws; a cat of refinement is known by the delicacy and cleanliness of her feet. After three days, meet me here again."

It may be imagined how faithfully the little cat followed these directions; how with her sharp tongue she smoothed every hair of her soft fur, and carefully washed her face with her wet paw.

"You are wretchedly thin," Mrs. Tabitha said, at their next meeting. "That fault can only be remedied by a generous diet. You must look me full in the face when I talk to you. Really you have no need to be ashamed of your eyes, for they are decidedly handsome. When you walk, don't bend your legs till your body nearly touches the ground, that gives you a 'hang cat' look. Let me see, what other bad habits have you?"

"I spit, sometimes."

"Never spit; it is considered very vulgar. Don't bristle your tail; don't show your claws except to mice; maintain such control over yourself, as never to be surprised out of a dignified composure of manner."

Just then, without the slightest warning, there rushed out from the bushes very near to where they stood, a monstrous dog. Up, went Mrs. Tabitha's back in an arch; every hair on her body stood on end; sharp-pointed claws appeared on each velvet foot; and hissing and spitting, she tumbled over Furry Purry, and scrambled to the top of the apple tree. The little cat followed, imitating her guide in every particular. As for the dog, who was in pursuit of game, he did not even look at them, and when he was out of sight, they came down from the tree, Mrs. Velvet-paws descending with dignity, and not alluding to the adventure.

"To-morrow night," said she, "as soon as it is dark, meet me in the back yard of the brick house, and I will give you instructions how to proceed."

Furry Purry was very happy, when, the next evening, Mrs. Velvetpaws conducted her through a pleasant green yard to a piazza draped with clustering vines.

"Come here to-morrow," said she, "walk boldly up the steps, and seat yourself in full view of that window. If a lady drives you away, go directly, but presently return. Put yourself in your best position, this way, in a coaxing attitude, with your eyes uplifted. Now I have done all I can for you, and I wish you good luck, my dear."

"Mamma, mamma, come quick to the window," said little Winnie Gay. "Here's a poor little cat on our piazza. She's looking right at me with such pitiful eyes. May I open the door, mamma?"

No, indeed, child; we don't want any strange cats here," said Mrs. Gay.

"But ~~she~~ looks hungry, mamma. May I take her a saucer of milk?"

"Come away from the window, Winnie, and don't notice her. You encourage her to come again. Go away, pussy, we can't have you here."

"Now, mamma, you've frightened her off. See how she looks back. You have hurt her feelings, I know. Poor, little, yellow cat, I wish I might call you in."

This was Furry Purry's first attempt. She was not discouraged. The little girl's blue eyes beamed a welcome, and the lady's face was kinder than her words.

"If I catch a mouse," thought the little cat, "and bring to them, just to show what I can do, perhaps I shall gain their favor."

Then she put away all the fine airs and graces Mrs. Velvetpaws had taught her, for she knew "a cat in gloves catches no mice," and instantly became the sly, supple, watchful creature, ready with teeth and claws to tear and bite, she needed to be, to accomplish her object.

When, an hour later, she again appeared on the piazza, and, laying her prey on the floor, crouched beside it in an attitude of perfect grace, the little girl uttered loud praises, and the lady smiled approvingly.

"What a pretty creature it is," she said, "with its soft, white paws, and yellow coat."

The next morning, early, while Mr. Gay waited for his breakfast, his little daughter called him to the window.

"My cat has come again papa, with O, such a big, fat mouse."

"That's not a mouse," said Mr. Gay, looking at the plump, gray thing Furry Purry carefully deposited on the piazza floor. "Bless me! I believe it's that rascal of a mole that gnawed my hyacinths, and rooted up my tulip bulbs. I offered the gardener's boy five dollars if he would catch the villian. Who does that cat belong to? She's worth her weight in gold."

"I don't believe she belongs to anybody, papa; and, O, please, may I have her for mine. I know mamma will say yes, if you are willing."

"Why not?" he replied. "Run for some milk, dear, and I will see if I can coax her in."

We, who are acquainted with Furry Purry's private history, know how little coaxing she needed. As soon as the door was opened she walked in composedly, and, laying the dead mole at Mr. Gay's feet, rubbed herself against his leg, purred gently, looked up in his face with her round, bright eyes, and in pretty cat language claimed him for her master. Then Winnie clapped her hands for Joy.

"You are my own dear little pussy," said she; "you shall have cream and sugar to eat; you shall lie on Cesar's silk cushion; and, because you are yellow, and papa says you are worth your weight in gold, your name shall be called 'Gold Elsie.'"

So Furry Purry became a family cat. By industry, untiring energy, and a fixedness of purpose that yielded to no discouragements, and surmounted all obstacles, she raised herself from a humble sphere in life to a high social position.

Readers of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, is there no moral in my cat story?

JOURNEY WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY MADGE TORBERT.

Suppose yourself a swallow, in October flight from the Catskills of New York State, to the Everglades of Florida, (*via Savannah*.) It must be presumed that "air line" travelers take a much more direct course than our railroads, or steamships; therefore, Birdie, will you take with them the "direct route and through tickets," and try to catch a birds-eye view of all the fair, bright colors of Mrs. Nature's October dress, and of all the autumnal loveliness of earth, and sea, and sky? How can the birds help lingering over and among the gold and scarlet foliage of our Catskill forests, and along the silver shores of our bold and beautiful Hudson river? I expect a "still, small voice" in each tiny feathered bosom, calls them away. Yet still, the dear little lovers of beauty and song, postpone their journey until the last October days, when quick, *wind* telegrams come over the tree tops, from farther north, making every maple and pine and chestnut tree shiver; and warning every sweet singer that he may not possibly keep Thanksgiving Day properly, if he stays here; that cold feet and sore throats and scarcity of dainty bug and berry, will surely prevent hearty or comfortable Christmas dinners. So, on their last day of grace, they call together their families, and take flight from the dear summer nests, and familiar branches of the home trees. Southwestward lies their course.

Disdaining to pass near New York city, with its smoky and impure atmosphere, they reach New Jersey's boundaries just in time for a Sabbath-day's journey over its fair, blue hills. How the sunny sides of the mountains glitter in the morning sun! how its crimson maples look like rubies set in Etruscan gold of elm leaves! how the mountain tops whiten like marble! how the gloomy purple and gray of their shady sides, may seem to the little birds like a winter twilight, that used to come to their dreams, while they nestled warm in their Cat-skill nests! Casting wide-awake birds eyes longingly toward the Delaware Water Gap, they pass hastily on.

Shall we let them pause on the wing, and send a chorus of sweet chirps toward Philadelphia, "City of Love," whose good Quakers must certainly appreciate bird melody, if they do fail in appreciation of Mlle Nilsson's bird-like tones.

Passing into Maryland, and finding autumn later by a fortnight than it seemed among

the Catskills, let us allow our birdlings "right of way" and time to tarry for a day or two along the beautiful Chesapeake Bay. But, "Onward!" something sings to them; and, always following instinct, or conscience, they soon start off, sailing for hours far above the calm and peaceful waters of the Chesapeake; passing over Annapolis, and within distant sight of Washington's stately Capitol.

We will suppose these swallows to be without curiosity, even the lady birds, or they would surely check their migration to inquire whether the House of Representatives, and the august Senate follow the United States' conscience or instinct; and whether President or statesmen are ruled by regard for *general welfare*, as are the leaders of swallow flocks.

Crossing the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, and looking sorrowfully toward Richmond, they wing their way for miles over the Carolinas, over rivers and forests innumerable, over marshes and swamps most dismal, till they reach Savannah. Here broad streets and beautiful parks tempt them to linger for rest and refreshment. Imagine our wanderers, exiled from scarlet and golden forests, now merrily flitting among the delicate green leaves of the water oaks, which, in double rows, grace many of Savannah's finest streets.

Four miles out of the city, lies the beautiful cemetery. It was laid out as a private estate, about two hundred years ago, and its wide avenues, formed by immense trees, are very charming. Here, for more than a century, have little birds lived among the trees, and sung and mourned. These grand, old oaks, festooned with Spanish moss, might tell many stories of bird gladness among their boughs, and of human sadness beneath them; tales of bright and happy life, and of dark and quiet death. It seems a most fitting and expressive place for burial. The trailing drapery of sober-hued moss, accords well with the sorrow of those who lay their loved ones beneath it, while the bright, green leaves, breaking out in patches among the weeping masses, must remind of the immortality which shall arise from these graves. Life shall spring from death. With a vague wonder if this may not all be known to the birds singing so sweetly there, we return to our swallows.

As they are not supposed to find board at the well-kept Screven House, and as holly berries are hardly ripe enough to tempt their dainty strawberry or cherry-fed appetites, they plan farther flight to "Flower-da."

Now, after tasting the yellow water of the Savannah river, they make old Ocean's acquaintance. Brave, old Neptune seems to

favor them; for he tosses his shivering, many-colored waves, and smooths them down again; then drives them furiously toward Georgia's green shores, and casts them up into majestic breakers, over the sand banks, where there are none but birds to see and admire them. When a gray stain of storm comes, he sucks it down so close to his broad old breast, that our wee, feathered gentry may fly calmly on above the cloud, without even a dampened feather, and with clear, keen eyes unblinded by any fog or mist. Sea gulls fly toward our swallows, gently chirping introduction from the first families of southern birds, from the most chivalrous of all southern aristocracy, the Florida mocking bird. Wild duck, and heron, and pelican shriek "good speed" to them; and with Ocean's thunders, and sweet south wind's whispers sounding in their ears, they land at old St. Augustine.

Here they roost, and rest, and reconnoiter, in a waving palm tree. They visit the old walls and crumbling gateway of Coquina; they flutter joyously through magnolia and oleander trees, through crape myrtle and pomegranates. Hedges of holly and of Spanish bayonet tempt them, rose trees and orange groves offer them delightful harbor. They look wonderingly down from their perches upon groups of chattering, quarrelling, dark-skinned boys and girls.

One sunny morning they visit the old Spanish fort, but are suddenly frightened away from its gloomy old turrets, by a vision of dreadful, solemn, over-grown buzzards. How can little brown sparrows abide these monstrous, cruel-eyed turkey buzzards? It is no wonder that immediately after scraping acquaintance with Sir Redbird and Lady Mockingbird, and other dignitaries, in a wild olive tree, they take hasty flight from the ancient city.

A few miles of inland travel over swamps of cypress, of scrub oak and palmetto, with passing glances toward coast-bound Smyrna, whose richly-flavored oranges are the finest in the United States, they near the St. John's river. Lovely tropical scenery lures them to tarry here, until through the heavy hanging drapery of tree and shrub, they catch glimpses of horrible alligators. Then they hasten away to the pines, to acres of pond lilies, to trees full of birds which shall welcome them. Here is security from sportsmen's shot; here are peace and plenty, without suspicion of winter's snow or frost; here is a fountain of perpetual youth for birds, unfound by Ponce de Leon; here their final haven of rest, the Everglades of Florida.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1871.

A WINDOW GARDEN.

You remember the wise old proverb which bids us "In time of peace prepare for war." One needs to bear that in mind through the early autumn weather, for the garden is at its gayest. The beds of velvety verbenas are one sheet of bloom; the petunias fairly run rampant; asters and dahlias are gorgeous in every hue and tint; and the splendid geraniums seem blazing defiance at the frosts that are sure to come in spite of their bravery. Now is the time to prepare for war—to make ready for the dismal morning when we shall wake up to find all our garden beauties blackened and blighted.

If you have a nice plant stand, one or two stories high, this is the way to do it: Have your tinner make you a pan, about three inches deep, to fit each shelf of your stand, punching a few holes in the bottom, and painting the sides green. Or you can make a shallow box out of thin boards that will answer every purpose.

The next thing, and probably the most difficult, is to select your plants—you want so many, you can have so few—for most stands are spoiled by crowding, and a dozen thrifty plants are worth any number of sickly ones. Be sure you choose young, vigorous plants; and as flowers are at best uncertain, let your collection depend mainly upon beauty of foliage, with a few reliable roses, geraniums, and fuchsias. Now arrange your pots upon the stand, changing them until you get the very best effect of height and contrasting color, and then fill the rest of your pan with first a layer of coarse gravel or small stones, for drainage, then fine, light soil, containing leaf mold, sand, and well-rotted manure. Pack it around your pots, and then sow seeds in the border, along the edges, of anything low and pretty. If the florists will not be shocked, I will say that common curled parsley makes the prettiest border imaginable—is charming for vases, and will furnish garnishing for your table all winter. Intersperse with this one or two plants of dwarf nasturtium, sweet alyssum, and mignonette, and your border becomes beautiful beyond description, the unsightly

pots are nearly hidden in a bed of bloom and greenness, and, best of all, you may sprinkle your plants at pleasure, and a thousand open mouths drink up the moisture, instead of its falling through the wires. Taste and experience will suggest other adornments. A Madeira vine or German ivy, set in pots under the stand, will send upward long, graceful shoots to twine and wreath about the supporting wires. Large shells, or even common flower pots, set in lamp brackets by the sides of your windows, and filled with lobelia, oxalis, moneywort, and pretty trailers, will form beautiful ornaments, above the reach of meddlesome, little fingers.

Water your plants abundantly, but do it mainly by showering, and for this purpose there is no better machinery than a common hair brush and a basin of water. Turn your plants around, so that they may grow symmetrically—many a stand is spoiled by neglecting to turn the pots frequently.

Put into a bottle, two ounces nitrate potash, four ounces nitrate ammonia, two tablespoonfuls white sugar, and one pint of soft water. Cork this very closely, and about once a week, put a tablespoonful into two or three quarts of water, and wet your plants thoroughly with it. As for the insects, red spiders, aphides, and all the rest, if your plants are not crowded and are plentifully showered, they will not be likely to trouble you; but you can make matters sure by buying a little quassia at the drug store, steeping it to a strong tea, and sprinkling your plants occasionally with it. The plants like it, and the insects do not.

Of course this plan of arrangement may be adapted to any plant stand, and carried out with the cheapest materials, in any home where plants can be kept from freezing.

EYES AND NO EYES.

You have all read the story in the school readers of the two boys who went over the same route, one with his eyes open, and the other with them shut. It is old, but worth repeating and worth remembering every day. So many things slip by us; so many things worth knowing go on right under our eyes without being noticed.

I knew a man, I think I may have told you of him before, a busy man, who had very little time for reading or study, but whose mind was a perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject.

"How does it happen that you know so much more than the rest of us?" I asked him, one day.

"O," said he, "I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning, so I *save all the bits* that come in my way, and they count up a good deal in the course of the year."

That is just the thing—save all the bits.

"That boy," said a gentleman, "always seems to be on the lookout for something to see."

So he was; and while waiting in a newspaper office for a package, he learned, by using his eyes, how a mailing machine was operated. While he waited at the florist's, he saw the man setting a great box of cuttings, and learned, by the use of his eyes, what he never would have guessed, that slips rooted best in nearly pure sand.

"This is lapis lazuli," said the jeweler to his customer; "and this is chrysoprase."

And the wide-awake errand boy turned around from the door to take a sharp look, so that in future he knew just how those two precious stones looked. In one day, he learned of the barber what became of the hair clippings; of the carpenter, how to drive a nail so as not to split the wood; of the shoemaker, how the different surfaces of fancy leathers are made; of a locust, that his mouth was of no use to him in singing; from a scrap of newspaper, where sponges are obtained; and from an old Irishwoman, how to keep stovepipes from rusting. Only bits and fragments of knowledge, but all of them worth saving, and all helping to increase the stock in trade of the boy who meant to be a man.

MAKING CHARACTER.

So many people seem to forget that *character grows*. That it is not something to be put on, ready made, with manhood or womanhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a *model man* of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious; cool and cautious, yet clear headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? *When he was a boy*. Let me see the way in which a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and I will tell you just about what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at the breakfast table, late at school, who never quite does anything at the right time, stands a poor chance to be a *prompt* man. The boy who half washes his face, half does his chores, half learns his lessons, will never make a *thorough* man. The boy who neglects his

duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "O, I forgot!" will never be a *reliable* man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the pain and suffering of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kindly man; a *gentle* man.

And what about the girls? Just the same for the girls. A girl who is peevish and pettish, and careless of the comfort of others, who is untidy in her ways, and thinks it does not matter what she says or does at home, or how rude and uncourteous she may be to the dear ones there, is sure to grow into such a womanhood as, I am sorry to say, we have already too much of; the womanhood that scorns the old-fashioned virtues of industry and thrift and skillful handiwork, of love, and gentleness, and brave self-sacrifice, of the charity that thinketh no evil, that seeketh not her own, and that never faileth. She will never be a lady in the old Saxon meaning of the word, "*laffday*," a *loaf giver*.

OCTOBER.

There is something in the very name, October, that is suggestive of fullness and ripeness. It brings to the mind visions of grapes swelling with the purple wine, showing like clusters of amethysts on the brown vines, as the last yellow leaves flutter away from them. Visions of orchard boughs stooping with their wealth of gold, and crimson, and russet, and dropping, at a touch, the ripened fruit on the ground, as if weary of holding it so long. In the woods there are stores of nuts, and all the sunshiny day you can hear them falling. The boys are out among them gathering their treasures for winter. How they shout and laugh, as they pelt the loaded boughs, and chase the squirrels, that seem half disposed to dispute with them for possession of the property.

Nature has a great deal of work to finish in this month of October, and she is working steadily at it, day and night. Besides a thousand little jobs, whose doing escapes our notice, but which would make sad gaps in the beauty of next year, if left undone, there is the corn to ripen and mature. The buds for next spring will be carefully cased in double and triple wrappings against the cold and wet. Never did a mother more tenderly protect her babe against the keen air, than does *Nature* guard these delicate nurslings of hers. First, she covers them with a downy fold softer than the finest wool, then with layer after layer, cunningly wrapped together, and finishes all with a coat of varnish, that turns every particle of moisture, and then she leaves the infant blossom as safe for the winter as the nursery pet in its dainty cradle.



Prudy's Pocket.

We wish to notice first this month a very short letter that has made a long journey to reach us, all the way from Africa. It contains a picture of Umzumbi Mission Station, at Port Natal, and a cluster of beautiful flowers, marked, "From a little boy in Africa, who loves THE CORPORAL." The flowers have kept their bright color, and have a familiar, home-like look, as if they might have blossomed right here upon our own prairies. And I remember, as I look at them, that the same sun that looked down upon them in their far-off home shines upon our hills and plains. The flowers upon my table, that are filling the room with their sweet breath, may belong to the same family with their foreign relations lying beside them, and the little boy in Africa shall have a place in our family by our friend "Josie from Louisiana," who sends us a very nice letter, and some specimens of Spanish moss. By all means send the cotton flower, Josie.

Woodside Plantation, La. "Dear Prudy: I send you a piece of moss for your album. It looks so pretty under the microscope. It is a parasite, common on our forest trees; gets its nourishment from the air, and does not injure the trees. It has no perceptible root, but dies when the tree does. Its color, when growing, is lavender tinged with pale green, and it contrasts beautifully with the deep green of the leaves, swaying in the breeze in long, gray pendants. In the winter it is dark brown, giving a very somber effect to the forests. It is very useful, both green and dry, being fed to cattle, in place of hay. In the spring, when the waters come pouring down from the north, the wide pastures are overflowed, and the cattle, instead of roaming over them, are confined in high buildings, and fed with the moss, which is gathered fresh from the trees in boats. When dry, it is rotted in water, losing all but the inner fiber, which resembles hair, and is sent in bales to New Orleans, to stuff mattresses, cushions, etc. Did you ever see a cotton flower? Would you like one? They look like single hollyhock flowers; are white the first morning, pink in the evening, and red the next day. That evening they drop off, and leave a little green boll, that grows most as large as a hen's egg. When it is ripe it turns brown and bursts open, and a whole handful of white cotton hangs out. A field full of cotton, after the frost has killed the green leaves, looks like a

big dish of pop corn. Papa's cotton field is close to the house, and I am going to help pick it when it opens. Next month it will be full of flowers; shall I send you one?"

Bloomfield, Ind. "Dear Prudy: As I am one of your soldiers, and a reader of THE CORPORAL, I thought I would tell you of an apple tree in our neighborhood. It measures three feet four inches in diameter, its branches cover a space of forty-six feet in circumference, and its average yield is from sixty-five to one hundred bushels of fruit. The tree is in a healthy, growing condition, as when first planted. Now if any of your readers can beat that, send it in and you may have the skates."

What do you say to that, boys? That tree must be an orchard in itself.

Fredonia. "Dear Prudy: I love you very much. I am a little girl six years old. My Aunt Alice sends me THE CORPORAL. I have a sister that is deaf and dumb. She goes to New York City to school, and can talk with her fingers. So can I. Don't you think it is too bad that she is deaf and dumb? Is your pocket made of rubber? If it is, put this in. I hope it is."

It would be "too bad" for the dear little sister, if you or I had made her deaf and dumb, Alice. But what the kind Father does can never be bad, but good—good in some way, though it seems sad and hard.

Theo. B. McConkle, of Ridge Prairie, Mo., sends us a very finely executed map of Palestine, done in colors. Some time we may offer another map prize, that will give our young artist a chance to exercise his talent.

Stockbridge. "Dear Prudy: In June number, I was very much interested in Maude's and Mabel's account of their home by the ocean. I wish that they would send me something they can get by the ocean. The first thing I do when I get THE CORPORAL is to look in Prudy's Pocket, and I think if my letters were as pleasant as some I have read, I should be inclined to write very often."

A little subscriber at Fort Larned, Kansas, sends us a true story about her cat.

A TRUE STORY. BY ANNA MOORE.

I want to tell you a story about our old cat. Her name was Topsy Topsy: my brothers named her when she was little, for she would frisk around so much. She was given to us when very small, and we kept her till she died. She was so pretty, black and white. Now I must tell you one of her tricks. By the side of our house was a big tree, with very low branches. Tip Top, whenever she missed her kittens, would run up the tree to the first branch, and give a peculiar cry. No matter where the kittens were, they would run to the tree as fast as they could. When they were all there, Topsy would come down, but not before. One morning we gave one of her kittens away, and at noon, when she called them to dinner, I watched her. She gave the usual cry, and all the kittens ran; she missed one. She stayed in the tree for awhile, then got down, took the other kittens to their dinner, left them, and came back to the tree, where she stayed till dark, giving this cry and looking anxiously around. She came down at last, but every time she would call the kittens she would act the same way, but by degrees came down sooner, and in about two weeks gave it up as useless. The saucer she usually drank out of had a picture of cat and kittens on it. It got broken one day, and we tried to get her to drink out of another one, but she would not drink or eat till she got another one. When it was time for her milk, she would run to the kitchen to see if she got the right saucer. But poor Tip broke her leg,

and had to be killed, at the age of ten years. We planted roses over her grave, and tended it just as if she had been human.

"Dear Prudy: I am a little girl twelve years old. Please tell me how to make skeleton leaves. I cannot make the frame for the crystal baskets, and I want to know how."

Frames for crystal baskets may be made of wire, or of old hoop-skirt spring, wound with cotton yarn. We gave in the pocket for September a very simple way to make skeleton leaves. Full directions for the best processes can be found in "Phantom Flowers," sent from this office for \$2.

Willie says please tell Prudy the money he sends for THE CORPORAL this year was earned by hunting and killing potato bugs, and he thinks it well earned, if money ever was.

Indianapolis. "Dear Prudy: I have had a great time, but I have two names to send, to pay for my trouble. I went to ask about a dozen children to take THE CORPORAL, but they hadn't the money. Our Dr. said he'd take it, if I'd have my teeth pulled to pay for it. I told him it was you that was to get the money, not me. Is that little girl writing meant for a picture of Prudy? If it is I want her to come to my birthday party, day after to-morrow. I will be eight years old then."

Dear little Margaret—she doesn't tell us where she lives—asks three questions, all in a row. "Do you ever get sick? and aren't you Mrs. Miller? and do you ever get time to breathe?" Time to breathe! why yes. And this morning I take an extra breath every few minutes, just to get a whiff of mignonette and sweet-smelling posies, somebody put on my desk in the office.

"Dear Prudy: I have taken THE LITTLE CORPORAL for five years, and have got up four clubs, and have got some nice prizes. I have got Mr. Sewell's picture, that I took out of the June CORPORAL, and have got it in a frame. Now I would like to have yours, and I would put it in a frame, too. I never wrote you before, but I saw so many letters in your pocket that I would write one. I am thirteen years old, and have pieced eight quilts. I have never been strong enough to do heavy work, because I have been sick a good deal, so I learned to sew."

Birmingham, Mich. "Dear Prudy: This is the fifth letter I have written you, counting one that was not sent. I wrote to you last month, gave it to papa, and he put it in the inside pocket of his coat. There happened to be a hole in it, and the letter slipped down between the coat and lining, and he thought he had lost it from his pocket. I was looking in the coat and found it. My papa is a farmer. I go to Sunday school. I have got the best teacher in the world, I think. Papa is superintendent."

One of our young friends in New York sends us a panther story, which we think is very well written for a boy ten years old.

A PANTHER STORY.

Once there was a young man who was very fond of hunting. One time he shouldered his gun and took his dog with him. When he got to the edge of the woods he heard a partridge drumming on a log. The dog immediately started to find it. He had been gone about five minutes, when the young man heard a

short bark of pain, and at once started for the place. When he got pretty near the spot he saw the bushes moving strangely, and heard an angry growl. Just at that moment his dog came running out of the bushes, bleeding badly, followed by a full-grown panther. They had a short struggle, and the dog, who was very old, and had but few teeth, fell down biting the sod. The young man, who was waiting for a chance, fired and wounded the panther, who made for him. The young man dodged, and the panther jumping over him went two or three yards beyond. This gave him time to climb the nearest tree. While up in the tree he loaded his gun and shot the panther through the ear. The animal fell to the ground dead, without a struggle. The young man then skinned the panther, and received twenty dollars bounty from the county in which he lived. This did not, however, repay the value of the dog. The skin still hangs up in his room, as a trophy.

Chicago, Ill. "Dear Prudy: I was thirteen years of age last Monday, the 24th of July. That croquet set that I got as a premium for six subscribers, I think is a real nice one. We have spent many a happy hour with it. I work at Mr. Sargent's drug store, attending to the soda fountain. If you think my letter will do to be put in your pocket, I would like to see it. Yesterday it hailed here so hard that when the hail struck the ground it sounded just like hundreds of fire crackers."

Jerome, Mo. "Prudy, I think that you are real naughty to not tell us who you are, but for my part, I think that you are either Mrs. Miller or Mrs. Sewell, and I think that Tommy Bascroft is your little boy, for I do not think that any one can know quite as much about a little boy as his mother. Prudy, as soon as I get a dollar and a half, I want to send for THE CORPORAL myself. I have a dollar that I earned myself, by sewing, and I am going to make a dress, and then I will have fifty cents more."

Westford, Vt. "Dear Prudy: I have read the Bible through once, and am reading it again. I am nine years old, and I am trying to fight against wrong. We live sixteen miles from the city of Burlington. I have been there once, and I saw Lake Champlain. We can see the Green Mountains from our house. I wish Prudy and the children from the prairie could be here with us to eat warm sugar. My uncle went west last fall, and he told me all about Chicago. I have got my Cherub picture framed, and it is real pretty. I have got a wax doll named Rose. It has true hair, and it cries."

Eldora, Iowa. "Dear Prudy: I have been wondering whether you would like to hear from a little boy here in Iowa. I receive your nice LITTLE CORPORAL, and like it very much. My auntie has sent it to me for four years. I have got the 'Royal Road to Fortune,' and like it very much. I got it while I was in Chicago last winter, and went to THE LITTLE CORPORAL office myself. I am trying to fight against wrong, and for the good, the true, and the beautiful. I belong to the Cold Water Temple, and I think it a very nice society. I am a farmer's boy, eleven years old. Will Prudy please to have this put in THE LITTLE CORPORAL."

Black Hawk, Miss. "Dear Prudy: I knew I would not get the prize, but I would try. I wish you were here. The gallery is covered with vines. Morning glory, jasmine, flowering beans, thunbergias, and maurandias. Mockingbirds sit in the vines and sing, while hummingbirds dart in and out among the geraniums. Mamma trained the vines so as to look like looped curtains. While I am writing I sit by the parlor window; it is covered with vines, so there is no use in putting the curtain down. Prudy, I think you must have to mend your pocket very often. I am thirteen."

Private Queer's



SUMMER SPORTS AT WRAITH CHASM.

On the eastern coast of Massachusetts, a high, rocky point runs far out into the sea. For thousands of years the restless surf has dashed against its rugged sides, and worn them into quaint and curious shapes. At the most exposed part a huge chasm has been washed out, which runs back into the side of the hill for a distance of sixty rods. At every tide the waves rush up this narrow gorge with tremendous force, dashing the spray high into the air, and, receding, make a sound like the booming of cannon, down in the lowest depth. Thick pine woods crown the hill behind the cliff, and in their grateful shade five tents are pitched. Many figures in bright flannel dresses flit about among the trees, or cluster around the rude fireplace built of flat rocks. A party of friends from the city have decided upon this sensible manner of spending their summer vacation. Free from the trammels of fashion, they have leisure to amuse themselves and their children in their own way. In simple and picturesque costumes, which they have no fear of spoiling, they are all ready for exercise in the clear sea air, or for a restful nap under the trees, as inclination prompts. We will call upon them twice to-day, and see how they amuse themselves in this lonely place. It is now about nine o'clock in the morning, and the breakfast, which was served at seven, is over, long ago. A cool wind blows in from the sea, and makes exercise desirable, so they have formed a ring on the smoothest grass plat to be found, and old and young together are playing "Natural History."

One player stands in the center of the ring, holding a long rod, with a tuft of leaves at the end of it, with which he points to some one in the circle, and calls out at the same time either of the words, "Land," "air," "water." The player thus addressed must immediately name some inhabitant of the element named. If land is called he must give the name of some animal; if air, of some fowl; if water, he must name some fish. If he does not answer correctly at once, or if he gives any name which has been called before by any player, he must run around

the ring outside, and if he does not succeed in getting back into the place he left before the other player can touch him with the stick, he is obliged to take his turn in the center, and call upon the players in the same manner. All persons in the ring must keep hold of hands, so to leave open only the place the players have run out, and to which they must return after running completely round the outside of the circle. This game always makes fun, as it is very hard to decide upon the right thing, when suddenly called upon, and capital exercise for mind and body are combined in it.

Twelve hours later we find the older members of the party seated on the rocks at the top of the chasm, enjoying the splendor of the ocean by moonlight. The grandeur of the place and its surroundings inspire their imaginations, and they are playing "Improvisatore."

One of them selects the subject and title of a story, and proceeds to tell it, making it as full of interest as possible. When he pleases he is at liberty to call upon any of his listeners to take up the narrative, who must continue it for a while, and then call upon any one of the company to proceed in the same manner. Thus, with constant changes of narrator, the story goes on, to the great amusement of all. A little practice will make this game very easy and charming.

G. B. Bartlett.

PRIZE TRANSLATION OF THE PICTURE STORY IN AUGUST NUMBER.

BY ALICE A. STRECKER, AGED TWELVE YEARS.

THE FIRST CIGAR.—It was a beautiful spring morning. Benny's mother had dressed him neat and clean, and sent him in the garden to play, thinking he would be safe and happy among the birds and flowers. Soon Tom, their neighbor's son, came up to the gate smoking a cigar. He was an idle, bad boy. Now, he wanted money to buy his cigars. He knew Benny was saving money to pay for **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, so he asked Benny to buy a cigar. Benny said no, at first, for he knew it would grieve his mother; but Tom told him that his mother would not know it; that other little boys smoked, and that it made men of them. So sily Benny ran back to the house, and went slyly into the room where the money was, mounted a stool, shook all the money out of his bank, ran back to Tom, and gave it all for the cigar, thinking, perhaps, it was worth all the money to be a man. The next thing was how to smoke it. Look at him, boys, who want to be men, as he sits behind the house, smoking the filthy thing, thinking to deceive his good mother. But good mothers have a keen sense of smell, and also, like my hen, Speckle, when she has a smell, are always on the watch for hawks. She laid down her work, put her head out of the window, and called Benny; but no Benny answered. She then came out, and met him, with the cigar behind him, and his poor little head down. He looked sick and ashamed. See him, boys. Does he look like a man?

PRIVATE QUEER wishes to remind the boys and girls not to forget the Knapsack department of **THE CORPORAL**. Enigmas, charades, rebuses, etc., are always acceptable. Send us something new, fresh, and good.

No. 26.—CHARADE. TWO WORDS.

In English. If, thrown from my hand, it should enter your eye.

It would pain and annoy with its smart.

In Latin. If, thrown from my lips, to your ear it should fly.

I hope it would gladden your heart.

In English, two words, and a thing very small;

In Latin, two, dearest to lovers of all.

M. B. C. S.

No. 27.—ENIGMA.

Who is a famous comb maker, and also a stinging reprover of the idle?

F. R. F.

No. 28.—CHARADE.

I am composed of ten letters, of which the first, second, and third spell the Latin for *for*; the fourth and fifth make a personal pronoun of the singular number; the sixth, seventh, and eighth mean definite; and the ninth and tenth compose a pronoun of the objective case; while my whole is the name of the man who discovered the use of flints in striking fire, 1715 years B. C.; and who was said to have stolen the fire thus produced from heaven.

F. R. F.

No. 29.—ENIGMA.

My first is a simple little instrument, the use of which has brought the world to its present advanced state of civilization, but, though capable of so much service, is useless until given to my second. My third is the glory of the sea, which, at the bidding of my second, makes the whole world partakers of the work of my first. Great excellence in my whole every boy and girl should strive to attain.

F. G. M.

No. 30.—ENIGMA.

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was, to which he replied, "What you do in everything." What was his answer? and what his age?

F. R. F.

No. 31.—ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

Place together the initials of the following:
An unfortunate Queen of Scotland,
A prominent Roman general,
An ambitious warrior and king,
A celebrated Queen of England, and,
A pleasure boat.
And make the name of an article used by all nations, and an absolute necessity of life.

F. R. F.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ETC., SEPT. NO.

No. 18.—*Charade*.—*Mu-sic*. No. 19.—*Charade*.—*Whip-poor-will*. No. 20.—*Charade*.—*In-tel-li-gent*. No. 21.—*Charade*.—*Morning mist*. No. 22.—*Charade*.—*Franklin*. No. 23.—*Charade*.—*Da-vy*. (Sir Humphrey Davy.) No. 24.—*Puzzle*.—One word.

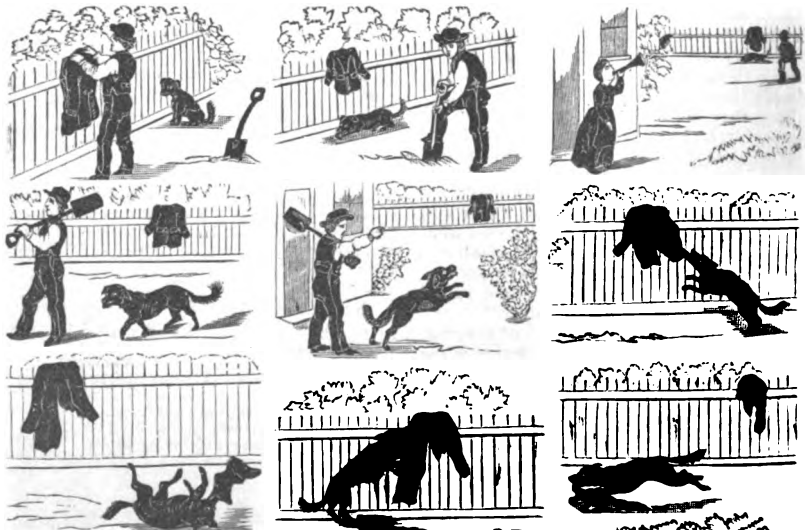
TRANSLATION OF PICTURE STORY NO. 23.

(SEE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.)

HOW BILLY KINDLED THE FIRE.—It was a chilly November afternoon, and Billy Brown's mother had just come home very tired. "Now, Billy," said she, "you light the fire and put on the teakettle, and we'll have some supper." And as Billy rushed toward the woodshed, she added, smiling at her hasty, little boy, "And don't be breaking your neck, and burning yourself with the matches." "No'm," shouted Billy, from the depths of the woodshed, and in a moment came back with an armful of kindlings, all of which he put in the stove, besides as much coal as it would hold. He was hungry, for he had been playing in the cool air all the afternoon. So he wanted the fire to burn right away, and, after lighting it with a match he blew in it, but it didn't blaze up as he thought it should, but only flickered with a little bit of a yellow flame. I'm sure Billy knew better, but he didn't stop to think, so he hastily took a chair, and reached down the kerosene can from the top shelf of the kitchen cupboard, and going back to the stove, poured some oil over the coal and kindling wood. I don't know how much he would have poured on, if something hadn't happened. The oil suddenly blazed up into his face, burning it dreadfully, and in a moment his hair and his clothes were on fire, and he ran screaming into the sitting room. His mother, who was resting herself in the rocking chair, sprang up, and threw her great cloak around Billy, and flung him to the floor, and there rolled him over and over till the fire was all put out. Poor Billy was covered with burns, and with bruises from being rolled so hard, and his mother helped him to bed, and bound up his face and his hands, and cut off his singed hair, and watched over him tenderly for several days. The oil in the kitchen stove burned out in a few minutes, and, strangely enough, did not set the house on fire. As Billy was a hardy little boy, he soon got as well and as lively as ever, although I do think he was not quite so careless as before.

E. K.

No. 32.—A PICTURE STORY.—OBEYING ORDERS.



The Reading will be given in the next number.

W. G. C.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

JOHN E. MILLER,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

No. 6 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

All articles in "THE LITTLE CORPORAL" are written especially for it, and paid for at good prices. Though copyrighted, our editorial friends may copy into their papers, if they will, in every case, give credit to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. This notice is inserted because many articles have been copied without credit.

HOW TO REMIT.

Checks on Chicago, Philadelphia, New York City, or Boston banks are best for large sums, made payable to the order of JOHN E. MILLER.

Post Office money orders may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as thousands have been sent to us without any loss.

Registered letters, under the new system, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money, where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. Observe the Registry fee as well as postage, must be paid in stamps, at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Buy and affix the stamps both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it. Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Where you are sending one dollar and a half or less, you may send greenbacks at our risk; where more than that sum is sent, either of above ways will be safe.

THE POSTAGE on THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

1872.

Begin Your Clubs Now!!

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR \$1.50.

October, November, and December Numbers Free to all New Subscribers!

Now is the time to begin to raise a club for next year; and as a special inducement for people to subscribe now, we offer to send the last three numbers of this year FREE to all new subscribers for 1872, if they will ask for them at the time of subscribing; otherwise the names will be entered to begin with July. This offer will hold good till the first day of November, and it is important that you begin now, so that you may have time enough to get up a large club, and secure a good premium, before the month has expired.

OUR NEW PREMIUM LIST.

In another place you will find our new List of Premiums. We offer many new prizes, articles useful and valuable, needed in every family, which if bought would cost money, but which any person can obtain by

a few hours' work of canvassing for subscribers to THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Every subscriber can procure one of these premiums, either for his own use or to dispose of to someone else for cash, thus making better wages than at any other kind of labor.

Begin the work of canvassing now, as the offer of the extra numbers will make it easy to get subscribers, and you can get a larger club and a more valuable premium.

EXTRA NUMBERS.

To those who desire to raise a club, we will send a package of ten copies of THE CORPORAL, upon the receipt of ten cents to prepay postage. If you can distribute among your friends, who you think would be likely to subscribe, and let them examine them for a day or two, and then go around and solicit their subscriptions and gather up the numbers, and distribute again. In this way you can give each one a chance to examine the magazine before subscribing, and you will get their names more easily. We want every parent should see and read at least one number of THE CORPORAL, for we think when they once become acquainted with its character, they will be almost sure to subscribe for it. Send for the extra numbers, and try it in your neighborhood.

LOST NUMBERS.

If you fail to receive THE CORPORAL for any month, please let us know. The mails sometimes fail, and we want to make good all such losses. If you wear out your number canvassing with it, send a stamp and tell us what number it is, and we will send you another one. Subscribers changing their place of residence, and neglecting to inform us of any change required in the direction of the magazine until several numbers are lost, must not expect us to make good the loss, as we mail every number to the address as given, until a change is ordered.

TERMS \$1.50 A YEAR.

Persons acting as agents are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE LITTLE CORPORAL at less than our published price, One Dollar and Fifty Cents a year. Anybody offering the magazine for less than the regular price, does so at his own risk, for we require in every instance the full price. \$1.50 a year, or 75 cents for six months.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want an agent in every town and neighborhood, to raise a club for **THE CORPORAL**. There is scarcely a post office in the land where an active canvasser cannot secure a club of at least ten names in a short time, and earn a good premium. We have sent many beautiful premiums to persons who procured the required number of subscribers in a few hours' time. Begin now, and don't give up until you have secured the name of every boy and girl in your neighborhood, for **THE CORPORAL** for next year.

Persons who wish to canvass for **THE CORPORAL**, and the chromo, Red Ridinghood and the Wolf, on cash commission, or salary, will apply to the Index Co., of this city, who are our regular, authorized agents. No agent of the above company, or claiming to be such, is authorized to receive money for **THE CORPORAL**, or the chromo, until he has first delivered a receipt bearing the *fac simile* signature of the publisher of **THE CORPORAL**. Persons out of employment, and who would like to engage in canvassing as a business, will do well to correspond with the above parties for terms, etc. Address Index Co., Chicago, Ill.

TOMMY'S WEEK.—This charming little book is meeting with a rapid sale. Those who have read these stories in **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, will want to have them in a collected form, for better preservation, or for presentation to some little friends. The portrait of Tommy is good, and you will be pleased to know just how he looks. Price, 30 cents a copy, postpaid.

THE CORPORAL IN CLUB WITH OTHER PERIODICALS.

In connection with our Premium List, we give terms for clubbing **THE CORPORAL** with other publications, at rates so *exceedingly liberal* that those who are subscribers to any of the periodicals on our club list will save money by subscribing for them in club with **THE CORPORAL**.

We would call special attention to the terms of **THE CORPORAL** in club with *The Nursery*, the most charming magazine for the youngest readers published in this country. We will send *The Nursery* and **THE CORPORAL**, when ordered at the same time, the two for \$2.25 a year, with extra numbers to new subscribers. Send your names to this office.

THE PRIZE PICTURE STORY.

We found it no easy task to choose among the many excellent translations of the Picture Story, but having taken into consideration brevity, penmanship, spelling, and the age of the writers, we decide that Alice M. Streeper, aged 12 years, of Chillicothe, Ohio, is entitled to the first prize, and Daisy Skene, of Louisville, Kentucky, aged 14 years, to the second.

And, in our regret that neither prize should have fallen to the boys, we have concluded to give a third prize, of the smaller chromo, to Henry West, Louisiana, Missouri, age 7 years, for the best of several very neatly printed translations from the boys. We also give the names of some others, who sent translations worthy of honorable mention.

Henry Arnold, Foster Center, R. I., age 16.
Albert Loomis, Waltham, Mass., age 9.
Victor Mulford, Philadelphia, Pa., age 10.
Mary O. Wood, Madison, Ind., age 7.
Lillie Dixon, Omaha, Neb., age 11.
Harry Hoyne, Portland, Oregon, age 6.

THE CHICAGO MAGAZINE OF FASHION, edited by Mrs. M. L. Rayne, is rapidly winning an honorable position among publications of its class. The typography is good, the literary matter excellent, and, in matters of dress and fashion, it takes the commendable stand of furnishing reliable information to workers at home, without attempting to be a guide for milliners and dressmakers. It is an excellent magazine, and we heartily recommend it as a real helper in every household. It is published by Mrs. M. L. Rayne, Chicago, at \$3.00 per year.

THE LARGEST NEWSPAPER MAIL which goes to any one firm in this country, is received by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., the New York Advertising Agents. Their place of business is at No. 40 Park Row, New York.

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THE LITTLE CORPORAL OFFICE IN RUINS.

**"THE LITTLE CORPORAL will like 'Phoenix rise from its ashes to immortality,'
and continue to fight for the good, the true, and the beautiful."**

The Little Orphan

Illustrated Magazine

Rare Chicago Third Supplement

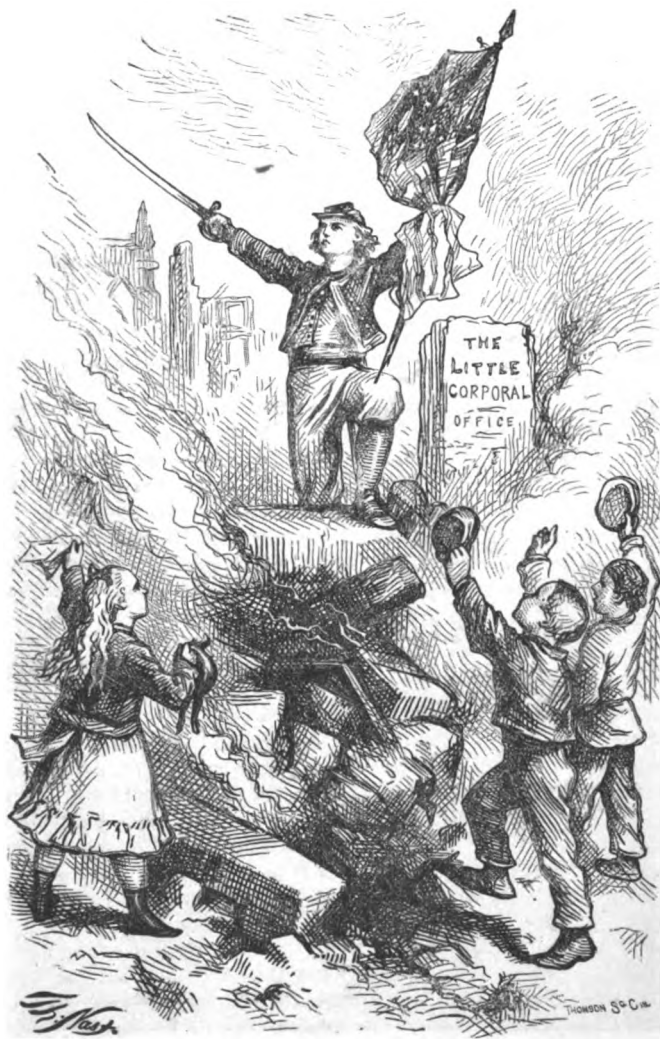
Chicago Nov. 1871.

(with illustrations)



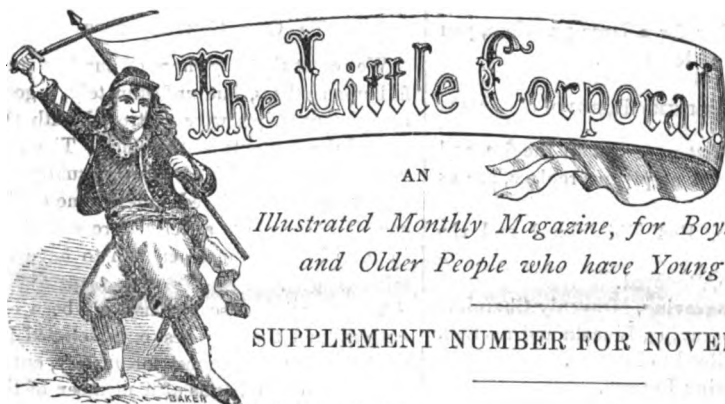
THE PENN
PUBLISHING
COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Calvin Green
Glen...



THE LITTLE CORPORAL OFFICE IN RUINS.

"THE LITTLE CORPORAL will like 'Phoenix rise from its ashes to immortality,' and continue to fight for the good, the true, and the beautiful."



THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

IN the great conflagration of October 8 and 9, which laid waste the entire business part of the city of Chicago, THE LITTLE CORPORAL Publishing House was also destroyed, with all its contents, including all our printing material, presses, electrotypes plates; all the back numbers on hand from the commencement of the CORPORAL down to the number for November, which was all ready and partly printed. Notwithstanding this terrible Baptism of Fire, the LITTLE CORPORAL STILL LIVES, and the number for December will appear early in November, more *charming* and *brilliant* than ever. Mrs. Miller will rewrite the November chapter of "Summer Days at Kirkwood," and THE CORPORAL's most favorite writers will contribute articles for this number. It will be extra large, containing about double the usual number of pages, so as to make up to our readers partly for the loss of the November number. We are determined that, though we have suffered a great loss, financially, our subscribers shall have a full equivalent for all that we have promised, so far as it shall be in our power to furnish.

We send you this sheet to inform you of our great calamity, and to make known our plans for the future, and to ask you to continue your aid now, in a time of great need. The many thousands of the friends of THE LITTLE CORPORAL will surely not forsake us now, but will, we trust, all send in their names for next year, accompanied

by others, so that instead of our list falling off it shall be greatly increased. We have, both editor and publisher, just as brave hearts and willing hands for this good work as ever before, and all that we ask is that our friends will stand by us now, and THE LITTLE CORPORAL shall rise from the ashes, stronger, better, and more attractive than ever.

NO SAMPLE NUMBERS.

As all the back numbers were destroyed, we shall not be able to send any sample copies, nor shall we be able to print any more, as the electrotypes plates were also destroyed. We shall, however, soon have the December number ready, of which we shall print a large edition, so as to be able to supply all demands from those who may wish to have extra copies for canvassing.

PREMIUM LIST.

We shall be obliged to revise our list of premiums, as you will see announced in another place, some of our choicest and most popular premiums have been destroyed by the fire. We will republish the list in the December number, and in the meantime you can use the list in the October number. We shall add new articles to take the place of those taken off. Go on with your clubs, and don't stop with two or three names, but aim high, and if you finally don't get the

required number for a large premium, you can select one of less value.

PREMIUMS BURNED.

The things that were lost in the fire, and which we can not at present replace, are as follows:

The chromo, Red Ridinghood and the Wolf.

The chromo, Restored.

The steel engraving, Heavenly Cherubs.

The steel engraving, Lincoln and his Son.

The Royal Road to Fortune.

Reed's Drawing Lessons.

The Pocket Scripture Atlas.

Tommy's Week.

The Silver Bells.

A few of the above are not on the list of premiums, but we enumerate them here because we can not fill orders for them. The original painting of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf was also destroyed, so that the artists will never be able to reproduce the chromo from the original.

IN CLUB WITH OTHER PERIODICALS.

We will send THE CORPORAL in club with other periodicals named below at the rates given with each periodical. We must receive, at the same time, one subscriber for THE CORPORAL for each copy of any other publication named on the list. They need not both be sent to the same office nor to the same person. Names for THE CORPORAL, in club with other periodical, can not count in club for premiums.

MONTHLIES.

Atlantic Monthly, \$4, & The Corporal, both 1 y.	\$4 50
Harper's " \$4, " The Corporal, "	4 50
Galaxy, \$4, " The Corporal, "	4 50
Scribner's M'thly, \$3 " The Corporal, "	3 50
The Nursery, \$1 50 " The Corporal, "	2 25
Am. Ag'cult'rist, \$1 50 " The Corporal, "	2 25
Sch'l Festival, quat'y " The Corporal, "	1 80

WEEKLIES.

Harper's Weekly, \$4, & The Corporal, "	4 50
Harper's Bazar, \$4, " The Corporal, "	4 50
Hearth and Home, \$3 " The Corporal, "	3 50
The Advance, \$2 50, " The Corporal, "	3 25
The Interior, \$2 50, " The Corporal, "	3 25
Toledo Blade, \$2, " The Corporal, "	2 50
Cin'tl Weekly Times, " The Corporal, "	2 50
Rural N. Yorker, \$3, " The Corporal, "	3 50
N.Y. Weekly Trib'ne \$2 " The Corporal, "	2 50
Western Rural, \$2, " The Corporal, "	3 00
Prairie Farmer, \$2, " The Corporal, "	3 00

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We regret that any share of our loss must fall upon others, but, unfortunately, a good many manuscripts were destroyed, with the rest of the contents of the office. The November number, which was an unusually fine one, can not be replaced, unless some of the contributors, whose articles were contained in it, may be fortunate enough to have retained copies.

The prize manuscripts had all been examined, and the four best ones, selected for final decision, were, most fortunately, out of the city in the hands of a member of the committee. The remainder were burned in the safe, which, in this case, proved unsafe. Some of our very best stories and poems were in the hands of engravers for illustrations, and were burned. Our frontispiece for December, one of Lauderbach's finest engravings, and its accompanying story by Helen C. Weeks, was burned. We have at our residence a very few manuscripts, but these are all that are left. From every direction words of sympathy and encouragement are pouring in upon us, and as we can not make a personal response to all, we take this opportunity of thanking our friends for their kind words and wishes, and assuring them that THE LITTLE CORPORAL has no thought of striking his colors, but calls on all his brave-hearted soldiers to rally around him and help him win new victories. The prize story will be announced in the December number and commenced in January, and many new and attractive features will be added to the magazine. If our friends will sustain us by their subscriptions, we are confident of our success in making THE CORPORAL better than ever before.

A FINAL WORD.

Now, good friends, as you have looked this little sheet all through and have learned of the calamity befallen your LITTLE CORPORAL, will you not, before you shall forget it, sit down and write me a letter inclosing your subscription for next year, and thus assure the continuance of the magazine to

you for another year? Don't wait until December or January until you decide whether you will take it another year, but do it at once, as it will be a great help to us now to have you renew. Send us one or two more new subscribers, if you can secure them in your neighborhood.

Perhaps no one among you can do your neighbors and friends so much good in any other way as by inducing them to subscribe for a good magazine, which shall silently and constantly instill into their minds good lessons all through the year. The aim of THE LITTLE CORPORAL is not only to amuse and interest its readers, but to instruct, elevate, and purify; to cultivate in them a taste for reading good and useful books, instead of the sensational and worthless trash now so widely scattered abroad in the land.

Your effort may cause this magazine to go into the hands of some who may be taught to become wiser, nobler, and better, and learn for all their lives to "Fight against Wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful." Will you try?

JOHN E. MILLER,

*Publisher of THE LITTLE CORPORAL,
Chicago, Ill.*

BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS.

BY MRS. PARIZADE V. HATHAWAY.

THE little Snowbird does not wait, as the Snow Bunting, the Lapland Longspur, and many other of our winter friends do, until the days of ice and snow, but he comes to us in the golden haze of October. You will generally find him among weeds and low trees. He has an ashy black coat, a white under-garment, and two pure white feathers and another partly white in each side of his tail. When he flies, these white feathers are very conspicuous. He greets us with a lively little "chip!" or with his trill, which sounds something like "Chi-chi-chi-chi-chip, chi-chi-chi-chi-chip."

A part of the snowbirds have spent the summer and reared their young among the

eastern and northern mountains of the United States. Others have been to British America; some of these as far north as the Arctic circle. There the modest nests were made upon the ground, the white eggs spotted with reddish laid, and the little ones brought up. It is a long journey to reach their winter quarters in the United States. Look at the bird, only six and a quarter inches long, and at the wings only three inches long. But the little body is full of restless life and vigor; he takes his journeys lightly, resting now and then a few days in quiet places where food is plenty, and arrives among us as plump and bright-eyed as bird could wish to be.

When the winter days are cold, and the weeds so deeply covered with snow that their seeds can not be obtained, the snowbirds are often seen around the barn looking for grass seeds, or about the house-door picking up crumbs.

The male has a sweet strain that he often sings in March and April. It is low and somewhat broken, and very different from his trilling or vibratory notes. The snowbird lives upon seeds and insects, and belongs to the family of the sparrows.

"Tchip, te-wit, te-wit, te-weet, tweet!" comes from the willows in the creek hollow, and the brown weeds there look browner still with the brown-shaded backs of the tree sparrows. Their wings are brown, varied with black and white, their crowns chestnut; the sides of their heads and necks ash, and there is a dark spot that you could cover with the end of one of your fingers in the center of their whitish breasts.

The tree sparrow flies down from the northland in late October, and, like the brown leaves of the forest, drops into warm, quiet spots. His presence is as cheerful as the sunlight, and all through the long cold winter he makes the days glad to me. At the first breath of spring a song fills his throat. Sitting in large numbers on the branches of the trees in the warm sun, sometimes half a dozen are singing at once, "E-chee, chiv, chiv, chiv-a-wait, wait, wait." The voice is pure and silvery, and seems a

natural part of the clear, crisp air still full of the frosts of winter. I have heard this song even in January.

One day in spring, just as the creek was throwing off his icy overcoat, I saw one of these birds perched on a willow stem which formed a bridge across the creek at the surface of the water. He hopped down upon another stem that lay an inch or so deep in the water, immersed his head and shoulders, and shook himself smartly. Then raising his head, he dropped his tail into the water and made the bright drops fly over him. He then hopped upon his willow bridge, ruffed up his feathers, shook them thoroughly and adjusted them carefully, seeming highly pleased with his ice-cold bath.

All winter, after each fresh snow which has thawed slightly at the top, its surface around our cribs and among the weeds is covered with the delicate quilting of his little tracks. Here are two tracks side by side; a few inches away two more; each hop has left its mark in tiny footprints.

When May comes, bringing with it the rich voices of the wood-thrush and the rose-breasted grosbeak, I hear the little tree sparrows no more; he has flown away.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

HOW many of the LITTLE CORPORAL'S "Grand Army" know any thing about the sort of houses that their great, great, great-grandfathers and mothers used to live in? Some of you children will find it hard to believe that even rich people, three hundred years ago, lived in *mud huts*, while, kings and cardinals knew nothing of the luxury of glazed windows and elegantly-furnished dwellings, even in beautiful, wealthy England, whence many of our ancestors came; and from which not only our language, but nearly all our laws and customs, were derived. In the rich enjoyment of the cheery comfort of our modern homes, we fail to realize the utter dreari-

ness that characterized the rude abodes of our ancestors only a few centuries back. How wretchedly forlorn look the uncouth cots of three centuries ago, built in what has been expressively termed the "wattle and dab style" of architecture, with their brown mud walls, their poverty of ornament, and scantiness of the coarse furniture. How strikingly in contrast with our commodious houses, their neat and elegant appointments, their "modern improvements" to lessen labor and increase the comfort of the inmates, our luxurious beds, softly-cushioned furniture, downy carpets and elegant draperies, our cosy fireplaces, mellow gas-lights, and the thousand nameless elegancies that beautify the dwellings not only of the rich, but are, in our day, widely diffused among all classes of the community.

The march of improvement is no less apparent in dress and diet; for we are told by veritable historians that the "third Henry was the first English King who ever wore a shirt;" and even the voluptuous Henry VIII. knew nothing of the luxury of stockings, their place being supplied by "cloth hose," not unlike the Chinese stockings of the present day, which are simply ill-shapen bags for the feet, composed of unbleached shirting. This possessing no elasticity, the "bags" can not of course be fitted to the foot, but must be made double the size of an ordinary stocking in order to be pulled on and off with ease. Another proof of the rudeness of the times ago is found in the charge brought against the elegant, ease-loving Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, that "he had the floor of his dining-room strewn with clean straw or hay every morning in winter, and with fresh bulrushes or green branches each day in summer, in order that such of the knights that came to dine with him as could not find room on the benches might sit down and eat comfortably on the floor." The royal bed of even the third Henry consisted merely of a litter of loose rushes and heather, without the refinement of sheets, pillows, or counterpanes; nor was it until the close of the fifteenth century that straw was discarded from the

sleeping apartments of the monarchs of England.

It was a whole century later that witnessed the introduction of the *first forks* at the tables of even the most refined society of Great Britain, their use having been borrowed from Venice about the year 1608; and this simple utensil is described as "an instrument to hold meat provided for each person at dinner, it being considered by the refined Venetians as ill-mannered to touch the viands with the fingers." Chimneys were unknown in England before the thirteenth century, and previous to that period the logs were kindled on a stone in the center of the main apartments, while the smoke was allowed egress through a hole in the roof; and houses were lighted by splinters of fatted wood or pans of burning grease.

The manufacture of glass was introduced into England in 1557, plates of horn being made to supply its place till then. Rude wooden bowls and platters, and a sort of rough, unglazed crockery about as elegant as roofing tiles, were all the table-ware known in England till the art of glazing crockery was discovered by Paliassy, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Those were emphatically the days of straw beds and bare floors, of smoky ceilings and unglazed windows; days of leathern doublets in place of linen shirts, of wooden shoes and no stockings; while such indispensables in our day as forks and glasses, watches, bonnets, books, coaches, and even soap, were almost unknown.

Besides this, fruits and flowers were rare and costly luxuries, scantily enjoyed even by the rich. English men and women had not yet learned to indulge in tea and coffee-drinking. Yeast for bread was not brought into requisition until the year 1634; and previous to the reign of James the First the staple bread of the country was a coarse, unleavened, black mass of barley-meal, an unattractive and indigestible diet that would scarce be tolerated in our day of epicurean tastes by even the poorest. Cabbages and salads were introduced from Flanders as late as 1520, while even in the reign of Charles II. cauliflowers ("Queen of Vegetables," as

they were then called) were too rare and expensive an article of diet to be sold in the markets. At the beginning of the seventeenth century few people knew even the taste of beans, peas, or lettuce; and nearly all of our common fruits were in England unheard-of delicacies till fifteen hundred years after the Christian Era. Apples were introduced from Syria in 1525; strawberries from Flanders in 1530; gooseberries from the same country a few years later; currants from Corinth in 1533; pears from China and Continental Europe in 1562; plums from Damascus in 1596, and walnuts from America in 1629. Most of our garden flowers were brought to England from various lands during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his three children who succeeded him.

England had her first carriage in 1553, her first hackney coach in 1650, her first mail-coach in 1784, and her first watch in 1658; while it was only in the years 1641 and 1666, respectively, that tea and coffee came into general use by our English ancestors. Gas-lights came in a century and a half later. The inventor was a Frenchman, an engineer of roads and bridges, by name Phillippe Le Bon, who in 1785 adopted the idea of using, for purposes of illumination, the gases distilled during the combustion of wood. He labored for a long time in the attempt to perfect his crude invention, and it was not until the year 1800 that he took out a patent. In 1816 the first use was made of gas in London, and in 1818 this invention, really of French origin, was first applied in France.

Thus it will be seen that for our English ancestors the age of comfort, the golden age of refined civilization, had its birth about the beginning of the sixteenth century, as the fifteenth gave us the priceless invention of *printing*. How rapid has been the growth and development of the last three or four hundred years, till it has passed into a proverb, that in no other language, and by no other people in the wide world, is the word *comfort* so thoroughly understood as the English; and we live in an age of luxury that renders it difficult for us even to comprehend the inconveniences and hardships of our ancestors only three hundred years ago.

LITTLE WARRIORS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

PERHAPS you think such tiny creatures as insects are very helpless, and you would laugh at the idea that one of them could shoot guns at you.

But you needn't laugh, for it is true. And a funny little fellow he is, too. He is a beetle, and is called—from his shooting propensities—the *Bombardier Beetle*.

Though he makes a loud explosion, and a blue smoke, exactly like a tiny gun, he don't send out balls, or even shot, but a bad-smelling fluid, that causes a burning feeling where it hits, and undoubtedly is very severe to his small enemies. At any rate it drives them away.

Most of these little creatures have weapons to defend themselves against their insect enemies, and some have weapons strong enough to protect them from boys, and even men.

The wasp and hornet are perfectly safe, with their powerful stings, you know. And our little atom of a bug has a sting that will make a man lose his senses in five minutes, and make him so ill as nearly to kill him.

Would you like to see an insect that carries a double whip, and lashes it furiously around to keep off flies and other troublesome creatures? You have only to catch a puss-moth (no relation to your pussy cat), and you'll see the little whipper.

It is really wonderful what brave little warriors these tiny items are.

A bee, or even an ant, will not hesitate to attack an elephant if he thinks his rights are trampled upon. And, by the way, an army of ants can kill large animals, even men, if their hands are tied so they can't defend themselves.

The little warriors in the spider family are very spirited. They will show fight in an instant if a man interferes with their comfort.

Not all these little creatures are fighters, however; there are several other ways of protecting themselves. One way is that taken by children who have done something naughty, and don't want to be found out—to hide. Some of these hidors cover themselves with mud or sand, and when they keep still they 'look like tiny lumps of dirt. But the oddest

of the hiding sort is a bug that sometimes gets into houses.

If you want to know its name, it is *Reduvius Personatus*, and he isn't half an inch long either. Arn't you glad your name isn't three times as long as you are?

But I didn't tell you how he hides. He covers himself with dust of rooms, particles of carpet wool, and tiny threads of cotton and silk, till he looks like a walking dust heap, or an awful ugly spider; but if he keeps still you can scarcely see him.

Another, a tiny fly, with a long name, which I know you'll never remember, so I'll leave it in the grown-up books, hides himself under a high pile of the skins and down of the smaller insects he eats. As if you should cover yourself with sheep-skins after eating mutton. If you take off this odd coat, and put him under a glass, or where he can't get insects to kill, he will dress himself in the first thing that presents, either silk or paper. He isn't particular, if it's only a good thick coat.

You know how men will run away from a helpless little animal no bigger than your kitten, called a skunk, because of an unpleasant fashion he has of emptying perfume bags on them. Well, very little insects also have scent bags probably quite as offensive to their enemies. Some beautiful lace-winged flies smell so horrible that even naturalists, who handle bugs and spiders every day, hate to touch them.

There are a great many insects who are not warriors, and who don't hide, and have no scent bags to shoot at one. Don't think they are defenseless, however; the very tiniest of them has some way to take care of himself.

Many protect themselves by taking some peculiar position that makes them look like a stick or stone.

One caterpillar, who lives on trees, if disturbed, will hold on with his two hind legs, and stick up the rest of his body in such a way that he looks exactly like a little twig. One gardener that I read of, attempted to pick off what he thought was a dead twig, but his caterpillarship having no desire to be picked off, came to life in the gardener's hand, and frightened him so that he dropped it in horror.

One little beetle will stiffen out as if dead, his legs as stiff as iron-ware. He thus escapes

being eaten by a bird, who don't eat dead bugs. These bugs and spiders, who pretend to be dead, or "play possum," will keep up the play till the last breath. They may be torn to pieces, limb by limb, or burned by a slow fire, but not a sign or a quiver will they give. Poor little things! they seem to know that it is their only hope of escape.

One little creature, when frightened, rolls himself into a ball. He happens to make a very pretty ball, for he is black and shiny, and has white stripes.

I read a story of a girl who was once walking in a garden, when she chanced to disturb a family of these bugs. Of course they all became balls at once. The girl noticed them, and supposing they were beads of an unusually pretty kind, she gathered a handful of them, carried them home and proceeded to string them. Naturally the bugs objected to being strung, and turned into bugs again in her hands. Probably she screamed and dropped them all on the floor; at any rate she never strung any live beads again.

Some of these rolling up creatures look like little stones, and others like the black seeds of flowers. Caterpillars which roll up look like funny little hair balls, and it is almost impossible to take them up, they slip through the fingers so easily.

The very oddest insects that I ever heard of, are those that are dressed in disguise all their lives. One who lives in the black dirt, with patches of white sand in it, is himself black and white, just the color of his home, and can scarcely be seen in it.

One of the specter families looks so much like a little stick that you would never believe him to be alive unless you saw him run. He is long and thin, exactly like a twig, and his six legs are like smaller twigs. His head looks like a kind of bud in the end, and his tail—well, his tail looks so much like his head that I could never tell which was which. He is such an odd-looking object that one hates to touch him, and I saw a gentleman try to catch one with a pair of scissors. Instead of catching him, alas! he cut him quite in two. Before we recovered from our horror, he ran away, the head end one way and the tail end the other way. I should, therefore, consider that he had two heads and no tail, but the wise

men, who know more about it, say he has but one. This creature has funny names in different places. We used to call him "knitting needles." In Brazil he is called the "devil's horse," and by some others "the walking-stick." Being so light and having such long legs, he can run like the wind, and you'll have to be lively if you catch him.

Another family who dress in disguise are called *Mantidæ*. They imitate dry leaves, and look so exactly like them, that even when they move one can hardly believe they are not dry leaves rustling along in the breeze. It looks funny enough to see a little leaf walk off. Some look like rose-colored flowers, and others like small red fruit.

All that I have told you of, take care each one for himself. But have you ever read of wasps and bees, who live in families? They appoint sentinels, who keep watch all night as well as all day, to prevent any enemy from entering the house. If they have a very troublesome enemy, they build a thick wall over the door, leaving only a tiny hole for one of themselves to get out. Ants also close the doors to their homes at night by walling them up with sand so that no insect can get in.

LITTLE MARGARET.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

LITTLE Margaret! robed in white,
There with folded hands she lies,
Breathless silence on her lips,
Deepest slumber on her eyes.

Leaving earth with no regrets
Clinging to her Heavenward feet,
All that she has known of life
Was to grow more fair and sweet.

Yesterday she was our own,
Ours to comfort, love and teach;
Now, she seems a wondrous star,
Shining far beyond our reach.

Lay the scattered toys aside,
Fold the little clothes away;
Smooth the empty cradle-bed,
No more needed day by day.

Angels shall attend her now,
With immortal food and rest;
Leading her with tenderest care
Through the gardens of the blessed.

THE GREAT FIRE.

IT seems hopeless to attempt to convey to our readers any idea of the extent of the ruin which has fallen upon our city. As we walk up and down the desolate region that but a few days ago was the magnificent business center of a populous city, tracing with difficulty the well-known streets by the tottering fragments left here and there to tell the site of some splendid building, we feel that only those who see the Chicago of today and remember the Chicago of last week can comprehend the utter destruction. (The best we can do is to give a summary, mostly from our city papers, of the general extent of the conflagration.) The entire city was like tinder, owing to the long drouth, and on the night of Saturday, the 7th of October, a fire broke out in the West Division, burning over eighteen acres before it could be checked. On Sunday evening, at 9 o'clock, the fire broke out afresh in a stable on the corner of De Koven and Twelfth Streets, in which a woman was milking a cow, the animal kicking over and breaking a kerosene lamp. From this small beginning the great city has been laid in ruins. The fire began at 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, October 8, and raged with unabated fury until Tuesday morning, October 10. The flames spread from house to house, from block to block, from street to street, with a degree of rapidity that is incredible. It would seem as if a shower of fire from heaven had fallen upon that part of the city, or as if a hot and fiery wind from the clouds had swept down upon us.

The wind, which was very violent, was from the southwest, and of course the direction of the conflagration was northerly and northeasterly, and was irresistible in its progress.

Not a more terrible calamity has ever overtaken any city in modern times. The number of buildings destroyed exceeds 20,000. The amount of property destroyed will exceed \$200,000,000. The number of miles in length of the scene of conflagration is about five, and its width ranges from a mile to half a mile. Not less than 2,500 acres have been completely burned over. It is believed that not less than 500 lives have been lost—perhaps many more.

The residents and occupants of buildings fled in terror from the rapidly sweeping ocean of flames. But few had time to save

anything but their lives. Men, women, and children, in swarms, fled in terror before the conflagration, and never before, on the face of God's earth, has such a spectacle of terror, agony, chaos and suffering been witnessed. Words are too weak to give the reader anything like a just idea of the horrible scene.

The whole area burned over is not less than 2,500 acres, all of which was thickly covered with buildings. The South Division was literally packed with great stone and brick edifices, including all the banks, all the great hotels, all the newspaper offices, all the places of amusement, all the public buildings, some of the principal churches, and in fact the very heart and wealth and greatness of the city—all are now indistinguishable heaps of rubbish. The North Division was filled with business houses, many fine residences, many manufactories, many fine churches, the City Water-Works, and about ten thousand smaller houses occupied by shops and residences—all these are also now in ruins.

The whole country, nay, the whole world, is alive to the extent of our Great Calamity, and contributions of money, food, clothing, etc., are coming in from all directions in vast quantities, and our community is unspeakably grateful to the country at large for its prompt efforts to relieve the wants and sufferings of 100,000 homeless citizens.

Such, in few words, have we tried to give our readers some idea of the extent of this terrible calamity which has fallen upon the great and beautiful city of Chicago. We have said nothing of the individual losses sustained, the daring and heroic attempts of persons to rescue life and property from the devouring flames; the suffering of nearly a hundred thousand of men, women and children, exposed to the flames, fleeing for shelter and passing the day and night in the open air, exhausted with fatigue and hunger; this part of the history of this fearful time no pen can describe.

Our own home is in Evanston, a beautiful suburban village about twelve miles from the city, and we learned of the fire only on Monday morning, after our office had already been destroyed. Nothing was saved except our subscription list and books of accounts, which Mr. James Wilson, the mailing clerk, removed from the office when he saw that the building was already reached by the fire. But, as we have said in another place that, with brave hearts and willing hands, we shall go on with publishing **THE LITTLE CORPORAL**, and, relying upon the help of our many thousands of friends throughout the world, we shall rise above the ruins, brighter and better than ever before. Good friends, will you stand by us?

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VOL. XIII.—DECEMBER, 1871.—No. 6.

SUMMER DAYS AT KIRKWOOD.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER V.



DOCTOR GRAY came in to dinner with so bright a face that every one felt sure he had some good news to tell.

"Something has happened to my Doctor," said Ruthie, patting his arm as she sat beside him ; "he's been so pale and tired, and now his eyes 'are full of happy,' as Joey says."

The Doctor only gave Ruthie a special smile, and went on with his carving.

"Uncle Edward knows something good," said Benny, eagerly. "Now, you've got to tell."

"It is good for me," said the Doctor, quietly. "I have been feeling tired lately, and as if I must have rest. Now I've just heard that Dr. Parsons has come home, and I can be free for two or three weeks,

"And go camping," interrupted Benny ; "hurrah for camp ! We'll all turn into regular wild Injuns."

"I should think one of our party was behaving a good deal like a wild Indian now," said mamma, with a grave look at Benny.

"Oh, Uncle Edward, excuse me," said Bennie. "I didn't mean to interrupt you, but I'm so full of tickle seems ef I should bust."

"So am I," said Tom. "I just expected we were going to be cheated out of our camping by those patients of yours. I've had good mind to prescribe for them myself. I agree with Hannah that it's 'perpetooal trantrums' that ails some of them."

"I should hardly like to take you into partnership," said the Doctor, "but there is no reason now why we can not all go."

"And take Ruthie and the baby," queried Mrs. Harrington, doubtfully.

"Certainly," said the Doctor, "It will do them good every minute. I'll warrant you all to gain at the rate of——"

One glance at Lillie's face decided the Doctor not to say at what rate, for that little maiden was growing, already, with a rapidity that grieved and mortified her.

"All my prettiest clothes are too small," she declared, "and my blue dress squeezes so it makes me miserable every Sunday. I'd stop eating if I could, but I do get so hungry."

Jubilee had been sitting just outside the dining-room door, but at the first mention of baby, she vanished and began dancing about the yard with the astonished infant perched upon her shoulder, clutching frantically at the small knobs like budding horns with which it was Jube's delight to adorn her head.

"Whatever has come over Jube," said Polly Vance, "she's clean lost her senses."

"Folks can't lose what they never had," said Hannah ; and as Jube came chuckling and grinning into the kitchen, she seized her by one shoulder and settled her solidly into a chair.

"Now thee stop your fizzling and sputtering like a bottle of ginger beer, and see if you can't tell what ails you."

"Laws, Hannah," said Jube, "did ye know dis yer house gwine fer to shet up ? De folks is gwine fer to pitch der tents in de wild'nness like de Ishmelites."

"H'm," said Hannah, picking up her iron with a kind of indignant snort, and beginning to use it vigorously. "When I was a gal, my mother taught me it was a matter of thankfulness to have a ruff over your head, and clean, hulsome vittles to eat, but nowadays folks go to temptin' Providence by throwin' away their privileges, and roostin' about like savages, and eatin' their vittles with snakes and spiders runnin' over 'em."

Then turning savagely upon Jube, she demanded,

"What business is it of yours, anyhow; you don't s'pose they'll wan't you along?"

"Jube is going," said Rose, coming into the kitchen. "Oh dear, seems as if I never could wait two days. I wish you'd go too, Hannah."

"Not while my senses are spared," said Hannah, grimly, yet she was secretly pleased by Rosie's wish, and was presently revolving in her soft old heart what goodies she could prepare for the camp stores.

For the next two days every one was busy. Mrs. Harrington ransacked the house for tin cups and plates, old forks and spoons, cushions, comforts and blankets. Boxes were filled with tea, coffee, salt, pepper and sugar; stores of cornmeal, salt pork, eggs, crackers, butter were put up, while Hannah baked and and boiled and roasted from morning till night. To her utter astonishment, the Doctor summarily banished the greater part of her delicacies from the camp stores.

"Plenty of good bread, butter and cold meats if you like," said the Doctor, "but no pies and cakes. There is no use in camping if we are to be stuffed with unwholesome luxuries."

There was no use in disputing the Doctor's decision, and Hannah knew that as well as the children, but she dropped a briny tear into her dish-pan over the unheard-of insult that her cooking should be called *unwholesome*.

"It all comes of givin' hisself up to heathenism, and I cookin' the best and the richest of everything in this house for twenty years, and never heard a word of complaint before."

But presently she went about her work with her old triumphant smile, which meant that as usual she was silenced but not vanquished.

Benny stored up bait, and laid in a fresh armament of harmless dirks and bows and arrows. Rose and Lillie packed their whole assortment of dolls in a peach basket with small regard to social distinction, and Jubilee tied up her worldly possessions in a bandanna handkerchief, including a tow chignon and a couple of cast-off bonnets. Tom and the Doctor spent a day in exploring with a view to selecting a place for a camp. Tom was in favor of cutting quite loose from civilization, and going away into the wilderness, but the Doctor objected.

"It might do for you and me, but not for such a regiment of babies."

In the bottom of his heart Tom wished the regiment of babies was not going into camp, but to his infinite credit he did not say so, and assented very amiably when the Doctor decided that they would pitch their tents on the upper end of Big Island, about two miles from home.

The island lay like an irregular crescent, the inner curve toward Kirkwood, and near the upper end a small clearing offered a favorable spot for the tents, sheltered from the wind by the dense background of trees, and having quite a level beach instead of the precipitous bluffs or long marshes that formed the remainder of the shore. The tangled undergrowth abounded in small game, and within the memory of men a fortunate hunter had shot a deer upon the island. Andy's stout arms were brought into requisition to convey the "traps" to the island, Benny, as usual, begging passage with him, while the rest of the party followed in their own boats.

The three tents were pitched in a semicircle just in the shadow of the forest, while in front at a safe distance a great circle of stones was laid, to keep the camp fire within bounds. Behind the tents a big tree was selected for a kitchen, and in its trunk stout nails were driven to support a board table, and on which to hang the cooking utensils, while another fireplace and the little sheet-iron camp-stove were near by. Around another tree were arranged the various stores, and under its roots a hole was dug, lined with flat stones, and furnished with a roof and door of the same material. This was the cellar, and a very good one it proved, keeping the milk and but-

ter cool and fresh. The floor of the tents was first plentifully strewn with hay, and then blankets, quilts and buffalo robes spread over, forming a very comfortable bed for sound sleepers; at least, if you did not chance to sleep, you could improve your time by reflecting on the unwholesomeness of soft beds. But the greatest triumph was the dining-room, for which they selected a spot partially shaded by four trees. Small saplings were nailed to these at the right height for a roof, and by laying branches across and interweaving them at the side a green bower was formed, which might have tempted the queen of the fairies herself to stop and dine. Mrs. Harrington had taken some long feather bolsters from the garret and furnished them with coverings of gay chintz, and when these were thrown down on either side to form a divan, the long, green bower was complete.

All this is quickly told, but the doing required a good deal of right hard work, and by the time it was finished the older members of the party were completely tired out, and the children impatient for dinner.

"I'm glad I need not cook dinner for you all to-day," said Mrs. Harrington, as they seated themselves on the cushions and began to investigate the contents of the palls and boxes ranged through the middle of the bower.

"Cold ham," said the Doctor, peering into a box; "that is satisfactory, if any one knows where the carving knife is."

A careful examination revealed the fact that there was not a knife in the stores.

"Never mind," said Tom, "there are sure to be four jack-knives, and if anybody objects, let him cut his own ham with a teaspoon."

Nobody ventured to object, so they ate, each one as they pleased, ham, biscuits, pie, pickles and cheese.

"If there is anything Hannah has a genius for, it is cooking and not obeying orders," said the Doctor, as he helped himself to a second piece of pie and a great, puffy doughnut, and if Hannah could have seen the relish with which he disposed of her "unwholesome stuff," she would have quite forgiven him the insult.

Joey meandered about in his usual graceful fashion, sitting down successively upon two buttered biscuits, a slice of ham, and his

mother's cup of cold coffee, but otherwise the meal was eminently satisfactory. When it was over the Doctor threw himself upon a blanket, under a tree, and declared his intention of staying there as long as the sun shone. Mrs. Harrington sat beside him with a bit of knitting, baby rolled and tumbled over his feet, Ruthie swung in her hammock, and the rest of the party were left to their own devices. Tom disappeared with his gun, in search of partridges. Dick and Benny went fishing, in the boat, and Rose and Lillie strolled hand in hand down the little, half-marked cattle path, followed by Jubilee and Joey. The merry little troupe were full of unmixed delight. To Jubilee, especially, the week promised one long holiday from all that was irksome in her daily life. Jubilee was really trying to "behave," though her ideas of good behavior were extremely vague; still, it was enough to keep up a constant warfare between the flesh and the spirit, to feel that she must not whoop, and whistle, and turn somersaults on all occasions. Now, for three blessed weeks, she was free to wade barefoot in the clear water; to dig, with Joey, in the clean, warm sand; to climb trees and drop, like a cat, from the lithe branches; to let all the sparkling merriment of her nature have full play. And, as the little party chattered along the way, filling their arms with queer forest treasures, and watching birds, and squirrels, and strange insects, there was not a single thought of any social inequality, but only the glad companionship of a free, roving life.

Toward evening Tom came back with a couple of plump partridges, and Dick and Benny brought in a fine lot of fish.

"Take them down to the water and dress them," said mamma, "and you shall have fish and johnnycake for breakfast."

Dick grumbled a little; he had quite made up his mind to have fish for supper, but he finally went away with a pretty good grace to dress them.

"I thought we should just live on fish," said Benny, as they ate their lunch; "Jim Dacres and me caught a whole pail full of bait."

"I think it's too mean to catch those lively little minnows just for bait," said Lillie,

"They're so tame, too; when Rose and I went in bathing, if we stood still a minute, they'd come around our feet in swarms and just nibble our toes."

"That's what makes it easy to catch them," said Benny, coolly, "'cause they're tame; anyway they'd get gobbled up, for the pickerel swallow 'em down by the dozen at a bite."

"We had frogs to-day," said Dick. "I like frogs best for bait."

"Dick Harrington!" exclaimed Ruthie, "You don't mean to say a fish will swallow a frog?"

"Not a whole one," said Dick; "that's why it takes so many—we only use the legs."

"And you *kill* them?" queried Rose, in a hesitating way, as if she was cross-questioning a possible murderer.

"Why, yes; of course," said Dick, trying to smile as he looked at the horrified faces of his sisters; "that is, Benny killed 'em; he gets the bait."

"Jim Dacres showed me," said Benny, a little bit abashed. "You see, it don't hurt 'em much. Just hit 'em one crack with a switch and they keel over as dead as anything."

"I'll never eat any fish again," said Lillie, indignantly. "It's cruel, wicked work, and it's enough to ruin our boys."

"But you don't mind trolling for fish, and catching them without any bait?" said Tom, laughing a little.

"No; that doesn't seem so bad as killing all those innocent little creatures," said Lillie.

"Well," said Tom, "how about the poor, innocent little fish; and this poor, innocent little roast chicken; and all those poor, innocent little bugs and butterflies in your collection that you are so proud of?"

"O, that's a different thing," said Lillie, quickly.

"I don't see why," said Tom. "It looks like very much the same thing to me, provided we use the fish for food. Wantonly inflicting pain or destroying life is cruelty. But I don't see why it should be any more cruel to kill a frog for bait than to make one of those fricassees that you and Del thought was so '*perfectly elegant*,' at Wright's, last summer."

"It isn't nice to catch frogs, though," admitted Benny. "I don't like to crack 'em over when they jump up and sit looking at you like so many noodles. Once, yesterday, when we found a regular pile of 'em, a great green fellow jumped clear over the water, and sat up on a log and *croonked* away with all his might. Jim said he was making a speech."

"I dare say he was," said Tom. "Some time I'll tell you what he said."

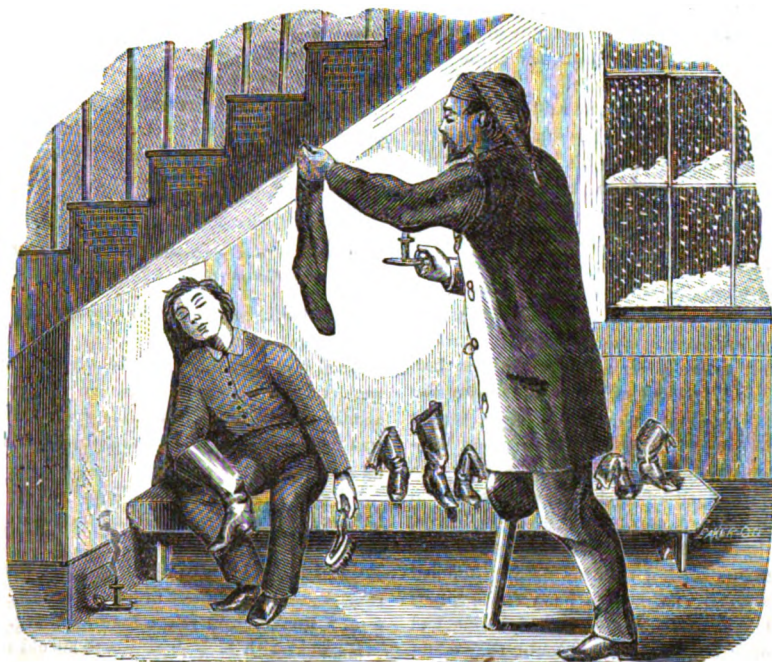
As soon as the sun set the great camp fire was lighted, the musquito curtains dropped before the tent doors, and the baby and Joey tucked away to sleep upon their beds of hay, while the rest of the party gathered about the fire. As the flames mounted higher, they made a broad circle of light, in which the tents stood out white and distinct against the dark background of the forest, and shining here and there down the openings, filled the gloom with strange, fantastic shadows. Across the silent water they could see the lights of Kirkwood, and it gave them a pleasant sense of companionship to think that their own fire made a beacon light to friends and neighbors.

"It's just like a story," said Rose, nestling with Lillie on the soft plush of the carriage robe. "I play we were in Egypt, camping on the banks of the Nile."

"Then I must tell you a story of Egypt," said the Doctor, who had been a traveler in many lands, and he straightway began one of his charming tales of adventure in the East. Then Tom sung "The Frog's Complaint," and the boys joined in the chorus, with all manner of croonks and croaks, until the forest fairly rang with their merriment, and the astonished squirrels, wakened from their naps by the noise and the light, chattered over their heads and dropped down acorns on the tent roofs. There was no chilly dampness in the clear, dry air; but, as the fire burned lower, they sang an evening hymn, and bowed their heads while the Doctor, in a few earnest words, commended them all to the Father's keeping, and then they went to their tents, to sleep as people sleep nowhere but in camp

[To be continued.]





SAM AND THE CAPTAIN.

BY RUTH WARRINGTON.

The oil lamp in the hall was burning low, and the wide stairs were half hid in the shadows. The echoes had died out of the long passages, and the last door had slammed. The night stage was in, and the host had barred the door after the driver, who was already snoring in the "three-story back." The snow clicked, clicked, against the window panes, and the cold crept in wherever it could find a place, and the house was so quiet that the timid mice crept out to gather a few crumbs. But every one was not abed, for soon the mice scuttled away from the light of a single candle which was coming through the lower hall.

"Ah!" yawned a boy, advancing out of the darkness with the candle, "it's not much fun to be Sam here. I wish my name was anything else. 'Here Sam, hold this horse;' 'Sam, get a pail of water;' 'You're wanted by No. 2, Sam;' 'Boots, Sam;' from morning till night it's the same."

Having reached the end of the passage, he turned in under the stairs and set his candle on the floor.

"Then everybody goes to bed and I must clean the boots," he continued. "No 6 is going hunting in the morning, and his boots must go by the kitchen fire, and 12 in goes the early stage. There's a sight, and to-morrow's Christmas, too."

During these comments Sam had made ready for his work, and now seating himself began to polish in earnest. There was quite a large space under the stairs, and here he had a low bench to sit on, and a shelf for his brushes and boxes, while the boots were strewn over the floor. There were enough to-night to daunt any one, for every room in the tavern was full, and the household had been unusually busy all day. Down one side of the hall, in sight of Sam, under the stairs, hung a row of bells, each with its white number painted above it.

He worked away in silence, yawning and rubbing his eyes until all the boots were clean but one, which stood by itself, and alone bore the number eight on its sole.

"Ah! I'm so sleepy," he said, as he lifted his hand into this boot. His brush had a very uncertain movement, and his head nodded the most violent affirmation to his weariness. The boot began to swell, then to double itself, and with a long breath Sam gave up the struggle and slept. Jack Frost peeped into the window and blew a little snow under the sash, and Sam's candle sputtered and choked, as if it too was annoyed at the late hour. Just as Sam fell asleep a door opened in the hall above, and strange sounds came down the stairs. Tread, tap, tread, tap, like a person with one foot and a cane. The shadows bobbed about, now higher; now lower, the mice sat at the door of their holes to see who was coming, and old Jack shaded his heavy, white brows with his hand, and pressed so close to the window that his breath dimmed the glass. It might have been Santa Claus at that hour, Christmas eve, and if one had the proper kind of ears no doubt they could have heard his reindeer outside. But, after all, it was only Captain Knight coming down for some wood. He had a habit of sitting up until after midnight Christmas eve, because it was his birthnight, because his mother went to the white-winged angels that night, and the reason that he gave, if asked, an odd fancy about his name, Christian Knight. What is that but Christmas eve? he would ask. So to-night, as he sat by his fire thinking, he did not notice that his wood was gone until the ashes became gray and he began to shiver.

"Sam must be abed by this time; at any rate he ought to be, he works well," he said, "and I will go and get the wood myself."

So down he stumped, for when he lost his leg at Gettysburg, he refused to have any substituted but the old-fashioned wooden one, "for," said he, "my father wore one before me, and it is good enough."

His image was the strangest thing the mice had ever seen, with the stiff leg going up and down, the flaring candle wick like a black-pointed comet, and his red night-cap with the tassel hanging down behind, for Captain Knight's hair was thin, and his head cold.

"Who's here?" he cried, spying Sam. "It's that boy fast asleep over my boot!" and holding out the candle at arm's-length, he stood and looked at Sam.

"I wonder if he remembers his mother," he said, after a time; "but my fire's going out without any wood;" and he went away through the kitchen humming a carol that reads,

"And with a gladsome Christmas to all good Christian men."

Coming back, he stopped to contemplate Sam again, and seemed to have an idea which pleased him very much, for he went up stairs rapidly for a man with a wooden leg and an armful of wood. When in his room, the fire was forgotten, and in his haste for more light he snuffed out the candle.

"I'm a brilliant Santa Claus," he chuckled, and tore a piece of his last newspaper to light it with.

"Let me see," was his next most obvious remark, seating himself in his arm-chair. "I want a stocking, oh yes, a long stocking."

He went with such swiftness to his old trunk in the closet that the red night-cap whisked out straight behind. But he did not think of that as he threw the things about, until he found a long pair of blue woollen stockings, which he used to wear over his boots in camp at night.

"Just the very thing," he cried, unrolling them. "Now, what shall I put into it?"

He seemed to address this question to his wooden leg, for he had stuck it in front of him on the trunk, and now frowned and shook his head at it.

"Skates! I don't believe he ever saw a pair;" and again he dove into the trunk and tossed its contents. In a minute out came the skates, firmly tied together, and were thrust into one of the long stockings. But it had an empty, lank look that did not satisfy Captain Knight, and he hung it on a chair and stared at it as he had at Sam.

"Hullo, my fire's most out," and for a few minutes he poked at that, and fed it with sticks. He now pulled his night-cap over his eye and surveyed his few books on the shelf.

"There's that Treatment and Training of Animals, maybe he'd like that?"

The Look was taken down and wiped with the mate to the long stocking, and then the name Christian Knight was discovered written in it. That would not do, and the drawer was emptied to find pen and ink for an alteration. Christian was changed to Christmas, and Knight with astonishing flourishes turned into Sam.

"Merry Christmas, Sam, the writing is something in itself;" and the book went into the stocking with the skates.

"Now, let me see, what did mother use to put into my stocking in the days when I was young, and went on two legs," and he sat before the fire and looked up the chimney. "Candy, that's it, but where can I get it? No, that won't do," and he sat down again, for he had started up at the thought.

"There's a box of Brown's Troches, but he wouldn't like those, and my pipe and tobacco box, but I can't spare them, and it isn't good for a boy either. He might like that horn drinking cup and a knife—that's what they always give boys;" and he gave a jump which whisked off his cap, put out the candle, upset the chair, stocking and all.

Having relighted the candle, he emptied his pocket and selected one of his two knives.

"There's a blade gone, but it's a good knife yet;" and he proceeded to sharpen it on the chimney-piece.

stocking refilled, and then Captain Knight

"It looks well enough except the toe—a collar-box will fill that, but what will fill the box?" He addressed this remark to the fire, but receiving no reply began to search his room again for material.

A campaign-pin with the face of Grant for the head, a gutta-percha whistle, a pocket instand which refused to open, a pencil-case which would not shut, and lastly, a picture of Lincoln carefully done up in white paper, were put in the box. To get the box in the toe the other things had to be taken out and he was ready to go down stairs. With the candle in one hand, and the stocking in the other, he made the descent, and again considered Sam, whose light was now out. Hanging the stocking on a nail near where Sam was sleeping, he was off up stairs again before Jack Frost could make out what he was about.

In his room he wrote on a sheet of paper in

large letters, "Merry Christmas, Sam," and then took from the bottom of his trunk an old leather purse. From that came a silver quarter, which was duly rubbed, and this strange Santa Claus went down to the stocking. The silver was slipped into the boot under Sam's fingers, and the paper-label was for the stocking, but he had brought no pin to fasten it. Back he went for that, and when it was pinned in the right place, he saw his own name on a tape to mark the stocking. His knife would rip that off, but he had left it up stairs, and again the candle and wooden leg flitted and stumped for the knife.

"One thing more," he said, dragging his cap over his ears—"Greens."

He did not mean spinach, or plantains, or dandelion-leaves, though the kitchen pots thought he did, but evergreens. Unbolting the back door, he groped out in the snow. A branch from the pine-tree near the door sufficed him, and shaking the snow from it he placed the branch in the opening of the leg of the stocking.

Filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger along side his nose,

said the Captain as he went up stairs to go to bed, "What a Father Christmas I have been."

Sam slept quietly until the roosters began to crow early in the Christmas morning.

"Cock-a doo-dle-do. It's two o'clock and a frosty morning," they called, as the watchmen used to in the old cities. And so they answered each other under the stars until the great red rooster in the tavern yard crowed.

"Cock-a-doo-dle-do. It's four o'clock on Christmas morning."

The mice understood him if Sam did not, for they all danced in the middle of the floor, and Sam rubbed his eyes and looked about. He could not remember where he was, for the lamp in the hall was nearly burned out, and the stocking stood white and stiff before him. But the boot on his hand soon brought the night to his mind, and how tired he had been. He put it down, got another candle, and lighting it with his eyes half shut, he came back to finish blacking the boot. Then he saw the stocking hanging all out of shape, and slowly read the label.

"It's for me!" he cried; "but what is it?"

He sat on his bench, and looked a long time before he would touch it, and then slowly took the things out. He did not speak a word, though his eyes grew larger and larger, and when he saw the skates he began to whistle. He did not open the collar-box for some time, shaking it, and turning it upside down, and when he finally took off the cover, laying the different articles along his bench, he turned the inkstand so hard that the cover turned right off, and the campaign-pin he instantly put in the front of his shirt. When he had taken every thing out of the stocking he began to caper in the wildest manner. Tying on the skates, drinking imaginary water from the cup, looking at the book, whittling his bench with the knife, trying to write with the pencil, and examining everything again and again.

"It must have been the man himself who fills the stockings," he cried. "I wonder how he knows my name?"

He had spent some time over his discovery, and Captain Knight had waked in his room up stairs, and waiting to see what Sam would say, rang his bell. Sam started.

"It's 8, and he want's his boot!"

And in great haste Sam seized the boot and blacking-brush. His hand fell on the cold

quarter. He drew it out, and fairly shouted, "Silver!"

He held it in the light, turned it over, and stared in amazement. Meantime the bell rang a peal, and Sam took the boot and quarter up stairs.

"O Captain Knight, money in your boot!"

"It is not mine, must be yours."

"I never had any, sir."

"It's come to you; maybe it's a Christmas present," suggested the Captain.

"And he put it there, too," cried Sam; then he told the Captain about his stocking, for the latter was always kind to him.

"O, that's Santa Claus," replied the Captain. "You must have been a good boy, Sam; that's what happens to good boys."

Though Sam was busy all day he was as happy as a king, for whenever he had a spare moment he went to look at his treasures. And he was so cheerful and obliging when any one called on him, for he said to himself, "If Santa Claus thought I was good and brought me the stocking, I will pay him for it."

And the Captain did not tell Sam or any one else of his Christmas eve, and Sam always thought that Santa Claus in his distant palace had remembered him, and filled his stocking, and Christmas was a day of pleasant memories to him for years afterward.

FATHER AND CHILD.

BY HENRY GILLMAN.

In far-off lands my father lives,
And I am like an orphan child
Whose reckless footsteps wander off,
In many a devious way beguiled.

For sorrow comes, and I am slow
To lift my downcast eyes above.
And in my heart is little faith
That hardly guesses at his love.

He often sends me gentle words,
Sweet words of comfort and of grace;
And then I think—what blessedness
To look into that kindly face!

He speaks of my inheritance,
And how his messenger shall come,
One day, to bring his wandering child
To live forever in his home.

"I will not leave you comfortless,
No more an orphan shall you be."
Oh, why have I not greater trust,
For what has he not done for me!

And while he speaks I think I feel
His hand in blessing on my head,
But, oh, what joy for me when comes
The day my feet are homeward led!



WOODEN MARIA.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"Mother, mother," clamored a chorus of eager voices, "may we ask Widow Gerard's Lena to come to-morrow night and see the Tree and the Christ-child? May we, mother?"

"The Christ-child never goes to Lena's house, mother; he doesn't know the way; Widow Gerard said so," remarked Fritz, the oldest boy.

"And Lena is very little," added Pauline.

"Yes; no bigger than *that*," chimed in Nannerl, who was almost a baby herself, solemnly measuring as she spoke with two fat fingers, "but she's a dear child."

Nannerl often made wise and funny speeches. This caused the mother to laugh. The children saw their cause was almost won.

"May we? May we?" they clamored anew.

"Yes," said the mother, "you may ask Lena. She is a good little maiden, and we will see if the Christ-child won't bring a gift for her also. What dost thou think it had best be, Pauline?"

"Oh! a doll, mother. Lena has never had one, and she wishes it of all things. The Christ-child will be sure to know *that*!"

The mother smiled. "We shall see," was all she said.

Widow Gerard was not a favorite in the village where she lived. She was a Roman Catholic, for one thing, and the people about her were mostly Protestants. But, apart from that, she was both proud and poor, and had sometimes resented well-meant advice and offers of help from the neighbors as interference in her affairs. But if she was not liked, little Lena, with her sweet blue eyes, flaxen hair and round, dimpled face, was a universal pet. It vexed the widow, sometimes, to have it so, and yet she was pleased on the whole, and she rarely interfered with any little treat offered the child. So, when Lena rushed in with the news that Dame Ursula's Pauline and Nannerl had invited her to their Christmas eve, she made no objection, but set to work diligently washing and starching Lena's best apron and crimping a little ruffle, that she might be neat and nice for the morrow.

I suppose most of the children who read this have seen a Christmas Tree, somewhere or other in the course of their lives—at fairs, Sunday-schools, or at home. In Germany they are an important part of every Christmas and in every family. Everybody, except the very poorest people, contrives to have one. For weeks beforehand it is planned for by the good house-mothers, and all the useful and necessary things the household requires are saved to be given then. I am afraid some of our dainty little Americans used to consider Christmas Trees merely as articles for toys, sugar-plums, and expensive trifles, and would be inclined to laugh and make fun if they should see one hung with flannel petticoats, thick shoes, boys' jackets, caps, bonnets and stockings! But the little Germans laugh with pleasure. They have waited for these comfortable things just long enough to know their value, and if some *bon-bone*, or a plaything or so, turn up amid the solidier articles, they are rejoiced over as a treat—not taken as a matter of course.

Each member of the family has a bough on these wonderful trees. There are abundance of tapers, tinsel and gilt paper to look bright; rosy apples swing and dangle by the side of brown filberts and bunches of raisins; on top of all is a small-winged figure in wax or

wood, which is called the Christ-child, and whom the little ones believe in as the bringer of all the gifts and the lighter of the candles. I am not sure that the idea of this figure would be acceptable in our country, but for the rest, it seems to me a sweet custom to associate the supply of our common wants with the dear name of Jesus, and to receive them as gifts from Him on his Birthday eve. 'And I fancy Master Jack and Miss Ethel would think more of their new boots and warm cloaks, and perhaps wear them more carefully than they do, if, instead of receiving them at once, they were kept waiting just a little bit, till they really wanted and felt their importance.

You can imagine that the getting up of these mighty trees is a great affair. The little ones dance about and peep through the key-hole, wishing that the time would come; but *somebody* has to work very hard behind the scenes, or it never would come. And very hard, indeed, did Dame Ursula work on this day I am telling about.

Pauline and Fritz and Nannerl thought the time long. They stood in the window repeating, "Sun, sun, go away," at least half an hour before the sun had an idea of doing so. Just as his red, winking eye was dipping below the sky line a modest tap fell upon the door, and in came Lena, looking very neat and pretty in the little frill and white apron.

The children rushed to meet her. "The Christ-child hasn't come yet, Lenchen," they cried, "but he will soon."

"He always comes just as soon as it gets dark," observed Nannerl, who had her eye fixed on the door of the other room, where the mother was shut up alone.

"Does he?" said Lena, timidly.

"And I guess he's come now," went on Nannerl, triumphantly, putting her nose close to a crack.

"What makes you think so?" asked the rest.

"'Cause I heard a noise just now, and I guess it was him scratching a match."

"But," whispered Lena to Pauline, "does the Christ-child really light the candles?"

"Nannerl thinks so," whispered back Pauline, "because she is so little. Fritz and I know better, and mother says we are too big

to make-believe any longer, but we like to be-
cause it is so pleasant."

"See! see!" screamed Nannerl, "he really has come."

In effect lines of light began to appear through the cracks in the door, and to stream through the key-hole, to which Nannerl had applied her eye. In another moment the door opened. There was Dame Ursula smiling brightly, and beyond her the Tree, all daz-
zling with tapers, and bearing aloft the waxen figure of the Christ-child.

The other children shouted for joy, but Lena was too awed for speech. She had never seen anything so beautiful before, and her amazement was unbounded. Even when Dame Ursula began to untie the gifts from the tree and distribute them, she still stood staring and bewildered; nor was it till the Dame approached herself and laid something in her arms that she recovered her senses. Then, indeed, she found a voice. A doll! A real doll of her own.

The doll was made of wood rudely carved, with black, painted hair, and no particular nose to speak of. Some little girls I know would have made fun of it and called it ugly, but to Lena, who had never possessed a doll, it seemed perfectly beautiful. Even the droll, short gown and petticoat it wore, and the linen cap on its head, were exquisite in her eyes. She kissed and fondled it with true motherly affection. "Her name shall be Maria," she said; "how I will love her."

Good Dame Ursula was pleased at her pleasure. She patted the beaming little face as it was raised to thank her, and into both pockets she stuffed a goodly heap of nuts and raisins. Two immense, red-cheeked apples also she laid on top. "One is for thee, and one for thy mother," she said. So Lena went home very happy.

All the way she talked to Maria. "Dear child," she whispered, "I am thy little mother. Didst thou know it? I will wash thee, and dress thee, and put thee to sleep, and love thee much—oh, so much." But Maria never answered a word, and the smile about her painted mouth was a sad one.

"I know I shan't sleep to-night," said Lena to her mother. "I am too happy." But before she had been long in bed her head began

to nod, the lashes drooped and fell over her eyes, and she was sound asleep. Maria sat with her wooden back propped against the foot-board where her little mother had placed her, that she might meet her eyes the very first thing in the morning.

It seemed a minute only before Lena was awake again. But it must have been hours, for there was the moon streaming in through the little window, and making all things bright. It was not the moonlight, however, which roused her; it was an odd noise as of sobbing and weeping close by. It seemed to come from the foot of the bed where Maria sat. Lena cautiously raised herself and listened. A long moon-ray crept across the coverlid and lay upon the doll's cheeks. Yes; it was really Maria who was weeping! There were the tears curling down her face, and looking for all the world like the tiniest little shavings ever seen.

"What is the matter?" cried Lena.

"Matter enough," answered Maria, in a melancholy voice. "I'm thinking of what might have been."

"What might have been?" said Lena, puzzled.

"Yes," replied Maria. "I was thinking of a ship—a splendid ship, with tall masts, sailing along on the moonlight waves. I ought to be on board."

"Oh!" cried Lena, "my darling child, you are so little, you would be lost on a big ship like that. The sailors would be rude to you; they would push about and step on you, and never know it. Perhaps they would throw you overboard! And then you wouldn't have me there, you know."

"You don't understand," said Maria, with a sigh. "I didn't mean that. I don't wish to be on board as a doll! I don't want to be a doll at all. I want to be a mast. All Norway pines expect to be made into masts, you know. I am Norway pine! They always said I should go to sea in the end, and I looked forward to it with longing. The rest of the tree did go, but a miserable man chopped me off and cut me into a doll! I don't want to be left behind, and I hate to be a doll"—here her tears began to flow again.

"But, Maria," began Lena.

"My name isn't Maria," said the doll.

"My name is 'top-gallant-cross-tree,' or something like that."

"Oh," said Lena, sobbing in her turn, "don't say so. Don't make me so unhappy. Why, if you were a mast nobody could love you, darling. There wouldn't be a soul to care for you, to dress and undress—but I forgot—masts don't wear clothes. I mean to kiss and hug you, and call you nice names, and be fond of you. It is a great deal nicer to be a dolly, and have a mamma to pet you all day long. Oh, do try to think so, dear."

"I would much rather be a mast," sighed Maria, but she spoke in a less mournful tone, and the shaving tears did not flow so fast.

Still Lena persisted, and she was so affectionate and winning that at last Maria seemed comforted. She stopped crying, and promised to try to be happy. "Or if that is not possible," she added, "at least I will be silent. No one shall hear me say another word upon the subject." Then Lena reached forward and took her into her arms. She hugged her

tight, and wrapped the blanket warmly about her. "Try to sleep now, my poor darling," she said. And pretty soon both Lena and Maria were fast asleep.

It was broad daylight when next they woke. The sun shone brightly in and revealed Maria sitting opposite, with unwinking gaze and her back against the footboard, just where she had been the night before. How had she got there? Lena rubbed her eyes wondering. Had it all been a dream?

I can not tell. Widow Gerard laughed when she heard the story, but Lena was positive that it all happened. She even fancied that the painted smile about Maria's mouth was more cheerful than it had been the night before! Certain it is, Maria kept her word. From that day forward no mortal ever heard one syllable of complaint from her lips. She lived for years beloved and cherished by her little mother, and never again expressed a wish that Destiny had made her a mast instead of a Doll.

GENERAL, JR.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I know a little boy named Harry. His father was a General during the war, and Harry says he is going to be a General too. He holds himself very erect, and I am quite sure would never stoop to do a mean action. I was at Harry's house one day last winter, and saw him for the first time since he was quite a little fellow. He is now nine years old.

He showed me a collection of post-marks pasted nicely in a book, by which he was learning considerable geography, for they were from all parts of the globe, nearly, and every day he was adding to his stock. I promised to send him some entirely different from any he had seen, and I knew he would have to study his map to find out exactly where the places were located.

After a while Harry was invited to sing "Captain Jinks," and his Aunt Louise was ready to play the accompaniment on the piano.

Harry started off in fine style, but there

was something the matter, so that he invariably broke down after the second line.

"Sing something else," said Harry's mother, anxious to relieve his embarrassment.

"No, I *can* do it," said Harry, studying away at the verse, and beginning over again.

But it was no use; the twist was in his tongue, and the words would not trip smoothly over it, and he finally had to give it up. Not altogether, however, for he was not to be conquered as easily as that, and after Kitty had sung for us the "New Year's Song," with which she and Harry saluted their father and mother on the first day of the year, we looked in the library to say good-by to Harry, and there he sat studying away at "Captain Jinks," as if the whole happiness of his life depended upon it.

After my return home I collected together all the odd post-marks I could lay hands on, and sent them to Harry, with a brief note, commending his perseverance and determina-

ion not to be overcome by "Captain Jinks," and assuring him that these qualities were just the stuff that soldiers were made of. You should see the nice letter I received in reply. I doubt if many nine-year old boys could write as well. Here it is :

"Dear Miss——, I thank you very much for the post-marks you sent me. And I have got four hundred and seventy-two post-marks. I have read some of your stories in some of my temperance papers, and I like them very much. Will you please send me one of your stories? Mr. Jones, one of our neighbors, got up a temperance society, and it is called the Band of Hope, and Kitty and I belong to it, and Mr. Jones said they were going to have dialogues, and in the summer have a picnic, and we are going to have superintendents, treasurers, secretaries, ushers, president and vice-president. Good-by.

"From your little friend,
"HARRY."

You may imagine how pleased I was at these good words from my little friend, and one day, when I felt that there was nothing sweeter in the world than giving pleasure to a child, I dipped my pen in the shining ink, and sat down for a chat with the General.

"Dear Harry—I've only been waiting for time To answer your dear little letter in rhyme, And say just whatever I fancied to say, In a rollicking, frolicsome, musical way. I was filled with surprise, I confess, and delight, At the letter you took so much trouble to write; Each word nicely spelled, and so legible, too, Much better than some bigger people can do! And I said to myself, 'I will put this away, To look at again, perhaps, some future day. And when Harry's a General how he'll enjoy This nice little letter he wrote when a boy!' I'm ever so glad that you've given your hand, And your heart, I believe, to a Temperance Band; For that way lies virtue, and freedom, and truth, And these, to grow well, must be planted in youth. About my own stories—pray what can you mean? Is it true that the *Temperance Banner* you've seen? Perhaps when this hurry and worry is through, I'll write a nice story on purpose for you. We've a dear little girl and a boy at our house, And a cat, too, who frequently catches a mouse, And dolls, and a baby-house; stables beside, And a carriage in which all the dolls can ride. But pussy quite frequently fancies to take A ride for his health; I declare it would make You laugh until you almost went off into fits, To see how demure and contented he sits. He does many other cute tricks beside that, And tries to forget that he's only a cat! But I find that the morning is slipping away,

And this tale of a cat must be cur-tailed to-day. Good-by. Write again when you feel that you can, Your letters will always be welcome, my man, And tell me of all the nice things that you do, And Kitty—a letter I'd like from her, too. Give my love to Mamma and to Auntie as well, When I'll visit your beautiful home I can't tell; But I ne'er shall forget the sweet day that I spent, With the friends who took lunch in the *General's tent.*"

That brought me a nice letter from Harry's mamma, who is very proud of her little boy, and very much pleased when anybody recognizes his good qualities. His father is in Washington a great deal of the time, helping make the laws, and Harry feels as if he was indeed the man of the house.

He is going to school now, and is studying very hard, and in a few years will probably be sent to some military academy to learn the rules of warfare, and when I am an old woman Harry will doubtless be realizing the dream of his youth, strutting around with brass buttons and shining epaulets, and a "General" air of importance.

I think he will make a good commanding officer, for already he is taking the steps that will qualify him for position in public or private life; and as life is a vast battle-field where every one must take part, even if Harry should never wear the stars upon his coat, he has a chance of winning victories that shall gain him a crown, and glory that shall excel the brightness of the starry host.

TINA'S NEW DOLL.

All the little women want to see its clo'es,
All the little women utter little oh's.
Curly hair and flaxen—very little nose—
The prettiest of sacques on—ribbons, flounces, bows.
In the cradle rocking—bumping on the floor—
Lying in a shocking heap behind the door.
Bending o'er its lesson—tumbling down the stairs—
Having its night-dress on—kneeling at its prayers.
Little nose gets battered—then a foot is gone—
Then an arm is shattered—Dollie all forlorn.
Soaking in the pitcher—drying on the mat—
Doleful looking creature—riding on the cat.
Under marching orders—trotting to the door—
Leaving trail of sawdust all along the floor.
All the little women utter little oh's:
Tina wants a new one—get's it—I suppose.

ART AND INDUSTRY.

BY HORACE GREELLEY.

"Then you would have no Poets, Painters, Sculptors, Scholars—nothing but diggers and delvers for material wealth?" despondently queries a youth, conscious and proud of noble and generous aspirations.

No, my friend! You sadly mistake me. I would have many artists and authors; no matter how many, so that they be truly such. What I would *not* have is a single human being essaying to paint, or write, or sing, because either he or his children lack bread. For this is not devotion to Art, but debasement thereof—not consecration to a lofty purpose, but the desecration of a lofty ideal to a sordid and degrading use.

Understand me clearly. Man must be fed and clad. Most men must live by their own labor; and he who is offered his choice between earning one dollar by chopping wood and five by making verses, may blamelessly prefer the latter. But writing verses for money is pure journey work—a mechanical resort to escape starvation. He who digs a ditch for ten dollars and he who concocts a screed of verses for a like sum, stand on one level, with an immense presumption that of the two products the first-named is by far the most useful and enduring. But let the two makers of ditches and verses respectively wander in quest of employment at their several trades, and the former holds by far the higher and manlier position. For we know right well that the world is in urgent need of many more ditches, which we may fairly presume this man competent to dig; but that the world needs more poems is by no means clear; while that it needs none such as this journeyman is able to indite, is a probability which closely approaches certainty.

Bayard Taylor, visiting the German poet Uhland in his green old age, asked him what he had lately written. The genial Swabian promptly and simply answered that he had not for years felt constrained to write anything—that is to say no new truths, new ideas, so struggled for expression as to impel him to write. When we shall have poets who write, not because they must eat and drink, but because they can no longer repress the ideas,

the emotions, struggling for utterance, we shall have far fewer verses than now, but no fewer poems, and one may take up a volume of verses by a novice without yawning over the title-page.

My life has in good part been spent in our greatest American city, where the meeting waves of American adventure and European migration dash heavily against each other. The miseducated, the inept, the unthrifty, the inefficient, flock hither from the Old World and the New, each confident that, in so vast and bustling a city, there must be *some* spare room for him. And if every youth or maid came hither instructed and skilled in two or three useful arts, the hope would not be utterly irrational and baseless. But hither flock thousands who seek and seem to expect employment as clerks, bookkeepers, journalists, painters, music-teachers, etc., etc., when they should know beforehand that such positions are rarely accorded anywhere to utter strangers, and never where hundreds compete for places which only dozens at most can find. "Can't you give me [or find me] something to do?" is the sad appeal of thousands, who ought to realize that such employment as they seek is very rarely given to utter strangers, more rarely to those whose very appearance proclaims their destitution and their feud with fortune. What the fate of most of them must be, I shudder to contemplate.

Now, while the graduate of a German university, or a British medical college, the liberally schooled cadet of a decayed Irish family, may famish in New York before he finds opportunity to earn a living, and while his politely educated sister may find every avenue to honorable usefulness closed and barred against her, the Irish bog-trotter who knows not the first letter of the alphabet, but can handle a spade vigorously and skillfully, and who does not madden himself with strong drink, can scarcely fail to get on among us. Let him land at Castle Garden with a bare dollar in his pocket, and he need not mope, nor grieve, nor think of suicide; for he can find somebody willing to hire him before he has been one day in America. It may not be

just what he would prefer; the wages may be meager and the pay dubious, but it will at least insure him food and shelter; and every day thenceforth will improve his facilities for finding a place more to his mind. Every man who steps on our shores with two strong arms terminating in dexterous hands, and who brings with him no vices nor bad habits, is a valued acquisition to our country, and has a reasonably sure livelihood within reach. Of how many and what classes of brain-workers can the like be truly said?

What I urge is not that every one should be a deliver in the earth, but that every one shall so qualify and fortify himself in youth that no probable caprice or frown of fortune shall expose him to destitution and possibly impel him to crime. Let him aspire to be Poet, Painter, Sculptor, Orator, if he will; but let him nevertheless arm himself for the battle of life by a practical familiarity with at least *one* industrial vocation, whereby he may, under almost any conceivable stress of ill-fortune, achieve a livelihood for himself and his family. Let him qualify himself, if he will, to preach, to plead, or physic; but not till he shall have

first acquired skill in some pursuit which mankind can not at will dispense with, and which is morally certain not to go out of fashion. Spread your canvass broadly as you will, young friend! but be sure to have an anchor that takes fast hold of earth, so that the heaviest gale of misfortune can hardly displace and drag it

If I have made myself intelligible you know that I do not disparage "the professions," so-called, nor yet those pursuits which tend to refine and embellish rather than merely to subsist. I know how much our race owes to her saints, her heroes, her sages, her poets. I only insist that, had there not previously and simultaneously been farmers and artificers, these could not have been. Homer and Plato, Shakespeare and Goethe, have instructed and still instruct their millions; if you would follow, even afar off, in their shining footsteps, resolve first and firmly to love and seek to serve all men, but to depend for a living on no man, and to stand ever ready to repel patronage and rebuke presumption, if necessary, by earning a livelihood by the labor of your hands.

THE MILLER'S BOY.

BY G. H. BARNES.

John Strong, the miller, was honest and bold,
To maintain his fame for fair-dealing ways;
But Johnny quite often drank whisky, we're told,
Which no one will say was much to his praise.

John ground and bolted his neighbors' grain,
Till his beard, from black as coal, grew gray;
And, but for the fault of which we complain,
He might have been grinding and bolting to-day.

But tipping the bottle began to tell
On Johnny's stout legs, till alas! one night,
While crookedly crossing his flume, he fell,
And the mill-race flood swept him from sight!

They lifted him out of the water, deep—
They tried to restore him to life, in vain;
The miller was sleeping the long, long sleep,
Poor Johnny had ground his last bushel of grain!

John Strong had a brave little boy of ten,
Who, young as he was, had learned to think
That whisky—though possibly good for men,
Was very bad stuff for boys to drink.

So, tho' he was oftentimes proffered the glass,
And urged by his father to take just a sip,
He always said "No!" and let the dram pass,
Not touching the poison once to his lip.

As Benny grew older his fight for the right
Grew hotter and hotter, temptation was strong.
Poor fellow, he had to resist with his might
To keep at arm's-length the tippling throng.

'Twas "Benny, for friendship, a bumper of ale,
Clear water, my lad, is making you thin;"—
And, "Benny you never can weather a gale
Without a few drops of brandy or gin."

But the boy had taken the pledge, and he said,
"I'll keep my word true, nor taste, nor touch;
I've looked on the face of my poor father, dead,
And I know that he died for drinking too much."

So Benny keeps sober, and grinds in his mill,
Until, for the bags, there scarcely is room;
And, one thing is sure—come good or come ill—
He'll never get tipsy and drown in his flume.

SUKEY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

BY MRS. GEO. M. KELLOGG.

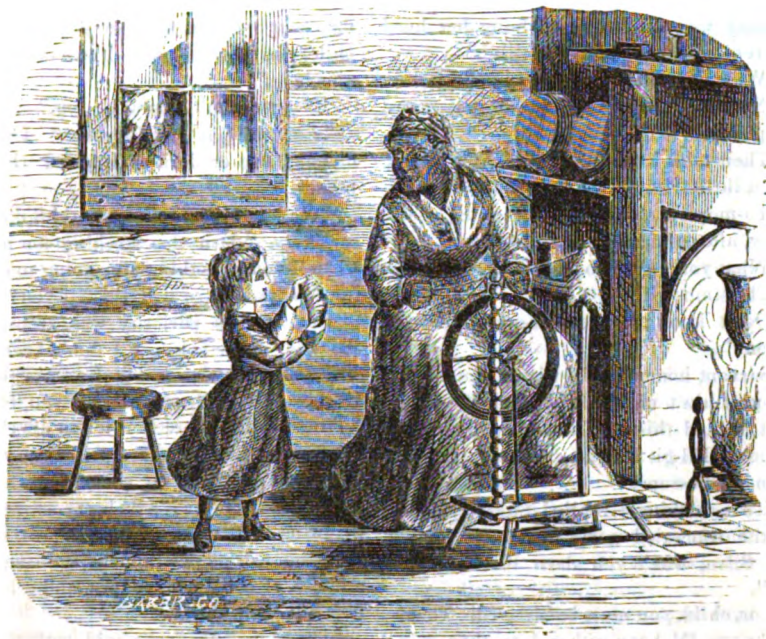
I do not mean the first twenty-fifth of December that ever transpired in the life of the child. That must have been in the first year after her birth, you know; whereas Sukey was past seven when her first Christmas came. I mean—well, I think you will discover in the course of my story what I mean by her first Christmas.

Sukey's real name, I suppose you know, was Susan; but she lived in the old times when the Marthas were called Pateys, and all the Margarets were Peggies. She was a daughter of a Mississippi planter, Mr. Coleman—not one of those Southern autocrats, who, before our civil war, owned a thousand slaves and leagues of land. On the contrary, having married his wife against the wishes of her wealthy father, Mr. Coleman had settled down to cotton-growing with no help but mulatto Jim and black Silva, with her two children, Grace and Juno, the eldest of whom was ten. But, being resolved to revenge himself on his wealthy father-in-law by becoming himself rich, he rapidly grew into a close, hard, managing master. He strained every muscle on the plantation in growing cotton and getting it to market. Not an atom was wasted. The corn bread, sweet potatoes and bacon that went to build up all the bodies on the place were grown there, the hogs feeding and fattening on the abundant "mast" of the new forests. These same hogs, by the way, were the torment of Sukey's childhood, for, go to the chestnut or hickory-nut trees ever so early, even in the gray dawn, she was sure to find that these enterprising hogs had been there before her, and nosed out the windfalls.

Well, Aunt Silva continued to add to the number of her children. All surplus capital the master invested in slave-muscle, until when Sukey was six years old her father was owner of eleven slaves. This number was burnt into the child's memory on the first day of her school life. "How many niggers has your *Par* got?" asked one of the

school children. Of all questions into which words can be framed, the Southern child hears this oftenest. "He's got eleven," Sukey answered, counting on her fingers, and including Aunt Silva's last, just two days old. "Eleven! is that all? Ain't you ashamed? My *Par*'s got most a hundred." Sukey looked at her little questioner with a kind of awe, as at the princess of a fairy story. Mingled with her awe was a sheepish feeling, as though her father had been demonstrated a pauper.

Sukey knew nothing about Christmas as a Northern child knows it. She did not scent Christmas from afar in that atmosphere of mystery, which for days before the eventful day pervades the entire household—when everybody is making secret shopping excursions, and mysterious packages are arriving; and Tommy locks himself in the attic; and Lizzie imprisons herself in the back parlor; and Mother bolts her chamber door against all intruders; and Papa forbids all meddling with his coat pockets. With the delights attending the clandestine crocheting of tidies and mittens; of embroidering slippers; of hoarding her dimes for a cap or snuff-box for grandma, Sukey was profoundly ignorant. She had never seen a Christmas tree; and think of living the whole of seven years without once hanging up your stocking! Sukey had heard of Santa Claus, but she had never seen him. He had never left a parcel for her; indeed, she had never received a Christmas present. All that she knew about Christmas was that everybody got up early, and tried to "catch" everybody else's "Christmas gift," the theory being that he who first pronounced the word was entitled to a present from the other. This was, however, but little more than theory, for though Sukey was very spry at catching "Christmas gifts," she never received one. She knew that with Christmas the negroes' week of holidays began, in which they quilted their patchwork quilts, took their dried



"WHAT YOU COME FUR?"

fruits, nuts, and charcoal to market, went coon and 'possum hunting, got married, had dances, etc.

The day before Christmas Sukey's mother had been reading to her, from a Sunday-school book left by a Methodist circuit-rider, an account of how a certain little New England girl had hung up her stocking, the night before Christmas, and how Santa Claus had crammed it to overflowing with candy and toys. The reading thrilled this little girl who had never known a Christmas, and she thought of it all the rest of the day—thought of it as she scoured the garden for hardy chrysanthemums, or searched under the wilted leaves for the sheltered rose that had escaped the frost's sharp tooth; as she climbed the holly tree for the glossy green leaves and scarlet berries; as she threw stones and sticks at a lofty branch of the gum tree, in the vain attempt to dislodge an inviting bough of mistletoe, glistening with white, wax-like berries.

Before it grew dark Sukey went to the stocking-box, where the family stockings

were kept. She spent much time in rooting among the varied collection. There were "Pa's" blue and white-mixed stockings, and "Ma's" white silk wedding ones, yellow with age, and "Baby's" short red socks, which the restless little heels had rubbed out on the puncheon floor, when he was left to amuse himself. After a while she came to a pair of her own, knit of clouded red and white yarn. There was a hole in the heel of one, and a large hole in the toe of the other. She kept on rooting, but could discover no others. Cramming the stocking with the smaller hole in her bosom, she betook herself to Aunt Silva's cabin at the back of the yard. As she entered Aunt Silva started from her nodding, and vigorously resumed her carding of the woolly fleece on the floor at her right hand. Ascertaining that her visitor was only Sukey, she abated the vigor of her movements, and with a dash of resentment in her voice, and a notable display of the whites of her eyes, said—

"What you come fur?"

Sukey was abashed; she hung her head and replied sheepishly, "Nothin'."

"What'd you fetch to put it in?"

"Nothin'," Sukey answered yet more sheepishly.

"Then take it and go," said Aunt Silva, with a little triumphant toss of the head.

"To-morrow Christmas is coming," said Sukey, after a moment of irresolution.

"What you gwyne to give me ef I ketch yer Christmas-gif?"

"Don't know; some bed-quilt pieces, I reckon."

"Sarvant honey! I jist wishes you would. My quilt ain't nigh pieced, and ef I don't git it quilted this Christmas, marcy knows whenever I'll git it done. What's dat you's got in yer bussum?"

"It's a stocking," replied Sukey, pulling out the concealed garment, "and please, Aunt Silva, won't you darn this hole for me?"

"Lor, child, you must be 'stracted. Goodness knows I'd heap rather darn then spin, but I's got a nother cut to spin to-day," and with emphasis she rolled off a roll, and deposited it on her pile. "Don't you reckon I wants some Christmas? An' how kin I hev Christmas ef I don't git my week's task done?"

"You can do that cut to-night."

"Here de nonsense you talkin'! Dat's jist like white folks talk. You never done no work, an' you dun know nuffin 'tall 'bout it. You tink black folks is 'factured uv Injun rubber—that us nebber gits tired—dat us nebber sleeps nor slumbers. I 'cerely wishes you wus a black pussun; dat you jist might 'stand how it feels for a 'vidual to work half the night with no light to work by—no, not de har nor hide uv a candle. You go long; white folks dun know nuffin, and you's de biggest little goose 'mong 'em."

"Now, look here, Aunt Silva," said Sukey, her eyes kindling, "mind what you say to your mistis; don't you know I own you?"

"Humph!" said Aunt Silva, dashing off another roll of wool, "I own you, more like; and I owned yer mar afore you. When she wus a baby I wus de berry fust pusson

dat eber wash and dress dat baby. Lor, chile, you needn't talk—I own you and yer mar bofe."

"Niggers can't own anything."

"Lor, chile, is you 'stracted? I ain't no nigger; I'se er dark-complected white woman."

"Well, now, Aunt Silvy," said Sukey, persuasively, "darn this stocking for me, and I'll tell you something I'm going to do with it. Will you darn it if I'll tell you?"

Aunt Silva's curiosity was aroused, but she said, nevertheless, "I don't keer nuffin 'tall 'bout yer secrets, but I reckon es how I'll hev to darn de stockin' fur you, ef I kin fin' my needle. I reckon it's in dis chist, in my Sunday head-hankercher, 'cause, you see, I alers hes a place fur eberyting," and she proceeded to empty a pokeberry-stained box, throwing out worn garments, dirty rags, bandannas, dried persimmons, knitting-work, a bunch of dried wild grapes, and a hunk of fat, uncooked bacon.

"Taint in here," she said, gathering the miscellaneous articles into a heap in her arms, and restoring them to the box. "May be I stuck it in de bed-quilt," and going to the bed she felt all over it. "Dem miserable young 'uns got dat needle—dem forsaken childun. Like as not dat Barb'ry's swallowed dat needle. I alers puts it in de corner uv my Sunday head-hankercher. I hes a place fur eberyting, you see, in de chist. Ole mistis larnt me to when I wus no bigger den you; dat was yer gran'mar on the Williamses side—a berry different breed uv white folks from de Colemanes, I kin tell you. Praps I put dat needle in my pocket," and she proceeded to turn out the contents of this *omnium-gatherum*. There was a yard of red calico, a pipe, some loose tobacco, a piece of sassafras root, a bottle of hair oil, some coffee grains, and a new laid egg, which made Sukey's eyes glisten, for she was very fond of eggs, and they were always very scarce about Christmas time, and in great demand for egg-nog and sweet potato custard.

"I most alers sticks my needle down in de corner uv my pocket, fur, don't you see, de

only mortal way fur folks to git 'long and not 'sume all der time a sarchin' fur things, es to hev a place fur eberyting, and what's more, keep eberyting in its place."

"Maybe I'd better go and get one of ma's?" said Sukey.

"No; I 'terminated now to fin' de ting. I'll be boun' some uv dem regen'rate young 'uns has been meddlin' wid dat er needle. Maybe I drapped it in de ashes, las' night, when I was sewin' dat black piece onto my quilt," and she began poking in the fireplace with a pine stick.

"Perhaps it's in the broaches over there," suggested Sukey, unable to think of any other place where it could possibly be.

"No, 'tain't thar, I'm show and sartain. I never spinned er needle into a brouch in de course uv my 'sistence."

"Oh! I see it!" shouted Sukey. "There it is, sticking in your head."

"Lor, sakes, yes; now I 'member," and she pulled the needle from the convenient cushion formed by her woolly hair, and her bandanna stretched over it. "Why didn't I 'member to think uv my head? Dat's de place I mos' generallly puts de needle—in my head. But, you see, I got clar out uv my head what I dun wid it. Now, make has'e and han' me yer stockin', kase I'se got a nother cut to spin to-day. Now, you see, Miss Sukey, thar's defferent ways uv darnin'. I alers darns dis way, kase I 'siders it de best." She ran the needle around the hole, drew the thread up tightly, wound it around and around, and then tied a knot in it and bit it off. "Thar now, honey, it's done. You mus' 'member Aunt Silvy to-morrow, and save me some sweet 'tater pie. Mistis alers has one fur Christmas. Jist leave it on yer plate, like as you didn't want it, an' then run out to me wid it. I ain't had no sweet 'tater pie sence I quit doin' de cookin' fur de white folks."

Sukey gave her promise—a promise she found it hard to keep the next day, for she was very fond of sliced potato pie, and she was not helped to half as much as she could have eaten.

"What made you in sich a stew to git yer

stockin' darned? What you up to, anyhow?"

"Won't you tell if I tell you?"

"No."

"'Pon your word and holy honor?"

"I don't swar, Miss Sukey."

"Well, I'm going to hang up this stocking by the fireplace, so that Santa Claus can fill it."

"Taint Santa Claus what fills children's stockin's. He's de man what 'scovered Mississippi'. It's Raw Head-an'-Bloody-Bones dat fills de stockin's."

Sukey shivered a little at this name.

"No, Aunt Silvy," she said, with great superiority, "Christopher Columbus discovered Mississippi. Santa Claus fills the stockings. Ma read about it, to-day, in a book."

"What kind er book? Wus it de Bible?" and Aunt Silva placed her arms akimbo, and took a questioning, half-defiant attitude.

"No; but it was a Sunday-school book," replied Sukey, triumphantly.

Aunt Silva dropped her arms from her broad hips, picked up her rolls from the floor with a meditative air, placed them on the wheel, and began slowly drawing a roll into thread, to the thoughtful hum of the wheel. Suddenly she gave the wheel a twitch, and with a vim ran the thread on the broach. Then she turned to the child, who was about leaving, and said—

"Look yer, Miss Sukey, you needn't be calculatin' dat Santa Claus 'll come out yer. Don't you know, chile, how fur away dis plantation is? An' don't you know how awful de roads is cut up wid cotton wagins? Jim says de gullies wus 'menjous de las' time he went to Memphis, an' dey's a heap wusser now, an' de bridges wus all washed away, an' all 'long de road de wagins wus mired up to dar hubs, so dey had to dubble up teams and help one nother outen de holes. Jim's 'hind dis time, now; he's been gone more'n six days. He's mired up somewhar on de road dis minit. Santa Claus never kin fin' de way out to dis plantation. Jim says thar's real many forks 'tween here and Memphis."

"May be Santa Claus won't come from Memphis."

"Jist hear de ijot talk! Whar else he gwyne cum from, you reckon? You reckon he's gwyne to drap from de sky? Ob course he'll come de Memphis road; ebery 'spectable pusson comes de Memphis road;" and Aunt Silva began to fill her pipe for a smoke. "Thar's mistis callin'. Run 'long, an' ef yer mar axes you anything, jist tell her I's spinnin'," and Aunt Silva lighted her pipe. "An' see here, honey, don't forgit de sweet tater pie, to-morrow."

"I'll remember," said Sukey, running off.

That night, after Sukey had hung up her stocking, she knelt down with her back and feet to the glowing hickory fire that roared in the broad chimney, to say her prayers. After her usual petition that God would bless Ma, Pa, and Baby, she did a strange thing. Sukey was learning the art of writing, and she had exercised herself in it by writing to all her grandmas, and grandpas, and uncles, and aunts, and cousins; and she never finished a letter without a postscript, which she thought had a fine effect. When reading her letter to her mother for criticism she would pronounce "postscript" in a very distinguished way. So, on this night, after her customary prayer, she said, quite unconsciously, "Postscript: And please, dear God, show Santa Claus the way to our house. When he comes to the forks, tell him which road to take, for Christ's sake."

For some time she watched, by the flickering firelight, the little red and white stocking, and then fell asleep to dream that Santa Claus brought her so much that, as he crammed the stocking, it grew and grew, until it had outgrown the meal bag, and yet it was running over. She was awakened by the sound of his wheels, and the tramp of hoofs. She was sure it was Santa Claus. There was the flare of lights across the window, and the sound of voices in the yard below. After some moments of intense suspense and curiosity, she slipped out of bed and across the bare floor, and crouched down by the curtainless window. She was not long in ascertaining the occasion of the disturbance. Jim had returned from Memphis, and they were unloading the wagon of the provisions

which had been ordered for the winter. There were barrels, and boxes, and bags, as she ascertained by the light of the dripping candles. She ached with curiosity to know what he had brought from that far-away city, which her fancy invested with a halo of romance, but she dared not leave her room for fear of her father's displeasure. She shivered at the window until the last article had been removed, and the wagon driven away. Then she went on tiptoe to where her stocking hung. It was not swollen and knotted with candy and toys. It hung limp and lifeless. She put out her hand and gave it a squeeze. Nothing but the soft yarn and the pucker of Aunt Silva's darning! Disappointed, but not without hope, she crept back to bed. She reached over in a motherly way to ascertain if baby was covered, for his care was committed to the little seven-year old girl, lest he might disturb the father's rest. She had scarcely fallen asleep when her mother came in to get the family stockings for darning, that there might be no fretting, Christmas morning, over unmended stockings. She found Sukey's odd stocking, and wondered where the mate was. As she was leaving the room she discovered it by the fireplace. The quick tears sprang to her eyes, for she comprehended at once why it was there, though she had never seen a little Christmas stocking hung in her house before.

"Poor little dear!" she sighed, thinking over the lonely, unchild-like life Sukey led on the lonely plantation, with the hard, close man at the head—who thought that money invested in aught beside necessary food and clothing was wasted.

For a long time the mother stood, with candle uplifted, looking through her tears at the little red and white stocking. What a beseeching, yet trustful, look it had! And what a disappointed look it would wear in the morning! The tears started afresh as Sukey's poor, disappointed face came before her. Then she began to revolve the thought of herself filling the stocking. But how could she? Eleven o'clock at night, fifty miles from Memphis, and eight miles from

the nearest cross-road's store! She thought over her boxes of trinkets and ribbons, which she had kept through the lonely years, mementoes of her happy girlhood. But Sukey knew all these by heart. For years it had been the child's chief recreation to overhaul these boxes, and try the effect of this faded ribbon or that crushed flower, and hear mother tell the stories linked with them.

Finally, the mother had an inspiration. The mother's heart in the service of her child seldom waits long for its inspiration. She remembered the arrival from Memphis that night. There was a barrel of apples—the first winter apples they had ever had in the house. Seven dollars a barrel they were, and she had wrung their purchase from the purse-holder. Sukey should have the largest, rosiest apple that could be got at. There was a loaf of sugar; Sukey should have a generous lump from the apex. There was a barrel of sugar-house molasses; Sukey should have some molasses candy.

She hastened off to the closet under the stairs—to Sukey the enchanted closet, where all the "goodies" of the house were stored. In the hall she gave a little scream; she had run against some one. It was not Santa Claus.

"It's me, Mistis," said the subdued voice of Aunt Silva. "I aint here for stealin' pupposes. I's fetched some things fur Miss Sukey. Simple like, she's hung up her stockin', you see, 'specting to git it crammed wid Christmas gifts. I couldn't bar to hev her disparted entirely, so I jist fetched these—not much of anything, but a right smart chance fur all dat. Here's a hickory-bark tooth brush, curled at bofe en's; and here's a few dried 'simmons, and a pint uv chestnuts; and here's a bran-new egg—Miss Sukey loves eggs dearly, and I never stealed dis egg, Mistis; my ole dominick laid it dis blessed mornin'."

"Thank you, Silva," said Mrs. Coleman, mentally resolving that for a Christmas present the thoughtful servant should have a certain blue and brown calico wrapper of hers. "And now, I want you to help me make some molasses candy for Sukey, while I get up a rag doll."

"Bress de Lord, I haint been to a candy pull sence I lef' ole marster's."

The next morning Sukey was aroused by the firing of Christmas guns, followed by the music of banjo, violin, and jews-harp, accompanied by singing. She rubbed her eyes, sat up in bed, and then realized that this was the negroes' usual announcement of the advent of Christmas. One glance at her stocking showed her that it was not empty. She bounded to it, and with one hand shaking at the toe, and the other thrust in at the top, and with eyes on fire, she began an examination of its contents. Nobody but Sukey can ever know all the delight and happiness that was poured from that one little stocking into her night-gown skirt. No other apple, in all the after years, ever seemed so round, so plump, so rosy, so juicy. The dried persimmons were better than figs, and the rag baby, with its inky features—no Paris doll, with kid gloves, parasol and pannier was ever more welcome. The daintiest confection was never more enjoyed than that lump of loaf sugar. As for the molasses candy, so white and feathery, it was a protracted rapture to Sukey's candy-hungry lips. The chestnuts she counted over and over, till the down was worn off the brown beauties, and they shone like polished mahogany.

But do not suppose that Sukey sat there on the floor, nibbling her candy, and cracking her chestnuts, and munching her persimmons. No, indeed. She had no sooner emptied her stocking, in the short skirt of her night-gown, than she gathered it up, and with tousled hair, but kindled face, ran to mother's room.

"Christmas gift, Ma! Christmas gift, Pa!" she cried, bursting in upon them.

"What 're you runnin' roun' here naked for? Get back to bed this minute," growled her father.

But Sukey did not hear, or, for once, did not heed her father's words. "See!" she continued, pantingly, "what Santa Claus has brought me—this beautiful apple, and this splendid candy, and this lovely doll! Look, Ma."

Ma sat up in bed, was duly surprised, and admired every thing.

"A pretty piece of business!" snarled the father, comprehending the situation, and reckoning all the coffee that sugar might have sweetened.

"And an egg!" cried the child. "I wonder how dear Santa knew I loved eggs so?"

"And eggs seventy-five cents a dozen!" continued the father, peevishly.

"Go and show Aunt Silva," said her mother, unwilling that the child's happiness should be marred by his fault-finding. "The egg was given for her by Silva," she continued, apologetically, when Sukey was gone.

"Yes; and Silva stole it. Them niggers

make way with every egg laid on this plantation. It's curious, their hens are always laying and mine never. The lying knaves! Not one of them shall keep a chicken after this. And them apples cost seven dollars. I suppose they're to be wasted on that child."

"Is anything wasted that makes our child as happy as we have just seen her?" asked the wife, quietly.

"A little apple would have done just as well."

"Husband, this is Sukey's first Christmas, and she will never forget it."

Nor has she forgotten it, reader. I can answer for this, for I had the assurance from her own lips yesterday.

THE WINTER BIRD.

BY BETTINE FRY.

Ho! flitting again to my window sill,
In the crystal snow-cups dipping thy bill,
Over gleaming drifts, thro' the frosty air,
Don't thou find the honey thou'rt seeking there?
Oh! brave little heart, oh! tender feet,
To teach us the winter's cold to meet,
I love thee more, than the brightest bird,
With the sweetest song e'er the summer heard.

And whence dost thou come? Is thy mossy nest
Cosily hid, in some old tree's crest?
Where the strong-armed winds rock thee to sleep,
And silvery star-beams watch o'er thee keep,
Or light-winged flakes, all the silent night,
Weave round thee soft curtains of dazzling white.
Oh! I love thee more than the brightest bird,
With the sweetest song e'er the summer heard.

For thou comest not only in sunshiny weather,
Thy harvest of glittering grains to gather,
Not when soft breezes fly thro' the green dells,
To ring the blue, waxen, and golden bells,
But in winter drear, to my window low,
To drink to my health, in a goblet of snow.
Oh! I love thee more than the brightest bird,
With the sweetest song e'er the summer heard.

For thou'rt so fearless,—so trusteth the love,
That falleth on all, from the Father above,
Oh! light as the vapor; oh! fresh as the dawn,
Skim o'er the fields, to our cottage each morn,
Bright eyes will beam out, thy soft wings to see,
And little hands toss the fresh crumbs to thee.
Oh! I love thee more than the brightest bird,
With the sweetest song e'er the summer heard.

READY FOR A KISS.

BY A. H. POL.

Mamma, I's been washin',
Don't you see I has?
Curled my hair my own self,
Sweetest ever was.
Nozzer time I was not
Half as nice as this;
See I's fixed up, mamma,
Ready for a kiss.
Johnnie's having trouble,
Dreffe trouble, too;
Bird-eggs in his pocket.
Keeps a comin' through;

I ain't a dirty baby,
Does you think I is,
'Spect I's your pet, Taddie,
Ready for a kiss.
Thought I'd put my Sunday
Apron on for fun,
'Cause I got cat feeders
On the ozzor one.
Les' p'tend things, mamma,
Say, now, don't you wis'—
Wis' I was a heathen,
So you couldn't kiss?

GRANDFATHER'S ADVENTURE—A TRUE STORY.

BY ABBY T. SEWALL.

It was a stormy evening: it had been a stormy day, and as the gathering darkness settled over the silent street three little faces pressed against the window pane, vainly trying to distinguish among the passers-by one familiar form.

"Perhaps he'll be tired when he comes home, Blossie?"

"That makes no difference, Tom," said the little maiden, as she shook back her curls. "When Uncle says he will do a thing, it's certain sure."

A ring at the door started the children to the hall, crying "he's come." And there he stood—a tall, stout man, whose dark hair was threaded with white. He was a kind man; you could see that by the affectionate manner in which he greeted the children. You would have thought they were his own, but they were orphans; when their parents died Uncle Robert took them into his heart and home, and they were no longer desolate.

The children divested him of his wet wrappings and led him to the glowing coal fire, chattering gayly meanwhile, but no mention was made of the promise. Blossom had placed her finger on her lips to let the boys know not a word was to be said. Ah! she was a politic little woman, and knew if any one had a request to make of a great, grown man, it is better to do it after tea than before.

"Well, Tom," said Uncle Robert an hour later, "you look as if you wanted to ask for something, and Blossom looks restless. You have all been getting into some scrape, or want to make molasses candy, or to go and see Punch and Judy."

"No we don't," cried all together. "We want you to tell us a story, you promised," and Blossom's soft little arm went round his neck.

"A story; why, bless me!" and the great man rose from his chair. "I should be ashamed to tell one."

"Ah! but a true story is what we want; and you promised, you know." So, in consideration of his promise, Uncle Robert was obliged to yield.

"I think I must tell you of something that happened to your great-great-grandfather when he was quite a young man, one hundred years ago. He was born in New England, at a time when towns were few and far between, and in the country neighbors could hardly see each other's houses for the thick woods, which extended for miles and miles. The old homestead, a little log house, stood about a stone's throw from the banks of the Sheepscott, a swift-flowing stream, which wound round picturesque islands on its way to the sea. It was one of Grandfather's chief delights to launch his little boat, and explore the creeks and inlets of his native river. The canoe was not famous for its beauty, for it was the trunk of an old forest tree hollowed out, but it was a stanch little affair, and rode the waves like a feather.

"The spring of 17— was an unusually early one; the ice in the river had broken up, and by the last of March had drifted away; the birds had returned to their summer haunts, and the earth was rejoicing. On a charming morning in April, Grandfather and the two Albees, fine young men somewhat older than himself, planned an excursion to the mouth of the Sheepscott, there expecting to find good fowling and fishing. They were to go in the old canoe, carry their dinner with them, and have a jolly time of it. They were plentifully provided with fishing tackle, but had only one gun between them.

"Gaily the little boat pushed from its moorings and floated down stream with the current, while the young men made the shores echo with song and laughter. On nearing Barter's Island they spied a bear swimming across the river to Squaw Island. George and Sam Albee instantly proposed firing at him, but Grandfather objected. The young men laughed at him, and the canoe was turned to head the bear off. His position was tempting; he had to sustain himself in the water, and his head only being visible was a good mark for a bullet. The young men had nothing but small shot, and they never doubted but that Bruin would prove an easy prey.

"As the boat neared the bear he seemed filled with rage, and with rapid stroke swam toward it. Albee fired a charge at his head, which only maddened him, and, after raising his huge form high in the water, he attempted to throw himself on to the boat. The danger was great. Sam, who sat in the prow of the canoe, raised the butt end of his gun and dealt a heavy blow at the creature's head. The ferocious animal, with one blow of his paw, sent the gun flying in one direction and the bleeding body of poor Sam in the other. The water closed over both man and gun.

"The bear again attempted to board the boat, when George, seizing the ax, tried to cleave its head; it skillfully warded the blow, and the ax also disappeared. It was all the work of an instant, and an oar snatched up was broken in two. The bear rolled his huge form into the boat and George fell to the bottom under him. Grandfather threw himself into the water, and, as he swam, looked back and saw George just behind him, his face torn and bleeding. 'Swim, Thomas,' he cried, 'swim for your life,' and immediately disappeared.

"Grandfather was a good swimmer, and buoyed himself in the water for some time. The bear, meanwhile, had possession of the boat, and sat quietly licking the blood from his wounded body. He then leaped into the water and swam for Barter's Island.

"Grandfather, after continued effort, succeeded in getting into the boat. He secured one of the oars, and the tide and south wind coming in together, with their help he was able to turn his boat up river and start in the direction for home. He heard the sound of wood-cutters on the farther side of Squaw Island, and turned his course in that direction. He found five hardy men at work, their axes merrily ringing and the forest trees bowing before them. They ceased their blows on seeing the little craft coming toward them, with its pale and dripping oarsman guiding it through the water with such unsteady hand. His sad story was soon told. The men made a fire, dried his clothes, warmed him with a drink of rum, cut him a small tree for a sail, and seeing him homeward bound, started for Barter's Island in search of the bear, which they found dead from the effects of his wounds.

"Grandfather pushed on his way with a heavy heart. The sun was shining as brightly, the birds were singing, and the river danced along as merrily as it did that morn, not seeming to know that the world had less of beauty and life.

"It was a sad group that gathered around Grandfather in the twilight and listened to the mournful story of the morning. The following Sabbath was a most solemn day. The little church was crowded with neighbors from far and near. The preacher took for his text, 'And I only am escaped alone to tell thee.' It was a most impressive sermon, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the whole congregation.

"No trace of the young Albees was ever found, and it was many months before the shadow cast by this sad event was lifted from their young associates."

THE LION'S DEN.

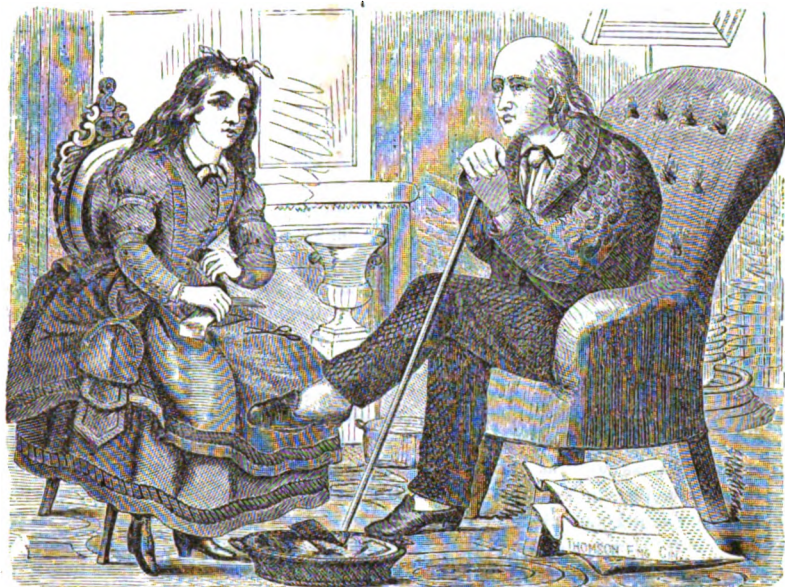
BY GERALD NORTH.

You boys who read *Æsop's Fables*, will remember the story of the lion who feigned to be sick, and induced all the smaller beasts to come and pay their respects to him in his den. Only the fox, it was noticed, did not come, and the lion sent to inquire the reason.

"Tell his majesty," said the shrewd fellow, "that when I draw near the mouth of his den, and see the prints of my fellow-creatures' feet all pointing forward, and none backward, I am warned not to venture further."

There is a lesson in wisdom for you. The fable might have been written to-day, if only some keen-eyed *Æsop* would walk along our streets and take note of the lions' dens, and the silly dupes that are always going in, but never coming out. Grog shops, saloons, theaters, gambling dens! do you think when you have once entered, you can come away at will? Never believe it. If the old lion does not devour you at once, he will eat you piecemeal. Be sure you will not escape without at least the marks of his teeth and claws. *No tracks coming out!* The people who come away leave behind purity, and honor, and honesty, and manhood; they enter whole; they limp away, maimed and disfigured, by another door. Take warning, boys, and when the old lion sets his traps in the shape of music, and merriment, and pleasant company, to draw you inside his door, be sure there is an inner den where terrible jaws are lying in wait. "*No tracks coming out,*" says *Æsop*, which is only another version of Solomon's declaration:

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death."



CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

It was Christmas Eve all over the world. In a thousand homes loving hearts, happy or sad, were filled with thoughts of kindness, and sympathy, and love. Busy hands were weaving offerings for the morrow, and busy feet were hastening homeward to cheerful, waiting firesides. In a pleasant homestead a young girl of sixteen was busily engaged in adding the finishing touches to some dainty bit of workmanship. She formed a pretty picture herself, as she sat curled up in the deep window sill, where the fire-light, brightening in the twilight, flushed its warm color over her shining hair and delicate cheek. Her soft, dark eyes shone with a subdued but earnest light, and the lithe figure managed the dainty material of her work with a graceful and deft manipulation attractive to the beholder. The beholder was a gray-haired man, who occupied the great arm-chair in the window corner of the fireplace, and who leaned upon his cane and watched the pretty maiden, fair young Rosamond, at her work, and smiled to think how like she was to another Rosamond he had

known, and loved, and buried, in the years so long gone by.

"Keep good watch, Grandpa," said the fresh young voice. "Don't let anybody scud along your side 'unbeknownst,' as Biddy says. I'm so afraid Papa will steal a march on me. I wouldn't have him to see this for a pretty. Isn't it a beauty? *Won't* he be pleased with it? Come now, Grandie, dear, don't look so solemn and owlish. It's Christmas Eve. What are you thinking of so deeply?"

The old man looked up and smiled.

"I was thinking, Rosie, of how good and how pleasant it is to have Christmas come, and to have one day in all the year on which there is so much good will. I was thinking how all these love gifts that we make to each other, and all the kind feelings we have toward one another, go to form a precious love-gift to the Lord of Christmas. Indeed, the 'peace on earth and good will to man' that prevails on Christmas Day is the 'Glory to God in the Highest.'"

"That's beautiful, Grandie, dear," ex-

claimed the young girl. "It's a genuine Christmas Carol. I always did say that my Grandpa's fireside lectures were sermon and hymn all in one. Oh, dearie me, here comes Papa up the steps, with his arms full of bundles. Let me run." And gathering up her work Rosamond went from the room.

At the same hour that Rosamond's papa ascended the steps of his beautiful home, another father entered the door of an humble cottage not far distant. He bore no Christmas bundles in his arms. His eyes were sad and his manner dejected. Before the cheerful fire, whose ruddy blaze lit up the small, low room, a young girl was kneeling while she toasted slices of bread for the evening meal.

"It's Christmas Eve, Papa," she said, with a lively nod of welcome. "Stoop down and give me a good, sweet, *cool* kiss; this fire is toasting my cheeks as well as the slices. Mamma is putting Bud to bed. He went sound asleep on the rug and *wouldn't* wake up. Tea is all ready. I wish Harry was here."

Maybe it was the cheerful fire-warmth, or maybe the bright young face and cheery tones of the little daughter that wrought the charm—I only know that the sad eyes brightened to a fond smile as the father looked lovingly into the upturned face of his child. The room was cosy and comfortable, although the furniture was plain and the adornments of the simplest kind. The table was spread for tea, and the cloth, and cups and saucers, and plates, were speckless and shining, and laid with scrupulous nicety. The teapot simmered on the hearth, and within a smooth oval of hot ashes lay the mealy brown jackets that were to form the evening meal. The mother entered the room and greeted her husband with a smile. At the same moment a boyish voice was heard at the door, and a pair of stamping feet on the doorstep kept time to a sort of rude melody that the boy's voice sang to the words:

"Now it is winter, and I am discontent,
My coat is somewhat like an ugly rent,
And all the snow from off the top of the house
Came down into my bosom—squish-ker-souse."

"Harry Minturn, you noisy youngster," exclaimed the girl, gayly, as she sprang to open the door, "why, where have you been? You're covered with snow!"

"I should say so," said the boy, shaking himself.

"Dame Hinckly's old slant roof avalanched just as I popped under the eaves—hence my *costume*. I don't care. It's Christmas Eve, and I've earned fifty cents carrying bundles, and have got two jobs for to-morrow. We'll have a Christmas supper if we *don't* have plum-pudding and turkey dinner."

"Sh—sh," interrupted his sister. "Get off your coat and come to tea. We've elegant roast potatoes and toast."

Somehow the brave, cheery boy, and the equally bright and brave sister, made the homely room seem almost radiant, and the sad-eyed father and patient mother sat down to the frugal meal with a Christmas carol of thankfulness in their hearts for the peace that was theirs in the gift of their noble-hearted children. True, they were poor and in sore trouble, but the trouble came not nigh them in the same manner that it had come to some of their neighbors. They had not ungrateful, rebellious children to wring their hearts with anguish. And they chose to praise God for the blessings He had given them, rather than to repine for what He had denied them.

"We must lose the cottage, Mildred," Mr. Minturn said to his wife when alone with her, "but we must not lose our trust in God. Let us sing a hymn of praise. Our home will be sold next week, but we can celebrate our last Christmas in the dear old place with a pleasant sound of carols, can't we?"

When Rosamond went from her grandfather she sought her own room to put by her little treasure.

"A love-gift to the Lord of Christmas," she repeated to herself. "That is beautiful—but I have no such gift. None of mine are meant for Him. I never think such good and holy thoughts of myself."

She glanced over the array of presents she had with such interest prepared. "Something for every one who will be likely to give me something," she said aloud. "And I'd never a thought of any one else. *Christ's birthday, and no gift for Christ.*"

At the table Rosamond's father said: "I heard to-day that the Minturn cottage is to be sold next week under a mortgage. Minturn's been unfortunate lately—out of employment

so long. It will go hard with him to lose his home. It won't bring over eight hundred dollars at auction, and the mortgage calls for three hundred more. The interest and costs will consume another hundred. He won't have much left."

"What a pity," said Mrs. Gale; "such a good man, and such a nice family. Can't something be done?"

"I don't see what," said Mr. Gale. "He asked me to lend him four hundred dollars and take a mortgage, but I couldn't just now. It's too near the close of the year. I need the money in my business."

"It's too bad," said Mrs. Gale. "Poor Minturns. How sad they must be to-night. It quite spoils my Christmas."

After tea Grandpa called Rosamond into the library.

"Come, Rosie," he said, "what am I to do? It's too hard for our neighbor Minturn to lose his home this way. I *could* help him by making a little sacrifice."

"Oh *do* help him then," said Rosamond.

"But if I do, somebody must needs do without the Christmas present I intended to bestow."

"Well, Grandpa, who would be so selfish as to care?"

"I am afraid my little Rosie will," said Grandpa. "My one gift is intended for her, and it is to cost just four hundred dollars. I have selected it, and intend buying it to-night, and having it sent up in the morning—unless, indeed"—

"Oh, Grandpa! a present for *me* to cost four hundred dollars! *Is it—is it* a new piano? Oh, you dear, beautiful Grandpa. Just what I had so longed for. My old, worn-out hurdy-gurdy is a real trial to me."

She had quite forgotten everything and everybody save the much wished for piano and the generous and doating grandfather. Suddenly she recollected.

"Oh, Grandpa," she said, "I understand you now. Either I must give up the piano or the Minturns must give up their home."

She threw her arms around her grand-

father's neck, and hid her face, and the tears that *would* come, upon his shoulder. It was a sharp struggle between self-love and Christ-love. The dear grandpa's words came to her mind—"a love-gift to the Lord of Christmas"—and she whispered, as she kissed the old man's silvery locks, "Dear Grandpa, we will not buy the piano. We will make a love-gift to the Lord instead."

"Rose of the world," murmured her grandfather fondly, "you make my heart sing for joy. No music that you could ever have drawn from the piano I had hoped to give you could have yielded me such delight as does your sweet voice now, when it speaks in accents of unselfish love. It chimes in my heart a true Christmas Carol."

"Then each has sung a carol to the other," said the young girl, her face beaming with smiles, "only mine would never have been sung at all had not yours been sung first. Aren't we happy, Grandie? I feel almost as if it were *my* home that was saved."

"We mustn't be selfish on Christmas Eve. Get me my coat. I'll go down and speak a good word to Minturn," said the good old man. Tears were in *his* eyes now. When Grandpa returned Rosamond was sitting at the old piano, and the family were singing a Christmas Carol—

"Chime, bells, chime.
Glory be to God above—
Christ has come to live and love,
Chime, bells, chime."

"The old hurdy-gurdy sounds splendidly to-night, Grandie, dear," cried the young girl.

"Rose of the world," said Grandpa, softly, "it is because of the love-gift."

And the Christmas Carols chimed lovingly all the dreamful night, not only in the hearts of the dwellers in the abode of plenty, but in the grateful hearts of those who sang carols while yet in darkness, and to whom the Lord of Christmas had sent his servant with a promise of help for their time of trouble.

"Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good-will toward men."



NELLIE'S NUTTING PARTY.

BY ANNA D. THORPE.

"Georgie! Georgie!" Mother was at the foot of the stairs calling, and Willie was holding on to her dress and calling too, "Georgie! Georgie!"

Georgie was up in her cosy little room hunting in the piece-bag for something nice for Maria Louisa's new dress. "Georgie, Georgie, tum see what you dot!" shouted Willie, at the top of his voice, and Georgie was in such haste to go that Maria Louisa got a dreadful tumble, that came near breaking her beautiful head. Mother had a letter for her, she found, when she got down stairs, a letter in a cunning little envelope, and she sat down on the bottom stair to read it.

"Dear Georgie: Allie and I are going chest-nutting over to the Ridge Woods; we're going in the carry-all, and mother's going to fix us a lunch, and we are going to stay all day and drive Doll and Ranger, and we want you and Willie to go if your mother will let you. Tease real hard, won't you, because we want you to go real bad. I guess Walter and cousin Carrie are going too.

"Your truest and best friend,

"NELLIE.

"P. S.—I read this to Allie, and she says I ought to tell you we are going Saturday, but of course you would know that."

That was what the letter said, and Georgie knew by the smile in mother's eyes, when she had finished reading it to her, that she could go.

"You're such a splendid, darling mother," she cried, throwing her arms around her neck and kissing her, "I know I'm going."

"Yes, I guess you and Willie may go," said mother.

Then Georgie went to put away the letter up in her queer box, with the one she got from Aunt Fanny once, and the "Rewards of Merits," and all the other precious things; back again to the piece-bag to find Maria Louisa's dress pattern, telling Willie, who had followed her, what a famous time they would have; how they would get heaps and heaps of nuts; and the dinner up in the woods, wouldn't *that* be jolly?

"Me and Georgie goin' tes-nutting," said Willie that night at the tea-table.

"Me and Georgie better wait awhile," said father, "till Jack Frost comes and opens the burs, or I am afraid you will find the nuts hanging higher than the fox's grapes."

Willie did not care for *that*. "Dessed he could get a drate bid pole and knock 'em down," at which every one laughed, even Georgie, though she did not like the idea of going nutting and getting no nuts.

But that night it rained, and in the morning it swept round into the northwest. "How cold it has grown," said every one; and when night came round again, and Georgie was fast asleep in her warm bed, Jack Frost came s'caling around, cutting down the melon vines with his sharp fingers and tracing odd white figures all over the grass. Up in the wood-he pinched the chestnut burs with his hard hands, and they flew wide apart, whilst the little brown nuts began to drop softly down into the leaves.

Georgie fairly clapped her hands when she peeped out of the window and saw the frost-covered ground in the morning. David, the hired man, went to mill in the course of the forenoon; when he came back and was unloading the grist, Georgie overheard him say to her father, "That Braddock feller was there from beyond the Ridge, and I heerd him tellin' Murphy how thick the nuts are this year, and he said that the wind was threshin' 'em out this morning like anything."

The next day was Saturday, and Georgie was up bright and early, helping mother before she should go. Willie had been dressed in his warm clothes, thick shoes and gloves, and been watching at the gate a long time. The luncheon, nicely packed in a basket, stood waiting in the hall, and Georgie, herself, with her wrappings on, and a bundle of shawls in her arms, was just beginning to feel anxious and count the minutes, when the carry-all drove in sight. Such laughing and shouting as there was then. Mother came out to see them off; the basket was stowed safely away under a seat; Willie found a snug cor-

ner, and Georgie sat on the front seat with Walter and Nell.

"Take good care of Willie," were mother's parting words as she kissed them good-by, and away they went.

Over a sunny road, up and down pleasant little hills, trotted Doll and Ranger briskly. Did they ever draw a merrier load? On they went, whilst the happy children chatted and laughed, past beautiful mansions, past pretty cottages, past little children playing by the roadside; by and by there was a turn in the road, and the houses were not so near together, and longer and longer distances intervened between them, till at length they neared the Ridge Woods. Oh! what beautiful, beautiful woods they were that sunny October morning, all red and green and golden, in the sunlight. The wind had spread a carpet of the gorgeous, many-tinted leaves on the ground, whilst more were softly floating down, and, hid away in the brilliant tree-tops, a few late birds were chattering noisily.

Just away from the road, and screened from it by a clump of pine-trees, they left the wagon, hitching Doll and Ranger to a tree. Walter brought the baskets, Georgie and Nellie the bags for the nuts. The first thing was to find a place to lunch; they found one speedily enough, a lovely spot too; it was a long way from the wagon, they thought, but it was so pleasant they would not mind that; so there they left the baskets, and there they were to bring the nuts.

Early in the morning it had been quite cool, but the wind had died softly away, and the sun, as he mounted higher and higher in the heavens, seemed to grow warmer and brighter; it was just right, every one said.

Bright eyes, peeping here and there, soon found plenty of nuts, little shining nuts hiding under the leaves, and nuts in great burs that looked so rough and ugly outside, and were so soft and velvety within. It took some time to fill the bags, there was so much fun going on. Nellie, Georgie and Walter ran up and down, pelting each other with leaves and nuts, in a wild frolic. Carrie's busy fingers would work busily for a while, then she would stop to play some funny prank or trick upon the others; but it was quiet Allie's steady working, and little Willie's coming so often with hands and

"pottets" full, that swelled their store the most.

Tired at length, and warm, they sat down in a group upon the leaves whilst Carrie spread the contents of the baskets before them; light spungy biscuit, cold fried chicken so crisp and brown, delicate cake, New-Year's cookies, the jelly cake Nellie had made all herself, with Allie's tarts and a can of pickled peaches, made a capital lunch. Willie got the wish-bone and saved it to wish with mother. Then, when they had finished, and Nellie had gathered up the remainder, they all went deeper into the woods to where a spring came bubbling out of the ground: there they took refreshing draughts of the clear sparkling water, and stood for a while watching the tiny stream as it ran leaping down the hill to join the brook below, a brook so wide and deep it was almost a river, Walter thought.

Back to the old spot to build a fire of the dry twigs and chips, and to sit for half an hour roasting nuts in the coals; then they were quiet for a while watching the blackbirds and the shy squirrels that would come out and peep cautiously at them, and then scamper noiselessly away; listening to the rustling leaves, each one of which, Nellie said, seemed to sing a happy little song. By and by Walter, Allie and Carrie took an empty basket and went off seeking bright leaves, and after a little, Georgie and Nellie, too, started away, leaving Willie piling up the fallen leaves in great heaps. Nellie began telling a story, such a good one that as Georgie became interested she quite forgot the little fellow left all alone, and they went further and were gone longer than they expected to be. The others, all but Willie, were sitting on the ground when they returned, with their basket well filled with cones and leaves.

"Hadh't we better be going home pretty soon?" asked Walter, glancing at the sun which was nearing the western horizon.

"Yes," returned Georgie, "I think we had; but where is Willie?"

"Willie! I thought he went with you!"

"Oh, no," exclaimed Georgie and Nellie, both in a breath, "we left him here."

"Willie! Willie!"

"The little rogue is hiding," laughed Walter, starting up; "let's hunt him up."

They came together after a few minutes' fruitless search, looking anxious. Again they separated, hunting further in every direction, and again came back with no better success. "The river!" cried Georgie, suddenly, and in a moment more they were running up and down its bank with white, terrified faces, and shouting his name at the top of their voices. No Willie answered; the water went rushing on and on, heeding them not, and the song of the rustling leaves seemed changed to low sighs and moaning.

"We are losing time," said Walter, at length. "We must get help, some one that knows these woods."

"Oh yes!" cried Georgie, who was beginning to feel very faint and sick at heart, "and we must get some one to go for father." The way back to the wagon, that had not seemed so far in the happy morning, seemed long and dreary to the hopeless, saddened little party. Georgie broke into a passion of sobs and tears when they reached it.

"Oh! my darling, darling little brother, where can he be?"

Nellie tried to say something hopeful, but choked and sobbed instead. Walter was un-

tying the horses and trying hard to keep up hope and not break down. Allie had got up into the carry-all and stumbled over something, something wrapped up in the girls' shawls and water-proofs; she stooped down and pulled away the wrappings, and there, with the wish-bone in one hand and the other filled with chestnuts, lay Willie, snug and safe and fast asleep. Such a cry of surprise and joy as there was then! In a moment Georgie was up in the wagon nearly smothering the little fellow with hugs and kisses. It did not take long for them all to grow merry again.

"To think," said Walter, laughing, "we never thought of looking here." "And 'twas so far away he never heard us call," chimed in Nellie.

Mother, who in the twilight was watching for them, feeling just a little anxious at their lateness, did not know then—but she did afterward—what it was that made the hymn they were singing as they came along sound so much sweeter and more heartfelt than ever before:

"Praise the Lord, the Giver of all!
Let the children in rapture His mercies recall,
The Bountiful Giver of all."

CRAZY ROCK.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

Hattie Hendon sat lost in thought. Across her forehead lay a line of annoyance, and in her fixed, blue eye there was a shade of care. Her lips quivered a little, as if some grief were stirring, like a restless wave, in her heart. And this is what she thought:

"'Slow to anger;' that was in the chapter that father read this morning. Not ten minutes before Joe and I had quarreled, though nobody knew it. I don't know whose fault it was, but we both got angry so quickly, and said such hateful things, that it scares me to think of it. I wonder if Joe noticed the verse. Would there be any harm in asking him?"

Hattie's eyes wandered away to the little gate, where Joe stood leaning and looking steadfastly into the wheat field across the road, as though there was something there more remarkable than gophers, if it would only venture to show itself.

"I don't like to say anything about it," so Hattie's thoughts ran on. "He might think I was reproving him, and the fact is I was just as bad as he was."

Just then Joe turned, and seeing his sister sitting so forlornly on the doorstep, his boy's heart was stirred within him.

"It is a shame," thought he, "that we can't be happier together. Now, I'll try and please her in some way to-day, and, whatever she may do or say, I won't show temper. I'll see if we can live a few hours peaceably."

An hour after Joe dashed into the sitting-room where Hattie sat at work upon a long seam, the fretful line still above her eyes. "Get ready, sister," he called, cheerily. "Mother has given her consent that you and I may spend the day just as we please, and I have borrowed Mr. Scudder's little green boat—that rides on the water as easily as a

lily pod—for a trip up the river to Crazy Rock. Will you please put up our dinners, while I carry some cushions down to the bank for you to sit on?"

Hattie's long seam fluttered away from her fingers, as if it had suddenly caught wings. "Oh, Joe," she cried, "how good you are! I'd rather have a picnic with you than with anybody else in the world."

"Let us see," she mused, a minute after in the pantry among the "goodies." "Mamma says I may get what I please, so I'll take just what Joe likes best. There's cold chicken-pie—I'm sure that will suit him—and I'll spread raspberry jam on this sweet brown bread, and carry this great muskmelon. That's just what we got so angry about; he wanted it cut for breakfast, and I was determined it should be kept for my visitors to-morrow. Sallie and Libbie may go without muskmelon, and we'll feed them on peaches instead; for Joe has the best right and first right. He makes all the garden beds; he plants, hoes, and carries water to the melon patch, if it don't rain enough. I ought to be ashamed of myself, to grudge him a melon; they are his own, anyway."

The brother and sister leaped into the skiff with light hearts and smiling faces. "How much happier I am," thought Joe, "for trying to please Hattie;" and "how much better I shall enjoy myself than if I had staid at home and fretted about Joe!" said Hattie, to herself. "Now, whatever comes, I will not say an unpleasant word!"

Perhaps it was easier to keep such a promise out in the open air, where every breath was easily drawn, and every movement a positive pleasure. Certain it is that, as the two voyaged on, their talk was altogether of the beauty of the waves, the greenness of the banks, the mossiness of the stones, and the clearness of the sunny sky. It must have been a sort of Eden through which they were going, for neither saw an unpleasant sight nor had an unpleasant thought. "Hattie is enjoying this boat ride!" so Joe thought. "Joe will be glad when he sees the melon!" whispered Hattie; and so each smiled at the other, and praised the scenery, and watched the long ripples in the wake of their boat in the best of moods, because conscious of giving pleasure.

Now, Crazy Rock was a curiosity, in its way. How it ever came there, by the bank of the little river, was a mystery. All the country round about was green, and nearly level; not another rock larger than a baby's carriage was to be seen, though the river's edge was strewn with little bowlders, worn smooth on one side, and greened over with moss at their sharp edges. But there, two hundred feet in the air, rose the ragged spire of Crazy Rock, around which stone upon stone was flung, as if some giant lunatic had been playing there at pitch and toss. A little soil had blown over it, and the birds or winds had scattered seeds in the crevices, so that small bushes and weeds, and even one slender tree, had found a lodgment there.

But there had really been a lunatic upon it within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." Escaped from his asylum, where he wore half the time the chains that proved him dangerous, he had traveled fast and traveled far, until he had reached the green levels of this river. Some dim idea that he was hunted and would be caught, set him to climbing those heaped-up stones for a refuge; and, reaching the rough pillar that stood in the center, he mounted almost to the top. There, half seated in a niche of rock, half clinging to a sharp, projecting point, he sat, singing a wild song and waving one hand in time to the music, when he was found.

Did he come down then? Not he! He sat there and shouted, and made faces, and talked wildly about "a dragon's form that rode the storm," till all his strength gave way and he fell sheer down upon the bowlders, breaking so many bones that he only lived a few hours. You will be glad to know that his reason came back, and he saw things as they are once more before he passed over the River of Death.

And that was the history of Crazy Rock.

Upon a broad, flat stone, half way up, Hattie spread a white cloth, laid the plates and napkins, and served up the chicken-pie and delicious brown bread, while right in the center, carefully sliced and giving out the richest of all rich odors, was that golden melon, dripping sweetness as a honeycomb drips honey. Joe's eyes danced when he saw it, but he looked a little ashamed, too.

"I say, Hattie," said he, "didn't I call

you an 'old sponge, and a 'meddlesome minx,' and a 'pug-nosed fudge,' this morning, because you wanted to keep that very melon for company?"

Hattie burst out laughing. "Well, and I called you a 'pig,' and a 'brute,' and a 'greedy animal,' because you wanted to eat it for breakfast; and it was yours all the time, for you raised it."

"Oh bother," said Joe; "what I raise is for the family—not for myself. You had as much right to it as I had. But I say, sis, suppose we study up a list of bad names to call each other when we get mad! It will come mighty handy, it strikes me!" With that he pulled out a pencil and a little memorandum book, and made ready to write, as soberly as if he really meant what he said.

But Hattie rushed from her side of the table, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, half crying, half laughing. "Let's stop calling names," said she, "unless we can call good ones."

"Agreed," answered Joe. "Well, sit down and help me study up some good ones;" and he returned her kiss with such a smiling face that Hattie called him a "dear old boy," and the "best brother in the world."

"First-rate to begin on," said Joe, as he noted down his new titles. "Now, my darling sister, let's turn about and have dinner. I see you've got just what I like best. You're a little lady, and no mistake!"

"Don't eat," cried Hattie, beaming like a rosy cloud, "till you write down my titles, too."

So there was the merriest, richest, *chattiest* picnic dinner that was ever spread out on a flat stone by the side of a rippling river. But when it was done what was more natural than that the brother and sister should stop talking for a while and fall to thinking, so that a soft silence fell about them, through which no sound penetrated except the faint sigh of the August wind and the light rush of the eddying ripples.

"Hattie," said Joe, at last, "you know there was a geologist here last summer, who took me with him to help look for curious stones and bits of broken shells. When we reached Crazy Rock he sat down on yonder stone that looks so much like an easy chair, and told me something very strange. He said that once

there came down from the northwest a great mass of ice, so broad that it covered all the land. It moved on slowly, so slowly we could not have seen that it had any motion, if we had been there; but nothing that had once got frozen into it could resist its power. He believed that this monstrous pillar of rock was brought here by that ice-flood, and thought it was a fitting monument for such a dead age. Then he said that if any human heart was not warmed by the sunshine of love, it would be as dreary as this country was, when that black winter set the stone here to show where it had once reigned. Now, after I had been so angry with you, this morning, I felt just so dreary. I looked over into the green wheat field, and it seemed no brighter or better to me than if it had really been covered with a moving, grinding, terrible ocean of ice. For my part, I have no wish ever to feel so again."

"Nor I either," said Hattie. "I was so tired and unhappy before you came in and proposed that we should come here that I did not want to live, and now, just because we have been pleasant to each other for a few hours, I am so glad that it seems as if I should never be sorrowful again."

"Well," said her brother, looking up toward the ragged point a hundred feet above him, "let us call Crazy Rock our monument, too; and every time we look at it remember that we must keep in the sunshine if we don't want our lives made too dreary for anything. Upon my word, sis, I would rather fall from that niche so far up, and break all my bones as the lunatic did, than to feel all the time as I felt for an hour this morning; let's shake hands and promise that we will live in the light, and keep warm, and happy, and kind, after this."

"I will," said Hattie; "and if I do forget and say something ugly, will you just kiss me and ask me to keep out of the ice? I believe that would cure me of anger the quickest of anything."

So this dear brother and sister voyaged home again, and, as they went, the world—all bathed in sunset—looked so beautiful to them that they thought even the angels could see nothing fairer; and they thanked God in their hearts because the ice was melted, and the flowers of sympathy and kindness were beginning to bloom.



POPPING CORN FOR CHARLEY.

BY M. E. N. HATHKWAY.

Buried in darkness under the ground,
 Slowly its way to the light it found,
 And feeding on sunshine, rain, and dew,
 Through all the long bright summer it grew,
 Upward, alike, amid calms and storms,
 Living its thought in visible forms,
 Shaping each leaf, and stalk, and ear,
 Unconscious of harvest drawing near.
 And when its seasons were duly told,
 And the bountiful year was growing old,
 Withered by heat, and chilled by frost,
 With all its freshness and beauty lost,
 'Twas borne from the desolate field away,
 Husked and hidden from outer day,

Safely to rest in its dim retreat,
 Till now it comes forth for Charley to eat.
 This, indeed, is its final stage,
 As, shelled, and shut in an iron cage,
 'Tis tossed and shaken in fiery heat,
 With every torture growing more sweet,
 Till all its heart expands to the light,
 Softened to tenderness, blossomed in white.
 We, like the corn, must strive and toil
 To lift ourselves from the darkness and soil;
 And, ah! my Charley, you may be sure
 Some trials are good for us to endure,
 And for all that we cheerfully undergo,
 Whiter and sweeter the heart will grow.

MICHIGAN.

BY LOUISE S. M'NUTT.

I suppose Michigan was not his real name, but I never heard him called by any other.

He was a private in a Michigan regiment belonging to the Army of the Cumberland, but at the time I knew him was detailed as cook in hospital No. 3, Nashville, Tennessee. While nursing the soldiers in the second ward I had frequent occasion to visit the basement kitchen, and I always went to Michigan for any assistance I needed in preparing special dishes or delicacies for the poor men under my charge. The rough, hardy soldiers who acted as cooks and nurses in that great hospital were always respectful to the women who were devoting themselves to the care of their sick comrades, but somehow Michigan's open countenance, boyish face, and childlike manners made him our favorite.

I well remember the interest he took in a poor lad—David Wright—whose arm had been shattered by a cannon-ball during the fearful battle of Stone River. Day by day David had grown weaker and more feverish, and at length the surgeon said his arm must be taken off.

A quiet, middle-aged man, who was but slightly wounded in the hand, had for some days been assisting in the care of the poor boy. On the day on which the amputation was to take place this man followed me to the door as I left the ward. "That boy," said he "is only seventeen years of age, and his mother is a poor widow without friends, and he is her only child—" hesitating, and with a painful look, he continued, "every one yet that has had a limb taken off in this hospital has died, but," he added, looking at me anxiously, "we *must* save David." I nodded. I could not trust myself to speak. The sufferings around me seemed to be paralyzing my very soul.

I had that day written a farewell letter for a dying man to his wife and children, and had closed the eyes of a young soldier, who, in his delirium, was calling for his mother, and who died with his arms about my neck, murmuring loving words, thinking he had at last found that dear mother. Our little band was almost ready to faint in view of the horrors surrounding us—soldiers' wives, we were—our hus-

bands, some of them lying sick or wounded, others exposed to the conflict raging at the front, while between us and our homes and little ones lay demolished railroads and hostile armies. Nothing but faith in Him who doeth all things well sustained us in that trying hour. I went down into the kitchen to make some nourishing soup to strengthen David after the ordeal through which he was to pass. Michigan sat by the stove, his hands clasped over one knee, moodily watching the vapor curling up from the big copper boiler. His blue eyes had a strange look, and his lips were tightly drawn, as if he were suffering.

"Are you sick, Michigan?" said I.

"No."

"Are you homesick, then?"

"No, oh no," said he, with a shudder, and a look of almost terror.

"What is the matter, then?" said I.

"What's the matter with Michigan?" spoke up Steamboat Bill, as he was called—a great, rough fellow, who was chief cook. "Why, the matter is he hain't got sense enough to know when he's well off, Michigan hain't. Now, here he's nothing under the sun to do but set tables and help cook, and he's got plenty to eat, and no danger of bein' shot, and the fellar's jest fool enough to be crazy about goin' to the front—that's jest what *he* is, and—" but Bill stopped as he saw that Michigan had not heard a word of his rough, good-natured remonstrance, but was looking straight at the stove, his mind absorbed and wholly oblivious to all around him.

Bill looked at him a moment, and then solemnly shaking his head, and touching his brow, gave me to understand that he feared Michigan's mind was not right.

"Michigan," said I, "did you know that poor David must lose his arm? The surgeons are taking it off now."

"Poor fellow," said he, rousing, "can I help you do anything for him? How gladly would I take his place."

"It does you credit," said I, "to be so willing to suffer for another."

"Oh no, it is not generosity—it is selfish-

ness. I would rather, much rather, be in his place than mine. I would rather be *any* one than myself. Why don't they let me go to the front? I might find oblivion there."

Bill is right, thought I; Michigan's mind is giving way. But I had no time to think. A messenger came running—David had aroused from the influence of chloroform—his arm was off, and he was calling for me. Shall I ever forget the scene that met me as I entered the ward! The poor, wasted lad lay on his little cot trembling and moaning, his face as white as the sheet just drawn from the bleeding stump, which was all that remained of his right arm. Around him stood the surgeons talking in low tones, their stern countenances unusually softened, while his soldier-friend was bending over him, every muscle of his face quivering with suppressed feeling. As I came up the boy stretched out his left hand, exclaiming, "Oh, my arm—my arm—my mother—my arm," while the tears rolled down his pallid cheeks. There was a moment of silence, and then the oldest surgeon, deeply affected, said: "If you two will promise to stay by David day and night, for one week, I think, I hope, we can save him." It was a week of hard labor, of painful anxiety, and of weary watching, but at its close David was free from fever, was gaining strength, and pronounced out of danger.

It was a beautiful bright morning in mid-winter when the doctor said he would now get well, and I ran down to the kitchen, wondering what had become of Michigan all this time. He was standing by the table peeling potatoes. He did not see me as I entered—he was singing—singing,

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."

Several nurses and convalescent soldiers were gathered in groups about the stove. As Michigan sang on, verse after verse, they stopped talking and listened. The strains of that familiar hymn seemed to bear their thoughts back to the dear North—God's country they quaintly called it—the land of Sabbath, of churches, of homes, of wives and children, of peace and plenty.

Oh how swiftly my mind ran back to the little brick chapel in the edge of the woodland. I could see the gravestones gleaming

in the churchyard. I could see the long rows of carriages, wagons, and horses, that lined the dusty road. I could hear the trembling voice of the old class-leader as he sang that old hymn, while waiting for the minister. Choirs, with their anthems and voluntaries, had not reached that rural retreat, and I could hear the full volume of sound as all the congregation joined in the closing stanza. Michigan had ceased singing, and seemed to be lost in thought. Steamboat Bill, who had listened in a kind of wonder that any one should sing a hymn clear through, now remarked, with a puzzled, comical look, "Reck on Michigan must be gettin' pious." No one answered. Poor Bill, his had always been a rough, river life, and he had no tender memories of home, or church, or Sabbath songs. The silence, or the reflections induced, seemed to have become painful to the men, and one by one they went out to drown their thoughts in the rush and bustle of the busy streets.

"That dear old hymn," said I, "you must have sung it often, Michigan, to remember every verse so well."

"Oh, is that you, Ma'am!" said Michigan, starting. "Yes, I ought to know that hymn. We sang it every Sunday in the lock-up."

"So you have been in the guard-house, have you?"

"No, not the guard-house, but the penitentiary. You didn't know that I was a convict," said he, observing my look of astonishment. "Yes, I served my time out—a year in the State prison—enlisted the very day my time was out—took off my prison clothes and put on this army blue."

"Why, what had you done?" I at length found voice to ask.

"Nothing. At least nothing but keep bad company, go to billiard-saloons, and bet and drink. That was bad enough, but they accused me of housebreaking and stealing, and they proved it, too, and sentenced me for a year. Oh," exclaimed he, "I could bear the shame better if I really had been guilty, but no one believes me, not even my own brothers. I have wished a thousand times that I was like Bill, there," glancing at the adjoining room where Bill was whistling merrily as he assorted vegetables and arranged the commissary stores; "but I was brought up so

carefully and respectable, and taught to have such a horror of crime and dishonor, and now I have come to this—utterly, utterly disgraced.”

“Why do you speak of this?” said I. “No one knows it here; no one would ever suspect you.”

“Why do I talk about it,” interrupted he; “because I can’t help it. I should go crazy if I didn’t. The last thought as I go to sleep is, *I am a convict*; and the first thing I think when I waken is, *I have been in the penitentiary*. I wish I could forget it, but I can’t. It is all before me—that dreadful morning when the officers arrested me—and that terrible day when the jury pronounced me guilty. When the verdict was given they carried my mother from the court-room to her bed, and she never left it till she was put in her grave. And then the day when my time was out, and my father met me at the prison doors. Oh, his head was white as snow, and he had grown so old, so feeble, so haggard, I scarcely knew him. He told me my mother was dead—that he was so broken down that he could no longer

care for himself, and had gone to live with my brothers—that they disowned me, and would not see me—but he forgave me, and I do think he at last believed me innocent. I never saw him afterward. He died within a week. Do you wonder,” said Michigan, dropping into a chair, and wearily stretching his arms across the table, “do you wonder that I long to ~~be~~ at the front—anywhere, anything, to forget this disgrace, this remorse? For I have been to blame,” said he. “I ought to have taken my parents’ advice, and kept away from saloons and wild companions. But, you see, I was always so fond of society and of fun. I had no sisters, and my two brothers, much older than myself, were married; so it was often lonesome at home, and I took to spending a good many evenings at billiard-saloons, and from playing I gradually got to drinking, and betting, and gambling. My father warned me, and my mother plead with me, but I thought they were old-foggyish, and would not listen to them. Oh, if I only had! I never dreamed it would come to this!”

[To be continued.]

ART AMUSEMENTS.

BY MARTHA POWELL DAVIS.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

An ornament that became very popular with the class was a simple cross, as follows:

Let the cross be of wood, well proportioned; the arms and upright of equal width, the arms the same length that the upright is above them, with the upright below twice the length that it is above the arms. Cover the wood with white sheet wax, smoothing the edges or seams. Coat with *silver white* and sprinkle with *diamond dust*. Make a wreath of small flowers and leaves, all of white silvered wax, and twine it gracefully on the cross. The whole then appears like sculptured marble. Some prefer to color the flowers like nature. Easter Morning is pretty made in imitation of Prang’s chromo. Or, a cross may be covered with flowers solid on all sides, with a base of the same.

Anchors, and other figures, are equally suitable with the cross for floral decoration.

If wanted for table ornaments, fasten them to a small stand of rosewood cushioned with velvet, and protect them from dust with a movable glass cover. Or, should you prefer to frame these figures, the lining to the swell back should be of silk or velvet, colored to suit the flowers. Blue casts an effective shading on white, and is nice for figures imitating marble.

For parlor decoration high, branching stands are appropriate, with bouquets as center-pieces, and small, hanging baskets suspended here and there, the whole blended with rich foliage and relieved by drooping sprays. Such a stand, elegantly wrought, trimmed with flowers molded in perfection, becomes a refreshing ornament amid rich and costly surroundings, while a similar structure of more rustic character adorns with simple beauty the best room of the humblest cottage.

For dining-rooms, fruits in variety are sug-

gestive. And nothing is prettier to hold them than baskets of chrystallized alum. A nice-protector from dust may be made of four panes of glass fitted into a light wooden frame, with ornamental top. This covers the fruit-basket and lifts on and off at will. Let the panes of glass be tall, giving room to suspend from the top woodwork bunches of grapes, or other fruits, with their leaves; let them hang in festoons inside the glass, above the fruit-basket.

Any kind of vase suited to natural flowers will do for wax, and the styles for sale are varied to accommodate all tastes and all conditions of the purse. Yet something of home construction seems best suited to wax flowers, particularly when used for presents. How much more we value a gift which suggests the skill of a friend than we do an article chiefly associated with great cost.

Let there be in your parlor a vase made of beads, shells, or seeds; it may have cost a mere trifle, but let it be the work of some one you love, and my word for it, you would not exchange it for a vase of Parian marble, or one of California gold.

The prettiest hanging basket I ever saw was made of pasteboard covered with moss and tasseled with acorns. It was hung from an oaken branch, trimmed with leather leaves. Another, very pretty, was made of pine cones strung on wire by means of holes drilled

through them, the wire bent into proper shape. Such a basket, filled with gay and brilliant flowers, may hang in the folds of your lace curtains without fear of damaging the fabric. No water is needed to perfect or keep fresh their beauty.

In grouping flowers due regard should be paid to harmony of color; hence, avoid combining pink with scarlet and crimson; orange should not be put with yellow or greenish yellow. Yellow, at best, is harsh, and should be used sparingly, except as a center for flowers. The purples and blues are trying also. Yet blue and yellow may come together with good effect.

White flowers, if used to separate those of inharmonious color, will prevent them from acting injuriously upon each other. For this purpose the number of white flowers used may, and perhaps should, equal all other colors combined.

Place the brightest color in the center of your design, and as you approach the edge let the tints gradually be more delicate.

Intersperse large with small flowers. Either alone are monotonous. Use buds lavishly; they are often prettier than flowers. This is especially true of moss roses. These buds are easily made, with sprigs of dried moss for the calyx.

Ottar of roses, or other perfumery, will give to bouquets something of nature's fragrance.

A CANDY HOUSE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

You've read, in fairy stories, of wonderful houses, made entirely of candy, where a happy child could amuse himself by eating his own tables and chairs.

Well, perhaps, you'll hardly believe me, but there's a house right here in Chicago that reminds me of that delightful fairy house. The walls are not made of candy, though—they are dingy brick—but almost everything in it is candy; barrels and boxes, trays and kettles, full up to the very brim with all kinds of most delicious candy.

You'd like to go there? I think you would, but you wouldn't enjoy eating the candy so well as you do the pound you have at home.

It is altogether "too much of a good thing." But it's a very interesting house to visit, for it's where the sweet things are made.

I dare say you think—if you ever thought about it—that such dainties are made in some mysterious way, by some wonderful workmen. You may be shocked when I tell you that your most delicious *bombons* were made by big, coarse men, in their shirt sleeves—not a bit nicer looking than workmen who handle bricks and mortar.

If you could get into this very dingy brick house that I told you of, and ride to the fifth story on an elevator, you would see, first, a man at a bench mixing—with his hands—a

pile of powdered white sugar and an equal pile of sticky gum tragacanth. It don't look very tempting; you can't help wishing he'd use a spoon. But you'd have to get used to it, for in these candy houses they evidently believe the old saying, that "fingers were made before forks"—or spoons.

When this mixer has got the whole into a sort of dough, he hands it to another man, who kneads it as you have seen cooks knead bread. When it is just right he lays it on a square board, puts it down rather flat, and puts it, board and all, through a set of rollers. It comes out at the ends a smooth, flat sheet, nearly as large as the board, and thin as the white lozenges you buy.

The board then goes to a girl, who stands all day at a table and cuts the dough into tiny biscuits, or lozenges. For a cutter she has a tin tube five or six inches long, and larger at one end. With the small end she cuts several lozenges, all of which stay in the tube. Then turning it upside down on a wooden tray she shakes them all out. When the tray is full it goes to the dry room. The dry room is a fearfully hot room, piled from floor to wall with trays of candy getting dry and hard—for, of course, it is soft when it's cut out.

If she wants to cut hearts, with words and sentences, out of the nice white candy dough, she takes a color pad—that is, a sort of cushion covered with red coloring matter. On this she presses a stamp containing the tender words, "Do you love me?" and other interesting questions. Then she presses the stamp on to the sheet of candy and prints it all over with various loving remarks, and cuts each one out with a heart-shaped cutter.

The next workman in that wonderful fifth story is dropping peppermint drops from a saucepan. An odd-looking dish it is, with three small noses close together. It is filled with the boiled and flavored sugar, and the workman turns it just enough to pour out three small streams. In the other hand he holds a knife, and cuts off the three streams as you cut off the stream of syrup from a syrup cup. Thus he makes three little cakes, then moves the dish along and drops three more, and so he goes on, filling sheet after sheet of tin, which he then marched off to the dry room.

You didn't expect to see babies in the candy

house, but there they are, a whole tray full of them, made of lovely pink sugar, and the workman, or workwoman, is dressing them. How are they made? The babies are run in a mold. The mold is made of starch thus: a shallow box is filled with powdered starch, and made very smooth on top. A workman then takes a stick as long as the box, with a whole row of babies fastened to it, just the shape the candy babies are to be. This stick of babies he presses into the box of starch till the top is covered with droll-looking baby molds. Then he takes a dish of sugar, melted and flavored, and colored pink, and fills every mold. When they cool and harden the whole box, babies and starch and all, is emptied into a sieve. The starch goes through and the babies don't, but are sent off to another workman, who paints hair and eyes with a brush on every pink infant. Now they begin to look like babies, and, of course, must be dressed. This is a curious operation, done by a girl. She rolls a piece of white paper into a sort of tunnel, with a fine, open point. She then fills it with red melted sugar, and squeezing the tunnel, the sugar runs out in a tiny stream. Then she dresses every baby in an airy costume of a red scarf festooned across his waist.

But these babies, like other delicate candies, look rough and sparkling. This look is given by crystallizing, which is another interesting process. The tray of dressed babies is filled up with a thin syrup ready to crystallize, and stands all night. In the morning the tray is tipped up a little, so the syrup will drain off, and every baby will be found covered with beautiful sugar crystals.

All delicate *bambinos*, that melt in your mouth, are made in molds. Also liquorice and gum drops. Chocolate creams, too, come out of the chalk molds—at least the cream parts do, and they are dipped by girls into a pan of chocolate and sugar, stuck on brown paper, and sent to the dry room.

In molds, also, are made those candy puzzles—delicate crystallized confections, with a few drops of cordial inside. The syrup is boiled till just ready to crystallize; then the cordial is poured into it, mixed up, and at once poured into molds. The sugar crystallizes, but the cordial can't—so it is just left inside.

But I spoke of kettles of candy. Funny

enough they look! three or four big kettles, each larger than a barrel, tipped nearly half over, and turning round and round all the time by steam power. In the first one they are making sugared almonds. There they are, rolling over and over, half a bushel of almond meats. Every few minutes a workman throws in a ladleful of melted sugar; of course it sticks to them, and they roll over so fast that each one gets its share. The more ladlefuls that go in the thicker is the coat they get.

The next kettle holds sugar plums; round, rough candies they are. They are made like the sugared almonds, on a small, round seed, and to make the rough, knobby outside they have a funny arrangement. Inside the big kettle hangs a tin box, with three tiny spouts. This is filled with melted sugar, and drizzles all the time three fine streams. It hardens on the sugar plums in the shape of little, rough drops.

But one must leave these fascinating candy kettles rolling away, and go to the next floor, where they make the dear, old-fashioned sticks. Here are big furnaces, with kettles full of boiling syrup, and all through the room are the most delightful odors of cinnamon, wintergreen and peppermint.

When the syrup is boiled just right a workman pours a big ladleful of it on to a marble table. It cools at once—that is, it stiffens, and the candy maker can soon handle it. As soon as he can work it up into a lump he pours in some flavoring, and works it in. He then takes it in his hands, so hot you couldn't touch it, and proceeds to "pull it"—for it has to be pulled to get white, as well as molasses candy. This pulling isn't like yours, though. He throws it over a large hook in the wall and pulls it out, then throws it over again, and so on. It gets white very fast, and in a few minutes he lays it down a beautiful white lump, as big as a water pail, on a place kept warm by steam. Then, if he wants to put a red stripe in the sticks—and of course he does, for candy wouldn't be candy without red stripes—he takes a chunk of red colored candy, and, after patting his white lump into the shape of a log, he lays the red chunk, carefully drawn out, all down one side of the candy log. Then he begins to draw it out into sticks. To make these requires two men and a very long table. The first man, with both hands, draws the end of the candy log out, smaller and smaller, till he has a candy rope ten or twelve feet long, when he breaks it off. The second man, in the meantime, seizes the end of this soft, warm candy rope, pulls it out on the table, and rolls it rapidly under his hands, making it perfectly even, and making the red stripe on its side twist round and round the stick. In a moment it is cool, and he rolls it to the back side of the table. Thus they go on till

the candy log is used up, and there are thirty or forty sticks of candy ten feet long. While the first man prepares another lump, the second takes a curious pair of scissors and proceeds to cut them into short sticks. He holds a gauge and cuts them off through this whole row, as easily as you can cut paper.

You can't cut candy with a pair of scissors, but now I'll tell you a secret I learned at this table. If you want to cut your candy in two—as, of course, you do, to share with your sister—and don't want to have it fly into bits, you can do it beautifully in this way: lay the stick of candy across a knife blade exactly where you want to cut it; then give the candy a little tap with your fingers, and it will cut perfectly.

When they want to make Jackson balls, or bull's eyes, as they used to be called, out of the candy log, the first man draws it out to the right size, and with a pair of scissors cuts it into small pieces. The second man takes a dozen of these and rolls them under his hands, making them round in a minute. To keep them round till cool they are put into a wooden tray several feet long, and a boy stands and rocks it, rolling the balls from end to end till cool.

There's an odd kind of candy that has the letters O K. through the middle of the stick. No matter where you bite it off, still you see O. K. It is funny to see that made. First, they make of red candy the different lines that make the letters, and arrange them in the right shape. Then they imbed it in a chunk of white candy, and pull it out into sticks. The red candy stretches out as long as the white, so the letters go through the whole stick.

But among all the delightful odors once in a while you'll get a whiff of something horrid, and at last you'll come upon the mystery, in one corner of the stick room. There, over a small furnace, is boiling a dark, dreadful-looking mass, which the workman tells you is hoarhound. All around stand barrels full of odds and ends—bits left from all kinds of candies—ends of sticks, broken pieces, all gathered together. I hope not swept from the floor, though I must say they looked as if they were. All these are to be made into hoarhound candy. Ain't you glad you don't like it? After they are all dissolved, strongly colored and flavored by the dark colored herb, it is rolled into sheets and cut out by a curious machine. It looks like a common rolling-pin, with iron bands around it half an inch apart. This is rolled over the sheet and cuts it into flat sticks.

It looks funny to see girls rolling up motto candies as a business. Maybe you think it would be pleasant business, but I guess you wouldn't if you did up a barrel full every day, as they do.

You might pass this dingy old brick house every day of your life, and never suspect the wonderful things going on up stairs.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

AN ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, AND
FOR OLDER PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUNG HEARTS.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, EDITOR.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER, 1871.

MORE ABOUT THE FIRE.

Almost every evening a restless little story lover climbs on my lap and begs to hear about the fire that "burned up all the poor little boys' houses, and all their clothes, only but their mamma." And every time I tell the story, it seems to grow more sad, and while the little fellow listens, with a sigh of compassion, and tucks his thumb in his mouth for consolation, I wish I could gather all my dear little people about me, and tell the story to them. It seems so hopeless to try to write it, not because there is so little, but so much to tell. Probably every paper in the land has published some account of the fire, but few of our readers are sufficiently acquainted with the city to get any very definite idea of what is meant by North Side and South Side, or can at all understand the elegance of the private residences, and the magnificence of the business blocks destroyed. Your *LITTLE CORPORAL* office was in a fine stone block known as Lombard Block, separated by a paved court from the massive, fire-proof building of the Custom-house, and surrounded by such solid walls for blocks in every direction, that it was not deemed possible, even after it was known that the fire was raging, that it would be seriously damaged. Report of the fire was brought to Evanston in the night, and the red glow upon the sky over the end of the lake was enough to send terror into every heart. By the first train on Monday morning a crowd of men hastened to the city, fearing the worst, but trying to keep up their courage by saying to each other: "The reports must be exaggerated—it is not possible that matters can be so bad." But they had not dreamed of the truth. They reached the city to find the fields and every available place tenanted by homeless and distracted people, flying empty-handed from the jaws of death; a dense mass of men and women packed along the river bank,

unable to cross, but looking with utter despair into the sea of flame that seemed every moment to grow more fearful, as the furious wind swept it onward as fast as a horse could walk. Families were scattered; wives, children, husbands gone, no one could tell where; but looking into that awful furnace it was certain that whoever was within its bounds had no possible escape. Thousands had taken refuge on the lake-shore, where the burning of the bridges cut off other means of escape. Could they live with that awful rain of fire beating down upon them, and the suffocating clouds of smoke and ashes, almost hiding them from each other? No one could say—no one dared to think. The men of Evanston turned away from the destruction they were utterly helpless to stay, and went home to call a meeting of citizens. No one thought of loss in deep thankfulness that home and family were safe. In an hour's time men were going from house to house to say, "There will be 100,000 homeless people to be fed and sheltered to-night; open your houses; prepare food and clothing, and send out and bring them in." Every one went to work, and as the telegraph flashed the news over the country, from every quarter aid was nobly tendered. From five cities the firemen rushed to the rescue, and by dark the fire was so nearly checked that there was time to think of the sufferers. No one can tell the story of that dreadful Monday night, when to the sufferings from cold and hunger and thirst were added the terror of mothers whose children were lost, and children separated from their parents, and of the sick, and the burned, and the dying. In many cases the alarm had not been taken until the gas was shut off by the burning of the Gas-works, or the melting of the pipes; and groping in the dark it was impossible to find clothing. One lady was alone in the house with her six children, and from its position her room was perfectly dark. With her baby in her arms she gathered the frightened group, and not daring to leave them an instant, lest one should be lost in the darkness, led them out in their night-clothes to the street. It is estimated that 15,000 children escaped from the fire with but scanty clothing. On Tuesday, when the refugees came flocking into the churches, school-houses,

and every public building on the West Side, for food and shelter, the greatest demand was for water. Many had not had a drop since Sunday evening, for the only branch of the river which they could reach at all was a black stream of pollution and crowded with shipping, while the burnt bridges and the miles of smoking ruins shut them from the lake, except as the water was brought a long distance in barrels. The scenes at the churches were harrowing. The ladies stood guard over the precious water-barrels, and dealt it out in tiny portions, though it was enough to break their hearts to hear the sufferers as they crowded in begging for "*Just one swallow of water.*" As fast as it could be brought, from the lake and the artesian well, the supply was increased, but there were so many places to supply, it was impossible to get enough to equal the demand. Ah, how the provisions poured in, and how they were welcomed! "They have thought of *everything*," said a lady, with the tears running down her face, as she opened a box from St. Louis. A noble woman knelt in the chancel of a church holding the head of a poor sick Norwegian, while she administered nourishment drop by drop, and the sufferer kept her eyes fixed upon the face of her nurse, with a look of speechless gratitude. "We have lost everything," said the ministering angel; "home, business, property; but this poor creature was dragged from a sick bed to see her husband and child buried in the ruins. God has been good to me and mine."

The work to be done was so immense it was almost disheartening, but not once did those brave hearts falter. Men and women forgot their own heavy losses, and worked incessantly to minister to the suffering. I know at least of one young lady dependent upon herself for support, who, for three weeks, never left her post until late at night, and did not once see the ruins which thousands flocked to look at, until at the end of three weeks she found time to consider that she had lost home and business, and must find work or come herself to be fed.

From morning until night, from night until morning, for days and weeks the work went steadily on, as the whole world thrilled with one impulse of pity and sympathy, and aid

from every direction poured in upon Chicago. It was long before scattered families were reunited, and many and many a household has added some of its members to the dreadful list of *missing*, or had the sad uncertainty changed to a sadder certainty, as the smoldering ruins were at last explored. At the present time the work of distributing supplies has been reduced to so careful a system, that there is very little possibility of waste or imposition. Temporary barracks were at once erected upon lots belonging to the city and filled to overflowing with those who could not find shelter elsewhere. The shelter committee are furnishing to all the poor who own any land, lumber and nails to build small houses, while many more are being built upon land given for the purpose for a term of years. The sufferers are supplied, as rapidly as possible, with necessary clothing, and with stoves, beds, and indispensable articles of furniture. This is what is done with the money sent in, and we mention it in answer to many inquiries. Not a cent of it goes for any other purpose than to supply the actual wants of those unable to provide themselves with food and shelter.

Oh, children, East and West, North and South, how warmly your hearts have responded to the call for help. We should like to put on record the donations that have come in from the children of the public schools, and of the Sunday-schools all over the land; dimes and half-dimes and pennies; the precious savings that have been rattled out in haste from the little banks, and boxes, and pocket-books. There was the little Irish boy in Massachusetts who, not owning a cent, sold his only toy for five cents to add to the fund, and the six little infant-class scholars who raked leaves, and sold rags, and cleaned the door-yard and picked up old iron, to earn their share. I should like to put on record the poor boy in Chicago, who was intrusted during the fire with a box containing things of great value, and who was found on Tuesday night sitting on the box which he had buried in the lake-shore, faint, hungry, and scorched, after his watch of twenty-four hours, but true to his trust as a noble soldier. But it is pleasant to remember that upon one unfading record every deed of love and mercy is entered, and counted by the Master as *done unto Him*.

CONTRIBUTORS.

We are obliged to repeat to our contributors what we have previously said about inclosing return postage for their MSS. Two cents will return almost any MS. in open wrapper, by newspaper mail, which is much the best way, as the newspaper mail is never tampered with, while letters not infrequently are. Inclose stamps for return postage with your MS, and it will be returned if not found available, with a printed circular stating the fact, but otherwise we shall in future *return nothing*—neither can we retain MSS. subject to order. Our bill for postage alone last year was over thirteen hundred dollars, at least half of which belonged properly to others.

MANUSCRIPTS.

To the many contributors who were so unfortunate as to lose manuscripts by the burning of our office, especially those offered in competition for the prize, we can only offer our sincere regrets that any part of our heavy losses should fall upon others. But as the manuscripts were all in the safe, which was new, and as reliable as any in the market, we can not feel that all possible precautions were not taken to insure their safety.

Most fortunately the four manuscripts selected as the best, upon the first examination, had been sent out of town for final decision, and were safe in the hands of a member of the committee. Thus we are able to give our readers the Prize Story for 1872, according to promise, and we have not a doubt that it will be found full of interest and instruction. The reputation of the author as a successful writer for the young has been fully sustained in this new story.

CUTTING OUT.

There is a boy who thinks he was not "cut out for a farmer." Well, there is something in *cutting out*, but a great deal more in *making up*. Ask the tailor if it is not in the power of a careless, clumsy workman to spoil the most skillful cutting. Some men are specially fitted for some special work, as were the great masters of art; and the Lord never wastes material by giving to all the same gifts, since there is an endless variety of work to be done in the world. The marble must be

hewn from the quarry, and the iron track laid over valley and mountain, before the sculptor can give lasting shape to his beautiful imagining, or the inventor bring into play the work of his genius. And one kind of work may be just as honorable as the other. As a general thing our work comes to us without much seeking; and because we do not quite fancy it, or think we should like better to do something else, it is by no means certain that we are in the wrong place. It is all right to try to find work that does please us, since that is what we shall be likely to do best; but never fancy you are so poorly cut out that you can not do well and honorably any honest work that is plainly laid upon you. It is not so much *what* you do, as *how* you do it. Ask any score of honorable men you know, and scarcely one will tell you he is doing what he fancied, when he was a boy, he should do.

As for my farmer boy, I am afraid he does not quite understand how much may go into the making of a good farmer; for, if you will notice, you will find people always think they are cut out for *larger* places, and not smaller. There is a good deal of hard work in farming, and boys sometimes get tired of the monotonous parts that fall to their share; but work is work the world over, and nothing gives so great a variety as the farm. When the boy grows older and learns how much science, and art, and philosophy have done for the farmer, what room there is for intelligent thought, for careful experiment, for skillful labor, he may change his mind and conclude that a farmer ought to be cut out mentally as well as physically by a broad, generous pattern. So we say to him, don't trouble yourself a great deal about the cutting out, but be sure you do your best to make up the material that God put into you, so as to make an honest, upright, useful man; and, above all, never believe that the Lord cuts anybody out for a *shirk*, or an *idler*, or an *unlucky fellow*.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRE.

Every one of our readers will be interested in a book now being prepared by Alfred L. Sewell, containing a great variety of incidents of the late fire, as they have come to the notice of eye-witnesses. It will probably be ready about the time this number reaches you.



Dear Little Friends:

Yesterday Prudy heard a man, who had lost home and business by the fire, say, with a triumphant voice: "I am thankful that *all* my possessions are not ashes; I have my wife, my children, and my Father in heaven!"

And Prudy feels like saying, "I have a great deal left me besides ashes," when she remembers the loving hearts in thousands of families all over the land that have remembered all that belongs to their dear CORPORAL with anxiety and pity during all these days of loss and suffering. She remembers how many bright eyes have been filled with tears of sorrow and sympathy; and how many loving messages have been sent from East and West, from North and South. Dear little friends, rest assured not one of your loving letters will be forgotten, and they have helped more than you can ever know, until your own time of trial comes, to keep faith and courage strong. Ah! that November Pocket! every one said when the proof was read. "That is the very nicest number we ever had: so many *capital letters*." Well, you can all get out your pens, and try again, for we are going to stand by our little soldier; are we not? We mean to help him every one of us to start on his new campaign with banners flying.

Philadelphia. "Dear Prudy: Neddle and me both cried when ma told us our LITTLE CORPORAL was burned up. We have taken it three years, and ma was going to send for all the numbers clear to the beginning. We've got a new story about a girl that was such a dreadful "*put off-er*;" she had a great deal of trouble; and Neddle told ma last night, that now we never could get our CORPORALS because we kept putting it off. We hope all your things didn't burn up; but if they did we'll save our money to buy you some more, and we love you most best of anybody, only us."

Thank you, Allie; Prudy's "things" didn't all of them burn up, though some very precious ones did. That very story of the "Little Put-off-er" was just received at the office, and a capital story it is.

Spring Valley, Ohio. "Dear Corporal: Where are you? And where are Mrs. Miller and Prudy? You have friends here that you know nothing about. My little brother and I would be glad to help you in some way if we could. If we lived in a large place I could start right out and raise you a big club of subscribers, but I can not do much here—I had hard work to get those I set it last year. I wish I could put my arms around your neck and tell you how sorry I am for you. If your home is burnt come and stay with us awhile. Maamma says you may, for we have plenty

of room, and you may have a large room all to yourself to fix up stories and things for your next number. Good-by. From your friend,

CALISTA E. BUTLER.

P. S.—I shall put in a stamp and perhaps you'll answer this, but mamma says I need not expect it. Is Tommy Bancroft safe, for I know he was a *real* boy, and not just made up for a story?"

Tommy Bancroft is all right; and his greatest regret is that "all the peanuts in papa's city are burned up."

Auburn, Me. "I heard of the great fire in Chicago, and felt very bad for fear that the LITTLE CORPORAL Printing Office might be among the ruins, but I saw a list of the principal buildings burned, and this was not among them, so I felt better."

The Corporal Office was in the buildings mentioned in some lists as Lombard Block, and in some as the old Custom House. It was separated by a court from the Post Office.

Mrs. Martha Powell Davis, whose excellent articles on the art of making wax flowers have given so much satisfaction, writes:

"My children are all sorrowful over the fate of their dear CORPORAL; and little Lida says, with tears in her eyes, "Maybe Prudy is burned up too."

Shulburg, Wisconsin. "My Dear Friends: I felt very anxious about you ever since we heard of the terrible destruction in your once beautiful city, by the fire-fiend. I know our beloved LITTLE CORPORAL is gone, but are you safe? I hope you are, and Mr. Sewell also. My little niece felt very sad Sunday when I told her the LITTLE CORPORAL was gone. Could you have seen us you might have realized some how closely, through the columns of the beloved CORPORAL, you have allied yourselves to our hearts. The CORPORAL we all loved, and through it you; when we heard of its destruction we mourned as though it were a human friend. With the children I hope our LITTLE CORPORAL will live again. Is there anything we can do to aid in its re-establishment? Would it be any help to forward cash subscriptions now for next year? I am sure every one would be willing to wait for the Magazine, even if they paid now."

We could fill the CORPORAL with letters from friends and contributors, many of them personal strangers, expressing the deepest anxiety, the warmest sympathy, and the most generous desire to aid us in any way.

Mrs. Slade writes from *Fall River, Mass.* "Dear Friends: We want to send you the assurance of our sorrow, our sympathy, and our deep, deep pity. 'My Chicago people,' as I love to call them when I speak

of them—Oh, how they are suffering! I am thankful that your home is safe. One lady has just been in, who says:—'I haven't dared to tell my children there may never be any more CORPORALS.'"

Enterprise, Pa. "THE LITTLE CORPORAL came today. We were anxiously looking for it; very glad to know that it still lives. Having no friends in Chicago, we felt especially interested in the brave CORPORAL. When we first heard of the terrible fire, my little girl said, 'Can't I have the CORPORAL any more?' I replied, 'Yes, if all the city burns, the CORPORAL will be published some place else.' It has become one of the needful things in too many homes to be allowed to die. How sad to think of all the lost treasures, and the desolation wrought in your beautiful city. With sincere sympathy for your loss and best wishes for your prosperity and success, I remain,
Yours truly,

"KATE R. BARR."

Vernon. "OUR LITTLE CORPORAL is at hand. We felt saddened at its diminished proportions, but gratified at its cheery and courageous spirit in the midst of such an overwhelming calamity; showing that though 'cast down, you are not destroyed.' The first exclamation among the grandchildren, when hearing that 'Chicago was almost burned up!' was, 'Then our LITTLE CORPORAL has gone too!' And they were well pleased to see the little No. and gave it a cordial, as well as regretful reception. Chicagoans have the sympathy of the whole population of the country, children included; not a word being spoken of them but sorrow for their losses, terror and distress, and admiration of their courage and elasticity in so soon setting about the work of reconstruction. Our year does not expire until July, 1872, but we will make a new departure, and renew for January, 1872-73. I inclose the price of the year's subscription, and hope and trust you will be enabled to rise from the great loss, and resume your business without great difficulty."

Painesville, Ohio, October 30th, 1871.

"Dear Mrs. Miller: I write to assure you of our deep sympathy with you in the loss of the dear LITTLE CORPORAL by the great Chicago fire. We were very glad to learn afterward, through the papers, that you expected to start again as soon as possible. We could not afford to lose the CORPORAL for good; it is bad enough to have to miss one number. Inclosed please find my subscription for next year (\$1.50); perhaps I may be able to get you one or two new subscribers, though lying helpless as I am all the time, I shall not be able, probably, to do much in that line. We were burned out ourselves last winter, and have not been able to do much for the Chicago sufferers; but father has sent several crates of grapes to different people, and now sends one for your family, addressed to your husband. If you are supplied with fruit, and do not need it, you will know of plenty who do. Have just received the tiny November number of the CORPORAL. I am glad to get it and learn more of your plans, especially of the bright promise for the future of our little magazine. I have long known and loved you through your writings, and have often wished for your picture; so I was happy in having my wish gratified when your husband sent it to me some time ago. May the LITTLE CORPORAL long live to shed its influence for 'the good, the true, and the beautiful' over the land.—B."

Mendon Center, N. Y. "Ever since the LITTLE CORPORAL was first published have I gladly welcomed its monthly visit. It has so bravely fought 'for the good, the true, and the beautiful,' that it has become to me as a dear and much loved friend. Hence, when the first news reached us of the destruction and desolation which the fiery element was mak-

ing of your beautiful city, I thought of the LITTLE CORPORAL—would it forever remain buried in its ashes? Or, having fought the battle so bravely and well, might it not arise, but purer and stronger, for the fiery ordeal through which it had passed? Very welcome then was the little sheet which came to me, telling that life was not extinct, but that the little Warrior still lived; and so to add my mite toward helping him to grow better and stronger, I hasten to renew my subscription for the coming year.—H."

Louisville, Ky. "Dear Prudy: The Supplement number for November has reached us; we have read 'of the calamity befalling our LITTLE CORPORAL,' and forthwith send you a letter inclosing our subscription for next year. Soon as we heard of the great conflagration our first thought was for you; we wondered if dear, funny little 'Tommy' were one of the homeless—we always feel that 'Tommy' is a real existence. At our prayer-meetings when petitions for the Chicago sufferers ascended to our gracious and compassionate Father, the LITTLE CORPORAL, 'whose aim is to instruct, elevate, and purify,' was silently and tenderly remembered, while little 'Tommy' was lovingly borne aloft with the rest. Eagerly, with joyous laugh, yet tearful eyes, we received the 'Supplement' at the hands of the postman. Though the account of the fire is not, of course, complete, as we have already seen, we read it aloud with choking voice. All the sufferers from and of whom we had heard were strangers, but the account is from a dear acquaintance, 'our' LITTLE CORPORAL. Our hearts rejoice that your home is at Evanston, and has escaped the devouring flames.—N. R."

Delevan, Ill. "Mr. Miller. Dear Sir: The outer circle of the great fire has reached us here. We realize it every day, and in many ways. It touches the children. May I tell you of little Bessie? She sat on the floor early one morning buttoning up her gaiter boots, when all at once her face, usually so sunny, became clouded, and she burst into tears and sobs. 'Oh! mamma! my LITTLE CORPORAL, it must be burnt; and the Summer Days at Kirkwood; and her tears came fast. The LITTLE CORPORAL had no more sincere mourner. It would have cheered you, if you could have seen the glad look and heard her happy shout as the NEW CORPORAL was handed to her. It was echoed through the house. We are to have the LITTLE CORPORAL again, as true, as good, and as beautiful as ever.—I. S. R."

We want to say to one and all, you never can know how your letters have cheered and helped us. Great as have been our misfortunes there is much to brighten them, and we go forward with new trust in God and man. And now we will close the Pocket with this merry little letter, written before the fire:

Cleveland, Ohio. "Dear Prudy: I want to tell you about my vacation down at Grandma's. She lives in the country, and I like her the best kind. We went down there on the cars, but you have to ride real far in a wagon after you get to the depot. Willy and I went. We go most every time when there's vacation, and she lets us go swimming and whittle in the kitchen. The water isn't very deep, and sometimes your face gets muddy when you swim. They have church in a school-house, and I don't like that very much; only it's fun to go on horseback. Willy and me ride on Kitty, and once she ran against a tree and squeezed us both off. My Grandma makes the biggest turn-overs you ever seen. They have lots of sheep, and cows, and chickens. Once a big turkey scared my little brother, gobbling at him; but pretty soon he came back with a stick, and said: 'Needn't feel so grand wid yer tall fiddlers.' Josephine is writing this for me, and she won't tell any more, so good-by, but there's lots more about it.

"From your friend,
"JOHN POWELL."



Private Queer escaped from the fire, but lost his Knapsack and everything in it, so he was obliged to get a new one, which his friends have already filled with a great many good things. Our readers will miss from this department the usual "*Picture Story*," but we think W. O. C. will have something for us in time for the next number. Now, as the long winter evenings are coming on, we would remind our friends, young and old, to send us something new, good, and fresh, for our new Knapsack.

THE BLINDFOLD SUPPER.

Two players are closely blinded with a bandage made of their pocket handkerchiefs. Each one is provided with a saucer full of crumbs of cake or cracker, which is held in the left hand, and a spoon, which is held in the right hand. A sheet is spread upon the floor, upon which the players sit, and at a given signal they begin to feed each other. Their efforts to find each other's mouths with their spoons never fail to afford much sport to the spectators.

Another amusing experiment is to try to blow out a candle blindfolded. The candle is placed upon a table, up to which the player is first led; he then walks backward six steps, turns around three times, and walks forward as nearly in the direction of the candle as possible, and tries to blow it out. If he happens to wander to the wrong part of the room the effect of the blowing is very funny.

G. B. Bartlett.

"WHO IS AT THE DOOR?"

This answers very well for a quiet play, when the children are all gathered around the cheerful fire.

Hattie raps on the mantel.

"Who is at the door?" says Neddy, for he sits next to her.

"A man from B.," replies Hattie.

"Baltimore?"

"No."

"Boston?" asks Katie, who sits by Neddy.

"No."

"He's from Buffalo" exclaims Tom.

"No, not from there, either," responds Hattie.

"What country is it in?" queries Belle.

"Switzerland."

"Oh! from Berne."

"That is right," says Hattie, while Neddy raps, and Katie inquires, "Who is at the door?" and thus it goes on around.

Illeary C. Woods.

No. 32—CHARADE.

First. Solemn, vast, and dreary;

Ribbed with swells
Till the waves are weary
Of the wind's caresses;
Paved with shells
In its dim recesses
And its caverned cells.

Second. Solid, firm, rock-fastened,

Decked with trees;
Hills and glades plow-chastened
Where the tall grain tosses
On the breeze,
And clear, winding flosses
Thread the grassy leas.

Whole. Briny, wet, foam-flaunted

Night and day;
Breezy, fashion-haunted
All the summer weather;
Where there lay
Wrecks and sands together
Wreathed with mist and spray.

D. D. H.

No. 33—CHARADE.

When I speak to my *first*, I speak to you,
Though you I may never have seen;
And though I know not if you're red, white
or blue,

My *first* is, I'm sure, ever green.
And yet, though 'tis strange, it is certainly
true,
Black or white it quite often is seen.

O'er the head, 'neath the feet of a dear little child,

My *second* flies, nimbly and fast,
And without it the ship when the tempest is wild,
Would sink in the ocean so vast.

My *whole*, of a globe is a quarter, they say,
And it is, I am sure, but, moreover,
Should you twist it and turn it in every way,
A globe's quarter it never would cover.

M. B. C. S.

No. 34—CHARADE.

My *first* applies to my mother and wife,
And my dear little daughter, the joy of my life;

My *second* I hear when the ravens fly,
Or light on the sumach, my dwelling nigh.
My *third* is what I will never tell you,
Though you stay from morn till the day is through.

My *whole* by a lake was a city fair;
At noon full of hope, at night, of despair;
For low she lay in the ashes and dust!
But she'll rise again, I know, I trust,
For the heart of the world with pity cries,
And the hand of the world will help her rise.

M. B. C. S.

No. 35—CHARADE.

In beasts and snakes,
In combs and rakes,
In rusty saws,
Steel-traps and jaws
My *first* is to be found.

Unseen, unsmelt,
My *last* is felt
In cuts and sprains,
In gripes and pains,
And every hurt and wound.

Into rosy mouths prying,
Rank and fashion defying,
Setting babies to crying,
And old men to sighing,
My *whole* is the worst pest around.

G. H.

No. 36—CHARADE.

My *first* spins a top, or flies a kite,
Or ties up a package neat and tight.
My *second* is feeble, and weak, and old,
And you never would call it strong or bold,
Yet my *whole* is so strong that the great ships
trust

To its strength in the tempest's fiercest gust.

M. B. C. S.

No. 37—CHARADE.

My *first* says yes, and my *second* will bo
What the French sailor sees when he goes to
sea.

He uses my *third* my *second* to view,
And you go in my *fourth* all my *whole's* width
through.

My *whole* you will find at the railway train,
When a jolly young party goes home again;
Yet my *whole* goes from ocean's shore to shore,
And from cold north pole to the South Sea's
roar.

M. B. C. S.

No. 38—CHARADE.

I am a word of four syllables, of which my
first is insane; my second, an article; my
third an elastic fluid, very useful to the house-
keeper; my fourth, a public convenience, and
my whole an island in the Indian Ocean,
where a wicked queen put to death many of
her subjects for being Christians.

F. R. F.

No. 39—CHARADE.

I am composed of two syllables. My *first*
is a personal pronoun; my second sounds like
a part of a nut, and my whole is the name of
a great astronomer, after whom one of the
planets is named.

F. R. F.

CONUNDRUM.

When is the book of nature studied?

Ans. In autumn, when the leaves are
turned, and they are red (read).

F. R. F.



AUNT PAULINA'S CHRISTMAS PIE.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

JOHN E. MILLER,

Publisher and Proprietor,

No. 84 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

THE POSTAGE ON THE LITTLE CORPORAL is three cents a quarter, or 12 cents a year, payable quarterly at the P. O. where the magazine is received.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER, 1871.

ROUTED BUT NOT CONQUERED.

You have already been informed of the terrible calamity which befell the LITTLE CORPORAL in the great conflagration of Chicago. Everything that we possessed for carrying on our publishing business, types, presses, printing materials, machinery and tools, together with our stock of books, engravings, chromos, electrotype-plates, and paper, etc., were all swept away in a moment by the devouring element. Financially we lost everything we had, amounting to about eighteen thousand dollars, on which was a small insurance; but which is almost entirely worthless, being in companies which will be able to pay only a small percentage of their losses.

Notwithstanding this great and total loss we did not for a moment think of giving up the publishing of the LITTLE CORPORAL, though we did not just see where we were to get the means with which to carry it on. We had, however, unbounded confidence in the friends of the CORPORAL scattered all over this good, broad land, so we concluded to issue a supplement number and inform our subscribers of our calamity, make known our plans, and appeal to them to help us by sending in their renewals for next year at once, and, if possible, add a few other names. We have many prompt responses accompanied by warm, sympathizing letters, which have given us courage for the present and hope for the future.

Some sent us not only their own names, but subscribed for some of their friends; some have sent us their subscriptions for two years in advance, one for five years in advance; some sent us more than the year's subscription price, giving the balance as a donation; while one little boy, of Mobile, sent us one dollar and ten cents, all the money that he had, as a donation to his LITTLE CORPORAL.

We are aware that we did not have the same hope for obtaining help that other publications in the city had, who could at once appeal to the people on the basis of Church and Christian duty for aid and support.

The LITTLE CORPORAL is not published in the interest of any particular church or denomination, and as such can not make its appeal to any particular class for aid and support. The mission of this magazine is to amuse and instruct the young; to cultivate a

taste for reading good and useful books; instead of the trashy sensational matter that is now so widely scattered throughout the land; to give them proper ideas of life, its duties and responsibilities; to teach them love to God, to their parents, and to each other; in short, to make them wiser, nobler and happier. Such being the aim of this magazine, it fills a place in the list of publications as useful and important to the *children* as any other periodical specially designed for parents and adults. We trust, therefore, that parents will aid us in re-establishing the LITTLE CORPORAL by sending subscriptions for their children, and assisting and encouraging them in getting others to subscribe. We earnestly desire that every one of our present subscribers should renew for next year before January first, and, if possible, send one new name with your own.

THE NEW VOLUME.

OUR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE STORY.

The committee to whom the manuscripts offered in competition for the \$500 prize were submitted, after a careful examination award the prize to the story entitled *DORA*, written by the well-known authoress, *Mrs. Helen C. Weeks* of New York City. We shall commence the publication of this story in the January number, and will continue through the year. We can assure our friends that they will find every chapter, from first to last, full of interest.

Summer Days at Kirkwood, by Emily Huntington Miller, will be continued through the next volume, which will, no doubt, be delightful news to all who have been so much interested in the former chapters. The chapter for November was rewritten by Mrs. Miller, and is printed in this issue, so that the story is complete thus far.

Besides these serial stories the LITTLE CORPORAL will contain many shorter stories, Poems, articles on Natural History, Science, Home Amusements, Games, Puzzles, etc., by the best and most popular writers for the young in the land. Each number will be superbly illustrated with engravings expressly prepared for us at great expense. In short, we are determined that the LITTLE CORPORAL shall continue to be, as it has been before, the best and cheapest juvenile magazine in the world.

RENEW!! RENEW!!

With this number many thousands of subscriptions will expire. Please renew at once, as we base our ability for continuing the publication of the CORPORAL upon the hope that all our present list of subscribers will renew for next year. By doing this you will not

only aid in a good work, but you will also be amply paid in many rich and good things which the CORPORAL will bring to you every month in the year.

Nothing can be more beautiful or acceptable for a holiday gift than the **LITTLE CORPORAL** for one year. It will give continual delight and happiness throughout the whole year. Please bear this in mind when you make up your list of presents to your friends.

NEW CLUB TERMS.

In Clubs of Twenty, One Dollar Each. Now for Large Clubs and Good Premiums.

We have concluded to offer the **CORPORAL**, when sent in clubs of twenty names at one time, at *One Dollar Each*, and pay the agent getting up the club a premium besides. Now begin to work for a large list, for you will find no difficulty in securing names at one dollar each. Every subscriber with a little effort can secure a club of twenty, and earn a nice premium. Who will send us the first club?

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.

All our back numbers of the **CORPORAL** were destroyed in the fire, and we would like to get a few complete files of each year. If any one has the twelve numbers of any year in a good condition, and would be willing to dispose of them, we will pay \$1 50 for them, or give one year's subscription to the **CORPORAL**. For one volume complete (six months), we will pay 75 cents cash, or six months' subscription. If you have any volumes to dispose of in that way, please write us, and we will send the money and postage, and give directions for sending.

FOR OLD FOLKS AND YOUNG FOLKS.

One of the best of the eighty-nine newspapers burned out by the great fire was the *Advance*, but, like the **LITTLE CORPORAL**, it is running again, and is a larger and better paper than ever. Families who are looking around for a *good religious newspaper* to take next year, should at least send for a specimen number of the *Advance* before deciding to take any other. Among its best features are practical religious articles, good home stories, wide-awake editorials on the topics that people are thinking and talking about; an excellent children's department in which the young folks have nearly a whole page to themselves; a review of the week containing all the important news and religious intelligence from all denominations. Specimen copies are sent free by **THE ADVANCE COMPANY**, No. 8 South Green St., Chicago. Subscriptions will be received up to January 1st at \$2.50 a year. After that the price will be \$3.00.

EXTRA NUMBERS.

To those who desire to raise a club, we will send a package of five copies of the **CORPORAL**, upon the receipt of ten cents to prepay postage. These you can distribute among your friends, who you think would be likely to subscribe, and let them examine them for a day or two, and then go around and solicit their subscriptions and gather up the numbers, and distribute again. In this way you can give each one a chance to examine the magazine before subscribing, and you will get their names more easily. We want every parent should see and read at least one number of the **CORPORAL**, for we think when they once become acquainted with its character, they will be almost sure to subscribe for it. Send for the extra numbers, and try it in your neighborhood.

WHAT WAS SAVED.

In the vault connected with our old office, No. 9, there were found to be in perfect preservation, over 500 copies of "Red Riding-hood and the Wolf;" about as many copies of the "Scripture Atlas," and some electrotype plates; four of which were for the title-page of the cover of numbers printed last winter. We are glad to be able to send out the **CORPORAL** for this month with the familiar form of the gallant hero on the outside, as usual.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

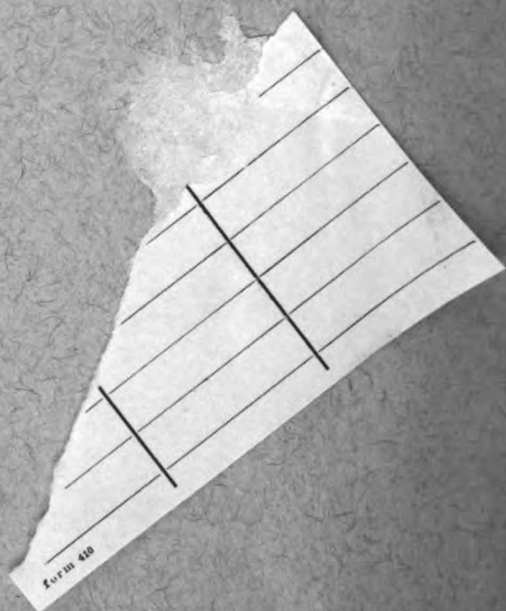
A few days after the great fire we received a letter from Thomas Nast, the great artist, whose inimitable sketches in *Harper's Weekly* are familiar to all, stating that he had sent us a drawing, the subject of which would be timely and apropos for the first number after the fire. He desired us to accept this as his donation to aid in restoring the **CORPORAL**. The **CORPORAL**, PRUDY, PRIVATE QUERER, and all others of the **CORPORAL**'s army of friends, hereby express their thanks to Thomas Nast for his generous and timely gift.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

A collection of songs and music for Sunday-school Festivals and Holiday Anniversaries. The words are by *Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller*, and the music by *Geo. F. Root, James R. Murray* and others. The songs have all a stirring chorus, and the music will be found such as children will readily master.

Price per hundred, \$1.50 500 copies for \$5.00. Single copy 10 cents. Sent postpaid.

Address **JOHN E. MILLER**,
84 West Randolph St.,
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